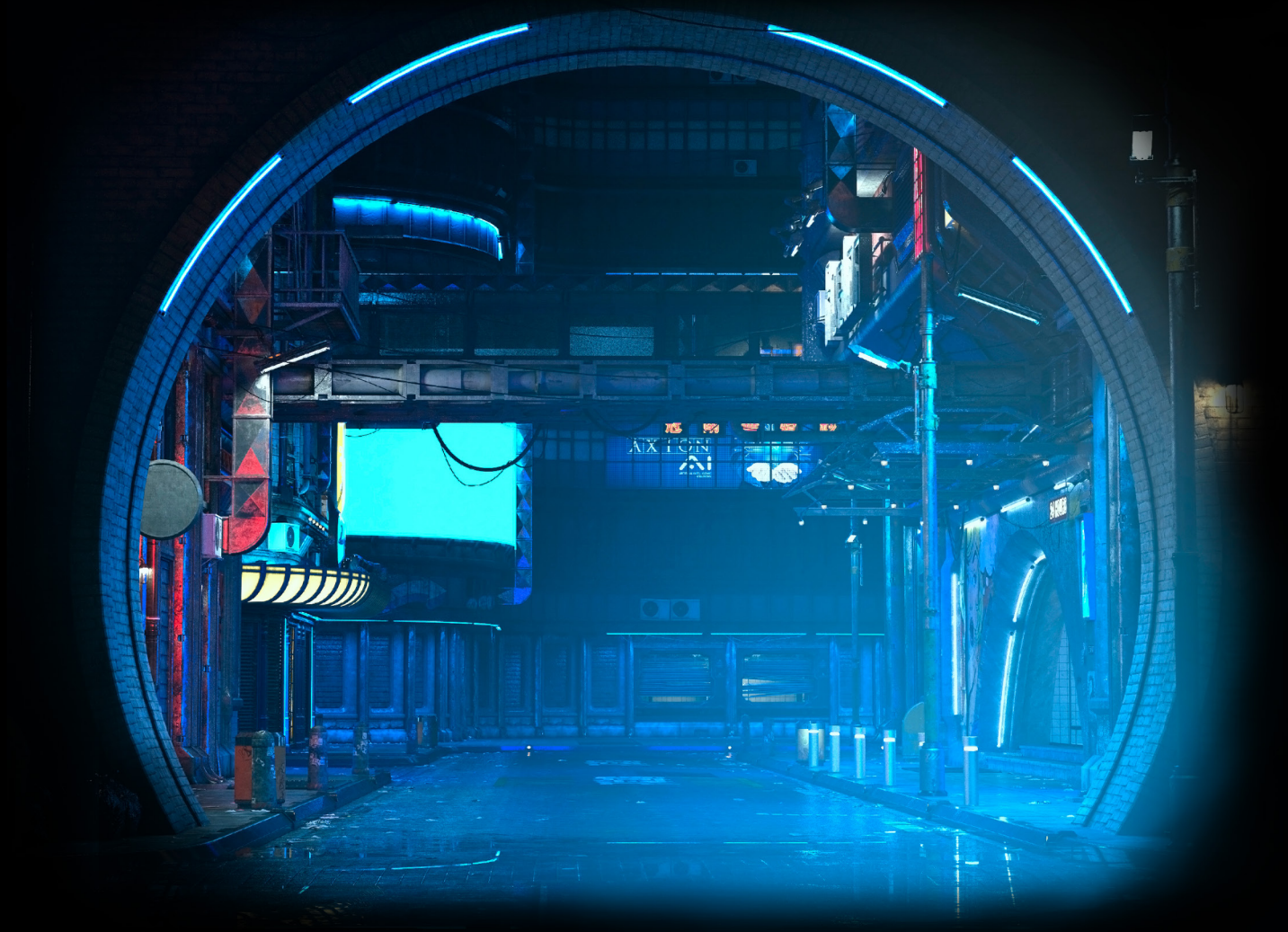
LONDON
MANHATTAN
TOKYO

CARBON 2185

A CYBERPUNK RPG

炭素 2185 サイバーパンクロールプレイングゲーム



CITIES SOURCEBOOK

THE MARRINER-DODDS COMPANY™

DRAGON TURTLE GAMES LTD.

LONDON
MANHATTAN
TOKYO

LONDON WRITER
Darren Pearce

MANHATTAN WRITER
Ben Counter

TOKYO WRITER
Guy Sclanders

BASED ON CARBON 2185 BY
Robert Marriner-Dodds

PROOF READER.
Cassandra Dodds

EDITORS.
Robert Marriner-Dodds, Ty Moore

COVER ART.
Woronin

CARTOGRAPHY.
Lewis Fraser

INTERIOR ART
Tomo Feizo Gas

LAYOUT.
Lewis Fraser, Owen St.Gelais

PRINTED.
Standartų Spaustuvė (www.standart.lt), Vilnius, Lithuania

Copyright © 2019 Robert Marriner-Dodds, Dragon Turtle Games Ltd. All rights reserved.

Dragon Turtle Games, the Dragon Turtle Games logo, and all content herein are copyright Dragon Turtle Games Ltd.
Carbon 2185, the Carbon 2185 logo, CarbonRPG, are all copyright The Marriner-Dodds Company, officially licensed to Dragon Turtle Games Ltd.
Any reproduction or unauthorized use of the martial or artwork contain herein is prohibited without the express written permission of Dragon Turtle Games Ltd.

WWW.DRAGONTURTLEGAMES.COM

DRAGON TURTLE GAMES LTD.

THE MARRINER-DODDS COMPANY™

CONTENTS

Contents 2

London 5
Part 1: The Basics 6
City overview 7
The Culture of London 10
London 2185 Aesthetics 14
Languages of London 18
City Timeline 20
Part 2: The People 24
Character Options 25
Vices 30
Armor, Helmets and Weapons 32
Part 3: The city 35
City Districts and Zones 35
Zone 1: The Madd Zone 36
Zone 2: Gutter Town 41
Inner City: Corporate Zone 46
Zone 3: Crown Courts 46
The Outskirts of London 52
The Gangs of London 53
The Corporations of London 57
Part 4: The Economy 62
Additional Content for London 65
Inner City HQ: The Kill House 78

Manhattan 87
Part 1: The Basics 88
City Overview 89
Culture of Manhattan 89
Manhattan Aesthetics 91
Languages of Manhattan 94
City Timeline 95
Part 2: The People 97
Origin: Lab Rat 99
Vices 100
Equipment 101
Gear 102
Vehicles 104
The City's Gangs 105
The corps 108
Part 3: The City 112
The Surrounding City 120
The Underbelly 121
Above Ground 125
The Megacorps 127
Part 4: Economy 137
Food and Drink 138
Temporary Accommodation 138
Travel 140
Entertainment 141
Additional Content For Manhattan 142
Adversaries 143
Fun Facts 144

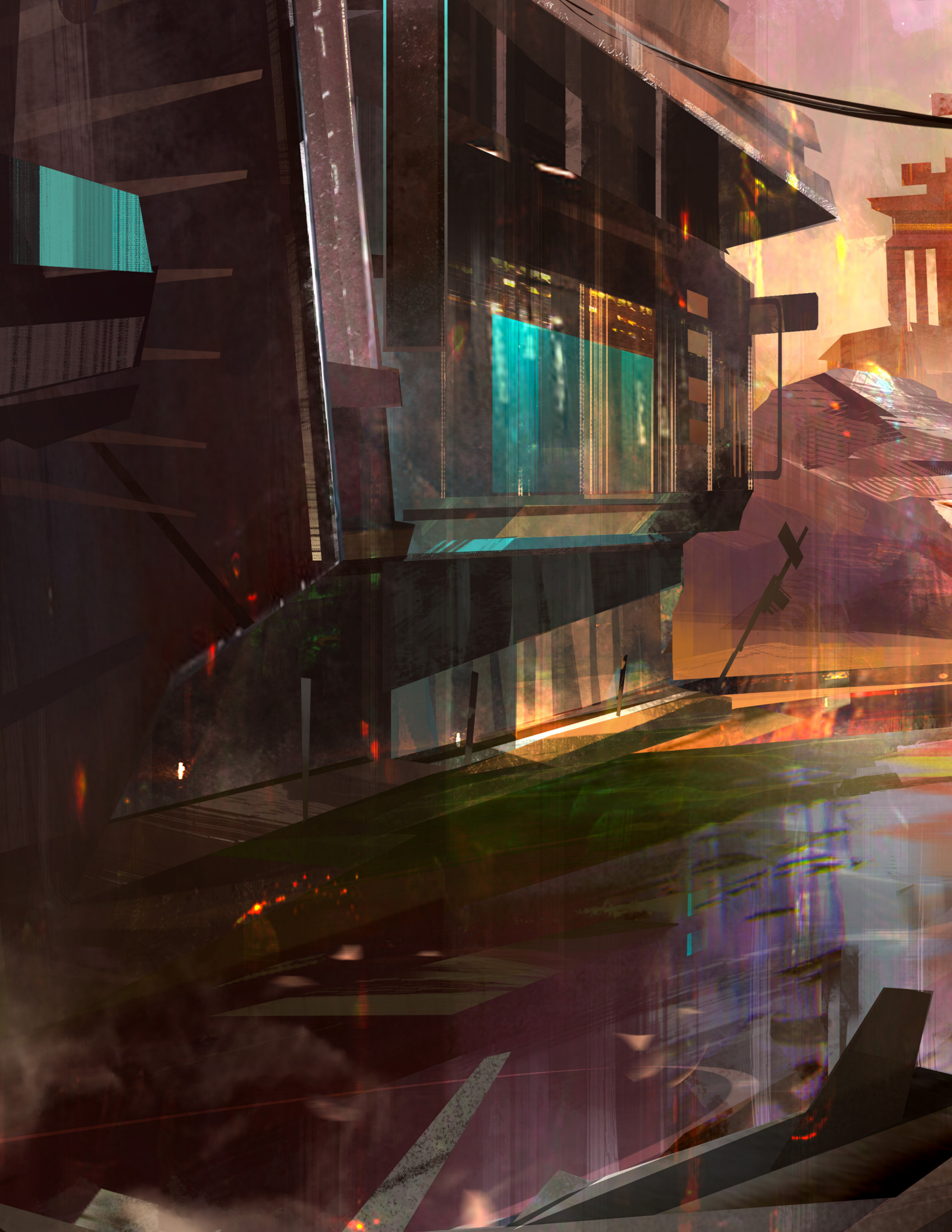
Tokyo 147
Part 1: The Basics 148
A Brief Overview 149
Culture 151
The Physical Sphere 153
The Career Sphere 156
Aesthetics 157
The Poor Districts 157
Languages 160
City Timeline 161
Part 2: The People 169
Background Generation 170
Vices 176
Equipment 178
Armor, Helmets and Equipment 179
Vehicles 180
Tokyo Mega Gangs 181
The Corps 182
Part 3: The City 187
The Working Districts 188
The entertainment District 190
The sky tree Districts 190
The Surrounding Area 191
The City's Gangs 192
Part 4: Economy 198
Temporary Accommodation 199
Food 200
Alcohol & Travel 202

The long Night 204
Act 1: The Naked Man 204
Act 2: Can You Fly? 205
Act 3: Mountain Man 206
Act 4: That's A Swan? 207

Map of Mega Tokyo 209

Open Game License 210






LONDON

PART 1 • THE BASICS

SLANG

In the City of London the English language has developed over hundreds of years, and there is a resurgence of old slang as well as brand new slang words. This is just a short list of slang to add flavor to any London campaign.

BOSSMAN: Literally the owner or boss of an establishment or shop. “Yo, Bossman, what you got for me today?”

MANDEM: A group of people or acquaintances who think they’re cool, but honestly, they’re really not cool at all. “Hah, looks like those mandem are strutting nicely again, bunch of wastemen.”

ROADMAN: Someone in the know, but also who intimidates people a lot. “See that shady girl over there, she’s a proper roadman; she knows the people you need to talk to.”

LIT: Something or someone who is awesome, cool, exciting or impressive. “Hey, you see that shot he pulled off? That was lit! Took out that metal mickey in seconds.”

PEAK: Usually describes something that is at the peak of disappointment, or something bad. “The traffic at the circle was peak this morning.”

WASTEMAN: A loser, a really terrible person, or someone who is lazy or wasteful. “Hey Wasteman, get a job!”

FAM: To shorten family to fam is quite common in London and it’s been that way for quite a while. “Hey fam, we hitting the club tonight and it’s gonna be lit!”

BRUV: Brother or someone you have a lot of respect for. “Hey bruv, share and share alike!”

TEKKER: Someone who has got skill with technology and fixing things. “Hey Tekker, my arm is playing up again, you reckon you can fix? Got some good Long for you if you can!”

VEX: Angry or upset. “I overheard Aunt Mags, dude, she was vex – reckon she might have torn strips off that punk kid.”

METAL MICKEY: A derogatory term for anyone who is overtly cybered-up. “Hey, Metal Mickey, beep beep beep!”

RASCLAT/BOMBACLAT: Extremely vulgar way to express displeasure at something. “You rasclat, you almost took my head off with that drone!”

LINK: To connect with people you know, used a lot by tekkers. “Hey, wanna link up later? I got a new program that’ll blow you sideways, bruv.”

WAVEY: To be high on drugs. “He was bloody wavey at Eric’s digs last night. Kept on barking at the wall.”

CHIRPSING: To casually flirt with someone. “Hey, Jenna, stop chirpsing with her and get over here, we got a job to do.”

TOY GUN: A name for a military grade synth used by the crown estate, “Have you seen, They sent some toy guns to clear the place”

CHARLIES DEVIL: A less insulting nickname for a Korporate Kid of the Crown Estate. “Bunch of charlies devils came down the other day”

CITY OVERVIEW

London, bloody London. A city walled in against the sea, and against itself. Two large walls protect the people against the violence of nature. One circles and heads around to the east following an old ring-road

The other, built to protect the inner core of London from the tides, is there to keep the riff-raff, Punks, and poor out of the Crown Corporation's biggest holdings and ensure that the rich are not disturbed by their lessers.

WELCOME TO THE NU-BRITISH EMPIRE!

It's 2185 and thanks to takeovers by corporations, global economy shifts, and environmental disasters the world teeters on the edge of chaos. London, one of the greatest cities in the United Kingdom, has stood the test of time over and over again. Ravaged by plague, burnt nearly to ashes by a great fire, and bombed relentlessly in the Second World War, London remains as a testament to the architects that built it.

The people who live in it are made of hardy stuff, and they have to be, since the flood submerged a large quantity of the city and forced the Crown Estate, the leading megacorporation of Britain, to create a gigantic Sea Wall which holds back the relentless ocean and keeps the population penned in.

Much of London east of the ring-road is underwater, since the sea level rose higher and higher, only to stabilize (so far) at 60m. With the raised sea level came thick almost never ending fog, many iconic landmarks like Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament stand fortified as corporate-controlled fortresses against the violent punk gangs, lit by giant floodlights and patrolled by Crown air vehicles.

The giant pumps of the wall ensure that water always flows out toward the sea, making London safe against the relentless push of Mother Nature as she seeks to reclaim the planet against the excesses of the people.

Splinter gangs of punks and rabble patrol the waterways east of the ring road's giant 200-foot Sea Wall, picking the scraps of a submerged world clean, and large tugs/ships are a common sight day or night on the water. Some of these floating behemoths are home to the punk gangs who have taken control of the ships from the shipyards and docks and decorated them with gaudy signs and paint jobs. The King Charles 3, the biggest of the super-liners built in Liverpool's ship yards for the Royal Family, now serves as the headquarters for the punk gang known as the Fam.

For those parts of the city not swamped by water it's business as usual, with the megacorporations barricaded behind safe walls and corporate police forces. Meanwhile the punk gangs who control the outer regions wage a guerrilla war against the establishment, forcing the suits further and further back toward their ivory towers and enforcement turrets.

London is not a peaceful place, it's a city engaged in war against the establishment, and the angry voices of a people pushed too far in the wake of corporate excess herald that cry. The disenfranchised, working men and women of the city, have had enough and the sound of gunfire, explosions, and conflict rages outside the corporate safe zones almost daily as unrest burns across London like a wildfire.

The punks push things further and further toward anarchy every day, and the war has left its mark on the great city. You can see the burning towers of minor corporate lackeys, or subsidiaries, as a sign of the aftermath of relentless attacks carried out by gangs of hit-and-run mohawked figures day and night. The city streets of the punk gangs are vastly different to those of the corporate safe zones; there's more life and less sterility in the punk streets.

The punk's aesthetic and their will to fight the corporations and their greed are clearly visible in every spray-painted vehicle, gaudy design, and fishnet stocking that gleams against a chrome leg. It's reflected in their cyberware too; it's overt, colorful, bulky, and makes a statement to the masses.

This is London in 2185, a London which has become fragmented between these two warring factions, and walking down the punk-controlled streets is like taking a step back to the era of bands such as the Clasp (1976), Charon UK (1979), and the rudest, crudest, lewdest, drunken band in all of Christendom, the Madd Lags (1981) – loud music assaults you ever step of the way and the people are a sea of color, spiked-jackets, and outrageous hairstyles.

The punk sectors (and there's a lot of them in the outer regions of London) are packed with variety — clubs, bars, dingy dives and dangerous places to hang out. There's little in the way of law, and the corporate police are considered to be brave or stupid if they venture this far out into the territory of these revolutionaries. They risk assault, or worse, as the punks grow bolder and more empowered by their leaders every day.

Of course, against this rising tide of rebellion, the Crown Estate has begun to take measures and has authorized the use of heavily armed, armored, and geared up Royal Guard – their job is to head into the violent zones and dispense justice. Though these assaults have become rare after the disastrous 'civil war of 2184'

What's worse for the corporations after the years of abuse and the war that only ended a year ago, the people of London are sick to death of the high and mighty Royal Family, and the Crown Estate itself. Many of them, who were once staunch royalists, are now joining with the punk movement and spray-painting their homes and vehicles in support of the rebels.

Gaudy holograms and posters of the king in a variety of compromising positions, or satirical designs have started to appear on street corners and billboards. On the tallest point of the eastern side of the city, coincidentally right smack bang in the tower block where the punk gang known as the Madd Lags reside, is the most vulgar of all the tekker jibes at the monarchy. A giant bare-arsed hologram of the king mooning the Center of London with the word "wanker" rotating above it.

Occasionally the hologram changes design and performs an animated sex act on a pig, with the words — "Oink, oink."

It's clear by this that the Madd Lags are trying to provoke the monarchy into striking out so they can fight back with greater force. Or they're drunk, high, or both.

The suits will tell you. It's no wonder that the Crown Estate under King Charles IV built the new wall that encapsulates the inner core of the city and ensures that if the eastern Sea Wall ever breaks, they'll be safe from the flood that will wipe out the punks once and for all. There are some corporate execs who think that blowing the Sea Wall is a good idea but, so far, they haven't managed to get traction because a great many of the factory floor workers live outside the wall and they don't want to cut into the profit margins.

The center of London is a vastly different place compared to the rowdy outskirts. Here's where the corp towers, Buckingham Palace, Big Ben, and the Houses of Parliament reside. They haven't changed much in the last few hundred years, especially Big Ben and Westminster that still bear the architectural skill of Pugin who designed them and are iconic examples of the Spirit of London itself.

Of course, they're more modern now, with additional features like armor plating, gun turrets, and automated sentry drones buzzing about them. Giant floodlights illuminate the fog-blanketed streets and corporate towers rise up like giant needles to poke at the neon illuminated skyline.

Slick vehicles scoot around the city streets, free from the tags of punks and the graffiti that mars the aesthetic of outer London. These are the movers and shakers of the Empire, emblazoned with their corporate logo and churning with the lives of people who know all too well about excess.

People of all kinds strut around, clad in the various colors that show their allegiance to the various factions within the inner city, minor companies, designer brands, and of course the crown estate itself. There's very little in the way of overt cyber-

ware out in the Inner London area. This is all high priced, high tech, quality gear that meshes perfectly with the pursuit of the body beautiful.

There are numerous high-class bars and coffee shops, along with tech shops, and other places of interest that thread all through London's busy Inner streets and provide a much-needed source of won-glong to the isle's expansive coffers.

The tallest tower in the Empire is definitely the Royal Tower, the HQ of Crown Estate. It's from here that King Charles IV looks down upon all he's wrought and decides the fate of thousands, balanc-ing their lives upon the global shift in the stock-ex-changes of the world. Almost always in the favor of lining his pockets.

His police force funded by the crown estate, patrol the streets, keeping crime here at an all-time low and ensuring the populace isn't disturbed by fringe elements. All entertainment is vetted, so all bill-boards are approved by the Royal Family's PR department and any propaganda hacks are diverted very quickly. Tekkers from the punk faction have yet to best the corporate antivirus protection, which runs the Inner City info-networks.

If there is a dangerous situation and the Crown Police Force cannot handle it, then it falls to the Royal Guard, and these heavily armed units are equipped to take down the biggest threats and most dangerous of the king's enemies.

London has a thriving nightlife, and the biggest clubs and bars are open all hours dispensing varied enter-tainment, from the humble drink to the extended sex shows that play on people's desires. They charge through the nose for that kind of fun.

There are also far more eclectic pursuits to take in. Along with tek expos, there are the big shows designed to keep the rich happy and focused on other matters while the king ensures that he keeps raking money in like there's no tomorrow. London's biggest theatre was opened 10 years ago, with much pomp and circumstance – the King Charles Play-house has state of the art tech solutions that allow fully holographic plays and effects alongside both digital and analogue performances. It also boasts a holo-cinema, which is the best in the country.

London also has several iconic landmarks, which can be plainly seen, especially now in the cyberpunk future of 2185. The London Eye has been given a holo-display and can now project a giant image onto its circular structure. Hidden beneath it is a secret communication facility, known as the HQ, a splinter of the original GCHQ and even more effective at keeping tabs on enemies of the Empire.

The Shard, perhaps one of the oddest and most iconic of the late 20th Century designs was once home to the best restaurants, hotels, and offices/businesses in London – this 95-story tall superstruc-ture, which stands over 300m, gleams with a new purpose in 2185. The Shard is home to the king's intelligence unit and every single square-inch of the building has been repurposed to provide a central location for all royal law enforcement, military, and Crown UK corporate law enforcement in London.

It is a hive of activity day and night, with law enforcement flyers and vehicles moving in and out of it constantly.

Four great floodlights burn away at the skyline, marking the UK out even amongst those trapped in orbit around the planet. The Crown UK ensures there's nothing but the best for the chosen people who make the Shard their home and workplace, since there is no need at all for them to live outside of the self-contained paragon of British virtue.

The state-of-the-art tech monitors the whole of Inner London and ensures threats are identified before they can become a real problem. In tandem with the HQ, everything runs like clockwork.

THE CULTURE OF LONDON 2185

Before looking at the various zones in greater detail, it's important to understand that over hundred of years, London has been influenced many times by outside cultures – especially those of the Afro-Caribbean, Middle-Eastern, and Cantonese. It was possible in the early years of the 20th Century to spend a great deal of time in say Kowloon, Hong Kong, and then come to London only to find that very little has changed and the so-called culture shock was almost non-existent.

So intertwined are these cultures that, over time, they have become a universal polyglot with 2185's iteration of London. The cultural divide is still there, stronger than ever, but it's only between the 'haves' and the 'have nots' or in this case, the punks, Londoners, and suits, or to use the more popular insult, richers.

The only place where these barriers remain strong, and only the aesthetic tends to persist, is the Inner City of London where the richers reside. Here, their culture is one drawn heavily from a version of Victorian culture crossed with the influences from the French Renaissance, and even elements of Rocco designs.

The punks outside the Inner Wall rail against the establishment and want to smash the system, driven by the movement and the wild lyrics of those who came before them. Meanwhile the richers are content to dine on synthetic oysters, pretend there's nothing wrong, and listen to classic electronica as the world burns down around them.

Art, music, cuisine, and many facets of these cultures from across the globe have come together to forge the London of 2185. Despite the violence, the guerrilla wars, and the day-to-day revolution against the established Royal City Order instigated by the Crown UK, London is a fascinating and diverse place to live.

OUTSIDE THE INNER WALL

Life outside the Inner Wall is something incredible. Perhaps one of the most diverse, and inclusive, yet utterly mind-blowing experiences a visitor to the City of London can have. This is life, as the many inhabitants would say. Free from the shackles of governmental oppression and only marginally under the rule of the Crown UK megacorp, the external areas of London are full of vibrant life, colourful people, and vast experiences in terms of music, art, food, and other vices.

While the richers lurk like expensive spiders at the centre of their corporate greed webs, the rest of London lives life to the full, parties all day, fights all night, and leaves a beautiful corpse in the morning.

There are many influences on the Outer Zones of London, drawn from the Middle-East, Afro-Caribbean, Chinese, and even select areas of Europe in the wake of financial and environmental disasters. They combine in most areas to create a palette of culture which appears completely alien and at odds with itself to an outsider.

It's a common sight to see a tattooed woman, bright blue mohawk, metal in her face, sporting a sleek dress made from faux silk and screen-printed with a Chinese dragon design. Or an armed bodyguard, with designer Euro-shades, leather jacket with anarchy symbols, and a wicked flow of neon-dreadlocks running down his back, mixing with a gang of youths emblazoned in anti-establishment slogans and attired in a variety of punk clothing styles drinking, smoking, laughing, and fighting with no regard for authority.

Yet, you're safer here than walking down the Inner City streets and being picked by one of the many arrogant corp enforcers, or Royal Guard for not having the right identification or being with an escort.

PUNK REVIVALISTS

London has always had a strong punk movement, and in 2185, it's even stronger than ever with the discovery of lost or banned music. No one is truly sure who the hero is who found the lost tapes of bands like The Clasp, or discovered the hidden server with this stuff on it, but it has focused a nation and ignited the spark of revolution just as

it did all those hundreds of years ago for the first ever Punks.

The music was found along with thousands of images of the movement itself, with people, places, designs, slogans, and more. It dived deep into London's collective consciousness and people began to challenge the absolute rule of the Crown UK.

It forced the richers to build a giant wall around the Inner City and attempt to curtail the rebellious youth as they were driven to ever more desperate actions to counter greed and corruption. It started with a few eggs and ended with a hail of bullets as the punks fought for their rights against corp enforcers and the Crown UK's own.

The first proper skirmish left a giant anarchy 'A' on the outside of Buckingham Palace, welded to the front gates, and an e-mail sent to the Crown UK's public relation's department. It read —

"Oi oi, richers, we've ad enough of your bullshit, our time's now, an you fogies wouldn't know punk if it came up and bit you on the arse."

Attached to the email was a picture of someone's arse.

Despite years of corporate brainwashing and manipulation into believing that their was nothing that could be done by the working people to leave it all to the corporation to sort out their would soon be a spark that would move the people away from this idea, and that spark was the lyrics and anti-establishment music of bands such as the Clasp, the Madd Lags, the Doomed, and many more. The spark became a fire, became a blaze, and London was lit up again with a whole new aesthetic and cultural movement.

The disenfranchised, down-and-out, picked on, broken, and unseen populace had a voice. They were not afraid to use it, and the more they listened to these records, the more they grew in their conviction and utter hatred for those who sat in ivory towers of power.

"Smash the System," Became the new slogan, revived from ancient documents, which were really interviews with the lead singers and personalities who led this movement in the past. With the slogan came a wave of anti-royal sentiment, which grew from a bubble into a raging river and transformed the movement over the next few years into what it became in 2185.

The Punk Revivalist Movement, the clarion-call to war for anyone who wanted to join and throw off the shackles of corporate bullshit.

You can't live in the past of course, and while the roots of the punk movement of 2185 go back into the past, the movement now is led by a culturally diverse set of names such as Cindy Attack, Black Wish, Chrome Grandad, and the most popular, Junk for Joy. These bands are made up of a variety of cultures, genders, and ethnic groups. Junk for Joy's non-binary lead singer Joy Brandy leads the march to push the boundaries of the punk movement and music in even further by making sure the lyrics are relevant and move with the times.

MELTING POT OF TASTES

Each culture has been mixed into London's outer city pot, so the music, the art, the food, and the drink all reflect the whole slew of ingredients. Just like punk, the mix is rebellious, jarring, and strange at first. Each culture has taken up the punk banner and twisted the movement to reflect their ethnic and diverse origins.

Afro-Caribbean Punks: Black punks who mix their traditional music with the punk sound; they do the same with their food, and drink. They managed to take the steel drum and punk it up in the band Black Wish, with the lead singer Danielle Keene throwing in elements of ska and even soul.

Canto-Punks: Chinese punks who have taken their love of traditional music and meshed it with the punk aesthetic. They dress to impress, but always with a Chinese flare mixed in with the punk design. Their food and drink are the most common found in the city, and their culture is the one that has had the most effect on London to date. Feng Shui is a popular bar named after the most popular Cantonese punk band.



Brit-Punks: Hardcore to the last, devoted to the concept of British punk, and fronted by the band Chrome Grandad. The Brit punks are often drunk, loud, obnoxious, and accepting of every kind of person who they encounter as long as they're not a corp. The transgender lead singer of Chrome Grandad has amassed a large e-following across the world, with his clean-cut lyrics and screw the system attitude. They might look foul, but they are extremely fair.

Middle-Eastern Punks: One of the newest entries to the world stage of punk, the Middle-Eastern Punk Movement has only been going for a few years. However, breakout acts such as punk belly-dance, Duo Shani, and Ka have blown people away. Middle-Eastern punks mix their traditional cultural aesthetic and dress, with overt punk designs and musical additions. You haven't lived until you've seen a belly-dancer in Middle-Eastern dress screaming anti-corp lyrics at the top of her lungs.

Euro-Punks: Not to be outdone and wanting to be part of the punk movement, those people of European descent in London quickly embraced their cultural heritage, allowing for a variety of influences to their music, food, and tastes. French punks mixed electronic and synthwave music with punk, and Electromash became a very popular band. German bands took industrial and punked it up with Lock the Target, a female fronted punk band of ex-soldiers with a heavy grinding sound and poignant lyrics. Italian smash hit vocalist Don Lanzarotti pioneered a mash-up between opera and punk with Aria Bastards.

INNER CITY

If the Outer City is chaos incarnate, according to anyone who lives in the safe corporate controlled zones of London's Inner City, then the Inner City is loyalty and order. But we can't look at one without the other, and it's important to look at some of the cultural influences that make up the majority of life behind the 200 foot 'projective' inner wall.

Inner City is a shining example of just what corporations and their money can achieve. Socially, it's very much divided into zones, where the ethnic groups who had brought their money into the city can exist without mingling on a day to day basis (unlike the Outer City).

Culturally, the Inner City is modelled a lot on the late Victorian era and believes this was the height of Britain's power when it was a mighty empire. The Crown UK has ensured that this mind-set remains at the core of everyone's values in the Inner City. The rich wine and dine where they live in expensive palace apartments, and the megacorporations dominate the area as well.

The trade language of the city might be money, but the Chinese have a massive influx of cuisine and culture that reflects in the very fashion and design of the city. A lot of restaurants are decked out with oriental designs; clothing reflects this, with sharp jackets and dresses as the norm amongst the richers.

Cyberware is top of the line, cutting-edge, and the best money can buy. Musically they enjoy a variety of serene sounds, which are designed to improve the harmony of the Inner City and create an environment of tranquility. Serene decadence is the order of the day in Inner City London, with the most debauchery going on behind closed doors while on the surface the population pretend they are above reproach.

Bare flesh is a cultural taboo in public in the Inner City, but once the blinds are drawn, all bets are off as the rich get richer on the backs of the poors, and the wonlong rules the corporate waves of Britannia 2185.

For a while they can ignore the punks knocking at the gates, and wallow in the very thing that brought the original empire crashing to its knees at the end of the Victorian era.

WHO GOES WHERE?

The City of London has its place for everything too, so here's a quick rundown of where you'll find your favourite origins in both the Inner and Outer City regions.

Inner City: You're not going to find any badlanders here, unless they've been hired as a bodyguard (bruiser) or some form of muscle (very rare). You will find the korporate kids quite commonly as the corporation raise whole orphanages in service of the king. You'll also find a bunch of regular joes who are working for the corps trying to make ends meet.

Outer City: Gutter punks are extremely common in the Outer City, spread across the various gangs old and new. Then you have badlanders, working as both bruisers and scavengers – especially in the flooded areas beyond the Sea Wall. Regular joes make up the rest of the Outer City population and even some korporate kids are an extremely rare sight, mostly disenfranchised who fought on the wrong side of the civil war.

LONDON 2185 AESTHETICS

Much of the city of london in the year 2185 remains true to the Pugin-styled gothic architecture that defined the city in the 20th Century for the Inner City and those buildings that remain intact, whilst elsewhere the need for growth and changes have caused the city to grow in a similar style to all the other cities the world over

Like most coastal cities the immediate striking features of the city are the two sea walls, Designed and implemented by the crown estate during the collapse of the government to prevent the flooding of the city — one which protects the Inner City and the other which rises up around the old ring road and keeps the water from rushing in and drowning the rest of London.

The Outer City wall is functional, brutal, and aesthetically as appealing as a brick tends to be when left without ornamentation and design. There are a few gun turrets that face out across the north and eastern sides atop massive once corporate controlled towers now in the hands of whatever gang can claim that part of the city this week. Buildings are crowded together in large ghettos ancient stonework buckling under the weight of old metal and cheap plastics to create living space for the vastly swelled population of london.

Then there's the Inner City wall, which is built to the same standards as the Outer City for the side that faces the rest of London. It makes a statement, one which says, "get too close and you'll be wearing a lead overcoat." From the massive gun towers, huge blinding spotlights, and drones that patrol every aspect of the behemoth construction – London's Inner City wall screams corporate design aesthetic and brutal, soulless creation.

On the other side of the wall, it's been re-faced, beautifully clad, and any gaps filled to mimic the famous London Gherkin's aesthetic. Regardless of the view by those kept safe inside, it provides a beautiful vision of perfectly clean corporate design and aesthetic. The rest of the Pugin-designed buildings are largely intact, reinforced by a mix of corporate building materials and redesigned to fit into the future that is 2185 where they might otherwise have crumbled over time.

BEYOND THE SEA WALL

The ocean has made its own plans in 2185; most of the land north, north east and east of the Outer City Sea Wall has been drowned. It lies under 60m of ocean and is home to ship captains, floating barges, raiders, and punks who've taken to the waves to scavenge the old world for resources. The taller buildings still poke up through the surface and give the whole region a strange drowned look.

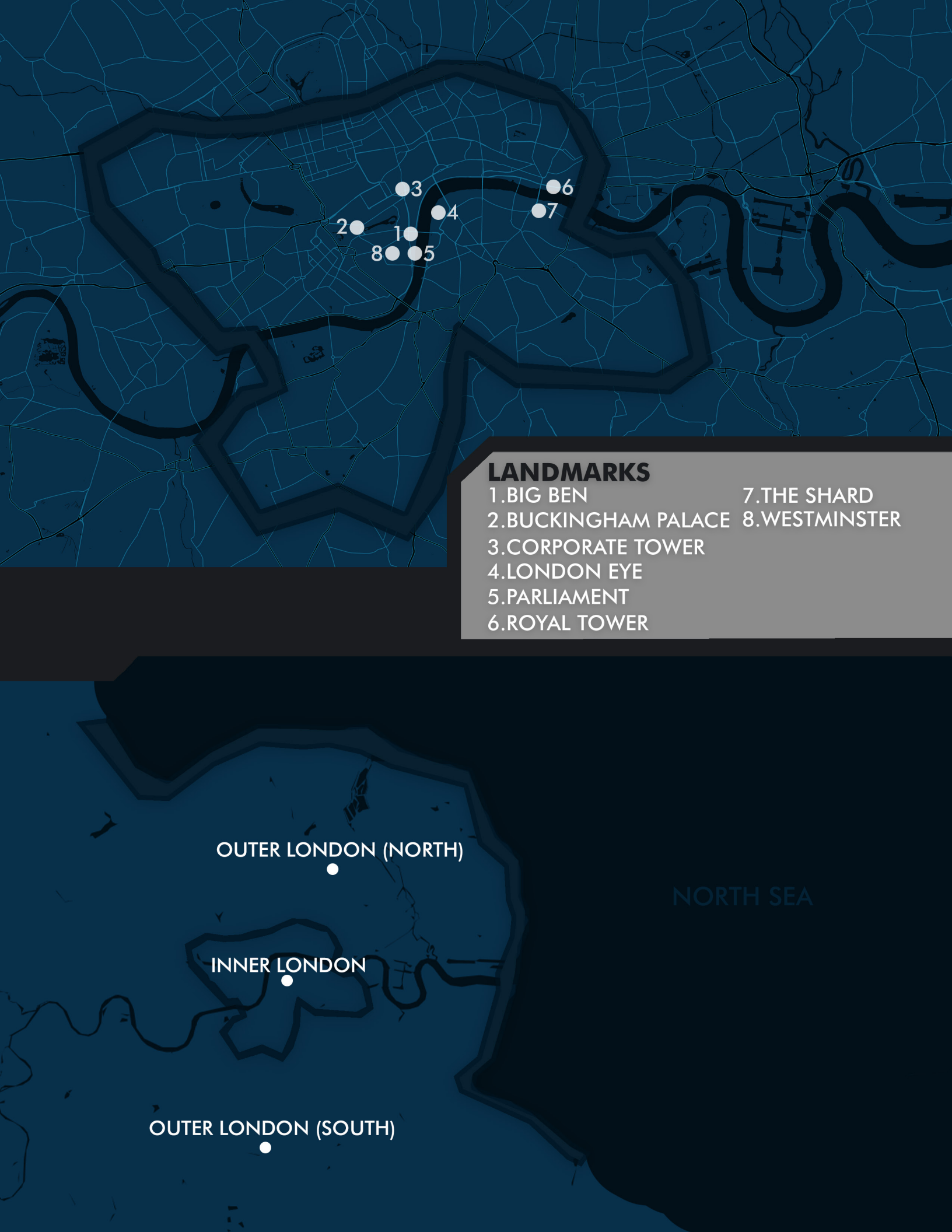
OUTER CITY, RULES OF CHANGE

It's a pretty solid fact that when you throw together rebellion, change-demanding music, and people who are fed up of the status-quo, the first things that get targeted are the buildings and architecture around them. So when the punks took the Outer City for their own and established their many home bases in landmarks outside the Inner City, they made changes to those buildings and the streets.

Aesthetically, Outer City London is just like the various punks themselves, varied and colorful – making a statement of rebellion and change on every building and street corner. But also grimy and dirty a place broken down by war, famine, flooding, and all of life's other hardships. Which takes away some of apparent beauty of the whole area.

It's hard to walk down these London streets and not see the slogans, the symbols, the cyber-fists on banners raised high with the Crown crushed between their steel-sinewed fingers. Every bit of it screams, "smash the system!", Often times these banners are left over from a few years ago hanging limply in the breeze, only a few who stand behind the motto would present themselves as viable targets of another attack.

Whole neighborhoods have been repainted with vibrant color and garish designs, from the frontages of old shops to the vehicles littering the streets. It's a mad world of aesthetic nightmares that would cause most of the Inner City folk to swoon, if they


3
6
4
7
2
1
8
5
LANDMARKS
1.BIG BEN
2.BUCKINGHAM PALACE
3.CORPORATE TOWER
4.LONDON EYE
5.PARLIAMENT
6.ROYAL TOWER
7.THE SHARD
8.WESTMINSTER
OUTER LONDON (NORTH)
NORTH SEA
INNER LONDON
OUTER LONDON (SOUTH)

ever ventured beyond the safety of corporate protected molly-coddled walls.

In other neighborhoods, certain streets have been blocked with a variety of repurposed vehicles, used as makeshift barricades and to cut off access to parts of the city that have been claimed by more violent gangs in the outer city. Who's aggression and violence is as much against each other as it is against the corporation.

There are also aesthetic differences in the various territories, because as punk is such a varied form of music with one underlying theme, the people who embrace it come from all walks of life, and their core designs follow them into the structures they create in the here and now.

There's a vast difference for example as you walk down a Euro-Punk Street, compared to the streets controlled by Brit-Punk gangs, and even Afro-Punk gangs. The sights, sounds, music, smells, and tastes are all different and unique in their own ways. While the rest of the world in 2185 turns its back on diversity, inclusion, gender equality, and other important things, London's Outer City embraces it all with open arms and a sincere 'screw the man' philosophy, which in 2185 is considered to be refreshing. Though this doesn't stop mass gang warfare between the punks in the streets.

LGBTQ+ life is the norm, and while the Inner City tries to become more human than human, perfect in every way, the punks outside the status-quo are breaking down barriers, kicking in metaphorical doors, and living life to the full with everyone regardless of race, color, orientation, or creed.

All of this reflects in the aesthetics of their London, the London that they have shaped and forged in their guerrilla war against the richers from day one. It's not uncommon to see same sex couples in pictures and art, mimicking those of famous painters from the past but redone in 2185 punk style, festooned with holograms and neon gleaming strips of light.

The old symbol of the punk movement from the 20th Century, the flag of the British Empire, rendered in holo-3d in glorious red, white, and blue that flies over the sky at night to the east of the Inner Wall.

But despite all of this color and beauty it is easy to look past the paints and lights too see what truly exists on the outer city of london, hopelessness and despair, a ruined city that once stood proud but now barely stands. Old bars flooded and decayed, Once busy shops and lived in apartments stand as hollow bombed out ruins, memorials to the never ending and futile war against the crown.

INNER CITY, LAW AGAINST DISORDER

The complete antithesis of the ruined but vibrant city outside their walls, the Inner City reflects the corporate greed and attitudes of the Crown UK. The aesthetics of the Inner City are definitely one of order and perfection. It's the maxim of the people, to achieve the idea of perfect beauty in all things – and to do this requires vast amounts of money. They have it of course, and are reluctant to share it.

It's all about making a statement for the people of the Inner City, and the bigger the better; yet it also has to be aesthetically pleasing. They're not one for building the tallest tower if everyone who looks at it simply turns up their nose and goes to look at the Shard or the Gherkin instead. It's no wonder then that the Crown UK based its own aesthetics and as previously mentioned, culture, on the ideas of Victorian England.

A prudish exterior hides a debauched interior.

Even the buildings are very much like this, with lots of original London architecture preserved for the famous monuments. The exteriors are kept pristine, albeit reinforced with mass-produced faux materials to keep the aesthetic of Old London alive. Inside though, the old has been replaced by the new and much of the wonderful, beautiful, and unique furniture and decoration has been lost.

Why have a gorgeous painting of the Mona Lisa, or a Rembrandt, when you can replace the whole wall with a 300-foot wrap-around holo-plasma and watch entertainment piped into your home by one of the corp-sponsored networks?

Advertisements are everywhere and anywhere you look when you walk the perfectly ordered streets of Inner London. From the latest in automotive designs, body replacements, artificial limbs, and blockbuster film franchises – it's all there, rendered in glorious HD 24/7, laced with wonderful corporate propaganda and subliminal messaging for that extra Orwellian feel.

The streets and buildings are regimentally designed in their layout, the vehicles controlled by an A.I. traffic control system, and not a single thing feels out of place. If punk is chaos, richers have order in droves.

Crown Police patrol along the streets, backed up by corporate security forces, and flying drones that zip from skyline to skyline following the rooftops — always alert, always scanning the architecture for sabotage or trespassers from the outside.

Corp advertisements for the Crown UK's various services and products gleam from the side of the London Bridge, which has been transformed from a functional structure and tourist attraction to part of Fortress London. It protects river access and ensures safeguarded river traffic by purview of its massive guns and rocket batteries hidden inside the building.

State of the art tracking software and an army of elite spec ops reside inside the Tower of London, and Big Ben has been turned into a data center to house powerful computer systems and anti-cyber taskforce units who operate in cyberspace only. A holographic clock face and super-accurate time measurement systems ensure that the clock never stops, and the king can broadcast his messages from a prominent point with a view from the whole city.

The Houses of Parliament have been left alone aesthetically, barring the interior that now resembles a corporate office and is one of the biggest holdings of Crown UK. Here the king can ensure his corporate empire flourishes and every single aspect of it can be monitored by the souls who are bound to his service.

Buckingham Palace is a gun-turret, rocket pod, drone protected super-fortress with layers of protective cladding. Every single bit of ancient aesthetic has been stripped from the interior. Within this vast labyrinth of corporate greed and power are secrets too numerous to mention, as well as a whole army of well-trained Crown UK enforcers, assassins, and agents. Powerful searchlights pan across the sky and ground day and night.

Every vehicle that glides effortlessly through the streets of Inner City London has been designed to look good — sleek, functional and beautiful. The aesthetic of curved design is paramount, and 90% of the actual road and air vehicles manufactured here follow this construction mandate. It's not hard to see why, considering that the Crown UK dominates the market in the United Kingdom of 2185. They have a near stranglehold on all commercial, corporate, and military vehicles supplied to everyone in the UK.

The people's style has been carefully curated by thousands of hours of adverts and billboards, pointing the populace to look, dress, and wear makeup in a certain way. Crown UK approved products are considered the height of fashion and design. Anything else is permissible, but unless it's from a valued Euro-city then really going British is the only way you'll ever stand out from those insufferable people who talk about the latest fashion as if their opinion matters a jot.

Sleek corporate towers dot the skyline, lying in various zoned districts. They are all part of the whole, and yet painfully divorced from it. There's a feeling of visual unity, but actual unity of people – not so much. The massive towers of Chinese corporations, Indian, African, European, British and more compete with each other to lay claim to the polluted skies above the Inner City.

Each zone has its own aesthetic feel rather like the punk gang zones of the Outer City, only there's more order here, and the sharp suits of the Chinese corporation execs are contrasted with the functional designs of the Crown UK. It would be wrong to use the term melting pot for the Inner City. More a palette of sorts, where the various colors have been mixed to create a unified sense of style and aesthetic made up of different parts that all visually mesh together.

It's little wonder that people from the outer city looking in seek to bring this corrupt society crashing down to their level.

LANGUAGES OF LONDON

London's languages are spoken in different fluencies by the various people in the Inner City, and the Outer City. It's common to find a greater percentage of people in the Outer City speaking languages that the Inner City folk consider to be less common, out of vogue, or otherwise less useful when conducting important business. These are the fifteen most popular languages found in both Inner and Outer London, along with the percentage of the population that can speak them fluently.

Language	Fluency Outer City	Fluency Inner City
English	95%	98%
Bengal	53%	47%
Panjabi	46%	28%
Polish	39%	16%
Hindi	21%	15%
Turkish	14%	32%
Arabic	12%	21%
Somali	9%	17%
Cantonese	21%	15%
German	8%	9%
French	16%	14%
Spanish	6%	12%
Japanese	5%	11%
Hebrew	5%	5%

Note: There is a common parlance in use in London's Outer City zones – a language variant known as Patois. In terms of the actual number of speakers of this tongue, there are very few who practice it in the Inner City, and they account for about 2% of the actual Inner City population. Meanwhile a near universal 98% of the Outer City populace, from gang leaders to residents, have learned to speak Patois and do so regularly. It's also common to find Patois words smattered into the slang of London as part of everyday Londoner life.


OFF
SUBATOMIC BUFFER
EMERGENCY
DISCONNECT
KILL
SWITCH
LINE IN
HIGH
MID
LOW
ON

CITY TIMELINE FROM JUNE 2019 - JAN 2185

London has for much of history been considered by many to be the capital of the world, whilst in the 21st century going forward it is somewhat diminished their is a sense of history to the city which is hard to find anywhere else, The timeline of london follows ours up until the start of the year 2020, in which it splits from our timeline with new inventions and environmental collapse leading to a dystopian future around the world, and London suffers just as much as the rest.

2019-2030

In early 2020.Tusk interplanetary one of the few growing corporations planning on spacial travel, the CEO of the company goes from country to country, many reject him for some this is a perfect opportunity tusk interplanetary claims dozens of independent UK Scientists

London brought more police in to stem the tide of political unrest in the very last months of 2021 leaving other areas in the country exposed to violent crime which grew steadily through the next few years.

From the years of 2021-2025. A rise in number of riots and casualties related to riots led to formation of the Crown Enforcers extra governmental private military. Very brutal enforcers, more violence led to more riots causing more power to the crown enforcers. This private security force was noted for its use of extrajudicial punishment without any backlash from their superiors, the metropolitan police soon came to resent and distrust the crown enforcers.

In 2024 plans to deal with rising sea levels are proposed after threat reports show london being underwater, Both are extremely expensive and require corporate backing alongside government funding. The plans involves the creation of massive sea walls surrounding the more populated outer areas of london, and another supporting the inner city and it's financial and governmental districts, This literal divide would become the source of much frustration in years to come.

In the mid 2020's punk rebels become commonplace, They fight against both the government force of the police and the private crown enforcers. This violence leads to further declines in the under equipped police force. Whilst more proactive forces are given to the crown enforcers.

On march 15th 2030, Tusk interplanetary successfully lands a manned mission on mars using british scientists. These scientists become amongst the first citizens of an corporations private citizen as Tusk interplanetary declares Mars to be property of the corporation, Dual citizenship is revoked after the scientists leave the planet.

2031-2082

In the early 2030's britain began to force more and more isolationist policies moving them further away from their neighbouring allies. This move away from neighbouring countries and their laws gave the government of the UK more free control over it's national policies and rights.

On November of 2036 martial law is put into place on the capital after series of assassinations on government officials. The parties who committed the assassinations remained unknown. This martial law would not be revoked until april 2038. This led to a great amount of tension and fueled the rebellious spirit of the punk movement.

In 2038 several members of the royal family alongside large sets of resources began consolidate amongst the Crown estate to combat threats to the country and to put the country back on track as a global economics power.

In mid 2041 the rising threat of rebellion was attempted to be squashed with the public execution of populist figure Harry Gant, this failed as he became a Martyr that rallied many punk to violent attacks on dozens of the Crown enforcer and police facilities lead to the deaths of hundreds on both sides. Attempts to destroy government facilities like

the houses of parliament and buckingham palace are stopped with the use of the Crown enforcers. This ineffective nature of the police force is noticed leading to their eventual disbandment.

From 2041-2045, Civil unrest, rising sea levels, and mass immigration led to even more defensive measures placed between the governmental control inner city and the growing anarchist movement of the outer city.

In 2050 the first neural link came to the world, this developing technology would revolutionise the modern world unlike anything that came before it. In the same year The crown estate purchased exclusive rights to the use of the crown enforcers creating the standard for private militaries of corporations around the world. The control of this corporation became quickly feared by the british public.

In 2060 the sea walls are completed around the city of London, many of the outer regions closer to the sea are consumed by water. Most panic and attempt to flee to behind the safety of the sea wall.

In 2061 and over the following 8 years, The crown estate begin to move to take control of the government, with control of broadcasting services within the UK they begin to manipulate consumer beliefs to have members of the crown estate board elected to parliament. With rising government control the Crown estate began to enact defensive policies around the city of london and whichever constituencies supported the crown estate in the elections, Providing protection from the anarchist using the force of the Crown Enforcers. This led to a growth of popularity amongst many britons and a fall in the anarchist belief.

By 2070, seeing the threat of the Crown estate many politicians attempted to flee the country or appeal to the masses, They almost unanimously failed to find support instead becoming captured and being subjected to public ridicule and fabricated news stories about their criminal background.

By 2072 advances in technology and weapons development only strengthened the grip of the crown estate on the UK, which provided free and mandatory Neurolinks to UK citizens.

By 2080 the Crown estate had complete control over the united kingdom crushing populist movements that stood against them. Many royalists were glad to have control of the UK back in the hands of the Royal family.

2082-2130

The UK and the crown estate fared well during the summer of 2082, Much of the government had already ceded control to the corporation and the isolationist policies of the last 50 years meant that the UK and the Crown Estate was in the perfect position to capitalize on the death of the EU and USA leaders.

Using this growing anti-democratic governmental trend the king alongside his supporters and workers in parliament seized complete governmental control almost overnight with practically no bloodshed.

Seeing that the other corporations began to thrive off of the newly developing colonies much of the UK resources turned towards the development of colonial ships promising a new life and safety to those who had lost their homes to flooding outside of the sea wall protected area.

By 2090 complete environmental collapse due to over exploitation of the resources of the world cause sea levels to reach their peak. Many people lost their life, most retreat to the safety of the sea walls or into high above sea level towns.

By 2091 development of the first interstellar craft of the Crown estate finished construction HMS Orwell, which began to colonise the newly discovered planets with the help of the crown estate redcoats. Colonization efforts go well but unlike other corporation they do not move their headquarters offworld instead remaining in the UK to oversee the homeworld one of the few corporations to do so.

Over the 2090's disparity between the wealthy and the poor grow immensely and the capital of the UK becomes a black hole with the rich entering the inner city whilst the outer city is an event horizon of the poor and beaten down, The spark of punk and ancarism that was destroyed almost 30 years ago began to regrow.

Around the same time. The development of the first synth grew as a shockwave through the world as workers became cheap and affordable, Soon the crown estate was commissioning Synths by the tens of thousand using resources gained from the crown estate redcoats. The Huge influx of synths allowed for production of their newest series of facilities to grow exponentially.

2131-2185

In the early 2130;s The outer regions of london were converted into synth production plants creating new workers capable of working in extremely dangerous environments, Areas that were once underwater are execavated for resources and repurposed into factories.

In 2136 a series of violent civilian actions led to the collapse of the metropolitan police force now weakened beyond belief, this collapse cause the crown estate to grow even more violent against protestors often immediately resorting to lethal force when dealing with riots.

In the year 2145 King Charles III took the throne after his father abdicated and in doing took control of the Crown Estate. In the following years authorisation was given for violent covert action, Capturing and torturing of political dissidents, Espionage and assassination of corporate threats. The United kingdom became the sole property of the crown and any who dared object would be put down violently.

In the year 2160 an explosion destroyed a large synth factory on the major outskirts of London, this put the production of over a dozen crown estate projects on hold. The perpetrators were captured and executed on a public broadcast on orders of King Charles the III, earning him the moniker of King Charles the Slaughterer. To protect himself Charles commissioned an even more well equipped policing force specifically to act as Bodyguards and Lawbringers called the Royal Guard, Despite carrying the same title they lacked much of the honor of the previous organization to hold that title instead being little more than violent, well equipped, and loyal mercenaries.

By the year 2165 The crown estates weapons and armaments division has produced quality gear and gene engineered combat synths that fill out the ranks of the crown estates enforcement division and the redcoats their extraplanetary security force. Filling out the rank and file whilst allowing rich imperialists of the crown estate to issue far more dangerous commands than could be provided to a more conventional military force. Earning them the nickname of 'Toy Soldiers' and their commanders as 'Silver Spooners' a phrase that has lost much meaning in the year 2185 but still is in circulation.

In the year 2170, aggravation and aggression against the rich imperialists of the inner city caused an almost complete rebellion inspired by the punk music that preached anti-authoritarian ideals and anarchist society. This rebellion was nearly complete and even the crown estate and royal guard were overwhelmed in the outer city, Retreating instead into the inner city and providing strong defenses along the inner sea wall. This inspired many of locals seen in london of 2185, Anti-authoritarian, a meddling of the ideals of anarchy in the UK and the old architecture of the imperialism that it is built upon. Thousands of pubs and hundreds of nightclubs, all built in the style of old victorian london.

Between 2170 and 2180 tempers simmered and things began to calm down, with many of the workers from the outer city developing safe means through which to travel to the inner city to work, though most remember a time before the anarchist society protected them from the violence of King Charles and his varied military forces, many needed the work to afford food and lodgings. During this time thousands of gangs spread across the city, each bickering and arguing but all agreed on their hatred of the King and his corporate lifestyle.

In March of 2184 the King made his first attempt to retake control since the disastrous battle 14 years before, recalling a legion of redcoats from an expansionist effort, Hiring vast swathes of mercenaries into the royal guard, and taking first time deployment of many korporate kids raised in the inner city who had spent their whole lives hearing about the madness and chaos of the barbarian outer city. The result was an immensely brutal conflict over the city

of london lasting just over a week, Starting on tuesday the 8th of march and coming to an end on the following wednesday. This week has dozens of names — 'The second civil war', 'The Slaughters Butchery', 'The Clash in the UK' and 'The Rippers of London' to name a few.

This week was a disaster for both sides, With the royals losing just over half of their military force both to Violent skirmishes and abandonment, Whilst many of the major leaders of the punk groups were captured and executed. Some major events that occured during this week include 'The Sunshine Assault' on the first clear sunny day after a heavy acid rain had kept most of the punks inside during the night, a force of several hundred royal guard rushed into famous punk hotspots and killed several hundred punks whilst losing only a handful of their own people in return.

On the second day of the conflict the punks were now ready, Guerilla warfare became the standard. The use of explosives on old buildings, High velocity rounds, and civilian distraction began to exact a heavy toll on the royal guard sent to secure the city.

The fighting went back and forth for several days, the whole of London consumed in the spark of warfare. The last 48 hours of the civil war were perhaps the strangest,

The first event was called 'The Night of Lost Toys' the redcoats deployed to hold much of the outer city that had been secured suddenly 'disappeared' after the assassination of their leader, the 7th redcoat legion consisting almost entirely of synthetic infantry simply were not at their stations an hour after the assassination of their leader, this abandonment of the defense of the city and the potential threat of a synth rebellion that never manifested allowed the punks to reclaim much of the city. No one knows to this day where a thousand well trained and equipped synths disappeared too.

The second major event leading to the end of the war was the battle of the Beheaded Queen King a popular cyberpunk bar. Run at the time by a famous cyberpunk leader and musician named Mark 'Two Dice' Hull, who attempted to fight back against the Crown enforcers who came to destroy the bar and kill him, The efforts of the war cost nearly three dozen crown estate squads their lives and nearly twenty cyberpunks, but the battle was won by the punk despite the death of Mark.

This pair of defeats led to the final event that signalled the end of the war. 'The Crown Job' a group of unaffiliated cyberpunks broke into the royal palace, Holding the king hostage and demanding that he put an end to the war. The cost of the war and the threat to his life forced the kings hand and he reluctantly removed his forces from the anarchy outside, of the five cyberpunks who commited the hostage situation, four were killed, it is said one of them is still hiding somewhere in the city, The only person with the knowledge of how to break into the royal palace.

The last year has been a hectic one for the citizens of London, many of them fear another retaliation by the king and his forces, whilst for the cyberpunks of the city, this has become an opportunistic place, The metaphorical penny is in the air, but when will the penny drop.

PART II • THE PEOPLE
LONDON'S CYBERPUNKS

> "So I hear you wanna work for the establishment – that's dangerous there, Wasteman."
> ~ Pink Harry Denver, Punk Gang Roadman.

London 2185 is a place of all-out war, a war for the very soul of a nation that has been embroiled in conflict with the corporations, the Crown Estates, and many others for years and years. All of this takes place in open conflict for the most part, out there on the graffiti peppered streets of Outer City London while the corp execs watch from their polished glass windows and pray the violence doesn't hit their safe haven like a pneumatic hammer.

Inner City and Outer City London are places rife for things for cyberpunks to do in this timeline, and they support the various classes in different ways. In the end all the classes can get work from anyone as long as they talk the right kind of game. Convincing ultra-suspicious corp execs is harder, while the punk gangs value actions more than words.

INNER CITY, INNER HARMONY

Cyberpunks in the Inner City are going to find they have a lot of work as guns for hire and lackeys, working for the 'man' and drawing the eye and ire of the punk gangs of the Outer City in doing so.

Docs are in great demand in the Inner City, where they find work as corp medics, especially as combat medics, and cybersurgeons can find jobs in any legal or illegal clinic as long as they have the skills to back up their claims.

Enforcers are in high demand to join the ranks of the Crown Estates. They also find work as bodyguards and muscle for the various low-tier, mid-tier, and high-tier corp execs from any corporation. Marines find work in corp sponsored PMCs almost daily. For the oriental corps there's nothing better than a kick-arse swordsman.

Hackers are in constant demand as the corporations fight clandestine wars, break into each other's servers, and wage epic battles in cyberspace. The Crown Estates has their own crack team of hackers who are always looking for talented recruits amongst the combat hacker, and robomancer crew.

Scoundrels need to be careful here, but there's work for them if they want it. Megacorps are especially fond of hiring the smugglers and trouble-makers to get what they want done. The media corporations, especially those who film action vids, are always looking for stuntmen.

OUTER CITY, PUNKED UP!

The Outer City is a place where the cyberpunks can really have fun. There are very few laws, no corp execs calling the shots, and all the work comes thick and fast. The punk gangs fight against law and order, battling the Crown Estates, and every single class can find a good job from one or more of the gangs as they explore the relationships of the Outer City's toughest folk.

Docs of all kinds are valued, patching up gutter punks and the like after they get hurt, or installing new highly illegal cyberware for gang Leaders as just a few of the things they can do.

Enforcers from both archetypes will find work. The punk gangs have openings for anyone who can shoot or swing straight.

Hackers are a big plus for tekkers of all kinds in the punk gangs, especially the more tech-orientated gangs, which know the value of information tech more than the militant ones.

Scoundrels are highly prized, especially the trouble maker and the smuggler. Smugglers will be the queen of the castle if they can get a gang leader what they want with no muss or fuss. Stuntmen are valued for their ability to control vehicles and help punks get to where they need to go without being chased down by patrol vehicles.

CHARACTER OPTIONS

BACKGROUND GENERATION

You can use any background from the core rules, or you can use the ones that are commonly found throughout both Inner and Outer City London. Refer to the rules for background generation on page 54 of the Carbon 2185 Core Rulebook.

CROWN EXEC

Crown Estates execs are well looked after financially. The top-tier corporation in the United Kingdom makes sure that, even though it sucks the life from your body, it lines your pockets with wonlong. You work as one of the higher paid employees, such as a corporation manager for a small offshoot of Crown Estates, an I.T. trouble-shooter for the Crown's tech concerns, or a highly paid PR rep for the Crown Estates public relations department.



Injury. DC7
Skill. Persuasion, Deception, Hacking, Perception, Engineering, Sense Motive, Bureaucracy, Computing.
Language/Tools. One of your choice
Wage. 2d4 x 12 000₩

Role.
Crown Corp Manager
Crown IT Department Exec
Crown Office PR Rep

Parting Gift.

1. Crown Estate pocket watch (22 000₩)
2. 30 000₩
3. High end pocket computer
4. Clothes, wealthy
5. Comms, implant
6. 50 000₩

Retirement payout.
4 Terms. 32 000₩
5 Terms. 53 000₩
6 Terms. 74 000₩
7 Terms. 95 000₩
Each additional term. 33 000₩

MEDIA STAR

London 2185 has a lot of work for you if you know how to entertain, and if you can keep a crowd of bored movers and shakers from dozing off. The Inner City has a lot of time for performers who have something new to show. As a media star in London you're one of those elite performers who actually get people's attention, whether you're a singer, a musician, or a poet. You can find work as a street magician, too, if you have the right act. A con artist can sell an imaginary festival and escape with the wonlong before any of the guests ever arrive. Several popular programs focus on the art of the con, and how to spot it, to keep the corps from making bad investments.

Injury. DC6
Skill. Performance, Presence, Acrobatics, Sense Motive, Streetwise, Sleight of Hand, Deception, History
Language/Tools. One of your choice
Wage. 3d4 x 6 500₩

Role.
Media Personality (Singer etc.)
Street Magician
Con Artist

Parting Gift.
1. 4 5000₩
2. Clothes, wealthy
3. Hauler
4. 27 000₩
5. Solid gold mic (50 000₩)

Retirement Payout.
4 Terms. 26 000₩
5 Terms. 47 000₩
6 Terms. 68 000₩
7 Terms. 88 000₩
Each additional term. 32 000₩

RECLAMATION EXPERT

When the waters rolled in and the sea level rose, a lot of London east of the ring-road Sea Wall vanished beneath the ocean. This dumped a lot of old world tech beneath the waves, and led to the creation of islands of buildings poking up out of the water. So, into this world you dive or climb, and bring up the relics of a time long gone. You can work as one of the many underwater salvagers, picking through the depths for interesting things from the past, or as a scavenger picking through the remains of old buildings. Want to leave the dirty work behind? Become a corporate reclaimer and locate things for the corporations that they lost during the flood.

Injury. DC8
Skill. Navigation, Tracking, Vehicles (Air), Mechanics, Engineering, Investigation, Athletics, Perception
Language/Tools. One of your choice
Wage. 2d4 x 17 000₩

Role.
Underwater Salvager
Scavenger
Corporate Reclaimer

Parting Gift.
1. Old World tech (10 000₩)
2. KMHA Heavy Pistol
3. Shares in a salvage operation plus watercraft. (10 000₩)
4. Clothes, Average
5. Backpack, Enhanced

Retirement Payout.
4 Terms. 41 000₩
5 Terms. 62 000₩
6 Terms. 83 000₩
7 Terms. 104 000₩
Each additional term. 32 000₩

GANGER

Outer London is full of gangs. A person can't move without passing a punk gang or two lazing around on the streets or spraying anti-establishment propaganda on the walls. The latter is the job of specialized, well- trained punk graffiti sprayers, who mix parkour with their trademark anti-establishment tags. Other gangers sit at the right hand of a punk gang leader as punk thugs, making sure people do what the boss lady wants. Or if you really feel like getting something for nothing, take the path of a robber and sneak through the houses of those people with the stuff that you want.

Injury. DC7
Skill. Intimidation, Deception, Hacking, Acrobatics, Performance, Sense Motive, Computing, Presence.
Language/Tools. One of your choice
Wage. 2d4 x 8 500₩

Role.
Graffiti Sprayer
Punk Thug
Robber

Parting Gift.
1. Vibroknife
2. Crowbar
3. Flashlight
4. Frag Grenade Mk I
5. 13 000₩

Retirement Payout.
4 Terms. 33 000₩
5 Terms. 54 000₩
6 Terms. 80 000₩
7 Terms. 100 000₩
Each additional term. 31 000₩

CROWN ENFORCEMENT OFFICER

The punk gangs are a real problem for the rich and famous, especially for the king and the Crown Estates. The Crown enforcement officers are the king's answer to that particular fly in his ointment, trained in a variety of law enforcement techniques and empowered to mete out justice where possible. A Crown copper is the regular police force, with the authority to perform arrests. Crown enforcers can mete out judgement on the spot, even shooting criminals down like dogs. The Crown agent is highly trained and very perceptive. They are not quite secret agents, but they're close.

Injury. DC8
Skill. Intimidation, Tracking, Perception, Athletics, Vehicles (Land), Investigation, Streetwise, Presence.
Language/Tools. One of your choice
Wage. 3d4 x 9 000₩

Role.
Crown Copper
Crown Enforcer
Crown Agent

Parting Gift.
1. Clothes, Wealthy
2. 40 000₩
3. High Quality Dress Shoes (10 000₩)
4. KHMA Heavy Pistol
5. Explosive Lighter
   (functions as Frag Grenade Mk I)

Retirement Payout.
4 Terms. 37 000₩
5 Terms. 57 000₩
6 Terms. 79 000₩
7 Terms. 98 000₩
Each additional term. 35 000₩

ROADMAN

To be a roadman in London 2185 is to be someone who not only knows where their towel is, but they can wet said towel and beat back a pack of starving dogs with it. You have to be as hard as nails, tough as an old boot, and packed with local knowledge. A roadman is slang for someone who knows their shit and can get shit done. A proper roadman is capable and hardy; they work outside in London's more dangerous zones beyond Outer City. A combat guide takes you where you need to go but can fight like hell to get you there. Trackers can find almost anyone or anything – for the right price.

Injury. DC8
Skill. Athletics, Acrobatics, Navigation, Tracking, Perception, Vehicles (land), Medicine, Streetwise.
Language/Tools. One of your choice
Wage. 3d4 x 11 000₩

Role.
Roadman
Combat Guide
Tracker

Parting Gift.
1. Street Shotgun
2. KMHA Heavy Pistol
3. Backpack
4. Medical kit
5. 50 000₩

Retirement Payout.
4 Terms. 39 000₩
5 Terms. 61 000₩
6 Terms. 82 000₩
7 Terms. 101 000₩
Each additional term. 30 000₩

BOATER

Outside the Sea Wall there's a lot of water, a lot of space for a lone wolf operative to move about on the high tides. Boaters are just that, the nickname and background for someone who spends their life plying those waters in a variety of ways. You can operate as a ferryman, taking people where they want to go – no matter the risk. Pirates threaten everyone on the waves the way some punk gangs run the streets. Those looking to mix fame and danger take part as racers. These risk-takers participate in dangerous water races for high profit ... and eventual loss.

Injury. DC8
Skill. Navigation, Tracking, Streetwise, Vehicles (air), Vehicles (land), Mechanics, Engineering, Investigation.
Language/Tools. One of your choice
Wage. 2d4 x 16 000₩

Role.
Ferryman
Pirate
Racer

Parting Gift.
1. Small boat
2. Medium boat
3. Large boat
4. 15 000₩
5. Assault rifle
6. Diving gear

Retirement Payout.
4 Terms.
5 Terms.
6 Terms.
7 Terms.
Each additional term.

WRECKER

Someone builds things; you're hired on to break them. You can do it by hand, or with a variety of high-tech machines, solving problems via a destructive solution. Wreckers find a lot of work in London, whether breaking stuff for the Punks, or knocking down old buildings so that some corp exec can have a nice view of the skyline for a change. Some wreckers work as demolitions experts, blowing things up with high explosives and controlled demolitions. Others find work as robo wreckers, using robots to break stuff down. Sledgers breaks things, too — with a massive two-handed hammer.

Injury. DC6
Skill. Athletics, Acrobatics, Robotics, Intimidation, Engineering, Mechanics, Perception, Vehicles (Land).
Language/Tools. One of your choice
Wage. 2d4 x 9 100₩

Role.
Demolitions Expert
Robo Wrecker
Sledger

Parting Gift.

1. Sledge hammer
2. 20 000₩
3. 30 000₩
4. 10 000₩
5. Gold-plated watch (6 000₩)

Retirement Payout.
4 Terms. 21 000₩
5 Terms. 41 000₩
6 Terms. 62 000₩
7 Terms. 84 000₩
Each additional term. 31 000₩

VICES

Characters in London 2185 have lots of vices, and many are pretty harmless. Some vices are quite dangerous and can provoke unpredictable or anti-social behaviour. When you create a character for London games, roll on the table below, or work with your GM to determine what your vice might be. If you want to roll, roll on the following table three times and pick the vice that you like the best or that you feel matches your character concept.

2d20	VICE
2	I have to smash something once per day. If I don't, then I am not having fun and I get really aggravated about it.
3	I have to collect every single thing to do with my favorite punk band, no matter the cost.
4	I need at least one strong drink a day to dull the pain I feel otherwise.
5	There's a corp exec who I really hate. I'm working out how to kill them in the most spectacular fashion.
6	I love exploring the ruins of London beyond the Sea Wall.
7	I love the smell of cordite. If I could bottle that stuff and make a fragrance, I would.
8	I crave the expensive sushi of the Japanese restaurants in the Inner City. I can almost smell it if I get close enough to the right part of the wall.
9	I can't hold on to wonlongs to save my life. I lose them, gamble them away, or sometimes just give them to the needy.
10	I have a dark secret, and when people find out what it is, I'm going to be in deep trouble.
11	I'm addicted to speed, and the faster the better. The more danger, and the more adrenaline – WOO HOO!
12	My mother used to lead a punk gang. Someone put her eye out, and now I'm going to find that person and end them.
13	I'm addicted to the sound of a throaty motorbike engine. I love that sound and I will stop to listen to it where I can.
14	I can't help swearing at authority. I'm addicted to the V-sign for the most part.
15	I have the t-shirt from my favorite punk band, and I've never taken it off.
16	I can't stand order. I prefer chaos, so I have a really chaotic streak that wants to rearrange shelves when they're in the right order.
17	I'm the best there is. You're all weak compared to me, and you're all just waiting for me to show you how GOOD I am.

2d20	VICE
18	I stole something from the Crown Estates. Now their agents want it back, but I don't want to give it up.
19	I just can't help putting my fingers into other people's pockets. What you got, it has to be mine!
20	I say the wrong thing at the wrong time – I'm just that kind of person.
21	They've given me a mission, but I don't really know the game.
22	I checked into rehab for drugs, and they turned me into some kind of programmed killer.
23	I can't help stealing hubcaps. I must have them ALL!
24	I worship synthetic life over humans. Flesh and blood is just not my thing.
25	I want to leave Earth and head into space; right into the colonies!
26	I am addicted to tacos. I need tacos, and I must have them.
27	I find the good in everything, even the worst of the worst megacorporation.
28	I spent time in a maximum security prison at the Crown's pleasure for stealing state secrets.
29	I rarely plan ahead. I prefer improvisation over tactics, and I'll loudly complain if things take too long.

2d20	VICE
30	I rush in where angels fear to tread.
31	I hate guns. I have to use knives or melee weapons. I'm just more an up close and personal kind of cyberpunk.
32	I spent a year dead for tax reasons.
33	I own a small model of the king with dozens of pins stuck in it, especially the crotch.
34	I cannot be seen in common clothes. I need to have all the best clothing and outfits that wonlongs can buy!
35	I'm addicted to trawling other people's works and pointing out the faults in them. I have to correct everything!
36	I try to spend as much time as possible by the water, I know it cuts years off my life expectancy but something calls me there.
36	I have a hole in my mind; I get flashes of being in a secure Military HQ.
37	I am addicted to drugs, and the harder the better. I need my fix, or I get really down.
38	I'm a fire starter, and I'm twisted. The bigger the blaze the better.
39	I am addicted to augmentations. I need the newest cyberware, or the most beta possible – just plug it all in!
40	I am addicted to social media. I can't stop posting on hacker boards and other places.

ARMOR, HELMETS, AND WEAPONS

Due to extensive trade between the UK and the rest of the world (on the Crown Estates' terms), a lot of the same gear you can find elsewhere in the world can be found right here in London. There's some gear, however, that you won't find elsewhere, especially in the Inner City. While the punks are stuck with what they can scavenge, the Crown Estates outfit their units with the best high-tech armor and weapons to do the toughest jobs.

ARMOR

Crown Tech Enforcer Armor Mk II

The latest in Crown Tech's armor is the Mk II. The Mk I had a structural defect that forced the original to be recalled. Now in active use with the Crown enforcers and select law enforcement personnel, the Mk II is heavy armor designed to deal with the 2185 punk gang riots. It has built-in air supplies, an extensive neural-linked system, and powered servo joints, which means it requires less strength to operate. The suit as a whole is also EMP shielded since the Mk I armor wasn't.

Price: 2 200 000₩
AC: 19
Strength: 15
Stealth: Disadvantage
Dam Res: Res – Ballistic
Weight: 90lb

Crown Tech Enforcer Armor Mk II Helmet

As a companion piece to the armor, the helmet functions to seal the suit, and provides a neural-linked HUD display with tactical data. It can show enemy weak points. The helmet has VR capability. Night vision, thermal, electromagnetic, and other modular vision modes can be added.

Price: 100 000₩
AC: 3
Weight: 12lb

WEAPONS

Crown Tech 700 'Royal' Rifle

The Crown Tech 700 is the epitome of long distance stopping power, finesse, and aesthetic construction. The rifle is bullpup in design and highly modular. It has integrated optics and superior stability, allowing for sustained fire over a long period of time with very little sway. It is also light, made from composite materials to give it better weight reduction.

Type: Assault Rifle
Price: 1 000 000₩
Damage: 4d8 Ballistic
Range: 80/220
Properties: 45 Shots (Two Handed)
Weight: 8lb

Crown Tech 4-Shot 'Prince' Shotgun

A powerful four-shot shotgun, the 'Prince' is the top of its class at stopping power and reliability. Bullpup designed and modular, it can take a variety of attachments and has integrated venting to prevent gas build-up, ensuring solid performance of the weapon in extended combat situations. The 4 shots are held in a square mag, which is easy to change in the heat of battle and doesn't require extended manual reloads.

Type: Combat Shotgun
Price: 300 000₩
Damage: 4d8 Ballistic
Range: 20/50
Properties: 4 shots (Two Handed)
Weight: 9lb

VEHICLES

Punk Gang SUV

This can represent any kind of SUV the punk gangs have taken over and converted. Spikes and even layers of armor stave off attacks from rival gangs and Crown enforcers. Punk gang SUVs are garish things, often festooned with slogans, gang logos, and sometimes a mounted machinegun on the back for that extra 'lots of lead' feeling when patrolling the Outer City wards.

Price: Originally 1 2000 000
To the Punks of major gangs: Free.
Speed (MPH): 90/70
Armor Class: 16
Hit Points: 95
Damage Threshold: 16
Seats: 5

Crown Enforcer SUV

The Crown Estates require a vehicle that is durable, tough, rugged, and can take enough damage to stop a small tank. The Crown Enforcer SUV is the answer to that particular problem and represents a significant weapon in the Crown's arsenal against the punk gangs. The Enforcer has all mod cons, integrated systems, and can even mount weapons like heavy machine guns and rocket pods.

Price: 1 800 000₩
Speed (MPH): 100/90
Armour Class: 17
Hit Points: 105
Damage Threshold: 16
Seats: 6

Roadman Motorbike

Tough, reliable, rugged and made to survive the wear and tear of the modern roads, the Roadman motorbike is made especially for London's roadmen. It has more armor than a normal bike, can handle especially tough terrain, and has built-in GPS for getting out of tricky situations. An on-board computer monitors all kinds of environmental factors, and alters pressure in the tires by altering it based on weather/temperature.

Price: 450 000₩
Speed (MPH): 95
Armor Class: 11
Hit Points: 26
Damage Threshold: --
Seats: 2 (1 rider, one on the passenger seat)

Speed Boat

Due to London's area beyond the Sea Wall being totally flooded, there are a lot of maritime vessels that ply the waters in and around that zone. The fastest way to travel is by speed boat and the various gangs and scavengers tend to use these smaller lightly-armored vessels to get around the dangerous waters quickly. Speed is given in MPH for ease of use and the values are for smooth and choppy water respectively.

Price: 300 000₩
Speed (MPH): 85
Armor Class: 11
Hit Points: 73
Damage Threshold: 14
Seats: 4

Ship

When a speed boat just won't do, there is always a ship, and these can range from slow moving tugs to repurposed luxury yachts. The various punk gangs use them on the water, and they are the best bet for a lone wolf salvage operative. Some docs take to the water as well to administer their patients amongst the people trying to survive beyond the Outer City Sea Wall.

Speed is in MPH and the values are for smooth and choppy waters respectively.

These stats are for a basic ship and represent average armor and specs.

Price: 600 000₩
Speed (MPH): 55
Armor Class: 12
Hit Points: 55
Damage Threshold: 6
Seats: 1 Captain 6-12 Crew

RUSSO BROS
BEAR MOTORCYCLES
TYPE-C SPECIFICATIONS

// POWER - 115 BHP (86 KW) @ 9500 RPM
// TORQUE - 85 N-M (36 LB FT) @ 8000 RPM
// TRANSMISSION - 6-SPEED CONSTANT MESH, RETURN SHIFT
WET MULTI-DISCK CLUTCH. CHAIN DRIVE.
// SUSPENSION - FRONT TELESCOPIC FORK AIRLOCK SYSTEM
// BRAKES - FRONT: AIRLOCK DUAL TURBINE
REAR: SINGLE DISC SYSTEM W/ TURBINE
// TIRES - TUBELESS 120/70-17 FRONT (A1 - A6)
150/80-18 REAR (A7 - A8)
// RAKE, TRAIL - 29°, 114 MM (4.5 IN)
// WHEELBASE - 1495 MM (58.9)
// DIMENSIONS - L: 2,200 MM (87 IN)
W: 750 MM (30 IN)
H: 1,215 MM (47.8 IN)
// SEAT HEIGHT - 780 MM (31 IN)
// WEIGHT - 228 KG (503 LB)
249 KG (549 LB
// RANGE ON A FULL CHARGE - 22 MW (4.8 IMP CORE; 5.8 US CORE)
// RESERVE - 4 MW (0.88 IMP CORE; 1.1 US CORE)
// RELATED - RUSSO 'BEAR' KAZE GPX-1000RX



PART III • THE CITY

BRIEF OVERVIEW OF LONDON

Welcome to the war for the soul of a city, the clash of culture vs. corporation, and the bloody streets of Carbon 2185's London in an era when money talks the loudest. Cyberpunks are going to have a field day in the embattled city zones with lots of work for the punks on one side, and for the corps on the other.

London is split in two, surrounded by a hungry ocean just waiting to rush in and bury all of the land beyond the Sea Wall — a two hundred foot protective barrier erected to stave off the worst of the flooding as the world's environment went to hell.

The corporations and the Crown Estates erected a second line of defense in the Inner City, another 200 foot tall wall bristling with drones and guns. It was built partly to keep the water out, but mostly to keep the rest of London away from the rich folks and ensure that the punks can't gain a foothold in the war to take the entire city.

Gunfire and skirmishes are the lifeblood of London's Outer City now, as punk gangs clash with each other, rival gangs, and raiders. Add to this the occasional foray by the Crown enforcers in an attempt to cull the gang population, and you have a recipe for a dangerous city packed with violence and more than a few chances to earn a serious haul of wonlong.

There are other rewards for those brave enough to venture beyond the Sea Wall, namely a wealth of long submerged relics from a past age that both gangs and Corps want to get their hands on.

Just don't let the punks catch you working for the man!

CITY DISTRICTS & ZONES

The London of 2185 isn't the London of the 20th Century. It's far removed, more vertical, and definitely more embattled than it has ever been, even when it was bombed relentlessly during the Second World War. This London is controlled by punk gangs and corporations, and much of it is flooded by the rising sea. Most notably, the advances in technology showcase a very different beast from the proud old city of antiquity.

Not every aspect of London's heritage has been reduced to rubble, however; there are still iconic buildings here and there, repurposed and remodelled to give them that 2185 feel. All the old boroughs and neighborhoods are a thing of the past, as the Crown Estates has established zones as the new way to put people where the corp wants them.

London and the Outer City are cut up into several zones, all of them controlled by one or more gangs who are hell bent on rebellion and keeping the city in a state of turmoil, so the corporations have a constant headache to deal with.

It's also worth noting that medical care here is the purview of docs and privately owned non-corp hospitals for the two Outer City zones of London.

Finally, there's the London Underground, which is no longer in use and remains a dangerous place to visit for even the most seasoned explorer. Part of it has been converted into a museum for the rich and famous as they gaze into the archaic past.

OUTER CITY ZONES

Imagine the Outer City as fluid, a constantly changing being, where the punk gangs vie for control (outside of the occasional alliance). Territories can change from month to month, sometimes from day to day, and stability is hardly the watch word for London 2185. What follows is the typical layout of Outer City zones and the gangs that rule them, including alliances and the regions they normally control.

A few areas are clearly controlled by the major gang of the city, but the rest is left for the GM to paint as they see fit.

ZONE 1 • THE MADD ZONE

Remember the Madd Lags tower? The huge edifice with the really vulgar hologram display poking fun at the monarchy? Well, the Madd Lags are the driving force behind the City of London. They're the one gang in charge of everything, which they managed to pull off due to several factors.

- They don't care for what anyone says or does, their rule is law.
- They have more guns, people, and tech than everyone else.
- They're the Madd Lags.
- They own at least one tank, which they keep for emergencies.
- The King's Arse is a huge MBT and it's festooned with rude slogans and vulgar art.

WHAT DOES THE MADD ZONE LOOK LIKE?

The Madd Zone is dominated by a massive former corp tower that the Madd Lags now control, covered in anti-establishment designs and lyrics from the old band's albums. The whole tower is a middle-finger to the wealthy folk of the Inner City. It's an eyesore in all the best traditions of punk, poking fun at the established law and order.

The streets are a maze of dead-ends, traps, hideouts and gang headquarters covered with neon-lights, anarchic sayings, and even the burnt-out shells of corp enforcer vehicles that the Madd Lags and their army previously destroyed. War-torn and bombed-out are good terms for describing this part of London.

The empty shells of Corporate enforcer armor, hung like trophies from lampposts and dead traffic lights, makes a telling statement as you get closer to the Madd Lags' base of operations. The rest of the zone is a mix of bars, docs, hangouts, and dirty dives where the unwary can soon find a very different kind of welcome.

LOCATIONS OF INTEREST

The Madd Tower: This is the HQ of the London boss gang, aka the Madd Lags. It's protected by loyal punk gangers and a host of high-tech solutions. Most of the tech is stolen from the corps who dared to try and take the Madd Zone in an attempt to wrest control of London back from the gangs. It's where they store their tank, and the weapon's cache inside the tower is an impressive haul of scavenged and stolen loot. The speaker system on the outside of the tower can broadcast music for miles.

The Broken Jaw: This isn't a bar or a club, it's actually the name of a doc's practice and it sits at the edge of a seedy street down two flights of stairs, by a sign that reads "Urinal." Doc Rango runs a relatively cheap service here that's clean and effective. He's not fond of treating anyone who has ties to corps though, so it's best to keep that hidden. If you're a member of a punk gang or an ally, though, you're going to find a fast, friendly and effective service.

HMV: No one knows what HMV stands for, but it serves as a bar in the middle of the zone, packed with all kinds of low-life gutter punks and scumbags. Yet it's probably safer than the Inner City, because at least in the HMV you can take your coat off without having to pull knives from your back first. Jane Doe runs the bar and she keeps a loaded four-shot shotgun close, as well as a massive two-handed axe that she can use to settle arguments. Jane's prices are fair and her service is solid.

Krocker's Klub: Jervis Krocker, a non-binary, heavily-cybered ex-corp thug runs this nightclub on the corner of Face Street, and Indigo Alley. Krocker's Klub is a known hangout for gang leaders and street-smart rogues of all kinds. It boasts an impressive array of modern and old-style punk music, too. The sound-system is maintained by an upcoming DJ called Suzie Q, who was never happy in her old body, and prefers the clothing styles and the company of her new gender.

Hackney's Gun Shop: If you want an assortment of knives, guns, explosives, or weapons of any other kind, plus a 'No Questions Asked'policy, then you came to the right place. Hackney's has it all as long as you can provide the wonlong to pay for it. Rita Hackney, the daughter of the infamous Prude Hackney, leader of the Hackney Bastards punk gang doesn't take prisoners if she's robbed – she'll pay a hefty bounty for DEAD rather than alive, or if she's especially angry, hunt the thief down herself.

The Dive: Part mosh pit, part club, the Dive is a joint-owned venture by the Sister Sins of the Seventh Street Sinners gang. The Sin Twins, as they like to be known, are identical all the way down to their cyberware. The Dive plays all modern music and serves some of the more outlandish food and drink in the zone. Lucretia and Carmella also run escort services from the basement and it's a safe haven for sex workers of all kinds.

Wicked Divine Ink: If you need some ink in a flash, or a touch up, removal, or cyber-tattoo then look no further than Big Jacob's Wicked Divine Ink. He's been in the business for a while now, specialising in tribal and Afro-punk designs, but he can turn his hand to any kind of design you want. You can try out the ink in VR, or just go right ahead and let Jacob have his free hand to create something outstanding. Wicked Divine Ink has pretty expensive prices, but you get what you pay for, and in this case it's quality.

Chun Do's Chop Shop: A huge operation that provides vehicle services to the zone, as well as repairs the Madd Lags' own fleet of vans, jeeps, SUVs and more. Chun Do's is full of various tech-savvy folks and mechanics. It's the single most tech-focused place in the whole zone and has a hefty discount for anyone who flies a punk gang flag. Chun Do is a woman of mixed descent, part Chinese and part African. She knows more about combustion engines and modern vehicles than most people have forgotten.

Bits of Bytes: If you want home cooked food, then Lucy Rico has you covered. She's a tekker and a cook who has spent years honing comfort food in her little restaurant. It's known for a friendly, loud, and boisterous atmosphere – and some of the best fish & chips this side of the River Thames. Lucy's best buddy Carlos owns a big fishing vessel and he tells some tall tales about 'monsters' in the sea beyond the big wall. Mostly lies of course, but he just can't help himself.

Drunk Downtown Bar: Cheap food, cheap booze, cheap people, this is the mantra of this seedy dive, which resides in the remains of an old shopping center. Chip Yuzon keeps the place fairly clean, but he layers on the grease and cooks the best burgers that his money can buy. Of course, to anyone in the know, the burgers often come with thin pink tails and might have squeaked at some point in their previous life. Chip laughs it off and continues to serve his grub alongside watered down beer. His backroom deals in all sorts of narcotics.

The Range: Grab a bite to eat, your best pal, and a gun of choice. Drinking, shooting, eating, and loud music – that's the Range. The premier live-fire location in the zone. It's a dangerous place, and fatalities are definitely common as the mix of drugs, alcohol, music, and firearms isn't conducive to safety. Jack-Jack Hammer is a huge Puerto Rican cyberpunk with a penchant for machine guns and other loud bangs. He runs the Range and serves pints of Brew (a London classic drink) along with magazines of ammo.

The Agency: After she managed to put down seven very belligerent gangers, Chase 'Chastity' Adams established the Agency. It's a club for a very special kind of cyberpunk; those people who like to hear themselves think, who can get a job done (no questions asked), and model themselves on hitmen, agents, spies, and the like. What it's doing in this kind of zone is anyone's guess, but Chase's rep ensures that only a punk gang idiot would bother the people here. If you're a cyberpunk and you need legit (and not so legit) work, then the Agency has you covered. The Agency has one rule — No work for the Crown Estates.

Guns and Banjos: This odd shop exists at a cross-section of the Madd Lags' Zone between east and north, where four streets meet. Lulu looks after the shop with her sister Carrie. They are saving up for some expensive cyber-surgery for Carrie and the shop is just one way to do it. On one side she sells guns, mostly of the handgun variety, and on the other side replica musical instruments from the 20th Century (including banjos). She also keeps a few modern instruments in stock, and parts to replace burnt out component modules. There's even an Eigenharp here from the 20th Century, only that's not for sale.

The Arcade: Do you want to play a game? Then drop by the Arcade for the latest in punk-based computer videogame entertainment. The Arcade is run by Max Slowdown, street name for Dexter Laroux, a talented game programmer and designer who used to live in San Fran. Dex has lots of different videogames for people to play, and a pretty expensive VR setup with the latest hot mods and designs. For anyone wanting a darker experience, he runs Deathmap Dungeon from the Livingstone Suite apartment below his arcade. This is the high stakes MMO where if you die in game, you die for real. The rewards are real too — money, equipment, you name it. The stakes have never been higher.

Bank of Bob: You can store your wonlong here, and regardless of the name, it's actually a pretty cool place to hang out. Imagine a club, a safe haven for people to store the things they need to keep from everyone else (no questions asked) and a way to securely keep money from falling into the wrong hands. Hey, everyone needs a little stash squirreled away from the people who want to take it, right? Bank of Bob is the brainchild of Bobbo Reefer, a retired gutter punk who wanted a much easier life. Or maybe he wanted to make himself a target, since the place is forever being raided by gangs looking to score some easy cash. What Bob doesn't tell you is that, for the most part, it's all a scam, and he gets a cut of any stolen money. That's how Bob builds his business folks!

STORY HOOK 1: DEX'S MIDNIGHT NIGHTMARES

Plot: Dex's Arcade has a problem, and it's a big one. Remember his lovely VR suite capable of running all sorts of cool simulations? People do all sorts of things there, and they can even be used to stage horror games where the stakes are never life threatening – just scary. Well, Dex's wires have been crossed and some of the programs from the Deathmap Dungeon have passed through the network and infected his safe VR. Dex needs some cyberpunks to enter the sim and shut the rogue programs down. He provides the entire suite of tech they need but warns that the VR environment has become dangerously unstable.

ALLIES: Dexter, Dexter's A.I. programs, which haven't yet been corrupted.

ENEMIES: Rogue A.I.

What Can Happen? When the cyberpunks enter the sim the A.I. reads their minds and extracts their worst nightmares. All sorts of mind-bending VR scenarios happen from there, such as encounters with adaptive virtual enemies in a disorienting VR representation of a haunted manor or funfair. As the GM you can provide the cyberpunks with challenges to test their skills in all sorts of ways. The rogue A.I. isn't going to let the cyberpunks take it down without a fight!

Complications: One of the rogue A.I. jumps programs and manages to get into the regular server. It then infects one of the player's games as a serial killer. Now it's a race against time for the cyberpunks to get to it before it kills people in the safe zones.

Further Adventures: What happens if the rogue A.I. isn't an accident but the work of the Black Rose hackers – a cyber-goth tekker gang that delights in causing terror and chaos in VR. Dex sends the cyberpunks in to shut them down for good.

STORY HOOK 2: STOLEN MY VAN

Plot: Mal's Foodie-Foods, your one-stop shop for snacks in London has a great little business going on. He has an armored battle van packed with snacks and energy drinks. He cruises around London offering his stuff to anyone that passes by his parking spot. It's fast food, with armor and guns, and the Madd Lags have one rule when it comes to Mal's Van — it's off limits to the gangs. No one messes with their snack time. Of course, that's fine for established Outer City and other outskirt gangs. Out-of-towners have no clue about the rule and only know that London is a hive of scum and villainy with tech fruit ripe for the picking – for them It is open season! Mal's Van has been stolen and the guy's heart-broken. The Madd Lags hire the cyberpunks to get the vehicle back and offer a bonus if they can slip them some Tast-E-Fries on the down-low. The cyberpunks will have their hands full trying to wrest the van from the Townie Tossers gang.

ALLIES: Big Mal, the Madd Lags, Hungry souls across London.

ENEMIES: The Townie Tossers gang.

What Can Happen? The cyberpunks might find the van parked with a bunch of Townie Tossers around it. They can sneak around and try and take the van quietly or go in guns blazing. They could find the van driving around the streets with the Tossers throwing food at people as they drive by, yelling vulgarities and making a nuisance of themselves. They might even find the gang trying to sell it to another gang in a deal, or to a chop shop. Maybe the gang tries selling it to the cyberpunks themselves!

Complications: The Corp enforcers take this moment to show up, looking for the Townie Tossers and threatening to shoot anyone who gets in the way. An over-zealous gang member wrecks the van and takes off on foot during a car chase. Another gang has stolen the van from the Tossers and now both the cyberpunks and the Tossers gang are in hot pursuit.

Further Adventures: Big Mal needs to take a run over to the Outskirts because someone has asked him for a famous hot and spicy "two-foot dawg," one of his signature dishes. He knows just how dangerous it is beyond the relative safety of London's Outer City. He hires the cyberpunks to ride shotgun and be his bodyguards.

STORY HOOK 3: THE MANDOLIN JOB

Plot: It's a dirty job, but someone's got to do it. The question is whether the cyberpunks will be able to pull it off? They're approached by Shifty Lewis, a thick-accented caucasian 'fixer' type from a really scummy part of the zone. Shifty has a client, who he won't name. They would like to acquire a mandolin from Lulu's shop Guns & Banjos. The item is high end, rumored to be real, and the very last of its kind in the world. The client wants it, and Shifty wants to get paid. Shifty hires the cyberpunks to steal the mandolin and deliver it to him. They'll be paid wonlong for the job, plus his client will owe them a favor and that's ALWAYS a bonus. There are numerous ways that the cyberpunks can go about this, from con work, to outright theft, and there's no really right way to get the object.

ALLIES: Shifty Lewis, The Client.

ENEMIES: Lulu and Cassie, and Cassie might be in a wheelchair at the moment, but she's a crack shot and shoots to kill. The Wicked (a gang who shows up in the complications). The Sentinel (A.I. Security program)

What Can Happen? The cyberpunks can try and con their way in, or they can try and steal the mandolin by distracting the sisters. They could also wait until the shop closes, break in and steal the mandolin the old fashioned way. The group may or may not know that Lulu's security systems are A.I. controlled. Remember what we said about Cassie too, she won't play nice if she catches them in there when the shop is closed.

Complications: A rival gang decides to rob the shop at the same time the cyberpunks do. The sisters hold a wicked party, complete with loud music, where Cassie convinces Lulu to sell the mandolin to a rich collector so they can get out of London – this potentially forces the cyberpunks to act before they're ready. Once the plan is established, the client pays someone else to steal the mandolin, because he doesn't trust Shifty. One again the cyberpunks may be forced to move before they're ready.

Further Adventures: Depending how the cyberpunks handle all this, they might still remain on good terms with the sisters. In this case, there's a once in a lifetime opportunity. Lulu has heard of a second Eigenharp which survived the flood. It's in a partially submerged shop located in dangerous pirate territory. She wants to hire the cyberpunks to get it for her, and she'll pay double.

SIGHTS, SOUNDS, AND SMELLS

The smell of smoke from street side fires, and the scent of freshly roasted meats of all kinds, teases your nose when you walk Zone 1's streets. Along with this, the near-constant tumult of music, people, and endless partying assaults your ears. Zone 1 is raw, and around the Madd Lags' building it gets downright disgusting. As a bevy of half-dressed, debauched, and downright rude gutter punks flaunt authority where they can. The Madd Lags' old music drives them, and they live many of the song lyrics like a code. This music is all you can hear when you get within half a mile of the tower.

By day Zone 1 is lit by the flames of rebellion, and at night, by punk gang neon graffiti. The huge king's arse hologram bathes nearby buildings in a cheeky, moon-colored sheen.

Vehicles cruise the streets and the smell of exhaust rises as the air filters struggle to keep up.

FOOD & DRINK

Fish & chips is a staple of food in this zone, and no one knows, or really cares if the fish is actually fish. It's the thought that counts right? With fast food of any kind, the higher in calories and the more laden in fat it is, the better. Clean living has no place in the gutter punk's haven. The Brew is an earthy kind of beer that's cheap and cheerful, marginally better than drinking from a sewer, and has a mild narcotic that makes it more interesting.

Punk Fist is a cocktail of spirits and drugs designed to blow your mind, but can also have long term memory loss effects.

Broken Dog Bitter is a rude flavored beverage that some describe as tasting like, "Chewing on a Dog's Arse."

Peng Piss is the best kind of drink you can get here, and it's got a slightly nutty flavour to it. It's high in alcohol content and gets you drunk fast.

Finally, some bars serve a blue drink with pink ice. This is a cocktail of several powerful beverages, and three kinds of drugs. It's called the "Stone Cold Steve Mostin." The trick is to stay alive after you've downed just one. It has a 40% fatality rate and comes with the disclaimer, "Might knock you stone cold dead." The drink gets its name from Steve Mostin, who created it, and then died after drinking it.

GOSSIP & RUMOURS

"The Madd Lags are looking to increase their numbers again this year, and they're holding try outs at the usual haunt."

"I saw the twin Sin Sisters beat the hell out of some poor sap who thought he was real peng. He said the wrong thing to Lucretia and she unzipped him like a bag."

"They say a roadman from the outskirts came into Zone 1 the other day, and he'd got a girl with him. She was mean looking, feral like, and she was walking through the city like she owned the place."

"Dex's got three new games at the Arcade, but they're nothing compared to Deathmap Dungeon. Though you gotta watch that one, it can send you to the boneyard real quick if you cock up."

"They're paying top wonlong for relics from the flooded areas. Some corp dude came close to the Outer City and bought a big box of shit from there. Reckon the van's still rollin' back to the Inner City. It could be a sweet score if we can get some gangers on it."

"Lady Ruckus is a new punk band and gang who rolled in to Outer City. I reckon they're going to piss someone off sooner or later."

"There's a wicked new album from Scathing Thrust. it's going to be #1 pretty soon."

"I saw a woman that just screamed "Agent of the Crown!" at me; she was a suit in punk town. What's the crack with that? No one went near her..."

ENCOUNTERS

- A small gang of punks assaulting a suit who's mistakenly driven into their territory.
- A gutter punk singing and playing the guitar on the corner.
- A couple of escorts looking for a good time.
- A doc tending to a broken patient in a car park.
- A shootout between mercs and punk gangers.
- A robbery.
- A car crashes into the nearest building as the cyberpunks are exploring.
- A dead body with corp I.D. that fingers him as a Crown I.T. tech.
- A korporate kid looking for work.
- A broken down band tour bus.

ZONE 2 • GUTTER TOWN

Gutter Town is global London. It has the biggest population of civilians and punks in London's Outer City per square mile of land. It's the true melting-pot heart of the city and there are more gangs here vying for control, or simply trying to exist, than Zone 1. Gutter Town is gutter punk heaven and the streets are packed with life, day and night. The zone also features the greatest population of trans, non-binary, androgynous and other folk than both Zone 1 and the Inner City combined. There's a huge queer influence here, and the whole region is accepting and inclusive. The Carbon Chicks make their home here, and it's thanks to them that you're accepted, as long as you don't screw with the rules or the people they protect.

WHAT DOES THE GUTTER TOWN ZONE LOOK LIKE?

Gutter Town is more colorful than the Madd Zone. It's more interesting and has a wide variety of visual styles drawn from all ethnic groups. You can walk down a typical Brit-punk style street one moment, step through an alley, and find yourself in a sector that is decidedly Afro-Caribbean in aesthetic. Sometimes the styles mix too, so you have Afro influences alongside punks, or people who dress in a mix of Caribbean and Chinese styles.

Unlike the Madd Zone there's a lot more room to move in this particular area of London. The streets are less cluttered and there are fewer burnt out vehicles, blockades, and barricades. There's also a lot more civilian housing, which ranges from regular homes, to tent cities that have sprung up in defiance of any established housing laws set down by the Crown Estates.

Along with the different aesthetics and cultural mix here, there's also more sense of style than the Madd Zone. The inclusion of more Euro-punk influences, and popular bands like Dawn Scream, Voice of EuroRage, and Vanity Fist have a large following here that in turn informs the area around them, both in terms of culture and design.

LOCATIONS OF INTEREST

The Melting Pot: Part bar, part club, and extremely welcoming. The Melting Pot is a huge sprawling conglomeration of buildings that used to be a shopping mall. Now, it's a meeting point for everyone in Gutter Town. Tammy Chen Sen, and her wife, Daisy Red ensure that the booze and food flow freely – but the bullets do not. If any part of Gutter Town is safe, this is it. They have a well-trained security staff, and Tammy's bro, Jason Chen Sen, is chief of the Melting Pot's security team.

The Voice of the People: If you want to get all the latest music, the best tracks, the best vids, and a whole lot of punk memorabilia from the 2185's this is the place. Voice of the People is a massive indie record store that sells all kinds of music, from the latest Euro, to the raw and powerful energy of bands such as Jonny and the Rocketcocks. Miss Tanya is in charge, and this lovely lady knows all there is to know about the Punk Revivalist movement, as well as being a fan of Lips of Detritus – given any chance she'll tell you all about that band.

The Library: It's not really a library. Real books are few and far between, and people will kill for those things since they're worth a lot of wonlong to the right collector. This is a virtual/digital library of all the known recorded literature up to 2185. A crew of tekker ladies keeps this one rocking and makes sure the books are up to date. They pay a lot of money for new book files, and Barb (the head librarian) is sharp when it comes to book facts, authors, and finding manuscripts in the system.

Jim's Eatin' Place: Good quality food, friendly fights, solid music, and a real home-spun British atmosphere are all key at Jim's. Jim is an angry guy who used to write video games, working in some of the biggest pre-2185 software houses, but now he batters things on request and makes a great burger out of anything he can get his hands on. Trouble often brews here since Jim is also a bit of a loud mouth. He settles most fights with his fists considering guns are banned.

The Creole Crock: Wicked Divine runs this restaurant where you can get a good old taste of creole

food. There's also a bunch of hidden rooms hosting various games of chance, and at least one backroom doc for quick surgeries and replacement cyber-limbs. Wicked is a genderqueer doc with a fantastic bedside manner, and a skill that leaves many of their peers in the dust. They also make a superb gumbo, and while some of the ingredients have changed due to scarcity, the taste is as authentic as the décor.

The Apothecary: A white-haired bisexual woman called Reaver runs this shop. It's part old-school apothecary and part modern chemist. Everything is handcrafted at Reaver's extensive secret lab. If you need something chemical to bolster your morale, or a wicked poison to put down a really bad arsehole, Reaver has what you need (as long as you can pay her prices). She has a penchant for calling people "sweetie" and smoking her own product, which she says is for "medicinal reasons."

Pea Shooters: If you need to buy any kind of weapon, from hand guns to fully automatic assault weapons, then look no further than Pea Shooters. Sweet 'Pea' Harrogate oversees business at her shop, along with her brother and his partner, a guy called Flagrant Jack. They can get you what you need; probably enough to start or end a small war if you have enough wonlong. Just don't ask where Pea gets her pea shooters and all's good.

QE2xEMC2: This oddly named hacker bar is packed with tekkers of all kinds. Anyone with an interest in information technology and networks can find a welcome here. The owner, Fancy Mike, is a veteran of one of the bloodiest skirmishes ever against the Crown Estates. He lost his left arm and right leg, so his buddies clubbed together and bought him new ones. He is called Fancy Mike because his right arm is covered in disco-ball glitter mirrors. Mike can set you up with a discount for cybertech if he considers you a friend and a good buddy.

Loan U: You've heard of Loan Sharks? Well, this punk-operated sharking business is just that. They'll loan you wonlong if you really need it, but you'll end up in debt. You'll either have to pay interest or do jobs for them until they decide you worked off your account enough to qualify for their "early termination" scheme. Loan U is run by two shifty brothers who go by the names of Bert and Ernie Carter. A portion of their earnings goes to pay for Ernie's drug addiction.

The Shadow: This bar is really hard to find. It's tucked away right at the back of one of the loneliest places in Zone 2. No one really talks about it unless they frequent that kind of place and have reason to mention it. The Shadow is a bar for a quiet discussion, planning hits, and meeting those who specialize in eliminating problems. Talented cyberpunks can make stacks of wonlong. Above the bar there's a portrait of a man in black with a beard. Many of the patrons call it the Wick Shrine. Matilda Grace is the woman in charge of the Shadow, and not much is known about her apart from the fact she used to be a professional on the 'Circuit' years ago.

Mister Saturday Nights: Some of the more musically esoteric folk come from miles around to visit here. This Afro-Caribbean building is home to Papa Lanmo, a singer who enjoyed a run of about ten years when his fusion of Afro-punk-meets-reggae took off in London. Miss Tanya from the Voice of the People has all his records, and at least one of the speciality sauces he created to go along with his music. Many of the punks consider him a sell-out, rather than a visionary, but Lanmo is content to reminisce and sell copies of his old albums at a discount. The main reason people come to Mister Saturday Nights is for the Wisdom of the Loa, which is an herbal concoction designed to expand your mind.

The Hotel Bastardo: A massive and cheap hotel, the Bastardo is one of the most eclectic places to stay in London's Zone 2. The hotel has hundreds of rooms, good prices, fairly palatable food, and a live band every night. The major domo of the hotel is a trans woman called Jo Beam. She takes a turn on the stage every Friday night to sing some of her favorite punk songs from yesteryear. She owns an original, slightly scuffed, CD of the Clasp. Clean beds and solid service are other hallmarks of the Hotel Bastardo. The hotel also has extensive escort services, catering to all tastes and taboos.

The Black Cat Bar: Faye Morgan, a trans woman, runs this punk bar and plays female-fronted punk bands exclusively. The sounds of bands like Daughters of Rebellion, the Savage, and Roasted Barbie are all you're going to hear if you frequent the

Black Cat Bar. It's a place where lesbians can hang, where women are welcome, and men are not. The bar's security, Faye's big sister Margie and her team of hand-picked enforcers, ensures trouble doesn't come knocking. If it does, they knock its teeth out.

SW33TS: A notorious script-kiddie, hacker troll, and punk computer whizz-kid operates this tech shop. If you want it, he can get it. The guy is a genius when it comes to 2185's tech and that's not bad considering his parents wanted him to grow up to be a politician. He rebelled, he railed, and he crashed the server on their private aircar. No more mommy and daddy, but access to their bank account? Hell yes! Jon Sweet is the korporate kid who embraced punk as the new way of life. To shed his clean-cut image, Jon shaved half of his head, colored the rest of his hair neon pink, and pencilled his eyes in black eyeliner. Then he built an empire from the ashes of his family's tech company. That's how a kid does it in 2185!

Wheels'N'Deals: The punk movement doesn't like flying vehicles because they view them as the purview of the rich and powerful. Instead they embrace that which definitely rides on either four or two wheels. Wheels'N' Deals is a vehicle dealership that specializes in second hand vehicles with wheels. Ivan Motor is a guy who knows a guy, who knows a girl, who can get shit done for the right price. He can repair any wheeled vehicle, and he can also get you a sweet discount. Just don't ask where it comes from and all is good.

STORY HOOK 1: SW33T 3XPLOSIONS!

Plot: Jon Sweet is in trouble. He hacked an important Crown Estates server and found a file titled "Project Contingency." He stumbled on a plan to blow the Sea Wall and flood the rest of London so that only Inner City London remains free from the flooding. A small contingent of angry corporate arseholes is readying to enact this plan and they've discovered Jon's snooping. Corporate hit teams have been sent into Zone 2 to find him and shut him up; recovering any data he might have taken in the process. They have been issued a shoot-to-kill order and are masquerading as an out of town punk gang looking for a fight. Jon contacts the cyberpunks and offers to get them sweet cutting-edge tech if they can keep him safe and help expose the bastards behind this whole deal.

ALLIES: Jon Sweet

ENEMIES: The corp hit team disguised as the gang known as the Lockstockers.

What Can Happen? The hit team can try and kill Jon at his shop, or anywhere he might be in London. He tries to keep himself hidden and only moves during certain hours. The cyberpunks can attempt to find him a safe house, or someone to lay low with. They could take him to a punk gang and hope the punks would look after him, especially if they reveal the plan to destroy Zone 1 and 2. The cyberpunks could attempt to wipe out the hit team and remove them from the equation for good. Once Jon is safe, it may be up to the cyberpunks to get the word out on the corp plan.

Complications: The hit team attracts the attention of one or more punk gangs in Zone 2. They come under fire from other corp enforcer teams sent to restore order on London's streets. A thief steals Jon's data and goes into hiding in London, forcing the corps to escalate. The hit team kidnaps Jon in an attempt to get the information for themselves, and the cyberpunks have to work out what to do.

Further Adventures: This plan is the tip of the iceberg. Obviously, if they can silence the hit team and get the whole plan to someone important like the Fam, or the Madd Lags, then they might be asked to stop the Sea Wall from being blown sky high.

STORY HOOK 2: FISHING TRIP!

Plot: This one starts out pretty simple; the cyberpunks are approached by Wicked Divine and asked to help with a delicious venture. Wicked needs some awesome sea food for a new thing they're doing, but they're not going to go beyond the Sea Wall and trawl around for it themselves, Wicked just does not do that. So, the cyberpunks are the perfect option for a bit of wonlong on the side, and the first served when Wicked makes their new dish. All the cyberpunks need to do is go out beyond the Sea Wall, brave the flooded zones, and bring back some tasty fish for supper!

ALLIES: Wicked Divine, the Fam (if a patrol wanders by), Old Salty Gimble (the boat captain)

ENEMIES: River pirates, including the River Rats who are a water-based gutter punk gang.

What Can Happen? The cyberpunks need to get a boat, unless they own one. If not, they can hire Salty Gimble's barge and get out beyond the Sea Wall in that. The cyberpunks can visit the fishing spot and get some good quality fare from there as long as they have the right equipment. They can stumble upon a nice cache of old-world tech while outside, maybe in a partially submerged building.

Complications: An attack by a sea creature, sharks or other aggressive fish that have swum in from the ocean waters. A group of River Rats swings by to harass the interlopers, usually using violence rather than words. The best fish are in a spot marked as Crown Estate property and patrolled by Crown enforcers in small boats.

Further Adventures: ??

STORY HOOK 3: JACK THE CYBERRIPPER

Plot: Someone or something is going around tearing out cyberware from anyone in Zone 2. The victims run the gamut across every ethnicity, gender, color, and creed. There seems to be no pattern at all to the murders. Then, one of the cyberpunks' contacts is killed by the serial killer and they are left a mysterious address. The address leads to a computer and plans to create a VR killer that can do the Crown Estate's dirty work by murdering their enemies when they jack-in. The project is marked as a failure, but a message from the cyberpunks' ex-contact seems to indicate the killer A.I. may be on the loose in London.

ALLIES: Any punk gang, especially tekker types.

ENEMIES: Virtually anyone the A.I. can jump to and infect with its murderous sub-routines. Corporate agents, lackeys, enforcers, hunters, or anyone who works for the Crown Estates.

What Can Happen? More murders as the A.I. continues to function erratically, until it realizes it's being tracked by the cyberpunks. The A.I. decides to try and frame one of the protagonists; it switches tactics and tries to set them up as a murderer by leaving an effective false trail right to their door. It informs Crown Estate enforcers and more of the A.I. location of any chosen cyberpunk. A high profile death starts a gang war between two punk gangs. This is again the A.I.'s doing as it realizes it can manipulate real world events.

Complications: The A.I. fragments and gains three distinct personalities, all capable of the same tricks the full A.I. can perform. One is more cautious and scared, Two is more logical and cold, Three is an out and out killer with no moral compass and razor sharp wits. What first seems like one killer is in fact now three.

Further Adventures: A few months' later news surfaces of an R&D facility where the A.I. was developed, and a name — Doctor 'Jackal' Deveraux. What will the cyberpunks do with this info? Will the leads take them to the lab where the A.I. was cooked up by the Crown Estates?

SIGHTS, SOUNDS, AND SMELLS

A rainbow of colors: neon-lit replacement parts, people, and places greets you in this part of London. There are hundreds of different punk gang flags, banners, slogans and artworks all over this zone. The aroma of the various ethnic-run restaurants and food vans creates a tapestry of olfactory wonder that can leave a sensitive nose somewhat overwhelmed. In Zone 2 you can really appreciate the diverse nature of the city zone, with all the sounds of the world coming together in languages, dialects, and music that mingles and drifts from the streets to converge on every street corner.

Daytime is a wonder of sights and sensations, and night is even more so as the neon punk movement really shines. The neon punks shove lighting tech onto their bodies and come out to play in outfits that showcase their unique style. A two foot tall color-changing neon mowhawk looks good by day, but by night it's a whole new visual treat.

There are a lot more holograms on display here, too; all showing various vids, with many of them playing snippets from live punk shows. Lots of cars, motorbikes, and other wheeled vehicles whip by day and night as this is the easiest, and hence the busiest, part of London to navigate.

FOOD & DRINK

There's a rich and diverse group of people living here in Zone 2, and as expected the food and drink draws from this cultural heritage, too. While fish & chips can be found almost everywhere in Zone 1, there's only a few places for it in Zone 2. The rest of the culinary delights are inspired by Chinese, Italian, Japanese, Russian, Polish, and other cultures, including the famous gumbos of the Creole people. It's not hard to find any dish you can imagine during an extended walk around Zone 2.

As for alcohol, any of the drinks previously mentioned in Zone 1 are available along with saki, vodka, cherry brandy, and even more drug-infused cocktail drinks from some of the more esoteric bars.

Reaver's Respite is a mean cocktail of booze and drugs, which doesn't kill you, but it'll knock you flat. It's recommended that you have a friend on hand when you drink it – a friend that isn't drinking anything but soft drinks or water, since you'll be out cold for ten or more hours.

Coconut Wine: A heady, special wine with the flavor of coconut, this taste experience is entirely synthetic as are most things due to the global disasters that wrecked the environment.

Big Terry's Pint: This is a heavy beer, with a heavy malt flavor that goes down smooth. The aftertaste sits a bit rough at the back of the throat, but it's the best you'll get beer wise in Zone 2.

GOSSIP & RUMOURS

"War is brewing between the River Rats and the Fam. I heard a Fam talking when they came to buy some tech from SW33TS shop."

"Wicked Divine is opening a new restaurant; rumour is they need some help with getting stocks of fish or dogs or something."

"The Wick was a god of guns or something. They have a secret shrine to this guy somewhere in London."

"The richers are all going to kill us! They're plotting to blow up the Sea Wall and send an army of robot sharks into London to murder everyone!"

"You can get a good time at the Black Cat Bar . . . if you're a woman. Don't go there if you're a man, not even to say hi."

"The Londoner is supposed to be a ghost of a roadman who hangs around the Underground. I heard him once. Fuck ever going there again!"

"Sweet Pea just had a delivery of handguns. Rumor is they're top of the line Crown shit."

"One of the scabs shot Cocker's left nut off! Rumor on that one is that the Townie Tossers paid him to do it. They trying to start something?"

ENCOUNTERS

- An impromptu street party! Everyone and anyone is invited, and there's food, music, and spectacle galore!
- A kid spray-painting a picture of the king's arse on the back of a van.
- A deal between two punk gangs, with a member of the Fam standing as backup.
- A couple of Carbon Chick gang members ride by on punk-styled motorbikes.
- A guy tries to claim he's been robbed in an alley nearby, but it's an ambush by the Townie Tossers.
- A guy in a long coat, faded black hat, and round glasses comes up to the cyberpunks and asks, "Where is the Little Man?" What could he mean?
- A woman with a wicked smile and a massive handgun saunters down the street. She calmly shoots a nearby gang member in the head and blows the smoke from the gun. "That's for Veronica." She walks off.
- The Sound of Afrika are nearby recording a music video for their new Afro-punk album. Perhaps the cyberpunks want to be extras?
- A drug dealer approaches the cyberpunks, but he's run off by a woman in a big grey hat and coat calling herself Reaver. She explains he sells low-grade shit, and hers is much better.
- Some punk kids are being entertained by a street magician. The Afro-Caribbean woman is good; she has a mastery of legerdemain, which keeps the kids on their toes.

INNER CITY • CORPORATE ZONE

There's only one zone in the Inner City, and that's the one where the Crown Estates keeps its very tight grip. While the king ensures that the megacorporations can operate with autonomy, he doesn't let them off the leash completely. He keeps an eye on their dealings by housing them close to his own HQ.

Inner City London is a far cry from the gang-dominated zones of the Outer City, and it has the highest level of security for a reason. The Crown has a lot going on, and they prefer to keep people's noses out of their R&D projects and other matters.

ZONE 3 • CROWN COURTS (RICH TOWN)

Crown Courts, or 'Rich Town' as the punks like to call it, is the giant megacorporate zone in the middle of London. It has a rich architectural history, though heavily modernized, with some landmarks moved closer to Crown Estate territory control than they were previously. It's a mix of old and new, where even the old landmarks have been updated and, in some cases, given a whole new purpose from their previous life. The people are always in pursuit of the idea of perfection, and this means they dress to impress and sport the very latest in tech and cyberware.

While the megacorporations all have towers and offices in the city, they still know the one true power on the throne of Fortress Buckingham is the king and his Crown Estate megacorp. No one disputes that publicly, but many corporations do have their eyes on the prize.

Prices are higher here, the service is better, and the air quality is positively superb. As long as you can pay for it you are welcome in the Inner City.

WHAT DOES THE CROWN COURTS ZONE LOOK LIKE?

The watch-words for the zone are glitz and glamor, with huge towers, big bold skyline features, and massive floodlights that paint bright spots on the smog-laden sky. Expensive aircars whisper through the heavens above, while fancy-looking ground vehicles covered in rich paintwork and chrome glide along the streets of London below.

The rich and getting richer parade in garish costumes made from reproduction materials and flaunted in the most popular styles. Overcoats, suits, and dresses are perfectly tailored, some of them with chromatic, color-altering threads that blend to a fine palette and provide the perfect outfit for every occasion.

The gleam of gold-plated or chrome cyberware catches the eye, beset with precious gems or interesting designs. Aesthetic beauty in all things is the guiding principle of the people here in the Crown Courts Zone of London 2185.

The rich have many ivory towers and lofty vantage points from which to gaze down at the beauty below them. All of it wrapped lovingly inside a beautifully inner-clad, gigantic protective wall, bristling with guard posts, gun turrets, drone patrols, and other defensive measurements to keep them safe and the filthy punk gangs and other commoners out.

LOCATIONS OF INTEREST

Fortress Buckingham: Once Buckingham Palace, this massive complex is now the fortress from where the king ensures that his domain is kept orderly and free from outside influences. He's plugged into a vast information network, and has his finger on the pulse of the global situation. From his war room he monitors the rest of the planet. The palace is heavily protected by a Royal Guard patrol armed with assault vehicles, combat drones, and other secret technology.

Tower Bridge: The Crown keeps a crack-squad of Royal hunters and Crown enforcers for every occasion; they operate from the heavily fortified Tower Bridge, which now serves as their de-facto HQ. Lady Jane Blanc oversees the operations there, a ruthless noblewoman with ninety percent of her body replaced by cutting-edge tech.

Royal Tower: Smack in the middle of London is the Crown UK, Crown Estates Royal Tower. A huge building that dominates every other tower around it. By law, no tower can exceed the height of the Royal Tower and to do so is considered a treasonable offence. This is the beating heart of the king's corporate interests in the city and brings in a huge chunk of finances to keep London rollin' in W.

London Eye: Now static and used as a giant circular holo display, the London Eye can beam broadcasts to the people of the Inner City, usually nothing more than Crown Estates corp adverts. Hidden under it is the spy network of London, a giant facility of maze-like corridors and secretive technicians who monitor all communication channels from a command hub they just call HQ.

The Shard: This building has been completely repurposed to serve the Crown Estates. Locked down and packed with armed guards, rather than being a corporate haven and business building, it's the home to the King's Intelligence Unit. The K.I.U. fills this massive structure with offices and equipment used by the various branches of the king's force — namely the royal law enforcement, such as the Crown police, military, and Crown agents.

Big Ben: This gigantic clock tower has been given a makeover, featuring a holographic clock face, and filled with computers and servers. The clock serves as the base of the Crown agents – secret agents in service to the king. Amelia Wand is the king's top agent and she coordinates all activities from her reinforced office in the clock tower at the top of the large structure. As previously mentioned, the Crown agents also have offices in the Shard.

Westminster Entertainment Expo Centre: Religion really has no place in London, and god has been replaced long ago by the letter W. So the Crown Estates turned the cathedral and complex into a huge expo center where the megacorporations and tech industries can showcase their latest designs every year at the massive London Tek Expo.

Houses of Parliament: Since there's no more government and the king took back control for the monarchy, this magnificent building has been repurposed into a giant hotel. The best food, drink, rooms, and more can be bought as long as you have the status and the ₩ to pay for it.

Megacorp Tower Ring: This is where all the major corporations have their towers and headquarters, a huge collection of disparate corporate behemoths all vying for the right to sit a little taller than each other (but never taller than the king). This area is extremely well-guarded by the corporation's own law enforcement. The only authority they bend to is the Crown enforcers, eschewing the orders of Crown police who they view as lesser servants of the king.

The Big Mall: This is a huge area that spreads across a lot of repurposed housing. The people were kicked to the outskirts, or into the other two zones, and the whole sector was given over to shops of all shapes and sizes. This is where to find high-end restaurants, cybersurgeons, hospital services, technology vendors, and more. It runs for miles and boasts every service that a heart desires – even a new, more powerful heart if you want it.

The Crown Metro Hub: Crown Estates has its fingers in every pie, including aviation and transport. Crown Metro is the name of a conglomeration of Crown Estates sub-companies, all of them involved with transport. The CMH handles a huge influx of commuters by land, sea, air, and also serves as the staging point for Crown Estates Air Force operations, which have their own private land to the rear of the hub. The Metro Dealership is also here, and you can get any kind of vehicle you want, as long as you have the money.

Underground Museum: With much of the London Underground sealed off due to flooding and seismic activity, the remains of several miles of track, tunnels, and station have been converted into a walk-through museum of sorts that showcases the primitive travel arrangements of the 20th Century. There are exhibits of ancient trains, station buildings, and more as one explores the depths below the city. Large vault-like doors block tunnel access, and emergency hatches, which are coded with complex locks, provide the only way to explore the old tunnels beyond.

Divas: The premier nightclub in the Inner City, Divas is one of the most famous and certainly popular venues in London. At the core of the party scene in the Inner City for a long time, the club features themed sections named after famous singers, such as the Bowie Room, the Mercury Lounge, and the Elton Cabaret Bar. It is a beautifully decadent building with a wildly diverse clientele who come from all over for the top quality entertainment and some of the best vocal acts in the country.

Food Palace: This is where you come to wine and dine, to bathe in the luxury and light of beautiful zen-inspired holograms, or indulge in underwater fine dining. The Food Palace is a huge sector of restaurants, eateries, and vendors selling the finest fare Inner City London has to offer. Places such as the Verne Lounge are submerged on all sides, and guests enjoy views the aquatic kingdom while dining on exquisite foods.

The Estate: Situated in what used to be an old gentlemen's club in Inner London, the Estate is the kind of club that now caters to everyone. While not strictly a BDSM club, it has elements drawn from various fetishes and cleaves very nicely with London's hidden 'naughty' side. Since the people prefer to hide their decadences behind closed doors, out of the public eye, places like the Estate are perfect for when the London rich need to unwind. There's just one rule here — keep your masks on and never let your playdate know who you are. Madame Gallivant oversees operations for this venue, and she's very good at keeping riff-raff out.

Note: The following Story Hooks work best if the cyberpunks are located in the Inner City. Otherwise, unless they have a really good spread of contacts from inside that zone, they're going to find it harder to get involved in these dealings. Cyberpunks can be corporate troubleshooters or work for one of the Crown Estate's many agency sub-divisions.

STORY HOOK 1: STARLET DISTRESS

Plot: Kayla Kade, one of the rising stars of stage, hologram, and musical has been kidnapped by a rival. Luna Descant has long envied Kayla for her superlative vocal skills, impressive social media presence, and general wealth of talent. Luna has decided that the only way she can beat Kayla is by using highly dangerous neural-link technology to steal Kayla's talent for herself. This probably isn't going to work, but the second-tier music diva doesn't care; she's going to try it even if it kills the woman in the process. Luna has hired a bunch of dangerous rival cyberpunks to help her kidnap the star. Pixie Trix, Kayla's manager and agent, hires the player cyberpunks to track down her missing starlet and discover what's happened.

ALLIES: Pixie Trix, Crown Police Officer Dixon

ENEMIES: Box Delight, Rick Deggado, Amy Amber, Patty Gregor (the rival cyberpunk team)

What Can Happen? There needs to be a chunk of investigation at the venue, probably Divas, since that's one of Kayla's favorite places to hang out and perform. Clues lead the cyberpunks outside and to the street where they'll meet Crown Police Officer Dixon, an cop on the inside of the entertainment industry and friend of Pixie's. Dixon can tell them a few things, including that a woman matching Kayla's description got into a sleek looking limo with two guys and two other women. The cyberpunks can use the traffic cam footage, or surveillance drone cams, to track down the vehicle. Kayla is being held at the back of the Metro Underground Museum in one of the buildings there. The cyberpunks need to figure out how to rescue the woman and deal with both Luna and the rival group.

Complications: If the cyberpunks get there too late Kayla and Luna will have body-swapped, but their minds remain their own. Luna is furious because it didn't work, and Kayla always liked Luna's figure more, so she doesn't want to go back. The cyberpunks will find a twist as they storm the room. They'll find Luna holding Rick's gun to Kayla's head screaming about how she doesn't want to go back into her previous body. How they deal with this is up to them.

Further Adventures: If they did a great job, Pixie wants to hire them as roadie-types and bodyguards for another act of hers. A transgender band called the Risque wants to play a gig in Zone 2 of the gutter punk zones and Pixie has used all her skill to get that deal done. The cyberunks just need to get the band in and out safely.

STORY HOOK 2: PHANT0M OF THE EXPO

Plot: As a favor to a friend, this buddy being tech genius and designer Orwell Drake, the cyberpunks are asked to run security both on the show floor, and as networked sniffers to ensure corporate hi-jinks and skulduggery just doesn't happen. Drake is showcasing a new kind of advanced security drone prototype and he's worried that the competition is going to try and sabotage or steal it. He's not wrong, but it's not a corp that wants his drone, it's a tech junkie called "PHANT0M." She wants that drone, and she's going to crash the expo to get at it. The cyberpunks are going to have to deal with her in both the real world and virtual space to stop her from getting what she wants.

ALLIES: Expo Staff, Orwell Drake, Expo Security

ENEMIES: PHANT0M, PHANT0M's Drones, Wastrel (a thief employed by PHANT0M)

What Can Happen? The Cyberpunks attend the expo as planned, things go OK, and nothing bad happens. The heist happens post-expo when the drone is being transported. The expo happens normally, before PHANT0M attacks on two fronts, both virtually and physically flooding the place with drones and taking out the security systems with her skill. She sends in Wastrel to steal the drone in the confusion.

Complications: Wastrel decides that they'd prefer the drone for themselves, and steals it as planned, but never delivers it to PHANT0M. Now the cyberpunks have to deal with PHANT0M, Drake, and Wastrel, who is now in the wind.

Further Adventures:

STORY HOOK 3: SHAKEN AND STIRRED

Plot: Somewhere near the Shard there's a big explosion. Smoke pours out of the building as a few unmarked air vehicles deliver what appears to be hit teams to the building. A full assault kicks off. It doesn't take long for shots to strike at the area where the cyberpunks happen to be passing by, and they're pulled into a full-scale skirmish between black-clad hit teams and the security forces holding the Shard for the Crown. The hit team has been hired by We the People, a dangerous organization hell-bent on taking London away from the monarchy and giving free reign to the people no matter the cost. This is the start of a bigger adventure, to hook the cyberpunks into an arc containing a lot of smaller scenarios leading to a confrontation with the big bad at the heart of We the People.

ALLIES: Civilians, Workers, Security, Crown Agents, Sarah Parker (Crown Agent Operative).

ENEMIES: We the People Hit Squads, Doctor Brunner, Miss Trace, Robot Boris Johnson

What Can Happen? The initial assault on the Shard embroils the cyberpunks into this scenario; they're pulled in by a Crown agent who recognizes at least some of their skills. Or they get shot at by over-zealous hit squad members and pulled in at the end when Crown forces win. What follows are a series of missions handed out by Sarah Parker, which all lead to the final confrontation with the villain at the end. Lord Hamilton Graves, a man who wants England for himself and has established We the People as a front to that end.

Complications: A sleeper cell of agents activates if things go too well for the cyberpunks. People are trapped in a burning room during the fight. Someone close to the cyberpunks is injured by the shootout. A second wave of hit squads can arrive, bringing drones with them.

Further Adventures: Once the attack and minor missions are dealt with, the location of Graves is discovered and the Crown agents request the help of the cyberpunks to put him down – along with a healthy dose of money and plausible deniability, of course.

SIGHTS, SOUNDS, AND SMELLS

Inner City London is the jewel in the Crown Estates of the British Empire. A layer of glitz and glamor lies over the city, and not an inch of bare flesh is on display. The public comport themselves in a cultured manner, politely moving from place to place, while behind closed doors they let their hair down and get up to all sorts of things which would make some punks blush.

Every single scrap of aesthetic is near perfection, and every bit of cyberware is as subtle or as beautiful as humanly possible. Walking through Inner City London is like stepping into a living, breathing, and moving work of art.

The traffic control systems ensure that there is a constant flow of vehicles, and the system hardly ever backs up. Uniformed, slick, and cultured, Crown coppers patrol the streets in their trademark dark blue suits.

London's soundscape for the Inner City is carefully crafted, attenuated, and designed with noise dampening tech to ensure the people are given a calming atmosphere for their walks and their commutes. By day it's a bustling place that never rises above the noise of a rustle of paper against the crisp cut of a power dressing Royal envoy's suit.

By night Inner City London becomes a livelier place, but again, the sound is one of cultured people enjoying the best that money can buy. Snatches of classical music or subtle electronica waft through the streets. Passing one of the many theaters can lend a delightful insight to the vocal talents of a singer expressing a perfect aria.

As for the olfactory nature of London, the massive air scrubbers and pollution filters take away the worst of the smog curling above the city. The smell is still there now and then, but for the most part there's a mingling waft of expensive eau de parfum and cooked foods on every single street as you wander through a decadent paradise of the rich and powerful.

FOOD & DRINK

Beer and ale are considered crass by Inner City London folk, so they only drink them behind closed doors. The rest of their alcohol intake consists of

fine wines, carefully constructed by only the best drink designers and liquid technicians. Red and white are the popular types, with sparkling being a little extra slice of decadence for the people.

Crown Red and White are the top wines on sale, and run to a hefty price for a single bottle. A single glass can set you back a considerable number of wonlong. Of course, if you're ordering this drink, you can afford it and money is no matter.

Royal Champagne is another favorite, no less extravagant, drink of the people here in the Inner City. Remember, even the poorest person in this zone is still filthy rich by normal standards so they can afford to use this stuff like mouthwash.

As for food, the rich like to dine on fine things, and while animals themselves might not be in ready supply there are other ways to create the meat they like to eat. The fish dishes they find satiate their elegant palates, and for the most part that meat is real.

Lobster in Herb and Garlic Butter: a favorite dish of the rich and the primary favorite of the king, no one really asks how it's made . . . they just enjoy the replica.

Magic Delight: A taste sensation, this dessert alters based on the preference of the diner. The recipe is a closely guarded secret of the Ramsay Culinary University.

Caviar: A dish favored by the rich, this replica is much better than organic since it can be mass-produced and sold as identical to the old favorite. The price is high, but for many the taste is worth it.

GOSSIP & RUMOURS

"The Crown Estates has been buying up real estate elsewhere in the world. I do hope the king isn't going to do anything foolish like try and relocate his operations to another country."

"Those terribly uncouth punk fellows have been seen poking around the City Wall again. Someone should go out there and put them down."

"I understand We the People are hijacking network broadcasts again."

"Orwell Drake is a fraud! He never designed any of his technology – he gets unpaid interns to do it for him, and he abuses them terribly."

"Sir Reginald is spending a year dead for tax reasons again. Maybe one day he'll decide if he prefers it here or there."

"There's a feud of some kind between our opera divas, Kayla and Luna. Such a shame – they'd be a perfect match for at least two of my three daughters."

"The staff have been sneaking wonlong out of my son's account. I caught the maid hacking into his computer with her state-of-the-art arm."

"I hear the king walks amongst us pretending to be his own bodyguard or something. How exciting!"

ENCOUNTERS

- A group of minor Corporate execs stand and discuss the financial fortunes of a rival company; none of them seem to like the C.E.O.
- The Crown police in action as they arrest a group of We the People supporters near a public park.
- A grounded aircar and a very irate passenger sit in an emergency area as they wait for a recovery team.
- A loud-spoken angry Chinese woman on a multi-call with another group of people; she's ranting about being cut out of a 'deal'.
- A group of repair personnel en-route in their hi-tech van to fix a section of the City Wall.
- A B-list celebrity having their holo-photo taken by a group of slick looking photographers.
- An advert for the Chrome Roadman, starring Keen Russo, an A-list actor from the UK with a big portfolio and a tiny ego.
- A Crown agent questioning a group of people near burnt-out car.
- A Crown limo rides past with the coat of arms of the King of England on it.
- A We the People supporter tries to get the cyberpunks to buy into the whole movement. They promise all sorts of things they'll never deliver on, such as more money for healthcare, better City Wall controls for illegal immigrants, and lower taxes for all.

THE OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON

London is a huge city, protected by that giant Sea Wall and divided into three zones. There's also a fourth zone, which goes by various nicknames. These include Flood Town, Drownsville, and the Outskirts.

The Outskirts are a dangerous place for the unwary and seasoned traveller alike, with minor gangs and raiders preying on the weak and unprepared. They're just lurking beyond the Sea Wall to the north, north east, and east waiting to pounce and rob you of what you own.

Then there's the River Rats punk gang. Dozens of minor scavengers and pirates of every stripe and color who ply the waters beyond the wall, too.

The whole area is a dangerous zones of unpredictable seismic activity, and other dangers provide yet another wrinkle for would be explorers to deal with. Old gas mains from damaged houses create pockets of underwater pockets that can explode suddenly.

The landscape of the flooded sectors is crowded with boats, ships, and tiny vessels of all kinds. These craft flit about as various scavengers take extended trips beneath the rolling swell to cash in on relics from the past. The broken shells of buildings poke up above the surface, which sits at least 60m above what remains of the previous houses and apartments.

Large groups of people who don't want to risk the punk gangs, or reside under the Crown rule, live. Nomadic in nature, they spring up during certain times of the year and then vanish again, moving further inland and closer to trade opportunities.

Even Further Out Beyond the Outskirts of London are various towns and broken cities. A slew of raiders and scavengers roam out beyond the flooded sectors as well. It's hell really, packed with dozens of minor gangs and people trying to survive in a world driven mad by the continued pollution and degradation of the environment.

Rumours persist of a group of survivors, called the Knights of Avalon, who come to the aid of stranded travellers and those in need. No one has ever encountered these mysterious figures, but they know a friend or a friend of a friend who has. Everyone gives the same story — cyberknights that show up when needed and leave a strong impression on those they rescue. Though for many they never appear at all and at least one account has them take the weapons and food from boats that they sink, then rescue the members of. As a general rule, any lowland has been swallowed by the flood, and any high ground is regularly contested by rival bands of people reduced to copying tribal cultures of the past. The strong survive out here, while the weak are left to rot at the bottom of the sea.

Once in a while the towns are visited by travelling merchants known as the Boatmen. They operate business off of large tugs loaded with goods and guarded by teams of capable sailors armed to the teeth. Though they do fly the crown estate flag, this extra bit of business often buys the support of the small towns outside of london.

THE GANGS OF LONDON

Gang activity is restricted by the law of the Crown in the Inner City, so they have no actual gangs in Rich Town. London Zone 1 and 2, however, has a slew of gangs and minor gangs who operate in the less well controlled areas of the city.

This is just a small sample of the gangs who operate in and around Zone 1 and 2, or sometimes beyond the Sea Wall in the flooded zones.

8-BIT BASTARDS

Origin. Billy 8-Bit's network and computer.
Language. English, Script
Reach. Any connected network system or server.
Businesses. Any that involves storage or stealing data. The 8-Bit operate a series of tech scams using their unique access.

Leader. BASIC
Notable Members. FORTRAN & DOS
Rivals. Black-Rose Hackers

Info.

Billy 8-Bit was always into A.I. and then he met BASIC. A skilled hacker working on the development of an A.I. so advanced that it can take over any system. The development of it would require extremely advanced tech, BASIC embarked on a series of attacks across the network space and eventually managed to crash into the crown estates private servers. He then stole and linked up a bunch of other processes, took over other machines, and formed a neural-net A.I, which he then used to attack the accounts of dozens of other gangs. The 8-Bit Bastards are a combination of several loose artificial programs without proper casings and the hackers that have made them that have come together to cause anarchy in the UK. They operate entirely free of server restrictions and delight in hacking into various machines across the city.

FORTRAN. FORTRAN is the program in charge of fortifying and defensive actions in the gang. FORTRAN is the author of numerous I.C.E programs across BASIC's secure network.

DOS. DOS is the de-facto head of launching cyber attacks across the city. She is the author of the Big Bad Black Hack program. A professional hacker with a deep seated hatred of script kiddies.

MADD LAGS

Origin. London, Zone 1. Basement of a pub during a drunken night out.
Language. English, Panjab, Polish.
Reach. All of Zone 1, 20% of Zone 2, and none of Zone 3.
Businesses. Any dirty deal they can do, with a focus on protection rackets, money laundering and sex work.

Leader. Big Macky
Notable Members. Gazza and Knob Jockey
Rivals. Potentially every other gang.

Info.

After hearing the music of the Madd Lags, this bunch of drunken, violent, and impressionable youths decided to put together a gang reflecting the Madd Lags music and message. Thus, in the basement of Miss McStagger's Bar, they created the gang that eventually took over London's Outer City. After beating many rival, the Madd Lags declared themselves the bossman of all gangs. They established a huge tower as their base and summarily made a rude hologram to piss off the king. Though dozens of gangs plan to bring them crashing down.

Gazza. A violent and equally fun-loving sociopath, Gazza is a big fan of burping the whole of God Save the Queen. He is also a heck of a brawler and has put down many people twice his size.

Knob Jockey. If you want to ask anyone about extortion, Knob is your guy; he's really good at getting wonlong from people who don't want to pay.

THE FAM

Origin. London– Flooded Zone
Language. English, Spanish, Chinese, Mexican
Reach. Flooded Zone, Zone 1, Zone 2
Businesses. Reclamation, Scavenging, Relic Hunting

Leader. Juliet Bravo
Notable Members. Spice Monkey, Big Ron
Rivals. River Rats, Townie Tossers

Info.

Family, that's the number one concern for the Fam. It's a gang born out of desperation and led by a friendly young punk woman named Juliet Bravo. Her seminal idea was to bring people together on a stolen ship and make a home for them where no one else could reach them. Juliet and her crew stole one of the monarchy's favorite vessels, parked it out of the king's reach, and set up permanent shop. The Fam are a bunch of punks who became friends and then became family. They just want to be left alone to continue the family legacy — salvage and reclamation. But anyone who crosses the family finds out how deep the waters go.

Spice Monkey. Spice is really good at repairing and salvaging things. He works as the gang's major mechanic and keeps the huge boat in working order along with his crack-team of trainees.

Big Ron. Big Ron is a great diver, one of the top salvagers in the Flooded Zone, and he looks after all the gang's underwater reclamation equipment.

THE MARKY STRONGS

Origin. London, Zone 1, Zone 2, and some of the Outskirts
Language. English, and any other 3 you choose
Reach. Zone 2, Flooded Zone
Businesses. Extortion, Theft, Assault, Loan Sharking, Drugs

Leader. Jane Strong
Notable Members. Jeff Drain, YamYam
Rivals. The Goons, the Wicked, Dragon Dropkick

Info.

The Marky Strongs were given their name when the founder, Jane Crash, changed her name to Jane Strong and the name of her gang after the death of her brother Markus strong, they became the Marky Strongs, formerly known as the Tin Can Twonkers. Now the Marky Strongs control a lot of drug traffic, annoy the other rival gangs, and regularly extort money out of people who are too scared to say no.

Jeff Drain. Bass Guitarist of a punk band called the Doomed, Jeff quit that gig and decided crime paid better. He turned his plectrum in for an assault rifle and serves as the gang's troubleshooter and head of security.

YamYam. To describe her as eccentric would be an understatement, but she cooks up mean drugs and is responsible for the gang's quality assurance side of drug testing. She takes her job very seriously.

TEABAGGERS

Origin. Zone 3 (Rebellious youth)
Language. Patois, English, Cantonese, Italian
Reach. 5% Zone 1, 30% Zone 2, 5% Flooded Zone
Businesses. Running Numbers, Fraud, Grand Theft Auto

Leader. Tiny Trinny
Notable Members. W0nder, Spin Dingo
Rivals. Black-Rose Hackers, the Loa, Wot-cha Grandma

Info.

When mommy and daddy don't give you that brand new aircar you wanted for your tenth birthday, you start to rebel. Then you meet some punk kids when you're out beyond the safety of Zone 3. Then you get your mind blown by sex, drugs, and video games. Tiny Trinny had a wicked awakening at an early age and the music of the punks caused her to rebel in the best way. She burnt down her parent's garage and fled Inner City London for the punk gangs. After a few years on the streets she gathered other like minded rebels and made her own gang. They cause trouble, they live the music, and they do what the hell they want . . . because they can. Trinny beat the hell out of her rival leader, using the boy's own prosthetic leg after she hacked it off with a machete, to earn the top spot in the gang.

W0nder. W0nder is the genius brain, the savant, and the girl with all the numbers in her head. She's on the spectrum but understands the pattern in all things so well that she can beat most people at mental arithmetic.

Spin Dingo. What Spin doesn't know about cars he makes up on the spot. He's a talented driver, and mechanic, and he also knows his way around every high-tech vehicle security system fitted since the last thirty years.

CHROME RIDERS

Origin. Zone 2 and Outskirts (non-flooded)
Language. English, German, French, Chinese
Reach. Zone 2
Businesses. Protection, Drugs, Extortion, Robbery

Leader. Orion Chrome
Notable Members. Lisa Steele, Halo Bones
Rivals. Anarchy's Children, Dragon Dropkick, the Goons, Black-Rose Hackers

Info.

Orion Chrome was a biker before she embraced punk as a way of life, and now she's a biker punk — a hybrid between the American biker gangs like the sons of chaos and punk rockers. She married her number one buddy, Lisa Steele, a couple of years ago at the edge of the Flooded Zone. They also adopted a daughter, Halo Bones, who was a street kid they found robbing people on the edge of Zone 2. Over time, Orion formed a group of people who look up to her. Eventually they became a full punk gang and joined the war to take back London for the regular folk. Orion often helps out in disaster zones and her bikers do the same. She has some connection to the Thunder Butterflies in san francisco but she will not say how she is connected.

Lisa Steele. Wife of Orion and her number one enforcer when it comes to the gang, Lisa is a clever mechanic and a crack-shot with a 9mm pistol.

Halo Bones. A big fan of comics and all things media, Halo is an information broker in the gang and a wicked hacker. She crashed the Black-Rose Hacker's #1 server three years ago.

BLACK-ROSE HACKERS

Origin. Zone 2 Hacker Dive
Language. English, and any other 4.
Reach. Zone 1, 2 and 3 networks.
Businesses. Cybercrime, Fraud

Leader. Rose.exe
Notable Members. Goto, GoSub
Rivals. 8-Bit Bastards, Chrome Riders, Madd Lags

Info.

Rose.exe is a synth and she has a gang behind her who don't know the truth. She keeps her nature hidden from all of them but provides this bunch of anti-social hackers with ample means to ply their trade. She can steal secrets for small fry or break open megacorp data stores for the juicy goods hidden inside ranks of I.C.E. Rose makes sure no one knows who she is, and she's gone so far as to kill anyone who finds out the truth. The irony is, the gang would likely accept and protect her if they ever found out. They are that loyal. Well at least some of them are, Rose knows something deep and mysterious about the missing legion of 'Toy Soldiers'. And she would die to protect that secret.

Goto. An Afro-Caribbean hacker who has a penchant for running deadly programs designed to break people who get too close to his systems. Goto is a dangerous programmer who has created some deadly viruses for Rose.exe to use.

Gosub. A genius-level intellect marks Gosub as a golden child amongst the gang, favorite of Rose.exe, and capable of doing incredible things with even ancient programming languages. Gosub is romantically interested in Goto, and they keep on leaving secret exe's on Goto's computer that lead to romantic mini-games.

MORE GANGS?

There are other gangs of London too, and some notables are — Wotcha Grandma, Anarchy's Children, The Primal, Townie Tossers, River Rats (Water Gang), The Scabs, Cocker's Crew, The Loa (Afro-Punk Gang), Dragon Dropkick (Chinese Punk Gang), the Glam Glams (Genderqueer Gang), Fuego and the Fish, The Goons, The Thames Zombies, The Ice demons, and the Wicked.



THE CORPORATIONS OF LONDON

London is a playground for the corporations, for their machinations, and their interests. However, they are not unchallenged and they certainly don't rule the roost. No one does, only the king and the Crown Estates exist as the single biggest corporation in terms of size, wealth, and power in London – the rest of them can fight amongst the glittering streets of gold and neon while the King's Tower stands taller than all.

God Save the King!

THE CROWN ESTATES/CROWN UK

Traded as. TCE
CEO. HRH Charles IV
Country of Origin. United Kingdom
Industries. Weapons & Armor, Food & Leisure, Health-care, Real Estate, Other Secret Concerns

Info: Crown UK, or the Crown Estates, are interchangeable terms. The king is a financial genius who employs a ton of people who are better at everything than he is, and he pays them well enough to keep them loyal. Anyone who dissents, well, they vanish and life goes on. Crown UK has fingers in virtually every business there is and holds the most power in London, as across all of the United Kingdom. At least the parts that aren't presently swimming under 60m of water and even then the crown tries to hold as many of the salvaging rights as possible.

Crown UK ensures they retain the guiding shares in everything to do with the City of London, especially the Inner City since the Outer has fallen to the punk gangs for the last thirty or so years. Don't worry though, the king has a plan or three that will sort out his problems. Once the military has been rebuilt to a suitable level.

When running any operation the Crown is very careful to ensure they have plausible deniability, and thanks to the king's enormous wealth and influence, they have the agents and agencies to back all that up.

Crown UK operates from the Royal Tower and is a true force to be reckoned with.

DETROIT INDUSTRIES

Anders Kaufman's business is in weapons and armor, as well as vehicles, so he finds there's not as much pie in London as he'd like. The king makes sure that Detroit Industries knows its place, but gives the corporation a decent amount of leeway in terms of its power in the city. They aren't at the top of the pile, but they are comfortable enough to continue normal operations when stacked up against a giant like Crown UK. Kaufman oversees the day to day operations of the DETI Corp in Inner City London and envies the power of the Royal Tower.

KASAI CORPORATION

Yoji Nakamura sent his daughter, Yuki Nakamura, to the United Kingdom to oversee the Kasai Corporation's holdings in London. Yuki is aware of the king's large stake in weapons and protection development, but she's been clever to ingratiate herself to the king's technological circles and make a name for herself as a mover and shaker. Yuki has also begun a relationship with one of the king's aides, a strategic move as she's hoping to leverage their relationship to try and get an edge for her father's company. Kasai provides a lot of weapons to the Crown as part of Yuki's plan to keep a competitive edge.

KHAN-MAEZAWA

KHMA has only a small piece of London's weapons and armor action, as well as food and leisure. Since they were here first before many of the others, however, they are absolutely killing the market in personal technology, even beating out the notorious Garcia Group in that regard. Many KHMA devices are in offices around Inner City London and even some of their tech shows up in Zone 1 and 2. Omar Mura is the field officer for KHMA's concerns in London, a young, adaptive and bright person who values making contacts over making enemies.

PARAGON STAR

Space travel and healthcare are Paragon Star's forte, and in the United Kingdom they find their influence over the latter is not as great as they'd like. Space travel concerns puts them in direct conflict with TUSK, ONEA, and NEX. They are holding their own at the moment though, and Park Seo-yun, PARA's CEO, is pleased with his company's place in the Towers of London amongst the likes of the Royal Tower. They are seriously lagging behind the TUSK and NEX corporations and are pondering a joint project with the Crown Estates to help the UK enter the space race properly. Jang-mi is the executive in charge of PARA's holdings in London.

ZA KORPORASI

Winston De Beer's brother, Donald De Beer, is the man who was chosen to spearhead ZA Korp's operations in London. So far he's managed to keep up with the Crown Estates in terms of weapons, but lags behind with armor, and food and leisure concerns. ZA Korp is also lagging behind compared to the likes of Saud Cybernetics and REKY when it comes to cybernetic and robotic tech concerns in London. Many of the cyber replacements used by the Crown Estates come from REKY, and Donald would prefer they were given an exclusive contract to supply the Crown over anyone else. He knows he has to work harder to make this happen, and might even have to play dirty to do it.

GARCIA GROUP

Garcia Group, GARC, and Carlos Garcia's brainchild has a good slice of London's Inner City vehicle concerns. They do a roaring trade in GARC branded limos and luxury vehicles, especially flying ones. Carlos made sure his sister, Michelle Garcia, was put in charge of the branch in London. She has already closed several lucrative trade deals with other corporations and the Crown Estates to provide luxury protective vehicle solutions, beating out her rivals such as DETI, TUSK, and even ONEA. Michelle was involved in a serious car accident recently, and she's now sporting a REKY replacement left arm. The only reason she's alive now is that the GARC branded limo had triple armor and crash resistance built in.

DUBAI SPACE CO.

Sadiq Ahmad and his brother-in-law Hussain Sajwani have a personal stake in the company's function in London. The company has been attempted to move itself into the court of the royal family of va marriage. This is a brilliant political move to gain some control over the future planning of the crown estate. But selecting an appropriate bride for Hussain has proven to be difficult.

TUSK INTERPLANETARY

TUSK has a really long history, and it's pretty glamourous as well as strange in places. There have been several CEOs of the corporation, but now Tusk Interplanetary firmly rests in the hands of Edmond Tusk. Edmond has chosen Diana Blake to run the TUSK holdings in the United Kingdom and he's set her the colossal task of convincing the king to ignore all other space travel concerns and put his money into TUSK-based space tech. King Charles IV is rather fond of Diana so she's off to a good start. She also knows that the competition in that regard is very heavy, and she's fighting off the likes of DSC and ONEA. Apart from that TUSK has a lot of power in London and their position keeps on getting stronger and stronger. TUSK also supplies a lot of vehicles to the Crown Estates as of three months ago, so something is going on; something has shifted in the halls of power.

ONE AEROSPACE

Shan Ki has been sent to the United Kingdom to attempt to control the failures of the previous officer in charge of ONEA's concerns in London. Chun Za utterly failed to gain any kind of foothold despite seven years in London's space travel, and vehicle markets. Finally the corporation's CEO, Li Daolong, recalled the failed corporate exec and sent a new one in their stead. Li hopes that the brash, aggressive, and non-nonsense nature of Shan Ki will tip the scales in their favor – because at the moment ONEA does not have much in the way of corporate power in London and this irks the CEO immensely. He has warned everyone that if they do not step up their game, they will face layoffs and cut-backs as he shifts corporate focus elsewhere, threatening to place London's offices on a skeleton crew.

NIGHTINGALE EXPLORATION

NEX, an Indian corporation, enjoys a moderate amount of power in London due to their status as a company who made history in 2185's timeline. NEX have concerns in terms of space travel, cybernetics and robotics. They want to ensure they gain more power in Inner City London by providing a helping hand to the king and whoever he chooses as the corporation to partner with when he steps onto the space race stage properly. NEX's CEO Rajesh Anand has dispatched his cousin Sati Rajinder to oversee the corporate operations in London. Sati is a clever woman and her cool head always prevails over her rival's hot ones. She adores Rajinder since he was the only person to support her when she transitioned. Sati's first order of business was to set up a meeting with Diana Blake and see if she could help TUSK in any way. Smart move.

HOUSTON DYNAMICS

Thomas Holden is loud, and this USA based cybernetics and robotics company, which also has concerns in personal technology, is bold and brash as well. So their tower is nigh on as big as King Charles' IV's own. Cody Holden, Thomas' brother, is running the company in London with the help of his husband James Holden. Cody and James are a dynamic duo on the London Corp scene and their infectious boldness makes waves. This has done HODY really well over in London in terms of corporate power, since they're second to the king when it comes to personal tech. They're not so much making waves in cybernetics and robotics since they're aesthetically pleasing technology is usually mechanically outmatched by the more utilitarian REKY. HODY is trying to get an exclusive contract to provide technology solutions to the Crown in the wake of a virus disaster that wiped three quarters of the HQ's servers five years ago. No one suspects it was actually HODY who instigated that whole thing.

VISSER ROBOTICS

Holland based Visser Robotics is the cutting-edge leader in using robots to aid surgery, along with their impressive healthcare regime and understanding of personal technology. Frederick Visser has sent Niels Van Tol to the United Kingdom to provide backup to his company's holdings there. Niels is a talented exec who has computer skills, mechanical savvy, and an attitude that lets him manage a crisis even when others are running around like headless chickens. Niels knows that Visser has a foot in the door in terms of medical robotics, but he also knows just how heavy the competition is with REKY on the doorstep and Medi-Strike Group providing fast and effective healthcare. As well as trying to compete in health service for the crown estates national health service schemes. He's got a plan, just not one he's ready to share yet. Part of it involves making friends with Shenzen Solutions and leveraging their position in London to help Visser.

SHENZEN SOLUTIONS

When you have a big rep like Shenzen and you're plugged into the information technology war like they are, you can afford to be a bigshot even in a city dominated by the Crown Estates. Shenzen has a lot of power in London, right across the board; they provide network solutions for both physical and neural links. They have a big chunk of real estate power; many of the worker class cybernetics are Shenzen, and the robots that help build a lot of the Sea Wall also belong to the Chinese giant. There's also personal technology, with many people looking to replace the Crown Estate's tech with Shenzen's latest. No one knows who runs Shenzen, but the person in charge of the London offices is a woman called Madame Li, a woman who has made herself a potential enemy of the crown in the bold move of offering support to the outer city in reconstruction over the last few months.

SAUDI CYBERNETICS

London is a ruthless battleground between the corporations, and when you have Saudi backing and money behind your company, you can stand toe to toe with most of them. SAUD lags a little behind in London in terms of cybernetics and robotics, due to all the competition mentioned previously. But they have managed to hold their own in terms of weapons and armor by providing sensible, competitively priced products that have a good shelf life and, more importantly, do what they say they do. Some of their guns are highly prized by the Crown Estate agents and law enforcers. Abdul Saud is very pleased with Omar Saud's progress as the head of operations in London, and has sent him a care package of both physical and digital luxuries. He would like SAUD to make more in-roads in terms of robotics and cyberware, and he's pondering a focus on military applications of these concerns. If that fails, then he'll rethink his plan to put SAUD further up the ladder of London's mighty corporations.

HELPS YOU FALL ASLEEP WITHIN 10 MINUTES.

Use as directed for occasional sleeplessness
Keep out reach of children.



Good for Health.
Bad for Education.

REGIERUNG KYBERNETIK

Under the CEO Felix Fischer REKY has become London's top cybernetics and robotics providers over the years. This German based tech company knows their market, knows they don't have to push a product other than their excellent well-made robotic and cybernetics, and stick to what they know. REKY is London's favorite cyber-provider. A fact that pleases Felix and reaffirms his faith in choosing a young cyber enhanced corporate exec, Elsa Schmidt, to oversee the corporation's holdings in the City of London. REKY doesn't stop either, they are always working on ways to innovate and ensure better connectivity and adaption for their wares. Elsa is also a highly skilled cyber technician and she also helps design the many products that REKY sells. Currently SAUD has approached REKY for a joint project with military applications. Elsa is of two minds about this, and she hasn't yet swung either way on the concept.

SCHMIDT-WAGNER

Nipping at the king's heels in London is the German giant food and leisure and real estate group known as Schmidt-Wagner. CEO Willhelm Mayer has sent over Elsa's sister, Greta Schmidt to look after the London office and ensure that the corporation remains a challenge to the Crown Estate in terms of their chosen fields. Greta and Elsa are on amicable terms, but its Greta's fault Elsa has a replacement arm and leg. The sisters were involved in an automotive accident where Greta pushed the car too far and caused the crash. Greta has assured the CEO of SCWA that this won't interfere with her job in the UK. Day by day she moves closer to becoming the number three company in the UK when it comes to real estate, next to Medi-Strike and overshadowing Pak-Kim. Greta has a few plans to make sure she can keep her job, too; chief amongst these involves working with Cassandra Riggs of Medi-Strike to provide real estate at cheaper prices than the king can.

MEDI-STRIKE GROUP

Under the careful administration of Gerard Hammer MEST is the number one medical corporation in the United Kingdom. The London HQ of the corporation also doubles as an incredible hospital and medical center. The US-based company has been able to strike a deal with the king, too, to get prime real estate to climb nearly as high as his Royal Tower. Cassandra Riggs, a brilliant neurosurgeon and exec in charge of MEST's operations promised the king top-w medical treatment across the board for any of his company staff, subordinates, and subsidiaries. Cassandra has kept her side of the bargain and the king's people want for nothing in terms of medical care. She's also managed to grab a slice of the real estate action in the city, using her charm and wit to ensure that MEST gets first dibs when buying up new sites for their rapidly expanding FRMU (Fast Response Medical Units) and their extensive cyber clinics. Whilst most of the population of the UK rely on the Crown Estate National Health Service, private care from medi-strike is avaliable to the highest earners. Medi-strike has it's own plans to take control of this health service from trade deals with the crown estate.

PAK-KIM CORPORATION

United Korea's PK Corp or Pak-Kim Corporation isn't doing well in the United Kingdom at all. The corporation struggles to compete with giants such as MEST on a day to day basis. They are holding their own with a marginal profit share of healthcare, and some real estate, but there's just not much left when Crown Estate is in bed with MEST and also provides prime real estate in their own backyard. Kim Sun-young is unhappy with his company's performance in the UK, but he's hopeful that a bright troubleshooter might at least be able to turn things around. In hopes he sent one of his advisors, Kang-min, to take control of the London office. Kang-min's first order of business is to assess just how badly the company is bleeding financially, plug any gaps in their spending, and look at the gaps in the market in the UK. He's horrified that his predecessor failed to do this, but also slightly worried since they didn't turn up for work, nor have they been seen, since the memo about his takeover was sent two days ago.

PART IV • THE ECONOMY

There are three zones to regard when it comes to London's economy and the prices fluctuate greatly. In the two Outer City Zones compared to the Inner City. There's also a huge disparity in terms of prices when it comes to finding real estate in London's three main zones.

The generic list of goods and services are found here:

RENT

Practically all accommodations in the year 2185 are designed for multiple occupants in the vastly populated city, Most if not all housing is constructed with 2 bedrooms for multiple occupants.

Monthly Rent Table

Zone	Downright Terrible	Bad Dwelling	Medium Dwelling	Good Dwelling	Excellent Dwelling
Zone 1	1500₩	3 000₩	7 000₩ or 10 000₩ (3 Bedrooms)	9 000₩ or 13 000₩ (3 Bedrooms)	NA
Zone 2	2 000₩	4 000₩	9 000₩ or 13 000₩ (3 Bedrooms)	11 000₩ or 17 000₩ (3 Bedrooms)	NA
Zone 3	NA	NA	12 000₩ or 16 000₩ (3 Bedrooms)	16 000₩ or 20 000₩ (3 Bedrooms)	70 000₩

Excellent Dwelling

This space represents the absolute pinnacle of accommodations in the year 2185 you're going to pay through the nose to get the prime real estate location.

Good Dwelling

These places are usually in better neighborhoods in Zone 1 and 2, and they're right, Often times these are only available to those who either work high end jobs in the inner city, or too criminals who acquire the housing through their gangs membership

In the Inner city of zone 3 this level of residence is often used by upper management of corporate companies.

Medium Dwelling

Zone 1 and 2 houses are the run-of-the-mill kind of flat you'd find anywhere in a city. Not bad if you need a place to sleep, but expect punk gangs to decorate your new home soon if it isn't already.

This represents the lowest quality of housing available in the inner city, middle management or corporate drones to important to live in the outer city are gifted these accommodations by their employers.

Bad Dwelling

Really cheap and drab, with built-in water features and probably some bad odors too.

Bad Dwellings aren't going to cost very much, and they're better than sleeping in the streets...mostly. These places are only constructed with one person in mind

Downright Terrible

The worst kind of places to try and live, with really bad neighborhoods, violent people everywhere, and the sound of gunfire to keep you awake at nights. Oh and you have pets, of the rat kind, or some kind anyway. Can only ever accommodate one person.

FOOD

Specialist food within the city includes:

Food	Price
Synth Fish and Chips	200₩
Sarburma	100₩
Jerked Synthfish	70₩
Chicken Tikka Massala	70₩

Food	Price
Synth Peppers Stuffed	100₩
Gold Leaf Steak	10 000₩
Greenhouse Stuffed Peppers	3 000₩

Synth Fish and Chips
A classic english dish from jewish origin consisting of synthetic fish fried and battered in breadcrumbs and rough cut and salted chips served with helpings of vinegar

Sarburma
A traditional eastern european pie dish including synthetic meats, a popular choice for those on the go in need of nutrition

Jerked Synthfish
A classic afro carribean means of treating meats including the synthfish which allows it to last much longer both in terms of storage and meal length

Chicken Tikka Massala
An Indian recipe that made it's way to the UK hundreds of years ago and has remained a popular dish for take aways, with dozens of variants

Synth Peppers Stuffed
A classic recipe involving synthetically grown peppers, stuffed with synthetic cheese, and synthetic vegtables. Tastes Like Plastic

Gold Leaf Steak
Taken from a living cow, wrapped in gold leaf, a seared to your specification, wine sold separately

Greenhouse Stuffed Peppers
Authentically grown in a greenhouse alongside other ingredients, these stuffed peppers are an explosion of flavour

ALCOHOL

As well as common brands around the world these are specific to london and its population.

Drink	Price
Punk Fist	140₩
Broken Dog Bitter	60₩
Peng Piss	30₩
Reavers Respite	160₩

Drink	Price
Coconut Wine	100₩
Big Terrys Pint	80₩
Crown Red	500₩
Crown Champagne	500₩

TEMPORARY ACCOMMODATIO

Temporary accomodations per night, per person.

Zone	Flophouse	Motel	Hostel	Hotel
Zone 1	250₩	500₩	750₩	1 000₩
Zone 2	500₩	750₩	1 000₩	1 500₩
Zone 3	NA	NA	NA	4 000₩

Hotel
These are good places to stay in Zone 1 and 2. Expect the best of the best in Zone 3; the kind of place only a king would stay at no less. All the listed prices are per person

Hostel
Not quite a hotel and not quite a motel, these hostels are cheap and modest, a bit dangerous for the unwary, but usually OK if you need a place to crash. All the listed prices are per person

Motel
On the outskirts of the city zones and even the outer areas of London themselves, motels are for your travelling stop needs. Dangerous places most of the time, frequent gang raiders turn up and anything that's not nailed down will be stolen. All the listed prices are per person

Flophouse
You might as well stay in a cardboard box, if such things still existed. Dirty, almost free, and full of the kind of people who scream about rats in their sleep. Flophouses are ten a penny in the United Kingdom these days, and there are even some on the water. All the listed prices are per person.

TRAVEL

Zone Modifiers: As a rule, when you're looking at prices in the three zones, you can apply the following modifiers to come up with a quick and dirty way to replicate the price changes.

Zone 1	Modifiers on prices can range between 10% and 15%
Zone 2	Modifiers on prices are 5% to 10%
Zone 3	Prices can be as low as 30% and as high as 60% on some high class items and places.

ADDITIONAL CONTENT FOR LONDON 2185

RACISM, TRANSPHOBIA, AND MORE IN LONDON 2185

You might have noticed that the world of Carbon 2185 is a pretty dark, miserable, ruined, and broken place. Many of the utopian attitudes that people strived for in the 20th, 21st Century and beyond have fallen flat thanks to governments and their desire to control every aspect of life – we wanted to stress that whilst the world of Carbon 2185 is a despicable corp-controlled hellhole, where racism, transphobia, homophobia, and bigotry of all kinds exists – we as creators don't condone it one iota and we're on the side of the Cyberpunks.

Because the Cyberpunks are actively fighting the war against this kind of thing daily, they struggle long and hard against these bigoted, transphobic, and vile attitudes – many of them choose to fight back with bullets or knives.

They have to as well, what with the racist morons in the Outer City pushing their bigotry and dated ideals on anyone who'll listen – or the Inner City folk who send out Crown Estate sponsored hit teams to try and take back the Outer City from the so-called thugs who have taken it over.

The life of a Cyberpunk in London 2185 is surrounded by war, by people who take intolerance to a whole new level.

So regardless of your race, colour, creed, or gender – you're going to be a Cyberpunk fighting this war out there and we want you to know, we're right beside you, bullets and blades at the ready.

INNER CITY AND OUTER CITY TROUBLES

We have touched somewhat on this through the book, but it's important to understand that the Crown plays a huge role in the phobic attitudes of the Inner City and even the Outer City. They constantly push the same tired-old rhetoric that boils down to transphobia, homophobia and more. After all, as the King often says, "It's easier to control a people when they're at each other's throats, conflict is good for business, and there are always broken eggs when you make a soufflé.

He actively ensures that his agents spread chaos, disorder, and phobic attitudes where they can so he can fan the flames of conflict.

The Inner City is firmly under his control, and he has made sure that the people here look at anyone who is different to themselves as lesser. You might be black and a corporate leader, but you're not going to give the time of day to a black transwoman from the Outer City and you wouldn't be seen dead talking to her.

The Outer City should be a mecca for trans-folk and non-binary folk, but sadly, thanks to the influence of notable antagonists such as Charles' Pride and We the People, things are not that great. Walk into many bars and you will find a bigot and a phobic asshole waiting to start something, pushing people around and loudly proclaiming to anyone who'll listen 'how it really should be'.

Some of these are plants by the Crown, but a great many are just as racist and bigoted as they always have been without good old Charles' influence.

Of course, thankfully, there are Cyberpunks like yourself who're willing to put a lead smile on the face of people like those. Even better, there are people who'll pay you Wonlong to do it.

HITMEN FOR THE NU-WORLD ORDER

The King won't officially tell you he sponsors a particular branch of his Enforcers, who specialise in actions which require a total lack of empathy or indeed even a soul. But he does, and he ensures that they work with the best that his dirty money can buy and are outfitted with state of the art equipment.

They are a shadow, a group of killers, and a bunch of thugs in hi-tech armour known as Kill Teams – the most famous of these thugs are the group known as — Kill-Team 101.

KILL-TEAM 101

Imagine if you took every intolerant scumbag, every bigot, racist, and phobic bully in London (both Outer and Inner), then gave them armour and a gun. You gave them a 'License to Kill' which certain spies would be proud of, and then told them to regain control of Outer City London by any means necessary.

THIS IS KILL-TEAM 101 IN A NUTSHELL.

Know a transman or woman who was gunned down recently, a black person who was harassed and then beaten to a pulp, or any minority who was killed in mysterious circumstances. You can bet good Won-long it was by the actions of KT101.

These despicable mercenaries roll out of their hidden lair in the Inner City and wage war on the streets of the Outer City almost daily. The news outlets cover it up, if they know what's good for them, and often spin it as 'gang related violence' putting the onus on other minorities and folk who really have nothing to do with it.

It keeps the people guessing, and more importantly it keeps the fires of war burning.

THE MANDATE OF KT101

- Cause chaos
- Destabilise
- Brutalise
- Break
- Harass
- Kill
- Sow dissent
- Point the Finger of Suspicion Elsewhere
- Target minorities
- Ferret out Dissidents
- Engage Cyberpunks and other Radicals
- Other Actions as defined by the Crown

You might notice that under the mandate there's nothing about — Upholding the law, which is pretty accurate since the King doesn't want the Outer City reclaimed and the law bringing to the lawless – where's the profit in that?

BRANCHES OF KT101

There are several branches of KT101 in action in London, and these are as follows —

ASSAULT

Violence by ranged or CQC are the staple skills of this branch, they are mostly concerned with the boots on the ground action and fighting against Cyberpunks who want to destabilise the status-quo. They hunt the gangs as well, and throw down regularly with the various Punks in the Outer City in bloody skirmish after skirmish.

They tend to be comprised of men and women who joined the riot squads of old, and found they had a penchant for excessive violence as a response – they are excellent at escalating an already volatile situation.

HIT SQUAD

Assassin would be another good name for the branch of KT101; these are men and women who are highly skilled at making targeted murders for the Cr[illegible] These folk are lethal operatives, trained to a h[illegible] degree of skill and excellent at ensuring th[illegible] of suspicion lands on the targeted party a[illegible] a kill.

They operate from the shadows, or even in plain sight, right up until the point their unsuspecting victim gets the point. Then they blend off and leave everyone non-the-wiser. They're also skilled at making someone die an accidental death.

Many are hand-picked by Commander Redfield after a quick test, which usually involves taking out someone for the Crown.



CYBER TEAM

Not every action that the KT101 performs is lethal in the real world; they target and harass marks in cyberspace as well. They employ skilled and often very anti-social elements in this branch of the team; these folk are excellent hackers and tech specialists who have transcended the regular skills of such folk.

The Cyber Team are responsible for targeted harassment, data breaches, and even overloads of certain neural based Cyberware. If they can find you on the net, they can kill your brain dead if the Crown wills it.

SOCIAL SQUAD

They walk past you in the street, they sit next to you in a bar, and they espouse their rhetoric in an attempt to see your reaction. The so-called Social Squad are good actors and whilst they're trained in combat, their prime goal is to evoke emotion from their targets. They're used as a metric to see who needs to be watched, eliminated, or harassed.

You have an argument with an angry beer swilling guy one night in a pub, you think nothing of it, it was banter and you said a few things when you were drunk. The following day or two, you get some shady folks hanging around, or a few warnings, or even a bullet through the gut. The Social Squad set you up for KT101's movers and shakers to do something about it.

They're usually failed students of psychology, or professionals in that field who espouse some seriously phobic views. As long as you can act the part, and you believe the rhetoric, the squad will take you in.

AGITATORS

Watch any riot or clash in London 2185 and you'll see the loud, the proud, and the obnoxious pushing for things to be taken up a notch. Agitators are members of KT101 who are deeply anti-social, violent and loud-mouthed. They have one purpose, to escalate a normally peaceful situation into a potential bloodbath.

Often used to cover the murder of someone important, or a target of KT101, the Agitators are good at their job and relish violence as a means of expression.

They like to express themselves a lot.

PRESS & MEDIA INFLUENCERS

The news networks and the media are big business in 2185, and London is no slouch in that regard. So KT101 employs subtle and clever writers, media personalities, and influencers to advance whatever agenda is on the cards for the day. The Press & Media Influencer branch is perhaps one of the most underestimated branches of the team.

With the right words these folk can turn a community or a gang against another, with the right story; they can create hysteria and breed contempt better than the Social Squad. They are another important tool for the Crown to get what it wants.

Hound News and Bulldog Network are just two of the team's top media outlets where they are Royalist through and through. Their programming shines a damning light on the Outer City problems and paints many of the people there as common, savage, barbarians who need to be put out of everyone's misery for the good of all.

Their damning expose on the Gangs of London has stirred up a veritable hornet's nest amongst the gang leaders, especially since many of the prominent gangs were left out of the limelight and now resent minor gangs for being the voice of London's Gang Movement.

It's telling that until yesterday, they didn't know some of these gangs existed, nor did they know there was a London Gang Movement.

Meanwhile, the King nods silently and rubs his hands as more and more lies roll out across the media.

NOTABLE FIGURES IN KT101

Each branch of KT101 is overseen by a particular Commander who looks after those branches' members; the notable exception to this is KT101's pet Assault Squad under Commander Redfield, who acts as the overall Commander of KT101 as well.

<<BEGIN PERSONNEL FILE>>

COMMANDER EVAN 'PIOUS' REDFIELD

Evan is a good example of how you don't need to be rich to be an asshole. Evan's family threw him out at the tender age of 15, and three weeks later their house burned to the ground with them still inside it. He was responsible; he killed them, and then burned the house to the ground to cover his tracks. All well and good, until a few years later when he was spotted agitating at a food riot and marked for recruitment by the King's Agents.

The King's Agent was impressed by the young man's lack of anything that resembled humanity, his psych-profile was perfectly suited for a project that she was overseeing at the time. The leader of the Kill Team 101 was in her sights, he just didn't know it yet.

Following his arrest by Crown Enforcers for the murder of a young black man at the riot, and the brutal assault of other minorities the agent outlined what was going to happen. For his lack of empathy, his total lack of compassion and his violent nature he was being given a job.

Evan was confused, because usually, you got put in jail for things like this.

Agent Annabel Throne came clean and told him what they planned, they outlined the idea of KT101 and Evan Redfield jumped at the chance. He could brutalise who he wanted, murder who he wanted, and the King would arm him for it?

He wanted to know where to sign.

Over the next years he was trained to the peak of the Enforcer's skill, given arms, armour, and gear enough to outfit a small army and with the help of Throne he moulded KT101 into what it is today. Evan 'Pious' Redfield is such a puritan that he eschews all Cyberware save for that which is mandatory, such as chips for tracking and the like.

The rest, he views as impure and often seeks to tear out offending Cyberware from anyone he defeats in the field.

Cyberpunks have another nickname for him, Evan 'the Ripper'.

Evan leads KT101 from the front, relishing in each and every engagement, pushing his squad to battle the different and the Cyberpunks for King and Country. He actively supports Charles' Pride and 'We the People' and when he's not suited and booted doing the work of the King out in the Outer City he can be found carousing bars and drunkenly proclaiming just how much he supports the king.

He's not a subtle man, at all.

LUCY HARPER

The exact opposite of Evan, Lucy Harper comes from money and she knows it. Her family has a large penthouse in a prestigious part of Inner London. She was trained as a Crown Agent at first and after several successful assassinations of the King's enemies, in both the Inner City and Outer City; she graduated to leading KT101's Hit Squad.

Her quiet manner and subtle nature mark her as a woman who knows not only how to kill, but how to do it with the utmost care and precision. Her unofficial nickname was the 'Scalpel' but she took a dislike to that, and the man who called it her. He was found dead in a back alley of Inner City London not long after, a scalpel sticking out of his throat.

No one called her that name again.

Lucy is still active out in the field, and she ensures that her squad maintains the same degree of professional conduct as she does. She greenlights all of the squad's missions and has a kill-list of potential targets updated daily.

These targets are selected based on a series of algorithms that have been hand-crafted by Lucy and take into account numerous variables. They also take into account the impact the death of that individual would have on the overall 'game plan' that the King has for the Outer City.

Lucy is a numbers girl, and this borders on an obsession. She's also extremely fastidious and clean, especially when it comes to murder. She hates violent and messy deaths, to her, death is an art form and just another expression – guided by the hand of one who sits upon the Throne of England.

Unlike Evan, Lucy is also pro augmentation and sees nothing wrong in supporting physical and mental skill with tech. As long as that tech is subtle and clandestine, that's where she draws the line – again it ties in with her idea that such things should be an art form.

A murderous robotic clunky monster, not something she can condone. A sleek cyber-ninja with lines of silver and white – yes – that's Lucy's ideal augmented assassin and one day she might just become her dream augment.

MINERVA JONES

What happens when your secure network, which holds all your dirty secrets, is compromised by a seven year old, bubble-gum popping pig-tail styled computer hacker. Do you kill them? Or do you recruit them into the fold and turn that cyber-terror into a weapon you can use against those people who you want to hurt?

If you said recruit, you'd be right. Agent Throne saw Minerva's potential when the young girl managed to break into the HQ's secure server at the age of seven. She stalled the Hit Squad sent to deal with the girl and her family, and arranged a kidnapping.

Of course, the parents were murdered in the attempt (sadly) and the Punks who did it were never caught. All part of the plan, since the Punks were members of KT101 and the murder was staged. The girl was taught to hate the Punks for what they'd done, and to love the Agent who recruited her in the first place and kept her safe.

Throne went so far as to take Minerva into her home and look after her.

It was all part of the plan, the social conditioning and method by which a talented seven year old grew to a royalist teenager with a hatred for the gangs who killed her parents. The perfect cyber-weapon in the war the King so desperately wanted to keep going.

Over time as her skills improved even further, Minerva was inducted into the Cyber Team of KT101 and moved swiftly from an operator into the role of Commander. Now in her early twenties, she's a force to be reckoned with and has access to the King's technology from which to ply her network hacks and tricks of the trade.

Minerva is a consummate hacker, a skilled programmer, and has been responsible for hacks and overloads through the Outer City tech web. Her agents are top of the class as well, trained by the girl, and hand-picked for the self-same traits which made Jones so interesting to Throne in the first place.

She's also ruthless, putting aside childhood things for revenge against the gangs who ruined her life. She will do any amount of dirty hacks to get even, and to protect her new family, she'd take down a whole city block of computers or kill anyone who got too close to her security.

Minerva also likes to throw jokes into her code, and her killer programs which are prototype and secret often feature amusing throw-away lines and comments.

Her favourite #comment is often, "Anticipation of Death is worse than Death itself." Usually found attached to a murderous bit of code which can cause a terminal to explode and maim or kill the user.

She's a lovely girl.

JAMES PETERBOROUGH

James is that guy down the pub who is somewhat well dressed, quite vocal, and gets more loquacious the more he drinks. It's all a con, since he's one of the best con-artists in the business and also the leader of the Social Squad of KT101. James is a failed actor, and skilled at social manipulation. He can play a role, but his views often got him in trouble.

He was fired for anti-trans sentiments a while ago, and that popped him up on the Throne's radar.

Throne's people engaged him in conversation and felt him out, they tested him, and they poked and prodded until they were satisfied. Before they could recruit him however, one of the people who he'd pissed off came after him in a car and knocked the man down. The driver of the hit and run was found a few days later in a burnt out van near the east side of the Outer City.

James' injuries weren't too severe, and Throne ensured that he had the best medical treatment – no expense spared. She also made certain he knew it was the King who footed the bill; after all, they could do no less for a loyal 'Son of England'.

Once he'd recovered enough, Throne setup a meeting with the two of them and explained that the Crown had dealt with the minority who had tried to kill him. She didn't elaborate who the driver was, but she out and out lied to get the reaction she required. She painted a picture of a murderous foreign dissident trying to silence a true blood royalist.

James bought into it, hook, line and sinker.

She told him that his work was vital and that the King was interested in his unique loquacious skill-set. She spun him a beautiful layered and perfect cake-of-lies and got what she wanted. James signed on the simulated dotted line.

He was given command of the Social Squad of KT101 the day after, and told to use his unique talents to push the royalist agenda amongst other things. Annabel ensured he had a full mission brief and a clear list of things she wanted the Social Squad to achieve. This, she said, was to be a test of his prowess and could lead to greater things.

James swallowed it all and uses his considerably social skill to do just that. He's not a truly evil man, not like Evan, but he is misguided and bigoted in many ways. He dislikes all foreign things and uses that social manipulation to push that bigoted trope on as many people as he can.

He gauges their reactions, and KT101 either has new recruits or targets.

Either way, it's win-win.

FLOYD 'BULLDOG' HUNT

Now we come to Floyd, the loudest and most proud of the Commanders. Floyd is a bully, an ex-chav who ran scared of his own shadow once. Until he got augmented, his strength enhanced, and failed to make the grade in the Charles' Pride group.

He's the product of too much booze, too much ego, and too much swagger.

He has the nickname Bulldog, not because he epitomises the ideal of the 20th Century — Great British Bulldog. He has the nickname based on his physical appearance, and his belligerent attitude.

He has outdated views on everything, and where some folks strive to be progressive, Floyd goes the other direction and heads towards bigoted, racist, homophobic, transphobic, and other ideas that fit right in with Annabel Throne's idea of what a good agitator should be.

He leads with actions now, his voice booming over others, and his fists always eager to get blood and booze on them. He stalks the clubs, the pubs, the streets, and the places where Cyberpunks and minorities go to gather. His M.O. is to always escalate the situation and pull in as many of his like-minded people as he possibly can.

For him a good night out ends up with someone going to the morgue in a body-bag and a trip to the hospital to get sutures put in.

As he often says, "Beer's only good for throwing, and the glass is good for slashing."

He pushes people hard, he annoys his fellow Commanders, and he gets on everyone's nerves. Basically, for the task he does, he's one hundred percent perfect.

It's not even an act either, this is the raw man, unlikeable, loud, violent, crass, rude, and more things than we could comfortably print. He's not a cartoon villain either, he's a real person who spends all his time at the pub and shouts abuse at your Trans friends when they're crossing the street.

He's a valuable tool in Evan's arsenal as well, the man knows just how to set Hunt off and often gives him target locations drawn from other areas of KT101's network. Then Hunt goes off to do his thing, and people end up injured, arrested, or dead.

He's also often used as cover for Lucy's actions, throwing an event into chaos, whilst the assassin moves in for the kill.

To KT101 he's an asset, and an arsehole, and that's just how they like it.

TRIP 'FOX' BADEN

Son of the famous newscaster Diane Wolfe Baden, Trip is a chip off his mother's block. He's another Inner City child born with a silver spoon augmented into his backside, and the product of a life where he's been moulded to think, eat, sleep, and breathe the King's law. Trip is a true-blood royalist and wears his bias on his sleeve.

He's also the Commander of the Press & Media Influence branch of KT101.

He's often known as the Word Assassin, since he can write damning reports and deliver them with utmost sincerity. Killing people's careers as much as he can have them targeted by hate mobs with just a few carefully chosen reports.

Trip is a master manipulator, a golden boy of the media, adored, loved, and worshipped by millions of fans internationally.

He's also a pain in the arse socially.

If you took all the worst traits of a rockstar, placed them in the role of a media reporter in 2185 and told them they were loved, adored, and could do no wrong from an early age Trip is the result.

He's a pampered child of the tech age who can wrap viewers around his little finger. That's until the cameras are off, then he's a tantrum throwing, manchild, with an ego the size of a small moon and an appetite for augmented people of all kinds.

His mother works hard to cover up his dirty laundry, and so does Throne, because Trip gets the best results from his media performance.

We just don't talk about the bodies in his many apartments, or the injuries he causes when he's had too much to drink or taken too many drugs. One of the reasons that they put him in charge of the branch he oversees, so they could keep a closer eye on him.

Lucy is just waiting for the order to deal with him, should his excesses and appetites get too out of hand. So far it hasn't come to that, but the spoilt rich-boy media star is dancing on thin ice and Evan is already arguing they need to find a replacement.

One by one all the other Commanders are beginning to agree with their leader.

Annabel Throne is reluctant to do anything yet, since he's still useful, and she doesn't want to lose Diana either. She's starting to realise that Trip might be too much of a loose cannon, and it would be best to court another media star altogether and sink the whole ship.

AGENT ANNABEL THRONE

No examination of KT101 would be complete without a quick foray into the mysterious Annabel Throne. It's hard to pinpoint just how she came to power, or who sponsored her, or how the heck she ended up having the ear of the King. Unkind rumours suggest that she's a synth, or a child born from the King's dalliances with women.

Those people who say such things do not survive for long.

Annabel is meant to be a mystery, she's an enigma wrapped in a conundrum and embodies a very corporate secretary appearance. She appears almost too good to be true, and under that demeanour is a killer who can snap the neck of a friend or foe in the time it takes them to breathe one single breath in or out.

Snap...

To describe her as a corporate assassin would be somewhat unkind, to call her a fixer, would be a serious underestimation of her abilities. Simply put, Throne is by very name, a servant of the Crown and uncompromising in that regard.

She has a license to kill, she can spy, she can assassinate anyone on the King's order and she's above all but the King's own law.

Arrest her, she will slip free.

Annabel Throne is vital to England's plan and the Crown's top agent. She is extremely pleasant to deal with, spins webs of intrigue better than anyone else in England, and always ensures she nor the Crown can be caught in that very web.

Any more would be to reveal one of London 2185's core secrets, and shine a light on a mystery yet to be solved.

God Save the King.exe

<<END OF PERSONNEL FILE>>

KT101 HQ

There are two buildings of note that function as the HQ for KT101 and they are detailed as follows, primarily so that a group of Cyberpunks who fancy taking the fight to these foes can do so, with the help of the GM of course. Each location is presented with some ideas of the physical security as well as the cyber-security along with a few key rooms and a few secrets which can be used as story hooks for the game.

USING THE HQS

We want to stress that KT101 is not a Player Org and the Cyberpunks should never join it, unless they're planning to infiltrate the group and strike at them from within. KT101 is in response to a desire for Cyberpunks that want to battle against a terrible group of people in 2185 and fight fascism and phobia – this is something that London 2185 is drowning in thanks to the likes of the King and his people.

This HQ is a small bunker compared to central command in the Inner City, but it can make for some great infiltration and stealth based scenarios where the Cyberpunks can break in to rescue an NPC friend, or even better, someone who might later turn out to be a friend.

If Cyberpunks are captured by KT101 in the Outer City, they're likely to end up here, so again it's a good way of introducing the idea of 'down but not out' to the game. A daring break-in is a good scenario to rescue a trapped Player Character, as long as it's handled responsibly and carefully by the GM.

We strongly advise against running torture scenarios, or causing trauma to players using this content and suggest a fade to black approach. But if your Cyberpunks want to shoot and punch KT101, that's something they're going to have to deal with since the team aren't pushovers and even their smallest HQ is a very defensible bunker.

THE OLD GAFFER PUB

KT101 is no stranger to the need to hide in plain sight, so they operate their Outer City HQ clandestinely from a public house called the Old Gaffer Pub. Situated on a cross-street between a strip club and a porn theatre, the Old Gaffer is the last place you'd think to find a HQ for a heavily armed and armoured kill team such as 101.

The idea for this location came from an unlikely source, the very outlandish and loud mouthed Bulldog Hunt. It didn't take long for the KT to establish a HQ here in a fake pub and fill it with top tier operatives and actors, playing the role of drunks and dissidents, Punks and punters alike.

The true HQ lies beneath the pub's exterior and is heavily guarded bunker packed with hi-tech security and gun-toting thugs for hire.

It's the perfect place for Cyberpunks to hit, who want to make a name for themselves.

THE PUB

The Old Gaffer is a typical Outer City London pub; it clings on to the old days and bears a few trappings of the 2185 modern world. Really it's all a con, and every bit of the old style furniture and design is made from modern materials and faked. It's pretty much an elaborate film set crafted by KT101's best designers and creators.

The Bar is a comfortable place, there are old chairs, there's a big tv and the landlord is more than welcoming. He's a holographic actor playing a part, good old Al, who'll listen to your sob stories, pour you another round and say just the right thing to make you feel better even though he's powered by artificial intelligence and software.

He could also order someone to put a shotgun blast through your gut or stab you several times with a combat knife. So don't be fooled by that loveable slightly gruff hologram you think's your friend.

The same can be said about the cast of colourful characters who sit at the bar stools, play games at the tables and talk about their day to day. Ninety percent of these folks are capable killers or brawlers, and at least sixty percent of them are armed to the teeth under their jackets and coats – then again, isn't everyone in London, so what's new there, right?

For the most part though, the actors keep to their roles and let the pub remain their stage.

BENEATH THE OLD GAFFER

Once you pass through the hidden entry in the backroom of the bar, accessed via a complex series of biometric locks and a retinal scan, you're into the Lion's Den, the unofficial nickname of KT101's HQ. A short trip down a lift later and the door opens into a stubby hallway.

Hallway Entry: A clean and clinical hallway, two sentry guns are hidden behind the walls and one heavy turret is planted firmly in ceiling. This warm welcome is reserved for anyone who doesn't pass the biometric scan and the retinal scan. Visitors must be logged into the system, or the security AI will blast them to bits.

Common Area: This area is accessed by the Hallway Entry door, and contains enough furniture and features to make it almost friendly. It's a place where the KT101 squads can relax and kick back, talk tactics and go over events. There are a few amenities here, and a large holo tv to allow them to keep up with news and other broadcasts.

Interrogation Room: There is only one room of this kind in the Outer City bunker, and it's packed with state of the art A.I. driven lie-detector equipment which reads a variety of data from numerous sensors and sources. There are recording facilities and a one-way mirror to observe suspects.

Cells: There are twelve identical cells situated in a long corridor at the back of the facility. They are designed to hold a variety of folks. From non-augmented to the fully augmented, they have little in the way of comfort.

Network Hub: The heart of the facility, the network hub contains the various computer systems and tech staff that operate them 24/7. This also includes a vast amount of surveillance data drawn from hidden and drone cameras operating throughout Outer London. The security on this connection is tight and whilst it's possible to compromise the system from the outside, the hacker is going to have to be world class to deal with the systems in place.

Server Room: All that data needs to be stored somewhere and it's here you'll find the hardware which enables KT101 to store all sorts of info.

Command HQ: Otherwise known as the War Room to everyone in command at KT101, this is where the decisions are made by the leaders of the various branches and those who act as second in command. There are data feeds, monitors, and all sorts of hi-tech equipment packed into what looks essentially like a World War 2 central command. Crown Estates iconography exists everywhere in here, and there are many motivational posters.

Armoury: If KT101 needs to kit up or gain access to weapons, they can do so here. All the lockers are secured with biometric locks and other security devices. There's a wealth of Crown Estates tech here for savvy Cyberpunks to liberate should they break in.

Generator: A facility such as this needs power, power which controls the air-con and other environmental factors of the bunker, as well as providing light and a means to run all their tech. The generator has a backup hidden somewhere else in the facility, and will alert HQ if the power system is tampered with.

SECRET DATA IN THE BUNKER

Obviously the team stores a lot of data in those servers, so you can imagine all the juicy details which are ripe for the picking. It's the perfect foil for a scenario or two where a Punk gang asks the Cyber-

punks to get into the location and pull as much data as possible without being caught.

What they find on the surface is personal data, psych profiles, and operational statistics for the key members and the other numerous Kill Teams who operate around the zone.

If they dig deeper they'll find a hidden data stream.

The data stream is locked up tight, encrypted and contains only a few hints to the nature of the beast – but it's enough for a potential story arc to develop and a really cataclysmic end-game scenario for the Cyberpunks to fight against.

They'll find something terrible, something called the 'Great Leveller' – it's a nasty piece of code that runs through a nano-virus and it's designed to target specific genetic data strands in living creatures.

The long and short of it, if they don't like your gender or colour of your skin they can send the Leveller to reduce you to goo. Or they would if they had finished the monster; fortunately, it's not out of the early prototype stages – yet.

The Bunker is also a great place to introduce some prototype tech, a new killer machine, or a weapon of sorts that the Crown is keen to test out on the unsuspecting populace.

INNER CITY HQ • THE KILL HOUSE

When the uninitiated hear the nickname of the HQ for the Kill Teams in the Inner City, they think instantly of a bloody abattoir-style mega-structure with hidden traps and rooms full of brutal murderous implements designed to prolong suffering,

The Kill House is far from that. The central HQ for the Kill Teams operating in and around London is hidden away in a huge Corp Tower. One of the Crown Estates many corporation buildings and in a similar fashion to the Old Gaffer, there's a public face, and a hidden face to the location.

CROWN ESTATE RELATIONS OFFICE

Every company loves good PR and PR is key to maintaining the public image and ensuring that any problem goes away, in one way or another. The CERO Office has branches in both the Royal Tower and also acts as a front for the Kill House. None other than the talented and smooth-talking Annabel Throne acts as the CEO of CERO, operating from her spacious penthouse office suite at the top of the gigantic structure.

CERO functions properly as well, and whilst the roles within the office complex are filled with agents loyal to the Crown, they also act in those roles in a professional capacity. A great copywriter can produce some amazing corporate text on one floor, whilst an ace graphic designer can turn it into the latest design for use in a holographer's presentation.

All three can also kill you in a variety of ways.

Every member of CERO's staff is some form of trained combatant, which is likely going to be a nasty surprise for Cyberpunks who underestimate them.

The maze-like interior of cubicles and office space has been designed by the CERO team's best designers; it serves a couple of purposes. One, it can be highly confusing for anyone who isn't working in the building to navigate, providing cover and concealment for the office staff in case of an attack, and two there are hidden passages, weapon caches and traps laid out through the whole complex on every single floor.

These range from lethal devices to non-lethal, as well as attack drones and robots.

Cyberpunks who assault CERO will have a hard fight on their hands, and the further up the tower they go, it'll get harder. More and more highly trained agents are going to stand against them, and when a janitor armed with a knife or a gun comes

at them, they might work out something isn't quite right.

ANNABEL THRONE'S PENTHOUSE

Right atop the CERO Tower sits the HQ of Annabel Throne; one of the Kings's most trusted and prized agents. If Cyberpunks make it this far, then they either cheated, or they're just that damn good. The luxurious, well defended, secure and kitted-out penthouse is a mini-fortress that can keep Annabel safe from attack.

Not as though she'd retreat and run scared, though she might play possum to throw her assailants off balance.

Throne has a personal security A.I. which can coordinate defence in the case of assault, trigger traps and raise bulletproof barriers from the floor to block gunfire. Throne can do all this too from a remote control she has built into her body. The A.I. is meant to take some of the pressure off her however, and she won't hesitate to turn the system to auto to deal with Cyberpunks who break in.

The system can also unleash attack drones and robots to defend the zone.

Otherwise the office functions as other offices, acting as a command centre for the CERO operations and packed with important devices. There's a meeting room, an entertainment suite, private quarters, and more attached to the area.

There's also a huge holographic projection suite which allows Annabel to give presentations, manipulate designs in real time. Away from prying eyes, she can coordinate KT101 and other Kill Team's activities in London.

At the back of the office is a panic room, which also contains a secure escape vehicle that allows Throne to flee if she has no other choice. The King would rather she survive since she is key to certain End Game plans he has for the city.

Finally, Throne has a personal landing pad/helipad atop the penthouse which allows her to commute to and from work, both in style, and away from prying eyes.

Notes: Annabel Throne is extremely good at what she does, and she is extremely talented in combat – she should evoke the kind of fear that a T800, Predator, or Darth Vader does... only with a cool confident and entirely Bond-esque manner. She is here to be a villain that the Cyberpunks can work hard to take down and they should never be able to one-shot her until right at the end of a long story arc. We strongly suggest that her presence is felt rather than seen for a long time, a data trail of clues which lead eventually to Throne's doorstep and then introduce her from a distance – the trim-cut lines of a power-dressing corp woman stepping in or out of a vehicle. Her hand felt more and more in things that the Cyberpunks encounter until eventually they come face to face with her and hopefully regret it.

INTOLERANCE BENEATH, AKA: THE KILL HOUSE

CERO is just one part of the whole story, the bigger part and the most dangerous and lucrative for the Cyberpunks is the Kill House. It's the lair of the various Kill Teams and the proper HQ of Evan's KT101 squad. If you're thinking heavily fortified hidden military bunker, with rooms, corridors, armed personnel and labs within then you're right. It makes some of the King's own bunkers look tame in comparison and there's room down here for a large army, their weapons, their vehicles and projects.

They never need to see the light of day either, since the Kill House is one hundred percent self-sufficient and much of it operates on closed networks for added security.

The entry to the Kill House is a closely guarded secret and hidden in the underground car-park at the CERO Tower. There are numerous security measures on the main lift, as well as a large vehicle lift for the KT's assault vehicles and any flying vehicles are launched from a hidden bay in the CERO tower courtyard.

This is proper espionage turned to military might kind-of planning.

Kill House is hundreds of feet below, protected by reinforced and armoured materials, state of the art security, and millions of credit chips worth of money poured into the lair's other elements. It's where the people's hard earned pay goes, for the most part.

All so the King can ensure he has a private army, a branch of the Enforcers who are doubly-loyal to him and a place to run to if everything goes wrong.

He's not a fool.

The Kill House would also be beyond the scope of this book to fully detail, plus, we really want to leave some things for the GM to paint. So what follows is a sketch of the most important locations and the key things that invading Cyberpunks might find out if they manage to breach the bunker in the first place.

Lift Entry: This large chamber is where the main lift terminates; it also contains access corridors, mag-lev trains to other parts of the facility and enough security to ensure that unwanted guests leave in a body-bag. There are automated gun-turrets and attack robots hidden in this zone.

Central Zone: A massive area which has many corridors, each one leads off to a deeper place in the facility. The Central Zone is patrolled by guardian bots and drones, as well as armoured KT members who shoot to kill on sight. A network of cameras watches everything and hidden mics record all.

Mess Hall: A huge area where the members of KT101 and the other Kill Teams can come together, there are hundreds of chairs across numerous tables. The noise is deafening and the food, well, we don't talk about the food.

Barracks: Sleeping quarters for the soldiers of the Kill Teams, packed like sardines into various bunks with little comfort.

Armoury: You can find high tech weapons, armour, gear, and more here in the armoury. The Kill Teams are well equipped and well-funded. When they go to war, they bring more than the thunder – they bring the whole storm.

Squad Commander Block: Whilst the soldiers live in cube-like quarters and bunks, the Commanders such as Evan have a luxury apartment with a lot of space and facilities. It's just one of the perks of the job according to Annabel Throne.

Generator Zone: A top class secret bunker like this needs state of the art generator and power tech to keep it going, luckily for the Kill Teams they have just that in a dedicated and secure zone which provides all their power requirements.

Life Support: Air recycling systems and filter systems operations, attached to the Generator Zone.

Engineering Block: It's a massive zone full of techs, machines, and equipment which also contains prototype tech and test labs.

Security Zone: This is where all the highly trained security officers have monitoring equipment, offices, sleeping quarters and their own armoury.

Science Block: This highly secure zone is where KT's top scientists work on numerous projects, usually to support the weapon's research from the Engineering teams. Bio science, chemical science and more happens here behind closed doors.

Network Block: The hackers who work as part of the KT are here, with a vast array of computer tech and a huge network server farm in a super-cooled room next door. They can also pipe their code to the Engineers and Science teams especially when cooking up the likes of the Great Leveller.

Command & Control: The beating heart of the Kill House, all operations are routed through here and the network systems, information handling, and equipment combine to create a surveillance landscape of the whole of London. It is a vast, massive room with rows and rows of systems that dwarfs the likes of NASA's Mission Control in the past.

Interrogation Block: It's a sad state of affairs when you see these rows and rows of soulless interroga-

tion cubicles, some empty, some packed with souls who have been taken by the Kill Teams in raids. If it makes you want to burn the whole thing to the ground, then you are definitely a Cyberpunk at heart.

Cell Block: People are kept here against their will, with no comfort and very few amenities. There are hundreds of cells, and like the Interrogation Block it's a miserable place. It's also patrolled by armed security, drones, and bots.

Execution Area: This is where the Kill House takes its name from. It's a large training area based on an urban locale where the squads can hunt down live targets, which is according to Evan, better than shooting them out the back.

Training Area: This is a vast warehouse style area where numerous situations can be simulated, this is where the Kill Teams train, improve, let off steam and practise for the field.

Shooting Range: Weapons can be tested here, fired and graded. The results are often sent back to the various networked systems to ensure the labs get the most info.

THE GREAT LEVELLER

The first part of the code for this monstrous creation is found in the Old Gaffer pub, or rather the HQ beneath it. The rest of the puzzle is found in the labs of the Kill House. This deadly prototype nano-virus is lethal and is reaching a workable state in the hands of the science and code team here at the HQ.

Annabel Throne is pleased with the progress, but also worried that the virus could also be a step too far even though she's fiercely loyal. She's not a fool and understands the dangers of such a thing. This is a good point for any GM who really wants Throne in their campaign, but would love to play a twist, to have her side with Cyberpunks in the shadows in an attempt to destroy the KT Nano-Virus codename — TGL.

There are six parts to the virus and one of those is a physical counterpart to the code, a hefty cocktail of chemicals, bacteria, and tiny malign machines willing to tear you apart at a molecular level. We're not directly explaining the tech behind the GL virus, because we believe that GMs should put their own spin on things.

But Cyberpunks who attack the Kill House and seek out the virus will have to defeat the code protection and net based terrors waiting for them, since to truly destroy it, they're going to have to jack in and hope they don't burn out!

To add one final layer of complexity and put a fly in the ointment, the code key to completely disable the virus is in the hands of Evan 'Pious' Redfield. Who isn't going to hand it over willingly...

BREACHER LANDING PAD
•OUTER CITY•

Travel in 2185 is expensive, and the Crown knows this, they want it to be the purview of the rich and famous – yet they don't want the fuel hungry, smelly, loud and disruptive Breacher vehicles thundering outside their lovely apartments every day and night.

So they relocated the Breacher Landing Pad in the Outer City, surrounded it with security and thick walls, gun turrets and guards. They knocked down a lot of prime real estate to build it, and made hundreds of people homeless.

More were made homeless since the exhaust from the Breachers is pushed out into the surrounding zone, and this is just not good for the environment at all. In fact, there are virtually no eco-systems near the Breacher Landing Pad.

Only the toughest scavengers bother to search near it as well, the ruins of the old world still giving some tantalising loot from the past.

Breachers operate from here daily, and a large subterranean subway system connects the city to the landing pad. Again, the trains are the purview of those who can afford to travel, and the Crown Enforcers who ride the rails daily aren't likely to play nice with anyone who shouldn't be riding along with them.

Inner City Hub 1 is the transit point for the Breacher Trains, which leads to the giant landing pad, which rises up from the ground to dominate the Outer City's far skyline as the shuttles tear upward on pillars of fire. Or return down throwing debris around for miles as their powerful engines roar.

Some of the nearby tunnels are used by smugglers, a fact which has thus so far eluded the Crown Enforcers. They are able to move vast quantities of goods through these dangerous routes, and avoid any Crown Enforcer attention. They have to contend with rival smuggler gangs, dangerous roving bandits and cannibalistic people who made these tunnels their homes after things went to hell.

The constant danger of flooding is also present, since the water near where the Breacher Pad tunnels are located is dangerously close to some of the tunnel walls. One wrong move, one explosion caused by a weapon igniting a pocket of gas and vast sections of the lower tunnel network could become a watery grave in an instant. Of course, those people who know these tunnels well might just do that to kill off rivals for good. If the Crown even discovered this, they would certainly detonate bombs to cause a massive flood and cut these routes off for good.

AT THE FRONT LINE OF WAR

London is a hotbed of conflict, and whilst much of it is engineered by the King and his agents such as KT101, the resultant flashpoints created by these actions have resulted in a zone of near-constant skirmishes that the inhabitants of the city call — the Clash.

THE CLASH

This is an area of London near the edge of the Outer City which marks the warzone between Corps and Punks. The Clash is several miles of rubble, ruined buildings, dangerous back alleys and lethal high ground where Punk and Corp fighters battle each other almost daily. The noise of conflict is deafening, and the thunk-thunk-thunk of augmented soldiers and Punk combatants beats to a rhythm which sounds like the beat of a war drum.

The Clash is also the area where a lot of old world tech can be found, there's Wonlong to be made here by getting to it and avoiding the Punks and Corps. No one takes kindly to their war being disturbed, and the Corps absolutely hates it when scavengers come searching the ruins looking for an easy payday.

Then there's Wonlong in acting as Mercs for the Punks, who'll pay a good sum for more bodies thrown into the grinder. They'll support anything which keeps the Corps off balance and draws fire away from their operations.

SCAVENGER'S DELIGHT

Organic material is worth a veritable boatload of Wonlong, so the Clash is a great place for scavengers to find old furniture, a slightly broken sideboard is a King's ransom to the right collector and if you find an intact armchair, well, you can't retire on it, but you'll be sitting comfortably on a pile of credit chips.

THE FIRST RULE OF FIGHT CLUB

Punch, kick, gouge, and violently assault your opponent in the most effective way possible, then brag to your friends about it after. Fight Clubs in London are back, and they went underground in the Outer City because the Crown Enforcers take umbrage to people pummelling the heck out of each other for fun, profit, and to settle a bet.

There are a lot of these arenas in London in 2185, and all of them have one thing in common – they expect blood and entertainment. They are a good place to earn a fist full of credit chips, as well as a fist to the face. If you are into that kind of thing, you're going to love the various arenas which are considered some of the most popular ones in the city.

Here's a rundown of a few of the more interesting places where you can go to break some jaws.

SWAGGER'S BRAWL-HOUSE

Ewan Swagger, an ex-cyber-league prize fighter runs this den of blood and broken bones, he ensures that all fights are fair, and all opponents are kept at the right weight class. He isn't a bad sort, but you just don't want to ask him about the final fight he had with Max Chrome Harrison, which ended with Max Chrome losing half of his face to Swagger's red-fury temper.

One on one is the name of the game here, and Max allows solid bets on fighters. He punishes any crooked games harshly, and he's often willing to step into the ring with anyone who he finds fixing the fights.

SCARLETT JOSEPHINE'S DOJO

On the surface it seems like a respectable place to learn how to fight, but if you spend any time in this old rundown warehouse, you'll find that Scarlett, the

sensi, is more than willing to take you down below and punch the arrogance out of you.

She's an athletic woman, augmented and used to train the Crown Enforcers until she quit after she broke her commanding officers jaw, pelvis, sternum, and collarbone. She left a trail of injured Enforcers in her wake and vanished off their radar.

Scarlett runs all kinds of fights from the basement ring, cares little for fairness, and lives to watch people get punched.

THE GOLD STANDARD

Gold is a trans man, a wicked fighter in their day, someone who saw a lot of hell during the wars against the corps that followed. Now, Gold is the best fight caller on the circuit and has an amazing voice. People flock from miles around to hear his callouts and they pay a lot of credit chips to get into Gold's exclusive fight club — the Gold Standard.

A golden voice, a golden attitude, and a kick-ass way of calling fights as they happen ensure that Gold's own fight ring is the place for everyone to go to see conflict on a grand scale.

Battles are big, bold, brash, and there's a huge custom arena for 20 vs 20 matches.

CHROME & BLOOD

When you want to see some old fashioned violence, no aesthetic appeal and brutal combat which include machetes and broken bottles – you go to Chrome & Blood. The Punk approved one-stop fight club with a difference.

Chrome & Blood is a huge bar which operates out of sight, serves the most headache-inducing booze in the city and combines all this with loud music and a diet of pure violence. It's not so much a Fight Club as it is an experience.

After a few pints, a few rounds of 'Smash the Crown in the Arse' by the Madd Labs, the patrons are ready to break everyone's faces no matter who they are.

At that point, down come the security screens on the bar and the bets are made through the specially designed betting terminals.

Not a place to go for a quiet night out.

THE MOSH PIT

The brainchild of Anna Poker, the Mosh Pit is a venue that serves up fighting where you can challenge anyone to spend time in the huge pit at the centre of the room. Not as brutal as the Chrome & Blood method, since no weapons are allowed in the pit, but still a diet of blood, broken teeth, and bruised egos for the people who participate.

A pot of credit chips goes to the person who remains standing at the end of the night.

Big Denny is the current champion of the pit, a huge brawler who managed to stay in the pit for over an hour until everyone else was out cold. He then continued to throw himself around, punching the air and raging out until he finally fell over in the corner. Content and exhausted.

The Mosh Pit is also one of the places where notable Punk bands come to play, since there's a stage for live music at the back of the pit area.

THE KILL BOX

This is the place where professional mercs go to settle scores, a lethal no-holds barred death-match arena, capable of hosting massive battles and fights. Situated off the beaten track, and packed into a group of warehouses, connected by tunnels and kill zones, the Kill Box is the one place that you never want to wander into by mistake.

Bets are high, the people who do so watch the fights from the safety of large displays and there's a huge tracking suite in place to ensure everyone is monitored. The brainchild of Evan 'Pious' Redfield, this is Kill-Team 101's Fight Club in the Outer City and no one knows it.

They think that the owner, Scavvy Jack is the one calling the shots but he's just one of KT101's operatives working as part of their Social Squad.

If KT101 wants you to vanish, and you have been extremely vocal about the King, this is often where you'll end up – hunted down by mercs for sport in a battle for survival where the rich bet on your skills.






MANHATTAN

PART 1 • THE BASICS

SLANG

1K FREE. A division in cybernetically-enhanced mixed martial arts competitions. It indicates competitors with no restrictions on the types of cybernetics they employ, save for a 1 000lb weight limit.

CRASHBALL. A violent and fast-paced ball game played as a professional sport via an international league. New York's team, the New York Nemesis, plays at Madison Square Garden.

GOLDENROD, THE. The Lanza Del Oro, corporate embassy of the Garcia Group, formerly the Chrysler Building. Also known by various names referring to its phallic nature.

HOT PROWL. A home invasion rave party held by the Club Kids subculture, characterized by the use of sound-deadening fields to prevent discovery.

KROG DOG. A fast food item associated with Manhattan street vendors. Consists of a large sausage and various combinations of toppings, wrapped in layers of pita bread.

LAB RAT. A human laboratory test subject, especially one who has escaped.

MANHATTAN MINUTE. A short time, especially a short window of opportunity. 'Once you get your Manhattan Minute in the entertainment business, you gotta grab that chance or go home.'

MORLOCK. Someone originating from Manhattan's Underbelly, usually born there, with distinctive physical traits.

NEOMEDICI. Hugely influential weekly fashion and culture publication. Available in all electronic and hard copy formats.

NEO-ELIZABETHAN. A style, primarily in clothing, combining Elizabethan elements such as ruffs, slashed layers and heavy embroidery, with modern materials and fashion.

PATRONAGE. A system similar to that in Renaissance Europe whereby works of art, theatre and culture are enabled by wealthy patrons, who in turn require themselves to be portrayed positively.

SYSTEM, THE. The combination of elite patronage, celebrity status and reliance on corporate customers that keeps the majority of Manhattan's population subservient to the diplomatic elite.

CITY OVERVIEW

The crown jewel of North America – of the planet! A dizzying microcosm of wealth, beauty, art and fashion, the highest of high life, the grandest of grandeur. The apple of the Big Apple's eye, the place where all roads lead, the city within the City That Never Sleeps. The Capital of the World. Manhattan!

It's a shithole, unless you're rich.

This sourcebook contains everything you need to create cyberpunk adventures in Manhattan, the island borough of New York and capital of the corporate world. It is not a book about New York – no single book could cover the scope and diversity of all Five Boroughs. Instead it focuses on Manhattan Island, which has been taken over by megacorp interests since the World Corporate Forum, the megacorp equivalent of the United Nations, was established here during the fall of the world's governments. Manhattan forms its own world, with its power structures, economy, conflicts, heroes and villains, where the stakes are highest and the rewards the biggest. It is glamorous. It is dazzling. It is dangerous.

Manhattan is a place of the severest contrasts between rich and poor, powerful and powerless, apparent beauty and inner ugliness. It is here that the megacorps of the world have decided to hold court and set up their respective embassies, creating a class of diplomatic corporate elites who compete to see who can revel in the grandest expenditure. It is also a place with a literal Underbelly, the warrens of abandoned subways, sewers and basements, where a host of the dispossessed and parasitic live off the leavings of the people above.

Physically, Manhattan is an island surrounded by the Hudson, East and Harlem rivers, forming one of the five boroughs of New York. In 2185 its limits remain broadly the same as two hundred years earlier, although it now encompasses several new man-made islands on the Hudson and East Rivers. It is connected to the mainland by several bridges. Manhattan is broadly divided into three area – Uptown to the north, Midtown, and Lower Manhattan to the south – though its historically significant neighborhoods have lost their definition under the various corporate regimes. Central Park still forms a rectangle of green among the concrete, though now half of it is dominated by the opaque dome of the NeueHoffnung, the Regierung Kybernetik embassy, and the other half by a dense jungle of bioengineered vegetation.

Manhattan is the most densely populated of the New York boroughs, and real estate on the island is among the most expensive in the world. Restricted by the price of land and the physical borders of an island, Manhattan expands upwards, not outwards, and its buildings form forests of skyscrapers that have only got taller as technology has enabled them. Rent on Manhattan is universally and famously high. The Upper West Side and Upper East Side apartments overlooking Central Park are the most expensive private residences, per square foot, in the world. Upwards of three million people live on Manhattan Island and they all pay for it one way or another.

CULTURE OF MANHATTAN IN 2185

Manhattan society is defined by the System, a way of life and social order that echoes medieval feudalism and Renaissance patronage. The diplomats representing the megacorps, in the salons and theatres of Broadway as well as the floor of the World Corporate Forum, are engaged in an unending competition to be seen. Their lavish expenditure on fashion, artistic patronage and their obscenely huge and luxurious embassies fuels Manhattan's economy. Everyone else on Manhattan is involved in somehow supporting this cycle of conspicuous consumption of the diplomatic class — making their fashion, entertaining them, selling them drugs, providing them with security, manning their embassies, maintaining their private transportation, making their art, driving their limos, crafting their cosmetic augmentations,

and a thousand other functions. Everyone locked in this cycle of service and expenditure is part of the System. Though the System has no official designation, almost everyone living above street level in Manhattan is a part of it.

The role of a diplomat is to represent their megacorp in the World Corporate Forum, but they have evolved over time to do much more than that. They represent their megacorp everywhere – the opera houses, the galas, the museums and galleries, the tea ceremonies and feasts, the public events at Times Square and the front row at Madison Square Garden. If a diplomat does not do their duty and get themselves seen here in Manhattan's world of wealth and culture, then the other megacorps' representatives will, and that is handing the competition an advantage. The megacorps take to Manhattan's stage to confirm their place at the top of the world's pecking order, and that is something they will pay unlimited amounts of Wonlongs to do.

Outside the diplomatic class are the people who serve them. Most of them cling to the corporation they serve, either a megacorp or one of the smaller businesses that supply what the System needs. These are the working stiffs who form the oppressed foundations of the System. Aping the diplomatic class is the norm among them, whether it be paying the minimum deference to the whims of fashion or slavishly aping the style of Manhattan's star diplomats. Devotion to a megacorp bordering on religion is not unknown, and the megacorps all encourage such worship to form a pool of loyal patsies who can be exploited and recruited. These are the people who dream of joining the ranks of the megacorps and walking the halls of their elevated world, and who almost never make it.

Then, there is the Underbelly. Though they might rail against the System, and many of them have deliberately abandoned it, the inhabitants of this subterranean world have their own role within it. This is where the dispossessed live — not just the poor, but the banished, the condemned and the fugitive. It is in the Underbelly that you will find Manhattan's cyberpunks, and there are plenty of them because Manhattan is a constant source of the filthiest kind of work.

Not everything that needs to be done in Manhattan can be done legally or without scandal, and for such dirty work would-be employers turn to the Underbelly. Whether it's someone who needs eliminating, a rival embassy that must be broken into, an industrial spy who needs protecting or a tenement block that needs shaking down, the gangs and punks of the Underbelly are only too eager to take a handful of Wonlong to do the job without leaving a paper trail.

Manhattan's cyberpunks inhabit this world and graft off it like everyone else. They tend to be more specialized that the gangs, boasting the capacity for off-the-books hacking, tech hijacking and assassination far more complex than the gangs, but with a similar level of deniability. Some actively work for the megacorps and take whatever Wonlong their overlords drip down to their level. Others are aggressively anti-corp and do whatever they can to sabotage and publicly humiliate the megacorps – of course, more often than not they're acting off intel or work offers that originate from a rival of their target corps. Cyberpunks love to perpetuate the image that they are railing against the corporate System, but they are just as vulnerable as everyone else to becoming a part of that same system. In Manhattan this is doubly true, as every megacorp has shady black bag operations it needs committed against rival corps that must be done off the books because of the many layers of diplomatic immunity and corporate treaties involved.

Just getting into Manhattan involves entering into the System. Every bridge over the East, Harlem and Hudson rivers onto the island is monitored by the NYPD and the megacorps, who use facial recognition and vehicle registration databases to build up a thorough picture of everyone who enters and leaves Manhattan. This means anyone boasting the right authority or bank balance can acquire a list of everyone present on Manhattan. For this reason, one source of revenue for the Underbelly gangs is guiding people through the labyrinth of tunnels leading from the mainland onto the island, always with a significant toll. Plenty of gangs simply rob and kill these would-be Manhattanites, since anyone trying to enter the Capital of the World unseen probably won't be missed.

MANHATTAN AESTHETICS

Approaching Manhattan from the ocean, as immigrants and visitors have done for hundreds of years, the first thing you see is the Statue of Liberty. She stands as she has since her construction, and perhaps someone familiar with historic images of Manhattan might feel their hearts leap with joy as they imagine that wondrous skyline is still to greet them. But then the truth of the city begins to emerge, and the 2185 skyline bleeds up from the horizon as if the island were hemorrhaging light and steel.

Manhattan is covered in gigantic television screens, all of them playing loops of current affairs, advertisements and pop culture, carefully curated by the megacorps. Every skyscraper is clad in video screens, and the skyscrapers are crammed in like passengers on a HaloWay platform. Aerial vehicles buzz between them and private skyway bridges form thoroughfares dozens of storeys above street level. The HaloWay, the highly elevated transport that links many of the skyscrapers and megacorp embassies, rings the whole of Manhattan, sending magnet-impulse bullet trains around the island at dizzying speeds. The skyline is punctuated by the attention-grabbing edifices of the megacorp embassies, such as the bright golden needle of the Lanza Del Oro and the white stone Medi-Strike embassy on the artificial Caduceus Island. The Floating World, aerostat-based embassy of the Kasai Corporation, trails silk banners from its fleet of crimson airships.

Skyscrapers dominate much of Manhattan, especially Lower Manhattan where countless smaller corps cluster on the island's southern tip as if clamoring for attention from the megacorps. Most skyscrapers house multiple corporations that have chosen to spend the exorbitant amount of money for a Manhattan address, either to reap the kudos of being housed in the Capital of the World, or because their business requires physical proximity to the megacorp embassies and the diplomatic class. Skyscrapers form canyons of glass and steel, with the upper levels covered in video screens and criss-crossed by the web of skyways overhead.

Elsewhere, New York's historical aesthetics clash and compete with the tastes of the megacorps. Midtown now extends north to the boundaries of Central Park and includes the neighborhoods where the diplomatic class have their residences. What they lack in size, they make up for in luxury and exclusivity. Nestling among the marble and transplanted brownstones of Midtown's corporate housing are less wealthy areas, sporting buildings hundreds of years old, inhabited by those from smaller corporations or whose livelihoods serving the diplomatic class are good enough to afford the lower Midtown rents. Here and there New York's history shines through here, with and ancient bespoke tailors or jewelry store hidden among the alleyways. Some neighborhoods here have maintained a cultural identity, such as Servo Hill's communities of body shops, cybernetic engineers and transhumanist communes, and the close-knit Eastern European neighborhood of Aftermath, marked out by vivid colors and strings of banners.

Uptown Manhattan is where everyone else lives. The most densely populated neighborhoods in North America can be found here, among the tower blocks and apartment complexes crammed between 100th street and the southern limits of the Bronx. What was once Harlem is now a mass of blocky, looming tower blocks with none of the glassy authority of the skyscrapers. Prefabricated in massive numbers during the past century, they form a pitiless grey labyrinth so dense they buildings merge overhead to cast many of the streets in permanent shade. Maintaining a cultural identity here is difficult, for the population shifts with the desires and fashions of the diplomatic class it serves and attempts at gentrification topple numerous blocks every year, only for them to fall back into low-cost (by Manhattan standards) residential use under the pressures of the population.

There is still beauty to be found in Upper Manhattan's batteries of apartment blocks, but it must struggle to take root and flourish. Roof and balcony gardens defy the grey of the city. Abandoned levels of apartment blocks become havens for art, expression and community gatherings, as long as the squatters don't get there first. Street-level storefronts become clubs and dance halls. Sometimes the graffiti is executed with an eye for honesty and expression instead of just the

desire to vandalize. A cultural safari through Upper Manhattan is not an unknown pastime for those too wealthy to countenance living here, searching for hidden traces of humanity.

Traditional traces of New York have kept a foothold in Manhattan, either because the megacorps retain them as part of the island's brand, or because some cultural artifacts have proven too bloody-minded to die. Yellow cabs negotiate the choked streets as street vendors hawk their suspicious fast food, including the infamous Krog Dog. Time is permanently short and everyone is in a hurry. Manhattan never sleeps, because the work of the megacorps never stops and the rest of the city must keep up. It might have changed, it might be smothered by the presence of the megacorps, but it is still New York.

Manhattan's aesthetics are distorted and, in some places, dominated by the megacorporate embassies. Each such embassy is a massive building representing both the authority of the megacorp and demonstrating its enormous wealth through the ability to build such a structure on the world's most expensive acreage. Each embassy is vividly different and reflects the corporation's character and chosen public image. Many of Manhattan's historic landmarks, such as the Chrysler Building and Grand Central Station, are now corporate embassies. Few places on Manhattan are out of sight of an embassy, and no view of the famous skyline is without them. You can never fully escape them - in the case of the Floating World, the embassy can come to you.

Some embassies have altered their surrounding areas to fit their own style, especially if those who work for that megacorp tend to live nearby. Grand Central Fortress is circled by offices and residences in the form of fortifications echoing the embassy's forbidding battlements. The Taj Ealia, where Saud Cybernetics's diplomats hold court, is surrounded by the teeming market of the Suq Alzuwaar and neighborhoods colloquially known as Little Riyadh.

Personal aesthetics are defined by the System and an individual's part in it. The diplomatic class are part statespeople, part rock stars, part brand ambassadors, and they dress in the absolute best. Few of them are without a cosmetic alteration or two to make them look the part. Failing to be handsome or beautiful is an effective bar to being part of the diplomatic class. Designer clothes are similarly essential, supplied by the fashion houses that make Manhattan their home base to better supply the constant demand for couture. Fashion changes, too, with trends coming and going on a weekly basis. NeoMedici magazine, Manhattan's foremost culture and society publication, catalogues what is hot and what is not, conspiring with the megacorps' cultural strategists to determine what the rich and beautiful should wear today.

Manhattan fashion comes in every flavor, but a few are ever-present. Neo-Elizabethan always has its place in the pages of NeoMedici. This style merges Elizabethan silhouettes and concepts – ruffs, doublets, heavily embroidered fabrics and lots of layers - with modern-day fabrics and styles. The style fits the diplomatic class very well since much of the System's ideas come from that time period as well the clothes. Another ever-present style is minimalism, a reaction to the flash and show of Manhattan's other trends. It should be used with caution, however, since only someone with true poise and presence can carry off simple blacks and plain silhouettes. Minimalism is a statement of superiority, reserved only for those who have earned it, or those who think they have.

Other fashions come and go, but tend towards the spectacular. Manhattan's cybernetics workshops are always busy working on cosmetic enhancements that go beyond the normal figure sculpting and facial restructuring. A Manhattanite fashion victim might sport a permanent tail or wings, or gazelle-like legs with backwards-jointed knees. Some cosmetic alterations are downright disturbing to anyone not used to them. A face that has been rebuilt to have no nose and huge eyes, three-fingered hands, even a second decorative head, might be spotted on the streets and in the clubs. This is a place where triple-breasted cleavage is considered a cliché.

Fashion filters down to the rest of Manhattan's above-ground population. The diplomatic class takes pains to be seen, especially in public events like those regularly held in Times Square, and what they wear (or have implanted) turns up the next day among the less enfranchised population. A Manhattanite serving the lower orders of the System might save

for a year to afford a single piece of high fashion they glimpsed on a diplomat or executive they particularly idolize, and wear it to destruction until they can afford to replace it next year. Illegal street vendors sell knock-off versions of whatever fashion accessory was flaunted last night. Bulletin boards swap suggestions for cheap alternatives to the items features in this week's NeoMedici spreads. Fashion is a disease that infects the whole of Manhattan, taking sustenance from the need for its people to emulate those they have been taught are their betters, to feel closer to the ideals imposed upon them, to belong.

Art in Manhattan is even more influence by the megacorps and the diplomatic class than fashion. This is due to the prevalence of patronage. The diplomatic class sponsors artists, performers, musicians and all forms of creatives, making Manhattan one of the world's foremost producers of creative works. In return for their money and capacity to publicize an artist, the diplomats require that they and their megacorp be portrayed positively. Just as the noble families of Renaissance Italy appeared on altarpieces produced by artists who relied on their patronage, so the galleries of Manhattan are full of pieces glorifying the principles of the megacorps. Most works of art are not too obvious in portraying their sponsors' patrons directly, but instead emphasize the ideas the megacorps hold dear. Thus an exhibition of statues might show mankind as an ever-evolving creature and speculate on its future forms, as decreed by a Medi-Strike patron, or the villains of a Detroit Industries-funded play could be cowardly anti-war appeasers. This control of culture is termed 'thought leadership' among the diplomatic class. Patronage also creates a constant stream of performances, exhibitions and cultural events where diplomats can see and be seen, and more often than not conduct private business on neutral ground.

The aesthetics of the Underbelly contrast completely with the haute monde of the city above. There is nothing here but ruin – nothing new, or perfect, or pretty, just decrepit ugliness decaying in the dark. Everything functional, from the electricity generators and water purifiers to the makeshift shanty towns and ferries across expanses of flooded tunnel, is salvaged from stolen or cannibalized machinery with no concessions to style. The inhabitants express themselves with flashes of color in their crudely daubed graffiti and gang marks.

The few permanent settlements cling to the crumbling infrastructure beneath Manhattan using whatever materials are available. Salvaged corrugated iron and concrete blocks form ill-made structures alongside abandoned subway cars and freight containers. There might not be much beauty here but there is certainly ingenuity. The Underbelly's inhabitants jury-rig everything from defensive fortifications to street lighting using whatever they can salvage from below or steal from above. All Faiths, the religious crossroads of the Underbelly, is an imposing structure cobbled together from the demolished and buried segments of various churches, synagogues and cathedrals. Everything in the Underbelly is repurposed from its original use. Nothing here is used in the way it was intended – in the way the megacorps dictate.

Personal style is eclectic, but always with something aggressive and improvised about it. The Underbelly rejects the fashions of the Capital of the World. They are more likely to tear up a couture dress and wear it as a bandana than wear it as its designers intended. Especially common are salvaged and customized protective gear, including the much-coveted industrial hazmat suits that find themselves decorated with washers, segments of colored plastic or anything else the wearer can find lying around. A segment of military or police body amour is a common accessory, repainted to remove the stain of official authority.

Cyberpunks fit into this aesthetic especially well, with their habit of dressing counter to the cultures that exist outside. The only thing likely to mark one out is a relatively high-end cybernetic or piece of equipment. Cyberpunks tend to stick together in the Underbelly precisely because anything new and shiny they have equipped themselves with marks them out as a valuable commodity with an annoying fleshy component that needs to be discarded before use. Denizens of the Underbelly band together against the megacorp world above, but they have to eat, too, and a decent cybernetic arm can set one of them up for a year if they find the right buyer.

LANGUAGES OF MANHATTAN

Just about every language on Earth is spoken in New York, and Manhattan is no exception. The majority of people speak the languages of the megacorps, though, aside from a few communities surviving from the historic ethnic or culturally-defined neighborhoods who speak their own tongues as a form of code against outsider observation. As is the case in most of North America, English is still the language that almost everybody speaks to some degree, and the language of the city's infrastructure such as the NYPD.

Megacorps communicate internally in the language of their origin, such as German for Regierung Kybernetik of Spanish for Garcia Group. All embassies and diplomats can conduct business in just about any language if needed thanks to automatic translator programs, but speaking their own language makes a better impression. Speaking English will do, speaking the corp's language through an automatic translator is better, but speaking their tongue unassisted is best of all.

English is similarly the lingua franca of the Underbelly. Linguistic communities are less common there and everyone gets by with various forms of English, though some of them are barely recognizable as such for someone who is not used to them.

Language	Fluency
English	70%
Spanish	36%
Chinese (including mandarin, Cantonese and Formosan)	24%
Korean	9%
Arabic	7%
French	6%
Russian	3%
German	3%
Japanese	3%
Hebrew	2%
Italian	2%
Portuguese	2%
Hindi	2%
Other	2%

CITY TIMELINE FROM JUNE 2019 - JAN 2185

Manhattan's current status was defined in 2052, when the World Corporate Forum was first held on the island. Saud Cybernetics built the Taj Ealia as its New York office in 2065, which became a base for the corp's delegates to the World Corporate Forum and the first of the megacorp embassies. The Forum had become a permanent fixture, held in various venues, by the time of the megacorp usurpation of world governments in 2081. It was in this year that the World Corporate Forum moved into the old United Nations headquarters on 42nd Street, one of the clearest symbolic acts of the megacorps' takeover.

The megacorporate domination of Manhattan's culture was established by this time, with the New York office of most megacorps established on the island. The 2080s saw the megacorps racing to emulate Saud Cybernetics's dramatic visual presence on Manhattan, and other embassies were built at immense cost. It was during this period that the purchase of the Chrysler Building by the Garcia Group, and its conversion into the Lanza Del Oro, became a defining moment in Manhattan's skyline and society becoming subsumed into the megacorp System. The System grew over the following decades to encompass the whole of Manhattan.

The abandonment of several subway stations in the wake of severe flooding in 2063 marked the beginning of the Underbelly as a haven for people who lived outside society. Homelessness on Manhattan's streets, already cracked down on by a corp-influenced NYPD, became almost unknown as the transient communities re-established themselves in the swathes of abandoned underground tunnels and facilities. A major defining event in the Underbelly was the escape, in 2160, of dozens of human test subjects from the facilities beneath the Medi-Strike embassy. These escapees established the colony of Gethsemane in the flooded region beneath the Hudson.

Across New York, a system of slumlord rents and extortion grew out of organized crime and corrupt city authorities during the 2070s, and became consolidated during the almost total economic deregulation following the 2081 upheavals. In 2150 the Rat King clawed his way to the top of this system and has reigned ever since, taking a cut of almost every private rent in the Five Boroughs and owed fealty by most of the criminal gangs operating in the city.

The NYPD continued in its decentralized, precinct-based form throughout Manhattan's conversion into the Capital of the World. Law enforcement changed in 20155 when the Manhattan Bridge was destroyed by unknown forces, and in response the New York Peacekeeping Force was established. This anti-terrorist, heavily militarized police force existed alongside the NYPD and the two endure a thorny relationship to the present day. The NYPKF's anti-terrorist duties eventually became of secondary importance to its role as a mercenary force in all but name, employed by the megacorps to quell unrest and enforce the appearance of peace on Manhattan's streets.

2052: World Corporate Forum established.

2055: The first cybernetic combat sports are held at Madison Square Garden, using the recently-invented neurolink technology.

2063: The Hudson Breach. Several subway stations are flooded, later becoming havens for transients and outcasts. The beginning of the Underbelly.

2065: Saud Cybernetics builds the Taj Ealia, the megacorp's Manhattan headquarters and the first of the corporate embassies.

2070s: The feudal rent system of New York becomes a reality as city authorities are corrupted by organized crime.

2081: The assassinations of the Presidents of the USA and the EU marks the usurping of world governments by the Megacorps. The World Corporate Forum takes over the United Nations headquarters.

2092: The Chrysler Building is purchased by Garcia Group, covered in gold and renamed the Lanza Del Oro.

2111: Attempts to bioengineer the vegetation of Central Park backfires, creating a carnivorous jungle. Regierung Kybernetik labor robots clear half of it, then take over the cleared land for the corp's embassy.

2145: The first services are held at All Faiths in the Underbelly, in response to the demolition of the Cathedral of Saint Patrick earlier that year.

2149: The World Crashball League is established. New York Nemesis is one of the founder franchises.

2150: The Rat King becomes undisputed head of the feudal rent system and lord of New York's gangs.

2155: The Manhattan Bridge is destroyed by a nuclear demolitions charge planted by an unknown party. Popular suspects include anti-megacorp activists and megacorps seeking to increase the demand for security and weaponry.

2160: Human 'lab rats' escape en masse from the Caduceus Island and establish the Underbelly colony of Gethsemane.

2175: Tiger Towers, Shenzen Solutions' corporate embassy, collapses into the East River shortly prior to completion.

2177: Hunter Brandt becomes the Ambassador-General of Detroit Industries.

2183: The New York Nemesis crashball team wins the World Championship for the third time in franchise history, led by star player Zack Stanwick

2185: Present day.

PART II • THE PEOPLE

SO YOU'RE A MANHATTAN CYBERPUNK

Manhattan is a magnet for cyberpunks who want to get a slice of the immense wealth and kudos monopolized by the diplomatic class. Plenty of jobs might bring a hacker or a weapons man to the Capital of the World, not least the ones that require infiltrating one of the corporate embassies in the search for data, prototypes or high-value individuals. The path of the cyberpunk is also one of the few ways to escape grinding poverty under the rule of New York's Rat King, or for a Manhattanite to get by once they have tumbled out of the System.

However they got to the Capital of the World, most cyberpunks operate out of the Underbelly. Here they can avoid surveillance by corporate authorities or the NYPD, and it's also where prospective employees know to find them. If the Underbelly can be said to have an economy, its primary export is the talents of the cyberpunks based there. Few corporate employers actually send anyone into the Underbelly trawling for deniable employees. Instead, the Underbelly's hackers monitor the online bulletin boards where jobs are posted, and respond through various encrypted channels. Non-corporate employers, or those who wish to appear so, might send an envoy to one of the popular hangouts in the more established of the Underbelly communities, such as O'Blivion's bar in The Penn, to meet crews of cyberpunks face to face.

Being based in the Underbelly is an adventure in itself. Some of the island's most violent gangs prey here, seeking lone victims and stragglers to rob, enslave or devour. Generations of run-off from various corporate activities, along with pollution from the industries and cities of the Eastern Seaboard, have left the Underbelly highly toxic and in places dangerously radioactive. These factors prevent large-scale purges of the Underbelly by the NYPD and corporate forces, but they also make it a tough place to live. A few places, like the Penn or Washington Depths, are permanent and well-defended enough to be lived in on a large scale, while other smaller communities serve as bases for cyberpunks who band together out of sight of even the Underbelly's inhabitants.

Places like O'Blivion's can serve as neutral ground for meeting up with employers or rivals. All Faiths, the Underbelly's subterranean cathedral, is well-established neutral ground and its status as such is enforced by the cathedral's fearsome Pontifex and his enforcers. Many cyberpunks find employment and information here, safe in the knowledge they are unlikely to be stabbed in the back (at least literally) but also restricted from using violence themselves.

A cyberpunk on the street can blend in with the mass of Manhattanites, since the great variety of fashions means nothing really stands out. In the rarefied world of the diplomatic class, however, they have to look the part if they are not to be marked out as clearly not belonging. The appropriate fashion choices are an essential part of operating among the diplomatic class, and can eat up a sizeable chunk of any cyberpunk operation's budget.

Finding a permanent base above ground is more difficult than in most cities, since rents are so stratospherically high that squats are in high demand and few habitable places remain abandoned for long. Renting a place legitimately both eats through the wonlongs, and can put a cyberpunk crew on the radar of the Rat King and his associated gangs. For these reasons most cyberpunks remain based in the Underbelly and use the many ways up into the above-ground city to reach their targets. Guides to these ways in and out of the Underbelly are therefore in high demand, and cyberpunk crews permanently based in an under Manhattan often include one.

Even with a corporate wardrobe, above-ground safehouse and Underbelly guide, it's tough for a cyberpunk crew to function alone. They need contacts to

help them get their work done, especially if it involves infiltrating the embassies. Fortunately for the cyberpunks, the System is full of holes. Malcontents at every level are willing to lend the cyberpunks a hand for payment, reciprocal favors or simple revenge. Nothing helps an operation against an embassy than someone on the inside and every megacorp has its discontented employees and executives willing to open a back door or provide login details. A low-level employee might have money troubles, especially if the Rat King's thugs are demanding a particularly heavy extortion payment on their dwelling. Or they could simply have beef with one of the higher-ups in the corp, and want to see them humiliated or even killed by a cyberpunk infiltration. Just as valuable are the executives who have hit a glass ceiling and want to see the office above theirs suddenly vacated, or a supervisor discredited by a successful cyberpunk operation. An executive contact can be extremely useful, but also extremely expensive. They always demand a huge payment in deeds for their help, and are not above eliminating a crew of cyberpunks who know of their complicity.

The lesser corporations serving the megacorps boast money and access to the embassies and the diplomatic class, and though they are loath to do anything that might upset the megacorps they do provide a way in with the right pressure. A whole crew can get into a corporate embassy in the entourage of a fashion house designer providing a private consultation to an executive, or a cyberpunk who infiltrates a theatrical troupe can find himself face to face with the diplomatic class while entertaining the highest-paying patrons after premier night. Even the sanitation and maintenance corporations can be bribed or strong-armed into providing access to the embassies through hidden entrances, or grant the invisibility that comes with a set of overalls and a cleaning contractor's name badge. Infiltrating a smaller corporation needs a lot of set-up if it is to be done cleanly, with key individuals influenced and crew members finding employment, but it can be the perfect cover.

Other groups in Manhattan can provide essential contacts to a cyberpunk crew. The city's gangs might be under the thumb of the Rat King but they all have their own side gigs, including providing information, muscle and gear to cyberpunks. Accepting such help risks being caught in the crossfire of a gang war, though, and many crews have found themselves de facto combatants in a conflict between their allied gangs and their rivals, or the thugs sent down by the Rat King. On the other side of the thin blue line is the NYPD, many of whom are simply corrupt and can be bribed to provide confidential information on just about anyone. The 'good' cops can be even more useful, especially those in the unofficial Corporate Intelligence Bureau (or 'the Chamber') who are always trying to gather evidence on illegal corporate activities hidden by diplomatic immunity. The Chamber is as powerful an ally as a cyberpunk can get in Manhattan, since they have been gathering evidence on back doors into the embassies and dirt sheets on the major diplomatic players since the World Corporate Forum was established. The Chamber isn't doing this out of charity, though. They demand solid evidence of corporate wrongdoing in return, and it has to be the good stuff like weapons of mass destruction, human experimentation or false flag terrorism. The Chamber sometimes use cyberpunks just to create chaos and uncertainty among the megacorps, but they're always doing just that – using them.

Other subcultures in Manhattan can provide valuable contacts for a cyberpunk's activities. The Club Kids might just be out there looking for a good time, but a Hot Prowl home invasion rave can provide an excellent way for a cyberpunk posing as a raver to access a corporate executive's home and ransack it for information while the party is in full swing. The religious groups that meet at All Faiths Cathedral can be persuaded to lend a hand if the cyberpunk's goals can be said to align with their religious obligations, and although such groups are generally poor, they have plenty of enthusiastic, zealous bodies to throw at any problem. The lab rats of Gethsemane know hidden ways in to the megacorp labs, since they used them to escape, and even the insane bandits and cannibals of the Underbelly have their uses as distractions and unsubtle muscle.

Cyberpunks in Manhattan cannot operate without support, and indeed when their target is the megacorps they are never alone – although given the duplicity inherent in the Capital of the World, they might wish they were.

ORIGIN • LAB RAT

Scientists made you what you are. They did it in a corporate lab, away from the eyes of the authorities, where laws on human experimentation did not apply. Your baseline is human but you have been fundamentally altered in an irreversible way. You might have been a prisoner or kidnap victim experimented on, or perhaps you were grown from scratch in test tubes and vats.

You escaped from your lab, or were rescued. Most Lab Rats flee into the Underbelly where they find a home in the Lab Rat colony of Gethsemane. You could have emerged from the lab without the ability to function in society, or even any memory of your past (if you have one). Since then you have learned enough to get by, and the ways your artificially-induced mutation and body grafts can put you a cut above other humans. There is no place for you in the world above, but in the world beneath, there are cyberpunks and Underbelly gangs who will welcome you for your unique skills. Perhaps, among their company, you can eventually decide who you are.

LAB RAT TRAITS

ABILITY SCORE INCREASE. Experimentation has increased your body's natural abilities. You have A +2 to your Constitution score and +1 your Strength score.

IMPRINTED ABILITY. You have proficency in one of your choice.

AGE. Harsh chemical experimentation have damaged your longevity as a result Lab Rats tend to have a shelf life of 70 years.

SPEED. Genetic engineering has improved your ability to traverse the environment, you have a base movement speed of 35ft and a climbing speed of 30ft.

LANGUAGES. You can speak, read and write one language.

THICK SKIN. Your skin is unnaturally thick and provides a natural armor of 12 + your Dexterity modifier. Even when wearing armor your AC cannot be any lower than your natural armor.

TIME IN A TUBE. Your grotesque appearance causes people to feel uneasy. Social interactions are negatively affected by your physical appearance. You have a -2 to your People score.

DEFENCE AGAINST DISEASE. During testing you were pumped with low doses of most poisons and survived, this has bolstered your immune system and given you have an advantage on checks against diseases.



VICES

1D20	VICE
1	I read every issue of NeoMedici magazine and treat its contents as objectively true.
2	I cannot see a cop without hurling abuse at them.
3	I will not be seen without at least one item of highly fashionable clothing.
4	I am devoted to the New York Nemesis crashball team and I react with anger to any suggestion they are not the best in the league.
5	I feel compelled to mark events in my life with intricate and expensive tattoos.
6	I feel edgy and nervous when above ground, and return to below ground at every opportunity.
7	I feel extremely uncomfortable around religious places and people.
8	I am compelled to make a sizeable donation to a religious cause whenever I kill someone.
9	I believe that life is meaningless if I cannot be beautiful.
10	I want everyone to think I am more cultured than I am.

1D20	VICE
11	I read books I do not really enjoy or understand so people will think I am clever.
12	If I start partying, I cannot stop.
13	When things get intense, I can only focus by listening to loud music.
14	I really, really want a flashy expensive vehicle and will aim all my finances towards acquiring it.
15	I am in love with a member of the diplomatic elite and believe they will love me back if we can meet in person.
16	I collect celebrity memorabilia and autographs and believe these items have some form of power.
17	I am addicted to minor cosmetic augmentations. There always seems to be one more change I have to make before I'm done.
18	I channel my emotions into making challenging outsider art that makes observers uncomfortable.
19	I think bodily functions are hilarious and employ them for my own amusement at every opportunity.
20	I believe I am destined for greatness.

EQUIPMENT

ARMOR

Detroit Industries Bulwark Personal Defensive System

This fully-enclosed armor system consists of overlapping ballistic plates with a visored hard polymer helmet, armored boots and gauntlets, and a sealed flexible undersuit. The Bulwark provides a great deal of protection but is most valued for its intimidating appearance. Grand Central Fortress' security personnel wear this armor, which is uniformly black. The Bulwark is part of Detroit Industries' branding as the world's foremost provider of personal defense systems to the military and security sectors.

Silverback Forced Entry Unit.

The Silverback is an extremely bulky set of bullet and explosion-resistant armor used by the NYPD and NYPKF. Its set of interlocking webbing covers the entire body in bulky panels of layered armor, save for a thin vision slit protected by transparent polymers. It is designed for use by personnel breaching through doorways into hostile situations. Its exceptional protection comes at the expense of severely limited mobility, so the Silverback is only deployed in specific situations. The Silverback cuts out almost all sound from outside, so is used in conjunction with in-the-ear communicators.

WEAPONS

Oligo-Molecular Sword Cane

This elegant cane looks like a fashion accessory, and is often carried as one. A stud on the head of the cane can be depressed allowing a slender rapier blade to be drawn from the interior of the cane, with the head now serving as the sword's grip. The blade's edge is a few molecules thick and can pass through skin, flesh and bone without hindrance, and is only halted by dedicated body armor. A sword cane was originally designed as a concealable weapon, but its existence is now well-known enough that it is sometimes carried as a subtle form of intimidation.

Pricker

The Lab Rats of Gethsemane were the first to alter these medical devices into weapons. A Pricker is a pneumatic or hydraulic syringe designed to inject large doses at once, adapted so it can fire needles loaded with whatever substance the owner wants to introduce into their target's bloodstream. A Pricker can fire sedatives, lethal poisons, hallucinogenic drugs or radioactive tracking substances into the target, and is almost silent when fired. It can even be used to shoot a dose of narcotics into a target, so they can later fall foul of a megacorp's mandatory drug testing.

Scepter of the Faithful

This one-of-a-kind weapon is carried by the Pontifex of All Faiths in the Underbelly. The Scepter is a mace with a spherical head which, when swung, creates a distortion field around it that disrupts and shatters whatever it hits. Without this disruptive energy field the Scepter could shatter bone and crush organs, and the additional destructive power has made the Scepter one of the reasons the Pontifex's will is so respected in All Faiths.

> That thing comes from a lab. And not one of the common-or-garden security gear R&D places. Something gravitational. Something weird. No word of how or when the Big Cheese got hold of it, weither. He's just always had it. Makes you wonder who the hell the Pontifex actually is. –Checkmate

Whisper Field Generator

The use of sound-deadening technology, using overlapping fields of white noise at carefully modulated frequencies, was first developed for military purposes. It found limited use among special forces and hostage rescue teams, who needed a way to create temporary silence for their operations. A small number of such generators found their way into civilian hands and they are now used by the Club Kids of Manhattan to facilitate their Hot Prowl raves. A Whisper Field Generator consists of three or more projectors which must be moved into position around the area to be silenced. Once activated, very little sound can exit from inside the area. The projectors create a constant hiss of white noise which is often lost in the background noise of a city environment.

Whisper Field Generators are known by numerous slang names such as Silent Nights, Hush Bunnies or Mufflers. Getting the projectors into position can be an operation in itself, especially if they are to be used over a wide area requiring numerous projectors.

NC-1C Vertical Safety Rig

New York's skyscrapers require constant maintenance and cleaning, and anyone with the job of cleaning a skyscraper's windows needs a reliable, safe and simple way of doing the job. The NC-1C is a replacement for cumbersome and slow maintenance gondolas of the past. It is a set of four articulated arms into which an operator can be strapped. These arms can climb any vertical service, though they work faster and more safely on dedicated rail systems built into almost every commercial skyscraper in Manhattan. The NC-1C has a modular loadout system, which is most commonly used to carry tanks of detergent, sets of maintenance tools, and hook-ups to the building's water system.

> Strap yourself into one of these, put on some overalls and mosey on up to whatever floor you want. Of course, everyone in NY is wise to burglars using the rig to bust into the upper floors so if you're not broadcasting the IFF signal they give to the maintenance guys, an eyedrone will tag you and security will come running. The rig isn't too fast so you're not making a getaway in it. Best bring a parachute or a hell of a lot of bungee cord.
> –Checkmate





THE NEW DETROIT INDUSTRIES DECKARD IS ONE OF THE MOST MANEUVERABLE AND FASTEST CARS IN THE KNOWN GALAXIES. THE PERFECT VEHICLE FOR THOSE IN ANY LINE OF WORK. YOURS NOW FOR JUST 1 016₩ A MONTH AND A 1 016₩ DEPOSIT

1000 MONTH CONTRACT, 27% APR.
IF YOU FAIL TO MAKE PAYMENTS, YOU MAY BE PUT TO WORK IN A DETROIT INDUSTRIES FACTORY UNTIL THE DEBT IS CLEARED. TERMS & CONDITIONS APPLY

DETROIT
INDUSTRIES

VEHICLES

NYPKF 'Orca' Riot Suppression Vehicle

The Orca is advertised as the complete solution for non-lethal urban pacification roles. It resembles a military APC and is indeed modified from such a vehicle. It can carry a squad of riot cops in full gear, and once it has reached the operation zone it can use its high-pressure water cannon to disperse crowds and subdue hostiles. Its intimidating appearance is as useful as its non-lethal weaponry, as is its capacity to get NYPKF officers into hot zones behind layers of armor that render it impervious to non-military small arms. The NYPKF maintains a fleet of these vehicles and they can be found in other liveries in the possession of private military contractors who find themselves in urban pacification roles.

'Aeolus' Aerostatic Yacht

The Aeolus is a luxury flying vehicle coupling a dirigible balloon with a finely-appointed gondola, for comfortable, elegant travel among the skyscrapers of Manhattan. Many of the island's skyscrapers have aerostat mooring points, where such vehicles can be docked and passengers can disembark into the penthouse levels, enabling the owner of an aerostatic yacht to tour the Capital of the World without ever having to set foot at street level. The Aeolus has room for a driver (though it has full self-flying capability), a lounge, a fully-stocked bar, a bathroom and a fold-out medical table. Its interior resembles an expensive hotel room. The Kasai Corporation in particular makes use of aerostatic yachts to take its diplomats between the Floating World and the other embassies.

Detroit Industries Trusty-T

Few sights are as ubiquitous on the streets of New York as the yellow cab. Detroit Industries holds the contract to supply official cab agencies with vehicles in the form of the 'Trusty-T', a reliable and capacious vehicle which is almost always sold equipped as a taxi. The Trusty-T is easy to maintain and has low emissions, and is also notably tough and difficult to total in even the most unfortunate of fender-benders. Its high-speed performance is lacking, but in Manhattan few Trusty-Ts ever get out of second gear anyway. The model is equipped with a bullet-proof divider protecting the driver from homicidal passengers, an automatic distress beacon to summon the NYPD, and a medical kit in the trunk.

Alley Scrambler

The term 'Alley Scrambler' is used for dirt bikes that have been adapted for use in the Underbelly's tunnels. These vehicles make travel through the Underbelly a lot faster and safer, especially after they have been altered to have ultra-flexible suspension, filters and guards to keep muck out of the workings, enlarged and reinforced windshields and various reinforcements to toughen them up. Alley Scramblers can be found above ground, too, enabling fast escape through their namesake alleyways, usually by robbers and raiders who use them to flee back into the sewers and subways of the Underbelly.

ONE Aerospace Eyedrone

Media outlets across New York make extensive use of the Eyedrones made by ONE Aerospace. These small, remote-controlled vehicles are used to bring an 'eye in the sky' perspective to outside broadcasts and are a common sight winding their way between the skyscrapers. They can be flown by a remote operator or follow a pre-determined path with limited intelligent flying capabilities, and are equipped with three cameras that can track targets on the ground. Eyedrones are used to cover unfolding news stories like car chases and disasters, and report on major outdoor events like the regular Times Square galas. The NYPD also has some they can use to follow fugitives or perform surveillance. The drones are known to be hackable by a competent operator.

THE CITY'S GANGS

DAS JUNGE

Origin: New York

Language: German, English
Reach: Manhattan, lesser influence in other boroughs of New York
Businesses: Extortion, robbery, assassination, incitement to unrest.

Feldmarschall: Gunther Sturm (born Brian Fernandez)
Notable Lieutenants: Brunhilde Blitzen (born Karen Hughes), Horst Krieger (born Maurice Fong)
Rivals: NYPD, Venom Thorn, other megacorp-allied gangs

Das Junge is a gang affiliated with Regierung Kybernetik, and their allegiance to the megacorp borders on worship. They are based out of the Underbelly in a fortified corner of the abandoned subway system, protected by automated defenses provided by RK on the quiet. Das Junge numbers several dozen young men and woman who style themselves as a military organization with ranks and titles. Its members take Germanic names and speak German among themselves, though their command of the language is not always fluent.

Das Junge concerns itself most of the time with simple violence and live off armed robberies and extortion backed up with the violence of which they are very capable. Their real purpose, however, is to respond when RK sends them a coded communication giving them a task the megacorp's diplomats cannot perform themselves. In this way, Das Junge form an unofficial 'heavy mob' for the RK diplomats based at NeueHoffnung, beating up corporate rivals, assassinating enemies, starting trouble at events to discredit other corporations, and anything else for which deniable muscle is desirable. Das Junge are well-armed since their payment for corporate business is often in the form of weapons or simple cybernetic upgrades. Das Junge have never been officially recognized by RK and never will be.

CLUB KIDS

Origin: New York
Language: English, all
Reach: Manhattan
Businesses: Rave parties, drug dealing.

Leader: n/a
Rivals: NYPD, Rat King, various homeowners' and public safety organizations

The Club Kids aren't really a gang, but a social movement. They are the young people for whom 'normal' life – a career, a place in the System, an existence paying crushing rent until you die – holds no appeal. Instead, they just want to party. A Club Kid is almost always young (plenty OD or burn out before approaching middle age), and wears a clashing riot of colors and fashions.

Club kids live to party. They gather at secret raves with times and locations broadcast across encrypted online channels. These events are highly illegal and if the locals complain loudly enough the NYPD breaks them up, while others are hidden so well they can go on for days without interruption. The supplies and technology for these events are stolen or paid for with the proceeds of the rampant drug dealing at Club Kid events, of which the organizers expect to take a cut. While there is no real leadership, some Club Kids are active in organizing events and scouting locations, while others specialize as DJs or recruiters for live acts.

The most notorious Club Kid raves are the 'Hot Prowls'. The Club Kids find a corporate mansion that is temporarily empty, then invade it en masse. They use a sound dampening field so the music doesn't alert the neighbors, and party for several days nonstop. When the owner returns he finds his place a filthy wreck scattered with a handful of OD'd corpses. Hot Prowls are for hardcore Club Kids only. Tourists and dabblers can stick to the raves in warehouses and abandoned subway stations.

Offshoots of the Club Kid movement include transgressive art groups creating startling and offensive art, more dedicated dealers in party drugs, and thrill-kill cults for whom the most riotous party is no longer enough.

VENOM THORN

Origin: Manhattan Underbelly
Language: English (sometimes none)
Reach: Underbelly, some above-ground operations
Businesses: Robbery, extortion

Monarch: King Gorebelcher II
Notable Lieutenants: Flesh Rhino, Lord Facehammer
Rivals: Gethsemane, Underbelly residents

The Venom Thorn is a gang of cannibal Morlocks who prey on the residents of the Underbelly. They are natives of this underground world and live in a series of nests and burrows too radioactive and polluted to be inhabited by anyone else. The stretches of inhospitable, poisoned Underbelly between Gethsemane and the other habitable areas of the Underbelly are haunted by the Venom Thorn, and parties of Thorns often set out to reap a toll from the more commonly-travelled routes through the Underbelly before vanishing back into the toxic swamps. The gang robs, kills and usually eats the victims it waylays, and survive by selling on what they take to traders who do not care where it comes from.

The Venom Thorn's Morlock guides are the best beneath the city, and another revenue stream is from travelers willing to pay for a guide through the Underbelly. A Venom Thorn guide can steer clear of his fellow gang members while leading his clients through the hazards beneath Manhattan. Of course, he might just be leading his clients into an ambush, but that is the risk one takes.

Gorebelcher II is the self-styled 'king' of the Venom Thorn though it is not known how much control he actually has over his gang. Nevertheless, Gorebelcher claims the authority to launch a war against other parts of the Underbelly if he wishes, and demands tribute from settlements to spare them from this fate.

STUTTER'S CUTTERS

Origin: Brooklyn, Croatia
Language: Croatian, English
Reach: Brooklyn, Upper Manhattan
Businesses: Extortion, drug dealing, assassinations for hire

Boss: Zvonimir 'Stutter' Marković
Notable Lieutenants: Blaga & Ljuba Klobučar
Rivals: NYPD, residents of Upper Manhattan

Stutter's Cutters is an example of the many New York gangs that owe fealty to the Rat King. They enforce the Rat King's extortionate rents by beating up defaulters, menacing anyone who tries to buy out the Rat King's various front companies and murdering cops, reporters and others who try to pry into or dismantle New York's organized crime-based rents system. The Cutters also deal drugs in territories in Upper Manhattan. In return for their service and payment of revenue up the chain to the Rat King, the Cutters can expect support from other gangs in fighting off rivals and avoiding the efforts of the NYPD to root them out.

The Cutters draw their members from Croatian-speaking neighborhoods, primarily in Brooklyn, with occasional reinforcements from members' families in the 'old country'. They have a few specialist English-speakers by necessity. Stutter himself (who does not have a stutter – the nickname's origin is unknown) is a military veteran with experience organizing and deploying troops in combat. Assassinations are carried out by the combat drug-addled Klobučar sisters, and Cutter will hire them out for the right price.

THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

Reach: New York
Businesses: Law Enforcement, corruption, personal protection

Chief of Police: Gertrude Haggarty
Rivals: Criminals, Rat King, megacorporate embassies

The NYPD isn't a gang per se, but the cops in many precincts act like they're in one. In spite of the lack of regulation and leadership that has led to widespread corruption, there are still good cops in the NYPD and they still enforce the law when they can. The NYPD still has jurisdiction when someone outside the diplomatic class is murdered, when gangs terrorize residents or when rioters take to the streets, although their ability to enforce the law is severely compromised by megacorporate involvement and a lack of resources. The megacorps support the NYPD only in initiatives that will remove obvious crime from the streets and preserve the security of their embassies.

The Rat King's attempts to make the NYPD completely subservient to him failed, partly because the NYPD is organized by autonomous precincts and does not have a single overarching leadership. Some precincts are in the pocket of the Rat King while some are effectively branches of the megacorps who bankroll them, but other precincts work to keep the streets safe and curb the worst of New York's criminality.

In Manhattan, a secret and unofficial police department – the Corporate Intelligence Bureau, or the 'Chamber' - exists to monitor the worst excesses of megacorporate crime. The NYPD has no jurisdiction over the corporate embassies thanks to a version of diplomatic immunity, and so the megacorps use their embassies to conceal crimes such as human experimentation and the development of weapons of mass destruction. The Chamber tries to find and stop these projects, always off the books and usually with highly illegal methods. They lack manpower and resources, and hire outsiders to perform surveillance, break-ins, kidnaps and interrogations in their pursuit of unofficial justice. The Chamber does this anonymously, and many cyberpunks in Manhattan infiltrate corporate embassies and snatch diplomats off the streets ignorant they are doing it for the cops.

THE NEW YORK PEACEKEEPING FORCE

Reach: New York
Businesses: Personal protection, urban pacification, intimidation

Chief Deployment Officer: General Ezuedo Alalale
Rivals: NYPD, Manhattan residents, Detroit Industries.

The New York Peacekeeping Force was formed as an offshoot of the NYPD following the destruction of the Manhattan Bridge by unknown attackers in 2155. On paper it is an anti-terrorist force to be employed on the order of police or city officials in the event of terrorist attack, or to capture suspected terrorists. In reality they are a private army offering their services to the megacorps. Only Detroit Industries does not hire the NYPKF, since DI itself is heavily militarized and resents not having a monopoly over military force in the Capital of the World.

The NYPKF is a heavily armed and well-equipped force based on North Brother Island, on the East River between Manhattan and the Bronx. The island once housed hospitals and quarantine facilities, the remains of which are buried beneath the military base. The NYPKF can reach anywhere on Manhattan by means of a fleet of swift troop boats and larger landing craft for vehicles. It can muster an army of several thousand at a few hours' notice and always has a corps of troopers on standby ready to respond rapidly to emergencies. General Alalale, the public face of the NYPKF and the final authority on its deployments, boasts that he could hold the entire city against an insurgency force if required. He even has limited air power at his disposal in the form of a squadron of drone aircraft armed with bombs and missiles, though they have yet to be deployed over New York.

The NYPKF's activities in Manhattan are almost always requested and funded by the megacorps. They include putting down civil unrest, providing security for the embassies and protecting key individuals. An NYPKF presence at a major megacorp-sponsored event is a way to add legitimacy to proceedings and discourage troublemakers. The NYPKF's troops are trained in urban combat and anti-riot operations, and they can deploy as riot cops from their Orca urban pacification vehicles to form impenetrable walls of riot shields. They also execute raids against prominent megacorporate enemies, who are taken to the holding cells on North Brother Island and never seen again. General Alalale almost certainly has a plan in place for a major operation against the Underbelly, but has not yet been hired to put it in motion.

THE CORPS



Every megacorp and hundreds of smaller corporations have offices and operatives in Manhattan. These operatives, especially those working in the corporate embassies, form the diplomatic class at the pinnacle of Manhattan's System. The highest-ranking diplomats are part ambassador, part celebrity, and are among the most highly visible people in the entire city. They are idolized, imitated and envied by those Manhattanites whose lives are defined by the System, and represent the ultimate goal for everyone trying to climb through the System's ranks.

Manhattan's notable people include corporations essential to the System, like the fashion houses of Lady Eris and the Baccano Collective, and the low-key but essential institution of the Hard Copy Couriers.

JAWAHIR SINDI

Saud Cybernetics was the first of the megacorps to establish a grand embassy in Manhattan and it still plays the System arguably better than any other corp. Jawahir Sindi is its most visible diplomat, a famous beauty boasting aug-sculpted features and a carefully coordinated wardrobe fusing traditional Arabic dress with Neo-Elizabethan flair. She has been a fixture among the grandest events in Manhattan for over twenty years, and spends as much time on the red carpet as in the sessions of the World Corporate Forum.

There is far more to Jawahir Sindi than a figurehead for her megacorp. She knows absolutely everyone and seems able to secure audiences with representatives of any corporation, not just her own. Whether she is maintaining a network of contacts for Saud Cybernetics, or is laying the groundwork for her own agenda, is known only to her. Jawahir Sindi is Manhattan's principal influence broker, and in return for her services she asks only for a favor to be paid back some time in the future.

THE STANWICK TRIPLETS

The Stanwick Triplets are the faces of the Medi-Strike Megacorp. They represent everything that Medi-Strike promises – human perfection in health and form. The corp has been tight-lipped on whether the triplets were artificially created, but their difference in skills, appearance and apparent ethnicity suggests they are far from natural.

Ethan is a politician and serves as Medi-Strike's representative to the World Corporate Forum. He is Medi-Strike's de facto spokesperson and is one of the most active representatives on the Corporate Forum floor.

Taylor is a gifted dancer and musician, and performs on Broadway to packed houses, as well as adorning the bedroom walls of thousands of lovestruck teens. He mastered several different instruments in childhood and each tour has him performing in a completely different style to the last. The fashions of music and performance follow him and he is one of the world's most recognizable cultural trendsetters.

Zack Stanwick is a star athlete with the New York Nemesis in the International Crashball League. He was instrumental in capturing the World Championship in 2183 and in spite of being the league MVP that year, has repeatedly pledged his future to the New York Nemesis.

The triplets are beautiful, inspiring, and perfect. They are everything Medi-Strike would have you believe you should be.

HUNTER BRANDT

Detroit Industries' diplomatic envoy and Castellan of Grand Central Fortress is the formidable Hunter Brandt. He is a huge and imposing man who has lost none of his youthful intensity in middle age after a career as a military advisor to the megacorp's research division. Though one of Manhattan's best-known diplomats, he inspires fear rather than delight in onlookers as he goes everywhere accompanied by a phalanx of DI-armed heavies.

Behind the walls of Grand Central Fortress, Brandt is dangerously unstable. He has fully bought into Detroit Industries' military posturing and believes that physical war between the corps is inevitable. Brandt spends his time drawing up plans to attack the other embassies and defend Grand Central, with a confrontation between DI troops and the NYPKF a particular obsession of his. He has put hundreds of attack plans into place to deploy DI's militarized assets and turn Manhattan into a battleground. When Detroit Industries discovers Brandt's madness, it will try to have him eliminated — quietly, deniably and off the books.

SUKI SAKAMOTO

Kasai Corporation has no single head diplomat, instead sending a rotating cast of ambassadors to the World Corporate Forum. Its most famous diplomat, however, is Suki Sakamoto, who is rarely seen outside the Floating World and whose presence at an event outside the corporation's aerial embassy is a sure indicator of Kasai Corporation's undivided interest.

Sakamoto's origins are kept obscure by the Kasai Corporation. It suits the megacorp very well to have the people of Manhattan (and rival megacorps) speculating on where she came from and what her role in the megacorp truly is. Sakamoto appears rather older than most diplomats, though her age is concealed by rejuvenation treatments and cosmetic surgery, and dresses in traditional kimonos of such elaborate natures that she is unable to walk in them and is carried on a sedan chair when necessary.

Sakamoto is known for her sagely pronouncements about the future. Kasai Corporation does not explicitly state that she can tell the future, but it does nothing to discount rumors that she can. Her cryptic remarks, drip-fed to the rest of the System through rare interviews and occasional volumes of published poems, are combed for meaning like the prophecies of Nostradamus. Many important events have been linked with hindsight to the teachings of Suki Sakamoto.

Some speculate that she is a synth housing an AI sophisticated enough to extrapolate likely future events from the current state of the world. Others say she is genuinely psychic. Just as many say she is a complete fraud, the product of careful social engineering by the Kasai Corporation as a form of experiment.

> A cynic like me has to think Suki-chan's full of shit, right? Well, I dunno. They put a hell of a lot of effort into making a fake psychic, if that's what she is, when there are plenty of card readers on street corners who will do it for damn near free. I got no clue what she actually is but it's something more than snake oil. –Checkmate

LADY ERIS

Manhattan is home to several fashion houses that cater to the insatiable demand for high-end designer clothing. One of the two foremost fashion houses is Lady Eris, whose cutting-edge, transgressive style has been a stable on the catwalks and red carpets for decades. Lady Eris' showroom just off Times Square is a Mecca for window shoppers and fashion victims, with the house's consultants regular sights among the homes of the wealthy and the offices of the corporate embassies.

Lady Eris' fashions tend towards the edgy and shocking. A Lady Eris fashion show is a Grand Guignol show with images that transgress the boundaries of taste and morality. A front row seat by the Lady Eris catwalk comes with a spattering of blood and a gallery of nightmarish imagery. The shocking creations, which can resemble everything from suits of human skin to catwalks full of shambling cadavers, translate into wearable collections with sharp silhouettes, stark colors and motifs of darkness, death and transgression.

There is no single 'Lady Eris'. Instead the fashion house is run by a collective of designers, marketers and executives who scour the art and fashion scenes for the kind of dark creatives they need. They carefully guard the contents of their next shows and collections, to retain the shock value of their creations.

Sure, Eris make a mint out of consulting to the diplomatic class, but most of their money comes from selling that junk to overprivileged teenagers who hate their parents. You see some kid with a jacket covered in skulls? Probably Lady Eris, or at least a rip-off of their stuff. Laugh all you want but it makes good social camouflage. No better way to convince people you're not actually gonna start trouble than to look like you're trying way too hard. –Checkmate

BACCANO COLLECTIVE

The Neo-Elizabethan style so common in the System is primarily the work of the Baccano Collective, which vies with Lady Eris for the title of Manhattan's biggest fashion house. Baccano is an old-school fashion house with a flair for the lavish and overwhelmingly ornate. Its catwalk shows echo the most ludicrous excesses of history's most decadent ages. The glory of Versailles and the debauchery of Imperial Rome find their echoes on the catwalks clothed by the Baccano Collective, comparisons which the fashion house gleefully accepts.

The Baccano Collective is the most frequent design house worn by the diplomatic class when they are seen in public. The extremity of the Collective's clothes varies from simple slashed sleeves and neck ruffs to ballgowns and towering powdered wigs that rival the most bizarre creations of their catwalk shows. A Baccano wardrobe is almost a prerequisite for anyone trying to break into the upper levels of the System. The Collective has no public showroom, and instead accepts clients by appointment only at their Fifth Avenue sales headquarters. By deciding who gets an appointment, the Baccano Collective is an effective gatekeeper to the ranks of the diplomatic class.

Danika Seong, the Korean-American founder of the Baccano Collective, still serves as the fashion house's chief designer and is considered the mother of the neo-Elizabethan style. She is a famous recluse who is never seen in public, issuing designs via her assistants from her impenetrable Upper East Side home.

You'd think selling ballgowns that cost more than your car would be enough to make Baccano rich. Truth is, that's just half the story. They run one of the biggest drug rings in the city. You know how many vials of Crank you can hide in one of those powdered wigs? The executives and celebs who get invited backstage at the catwalk shows aren't just admiring the fabrics, they're negotiating shipments of designer drugs. Think about it. A hat box turns up at your house, you hand over a few wads of wonlongs, everyone just thinks you're a fashion victim moron and you just bought a year's supply of the good stuff in plain sight. The Rat King can't touch them.

Also, Danika Seong's almost certainly dead. One big cyber-cookie to whoever proves it. –Checkmate

HARD COPY COURIERS

Among the megacorps, safe communications is essential. However, no matter how effective encrypted comms are, there's always someone who can hack and decrypt them. The most sensitive messages are therefore delivered by analogue means – either face to face over a cup of coffee, tea or sake, or when that's not possible, by Hard Copy Courier.

A Hard Copy Courier is given a physical printout of a sensitive message. This is often machined onto a sheet of metal so it's pretty much indestructible and impossible to alter. Then, the courier takes it across Manhattan to its recipient. The couriers are used for only the most sensitive information, such as offerings of top-level corporate treaties, contracts worth trillions of wonlongs, and the behind-the-scenes negotiations between ambassadors working without their corporation's knowledge.

Hard Copy Couriers are a close-knit brotherhood of military veterans. They vet and test new members extensively in urban combat and escape and evasion techniques. Their reputation counts for everything and they swiftly execute anyone who proves corruptible or untrustworthy (a good way to do this is to break the seal on a message and read it), and exile from their number anyone who fails in a delivery. A corps of couriers is on standby at the World Corporate Forum at all times and others are available for use by the various embassies at short notice.

Hard Copy Couriers are all complete badasses. Some of the most notorious corporate enforcers have a past as a courier, and ex-couriers are valuable freelance operatives.

> Do not fuck with the couriers. –Checkmate

PART III • THE CITY

PLACES OF INTEREST

Welcome to Manhattan! They call it the capital of the world! If you look to your left, you can see Lady Liberty still greeting all-comers to the great city of New York, and beyond her, the world-famous skyline. We will shortly be landing at Musk International Airport, so let me take a few moments to give you a quick guide to the island. You all know about the corporate embassies, but I'd like to talk you through some of the most famous neighborhoods and points of interest in the borough.

See those three skyscrapers there? Yeah, that's the Roberson-Dialle Building, the Consolidated Mutual Building and Farhan Towers. They have a bunch of smaller corp HQs and megacorp offices in them. Mostly financial stuff. Not exciting, right?

Thing is, a long time ago there were two other buildings on that site. The twin towers of the World Trade Centre. Bunch of assholes flew a couple of planes into them and they both collapsed. This was way back before everything went to shit. They called the site Ground Zero and it was sacred ground in New York for a long time. Now? It's just another patch of dirt. The megacorps judged when everyone had stopped caring and sold off the land, and boom, another chunk of generic Manhattan exists on what used to be a memorial to the Twin Towers. Tells you everything you need to know about this city. About this whole fucking world. –Checkmate

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

Lady Liberty still stands as a beacon of freedom, thanks to her energy shielding protecting her from the elements and from of those who would harm this symbol of our way of life. She is one of New York's most popular tourist destinations and no visit to the Big Apple is complete without a taking the elevator to her crown, where you can find perhaps the best view of the Manhattan skyline.

Goddamn miracle the old girl's still there. The megacorps seem to have decided among themselves that no-one's allowed to buy the Statue of Liberty and turn it into a huge cartoon hotdog or something. The shielding's pretty subtle by megacorp standards. You can see the projectors arranged around the island but the energy shields themselves are almost invisible. The trip up to the crown isn't worth the wonlongs it costs to get in, though.

You want to make a statement, blowing up Lady Liberty would still have enough power to piss off the whole of America. Not that I recommend trying it. –Checkmate

WALL STREET

The one-time financial capital of the world is now one of its greatest technological marvels. The work of thousands of traders has been taken over by a host of artificial intelligences, conducting millions of trades per second and forming the engine that keeps our economy going. Those AIs are still housed in the institutions that created them, protected by layers of electromagnetic shielding and keeping us in our current age of prosperity.

Wall Street would be some of the most valuable real estate on the planet. Thing is, the AIs the old stock exchanges installed are too big and complex to be moved, so they're still there in their shielded sarcophagi. Behind the pillars and concrete are refrigerated server rooms ten storeys tall. It's possible that a hacker – a really good one, I'm talking best in the world – could hack into the trader AIs and cream off a few billion wonlong, but it would be one of the biggest heists ever pulled off and it would need more brainpower than any cyberpunk crew's ever assembled. There's money to be made getting info from Wall Street for other AI manufacturers, though. You'd need the right contacts among the maintenance crews to get in. Good thing those guys are paid like shit. –Checkmate.

EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

One of the most recognizable landmarks in the world is the Empire State Building. Nothing says the Big Apple like this grand old skyscraper! It's an icon of early twentieth-century architecture and the symbol of Manhattan's role as the Capital of the World! Be sure to take a trip to the very top!

The Empire State houses a bunch of smaller corp offices. For whatever reason none of the megacorps ever got round to painting it pink and making it their embassy. Thing is, it's still damn valuable real estate and an office here is a big deal. The corps here want to break into the megacorp world, or break down the monopoly they hold. Believe it or not, if anyone's going to make a concerted stand against the megacorps, it could well start in the Empire State Building.

Oh, you wanna break in? Empire State's older than dirt, there are plenty of ways in. Quickest way is to pretend to be a window cleaner then laser out a couple of panes and walk on in. Don't do the whole tourist-strays-off-the-tour thing, you only get to see the gift shop and the elevator.

TRIBECA

The industrial past of Manhattan can still be seen in the fashionable TriBeCa neighborhood, where factories and warehouses have been converted into exclusive and sought-after luxury apartments. It's one of the cultural hotspots of New York and is known for its communities of artists and performers. The coolest nightspots, galleries and theatres can be found here, but you have to know where to look! Open-air performances in Washington Market Park are popular and free entertainments, perfect for a day out and a picnic!

No picnicking without a license. Anyways, this is where the best of the rest live. The entertainers, luxury craftspeople, the ones that support the System the most visibly and get rewarded for it. This place is 'cool' and you pay for it, which means it isn't really cool at all, yadda yadda.

All the old buildings and industrial stuff means there are plenty of ways in and out of the Underbelly. This is where the rich kids get together for a little Underbelly safari to bring back a few Morlock scalps for the summer house. Maybe it's time some of us returned the favor. –Checkmate

LITTLE RIYADH

The site of the former SoHo neighborhood, Little Riyadh is a classic New York district, a home away from home for the city's Arabic-speaking population. It's still the high-end shopping and entertainment district it always was, but in recent history has become a centre for Arabic culture in the United States.

Be sure to visit the Suq Alzuwwar, the biggest open-air market in Manhattan. You can buy anything here, from the Arabic world to beyond. It's not uncommon to see a seller of traditional Middle Eastern carpets next to a dealer in African art or Chinese silks. Enjoy a hookah bar or the sushi restaurant next door!

Saud Cybernetics bought a big chunk of SoHo wholesale way back in the day. It was the first of the corporate land raids for their embassies. The whole area around the Taj Ealia became Little Riyadh, some of it organically because of all the Arabic-speaking people working there, but a lot of it as part of Saud Cybernetics branding the place as their own personal domain. The market wouldn't exist if Saud didn't subsidies it.

Still, you really can buy anything. There are unmarked shopfronts where guns, combat cybernetics and other assorted illicit junk gets moved. The Suq is almost impossible to police properly and there's no doubt Saud is fine with it being that way. They got their reasons. –Checkmate

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

One of the world's most famous historical sporting venues stands as a testimony to our competitive spirit. Every weekend sees major events in the cybernetic fighting leagues, always the hottest sporting ticket in town! Or if team sports is more your style, Monday Night Crashball has all the rib-crunching action you could want.

Madison Square Garden retains its original layout for an exclusive and intimate audience experience. If you don't have a front row ticket in your pocket, the stadium is supported by a complex of restaurants, shopping, sports bars and more for the complete excursion into the heart of New York's sporting spirit! There's even a full holo-arena for the next best thing to being there!

Don't miss a visit to the New York Nemesis Museum and Team Store, where you'll find memorabilia and memories of the League's greatest franchise. And want to try blasting your quads next to the latest 1K Free sensation? Work out at the iconic Elbow Grease Gym alongside the stars of the fighting leagues. If there's anything dearer to the heart of New York than Madison Square Garden, well, we'd love to hear of it!

The Garden might not be a church, but it's holy ground. The megacorps have built the New York Nemesis into a cult in this town. Don't futz with the team or its players unless you want the full torches-and-pitchforks experience. If you have to get access to the team, be a big-money gambler, a sponsor's rep or a hot girl.

Elbow Grease is all for show. The fighters actually train in the sparring rooms beneath the Garden. That's where the real business goes down. If you know the right lockers to hang around you can find the best combat drugs and fighting cybernetics outside the military. Only the biggest names get decent money and some of the guys in the lower leagues will take money to break a few legs. Good luck down there, though. There's no worse place in Manhattan to get your ass kicked. –Checkmate.

WORLD CORPORATE FORUM

When the world's governments failed, the corporations took over and restored the order we enjoy today. The World Corporate Forum is where they meet to solve our problems. The Forum building is a complete upgrade to the previous United Nations Headquarters, built around the General Assembly building you're all familiar with from the newscasts. The General Assembly hall has seating for over two thousand delegates and is decorated with murals by a collective of artists drawn from all corners of our world.

The Forum also includes the Courts of Compliance, the Multicorporate Welcoming Centre and the Office of the International Board. If there's a single reason Manhattan is called the Capital of the World, it's the World Corporate Forum!

Don't even think about it. Every megacorp and hundreds of smaller ones chip in for the security of this place. If there's a way in, it's in one of the delegations itself. Each ambassador has a bunch of hangers-on and if you can become one of them you'll have an easier job than trying to hack a dozen different sensor-nets or sneak in past a small army of security goons. That'll take years to pull off, though. You'd need to get to the very top of the System.

The real damage is to be done in the Courts of Compliance. The megacorps settle their differences here, at least before the spies and the guns come out. Anyone who can infiltrate there successfully is going to become rich. The place has a private security force, APS Skarab. These guys are ex-intelligence and special forces and are paid by all the megacorps equally. They have one job and they're good at it. They're as close to neutral as you can get in the corporate world so they're damn difficult to compromise, too. Good luck. –Checkmate


Upper Manhatten
Upper West Side
Quarantined Central Park
Upper East Side
Fifth Avenue
Modern Museum of Art
Times Sqaure
Madison Sqaure Garden
World Corporate Forum
Empire State Building
Little Riyadh
Tribecca
Manhattan Bridge Memorial
Wall Street

TIMES SQUARE

Some say Times Square is the beating heart of Manhattan. It is here that the world's celebrities come out to play. Every night has a new gala, premier or grand opening, with the attendant crowds making it Manhattan's hottest spot!

The famous video screens and skyscraper-high holo-displays make Times Square one of the most spectacular sights in the whole city. Even more spectacular are the celebrities and statespeople who attend the events here. Want to catch a glimpse of your sporting, media and corporate heroes? Times Square is the place to be!

Priciest hot dogs in the city. More data-noise than anywhere in the world, too, so make sure you're got your filters set to Mother Superior. The place is under constant eyedrone surveillance running algorithms to spot snipers and nutcases, so keep looking like a tourist or the NYPD or NYPKF will disappear you.

The skyscrapers around the square give you a perfect view of the events, but you'd have to rent out a floor to get free access and you don't have that kind of money. Could be a sniper could cap a corporate face from there while they're on the red carpet, but there's no way they could get away clean. Security hackers keep an eye out for anything automated so you couldn't use a robot or a drone. If you start shit in the Square, you're going to have to shoot your way out and have a damn good escape route. –Checkmate

FIFTH AVENUE

No one with a love of the beautiful, the fashionable and the high life can afford to miss a visit to Fifth Avenue. It's the world's premier shopping experience. All the biggest luxury brands can be found here, pulling out all the stops to present the biggest and best showrooms for everything from clothing to jewelry to the highest-tech gadgets.

Don't have the bank balance for a designer wardrobe? Don't let that stop you from enjoying a day out experiencing the holo-showroom experience. See what you'd look like clothed by the world's best designers or pampered by the finest cosmetic artistes! A souvenir holo from a Fifth Avenue showroom is the perfect memory of your Manhattan adventure and a thrilling taste of the high life.

Brand Name USA, holy shit. Sure, pay this place a visit if you want to pay novelty high prices for everything. The virtual showroom thing is depressing as hell, too. Look at all this stuff you can't afford, now here's your picture and get out,

Fifth Avenue is a lot more vulnerable than it looks. There's a hell of a lot of pricy jewelry and crazy expensive personal tech begging to be stolen. Most of the heists are silent, done by inside men or robbers disguised as employees, and the corps involved don't advertise them. You pull a heist here, you don't walk in with stocking masks and guns. You walk in with an ID badge and a burn drive full of passwords. Beware though, criminals targeting this place is one of the few things the NYPD can be guaranteed to give a damn about. Don't come crying to me when they shoot your ass coming out of a jewelry shop with the alarms ringing. –Checkmate

MANHATTAN BRIDGE MEMORIAL PARK

The tragic events of thirty years ago are remembered in this beautiful, peaceful park on the river, commemorating the loss of the Manhattan Bridge. The silver sculptures in this oasis of calm represent all those who lost their lives, but also suggest hope for a peaceful future. If you need a break from the pace of Manhattan, some quiet reflection at the memorial park can help re-centre you and let you appreciate the simple beauty all around us.

They still don't know who blew up the Manhattan Bridge. At least, they've never told. My guess, it was just some random nutjobs who got hold of a nuclear demolitions device, but what do I know?

Anyway, it's true the park is chiller than the rest of the island. It's also under heavy surveillance to keep it that way. Too much noise or litter and the NYPD drag you into the bushes. For that reason, it's used a lot as neutral ground for face to face meetings. No one's gonna bring the guns out when the buys in blue will have everything saved on a server. –Checkmate

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Every artist dreams of exhibiting at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. This is the gold standard for acceptance in the mainstream artistic world. Seven floors hold rotating exhibits from the hottest artists, alongside permanent exhibits of Jannie Teunissen's controversial body-art, Abdelhak Boulami's hypnotic holo-installations and the monumental sculptures of Claudio Ibarra.

The place is a goddamn joke. Every single piece of art here has a message planted there by the corps. Do what you're told, bigger is better, everything's fine, respect the money, it's all written there if you know how to read it.

The corps like to sabotage one another's art to change the message. Kind of artistic psyops. It's pretty secure but there are gaps in coverage when a new exhibit is brought in, especially if it has sculptures big enough to hide in. It's been done before. Or you could infiltrate one of the late-night celebs-only private viewings, bust out the guns, hold everyone hostage and do whatever you want. The info security is good, but take it over and the place could be yours for the night. –Checkmate

UPPER WEST SIDE & UPPER EAST SIDE

Manhattan's most exclusive neighborhoods border Central Park, and the swankiest apartments overlook it. The Upper West Side has a traditionally Germanic character from the delis and winter markets to the 101st Street animated clocktower.

The Upper East Side is more cosmopolitan and has echoes of worldwide cultures in its architecture. Minarets and Arabic archways rub shoulders with gothic stonework and neo-classical pillars. A walk around these beautiful neighborhoods is a way to expose you to the many cultures that make up Manhattan's unique society.

This is where the diplomatic elites live. It's a status symbol to have one of these addresses so the megacorps have bought every square foot of real estate. You don't need me to tell you they're tough to get into. But some of these buildings are old and old means there are ways in, especially underneath. Lot of a history here, lot of stuff buried. If you're getting in it's probably through the basement, unless you con your way through the door.

The Upper West Side is mostly RK, since it's right across the street from their embassy. The Upper East is everyone else. Got some strange neighbors there, for sure. –Checkmate

CENTRAL PARK

The shape of Manhattan is defined by Central Park. This oasis of green among the glass and concrete canyons makes the island unique. While the park itself is off-limits to visitors, the sight of its lush greenery is a comforting sight from vantage points across the city.

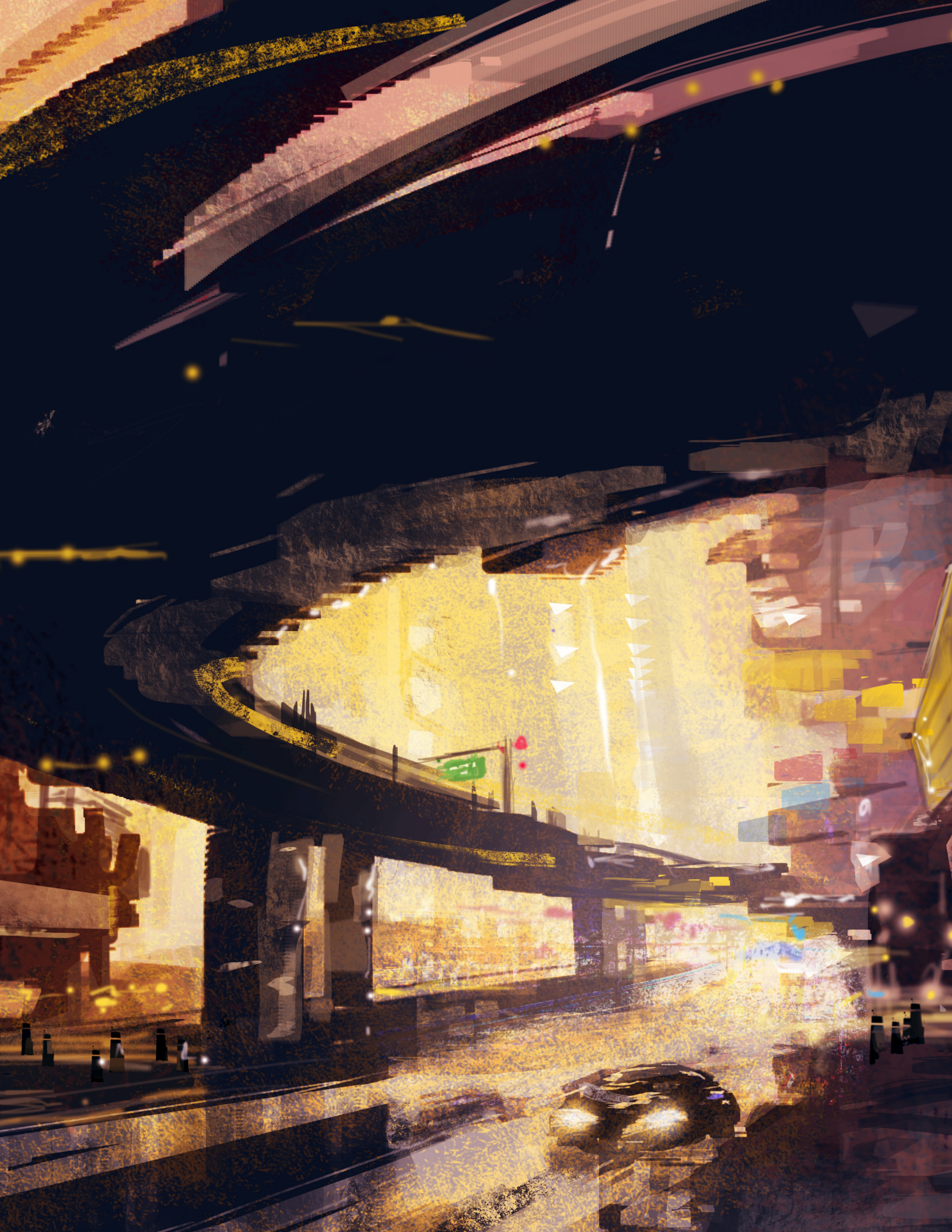
This place is dangerous. If the plants don't eat you, the scumbags will. If you're up to no good in Manhattan, chances are you'll end up here at some point. It's one of the few places you can meet above ground in secret. Plenty of ways in at street level and below, too. The bio-accident that turned the park into a jungle made it a godsend to Manhattan's low-lifes. Maybe that's why it hasn't been cleared yet. The megacorps need a place for their puppets to do their business.

Bring a set of antidotes for the most common plant toxins, and pack a gas mask. Hazmat suit's better. There's no lighting so if you can't see in the dark, bring something that can. Keep your wits about you. And no matter what the other guy says, never, ever come alone. –Checkmate

OLD HARLEM

Upper Manhattan is dominated by the extensive neighborhoods collectively known as Old Harlem, where the cultural melting pot of New York can be seen in its purest form.

They don't even try selling this part of the island. It's where everyone else lives, and it's Rat King country. The big man's gangs rule this place. It's also probably gonna be your home. It's the only place in Manhattan where you might find an abandoned apartment or floor, although nowhere stays derelict for long. It's also where the safehouses, drug dens and gang hideouts are. Still, people find a way to be themselves even in Manhattan, so the bars and music halls here are the real deal compared to the corporate bullshit of Broadway. This is where you keep it real, but it's also where you get stabbed for hanging around on the wrong corner, so watch your ass like always. –Checkmate



THE SURROUNDING CITY

The five boroughs of New York encompass just about every culture and language in the world. This is one of the biggest cities in the world, and definitely its most cosmopolitan. While Manhattan is dominated by the diplomatic class and the System, the rest of New York is split into innumerable other worlds with their own power structures, combinations of cultures, fashions, architectural styles and social pressures. It is impossible to talk about New York as a whole except in terms so general they start to become meaningless.

Only two institutions can be said to exist across the whole of New York. One is the NYPD, which is itself split across hundreds of precincts which have such a degree of autonomy that no two are alike in outlook or function. Some are little more than organized crime hubs where corrupt cops take a cut of criminal activity and use dubious interpretations of the law to arrest and disappear anyone who stands in their way. Others provide support and refuge to New York's beleaguered populations, and provide welfare and charitable services well beyond the remit of law enforcement. Most fall somewhere in between. A few precincts have fallen to strange or malign influences, like fringe religious groups, extremist conspiracies or something even more bizarre. The sight of a blue uniform of police cruiser can mean radically different things depending on what street you're on.

The second institution is the Rat King. He is the king of New York, the single most powerful individual in the city and the man who rules the existence of everyone without the money and resources to exist above his reach. He is a feudal ruler who sits at the top of a network of landlords and rental agencies, taking a cut of every rent paid in the city. This system grew out of the city's organized crime, and the way it reacted to the mass economic deregulation that occurred after the corporate takeover in the 2080s. The Rat King was there, and rose to the top in the ensuing struggle to establish and inhabit the throne of New York.

His will is enforced by the various criminal gangs of New York, who all pay him a cut of their earnings. In return, the Rat King grants them territories, and ensures anyone who violates them is punished. Drug dealing territories are a particularly desirable c ommodity, parceled out by the Rat King in return for oaths of fealty and hefty percentages of profit. Failing the Rat King or concealing profits from him is an excellent way to find another gang authorized to seize your territory and leave your dismembered body on a street corner as a warning to others. The Rat King is not above employing professional killers to eliminate the leaders of particularly disobedient gangs, or just those who amass power that might one day rival his own.

The Rat King himself inhabits a sprawling building in Brooklyn formed from several city blocks welded together into a sagging, labyrinthine palace. He jealously guards his immense wealth and rarely parcels it out, preferring shows of force to flashy spending to reinforce his authority. The one exception to his miserly nature is his own survival. His extensive augmentations have given him a lifespan that extends well beyond a century and a half, and he is protected at all times by a phalanx of bodyguards – ex-athletes from the cybernetic fighting leagues are a favorite of his.

The Rat King spent much of his life in the quest to sire a suitable heir. Though that quest has been abandoned, it has left him with dozens of ex-wives, children and grandchildren, all of whom dream of one day taking the throne for themselves. They plot against one another and the Rat King, who due to some remnant of a moral code does not employ violence against his own family even when they are found to be planning his death.

This extended criminal family inhabits the Rat King's palace or various swanky apartments across New York, all paid for by their patriarch. Should the Rat King die, it will lead to an all-out war between the branches of his family, which will only end when a single survivor stands to take the throne. The bloodshed would be immense and stands a real chance of bringing New York's gangs into open warfare. The mutual massacre of the Rat King's family could fill New York's gutters with blood, and lead to a total shift in the power structure of the whole city. Manhattan would be relatively isolated from the unrest, at least outside Upper Manhattan and Old Harlem, but the fall of the Rat King could see one or more of the megacorps trying to fill the void he left.

THE UNDERBELLY

So, you've found the Underbelly. Nice going. Now the only way is up.

The Underbelly has no laws and no society, not really. It's the toilet Manhattan's human waste drains into. Still, it's home. And, for what it's worth, you can be free.

Some people live here. They're destitute and come down here for a place out of the rain they don't have to sell their souls to the Rat King for. They survive in the permanent settlements down here. The Penn is the biggest but there are others. From time to time they try to set up a system of laws and make some kind of utopian commune, but it doesn't last for long. This isn't the place for idealists, sorry. A few of the permanent residents are fugitives who come down here to hide and never leave. They might have a price on their heads, or just like it here. Or they give up. They live, screw, give birth, die, get sick, have fights, all the normal human stuff, just beneath the streets in the dark.

Other people are just based here. That includes you guys. The cyberpunks. Also plenty of normal criminals. You're not normal criminals, right? No, you're better than that, I can tell by the haircuts. Anyhow, the Underbelly is a good place for a hideout since the cops, the rent-a-cops and the megacorp spooks don't come down here and there are no cameras or eyedrones to log your face. It's possible to get everywhere in Manhattan from the Underbelly and plenty of other parts of the city, too. The Underbelly eventually connects to the undersides of the rest of the Eastern Seaboard, but let's not get ahead of ourselves here.

The permanent settlements are connected by old subway tunnels and sewers that are well-travelled enough to be partially safe. Other places, you need a guide. Plenty of regions of the Underbelly are too polluted or radioactive to cross. There are weirdos down here who'll eat you, too. No way to sugar-coat that part, sorry. Yeah, actual cannibals. A decent guide will steer you clear of them, too. Apart from the gunge and the maneaters, bits of the Underbelly just collapse sometimes, usually when there's construction going on above. Sometimes that reveals a new place, like an old subway station that was sealed off or the lower levels of one of the skyscrapers. That's how the Lab Rats got out of Caduceus Island. Most of the time, though, a collapse just kills people and blocks the safe routes.

I guess you can do what you want down here in the sense that there's no government, or police, or courts, or any of that stuff. But if you piss someone off, they can kill you. So that's a kind of rule. A few other rules are respected by most people, too, like All Faiths being neutral ground. Those are the exceptions though. The only protection you get down here is your reputation and your gun, so make sure people think you're a badass.

I guess you're already trying to do that, though, going by all the cyber-stuff and the leather. That reminds me, you might want to dull down all that chrome. Cannibals are attracted by shiny objects.

I have yet to be convinced of the necessity of allowing the Underbelly to exist. Yes, the people who live there are kept away from the streets and the law-abiding population of Manhattan. However, a staggering percentage of criminal activity is related to people reaching the streets from the Underbelly. These people are predators. No, that's too kind – they are parasites. Internal parasites. Just because we cannot see them, that does not mean they aren't hurting us. -Police Chief Haggarty

THE PENN

This was one of the biggest subway stations back before the floods shut all that down. One of the transport hubs for Manhattan. Thousands of people passing through it every day. Once it was shut down they didn't even bother to seal it off properly. They just poured a layer of concrete over it and let it sink into the ground.

The Penn is the biggest stable settlement in the Underbelly. If you're new down here, you'd be best advised to make your way to the Penn as your first priority. People live wherever they can in old shipping containers and subway cars, or the hundreds of shanties made out of sheet steel and junk. If you're lucky you might get to live in one of the old ticket booths. Here and there you can see the old signage and advertising, but the place's past is almost covered over by us scumbags.

There's no leadership here. People in the Penn have a weird view of leaders. They won't be led. They all just muddle along and if you step out of line, the wronged party's buddies will find you and stomp you down. That's as far as government goes. No laws as such, just don't kill anyone who doesn't deserve it, and if the Penn is threatened you grab whatever killing gear you have and stand by everyone else.

You can get drunk at O'Blivion's bar, and barter and buy stuff down on the Eastbound Market. The market's down on one of the old platforms where they can bring loads of food and trade goods along the tracks. An enterprising Morlock named Lady Shabs set up a bunch of salvaged video screens in one of the ticket halls and for a couple of wonlongs you can hang out there and watch our nation's greatest creation, the wonders of endless TV. The Dollarhyde family runs a... well, they hire a bunch of pretty young ladies and gentlemen, plus a few in-betweens, if that's what you're after. They took over one of the subway trains and divided into tiny little bedrooms. Real entrepreneurs, that bunch. Living the American dream.

So, that's the Penn. It's gonna be home, at least until you find a hole in the wall to call your own. Most of the cyberpunks work out of the Penn and the ones who don't come here regularly to check out what's going on down at O'Blivion's or blow off some steam.

> Any attempt to sanities the Underbelly would begin with the Penn. This is where the parasites would hide when any operation begins. Its population is of sufficient size, and the ways in and out are defensible enough, that the Penn could hold out as long as their supplies last. It is impossible to seal all the supply routes in and out, so starving them by siege isn't viable either. Gas attack? –Police Chief Haggarty

O'BLIVION'S

Cyperpunks like you hang out at O'Blivion's. It's a pretty good bar by Underbelly standards, because it's got some kind of hookup for decent booze from topside. There's the swamp water rotgut too, just like mother used to make, but it's also the only place you can find a quality whiskey if you've got something to celebrate. The jukebox doesn't have anything less than a century old and the meanest guy in the room gets to choose the song.

O'Blivion's is one of the business hubs of the Underbelly. People come here to hire cyberpunk crews. That includes corp clients, and you can always spot those guys no matter how they try to dress down and dirty up. Deals get negotiated in the booths at the back, briefcases get handed over, wonlongs change hands, all that good stuff. O'Blivion's isn't just a bar, it's where shit gets done in the Underbelly.

The bar is tended by Punch Octane, an ex 1K Free fighter. The dude is the size of a gorilla. He's nice enough, mainly 'cause he knows he can throw you through the wall if he wanted so there's no need to make anyone back down. His wine knowledge is patchy but he knows his liquor pretty well. Also I don't think that's his real name.

There's sometimes a skinny little Morlock guy in the corner. He's sort of greenish-grey and he has one eye way bigger than the other. That's Sherman the Vermin, and he's one of the best guides in the Underbelly. He's the one the bar's clientele trust so he's never short of work. If you find him and you need a guide, jump in and show him the money before anyone else does. He's kind of disgusting and usually asks for a trip to the Dollarhyde's love train as part of his payment. He sure knows his way around down here, though.

ALL FAITHS

The megacorps bought up a hell of a lot of land when they were setting up their embassies. Couple that with the megachurches and the weirdo cults siphoning off religious types, and Manhattan's places of worship were vulnerable. Used to be the place was full of Catholics, Jews, Protestants, and just about everything else, all with their churches and temples and so on. But they started being bought up, taken apart and replaced with whatever made the most money.

But the old faiths survived. Don't know what it is about the Underbelly, but this place still has believers. Way back when, the faithful took bits of all those demolished synagogues and cathedrals, and built a church of their own.

That place is All Faiths. It's a cathedral made out of whatever religious architecture could be salvaged. Mosque, church, synagogue, temple, it's all here. Inside there's hundreds of mismatched pews surrounding a cluster of a dozen or more altars and pulpits. Religious leaders take turns preaching to their flocks, holding rituals and services, doing whatever it is religious folks do. There are loads of side chapels and prayer rooms too, so whatever it is that floats your god-boat, you can do it here. If you have the stroke down here you can get a funeral or a bar mitzvah or whatever at All Faiths, too.

All Faiths is neutral ground. No violence here, no beef. Everyone is everyone else's brother the moment you cross the threshold. Of course, those kind of big words need to be backed up, which is where the Pontifex comes in. No one's sure where this guy came from but he's close on seven feet tall, and that's not including the miter. He carries a huge-ass mace called the Scepter of the Faithful and he uses it on anyone who brings outside bullshit into his church, not that he's had to do it for a long time now. He has a corps of armed Deacons who guard the place and reminds everyone to pray nice. A couple of them are medically trained, too, or at least enthusiastic amateurs. If you're on the Pontifex's good side you can get patched up.

The enforced neutrality of All Faiths makes it a good place to meet up with people who hate you. Plenty of peace treaties got agreed here. No one's ever tried attacking All Faiths and I'm scared what the Pontifex would pull out if they did.

> The existence of All Faiths is a mystery. Something that died out on the streets took hold in the Underbelly. It is a mystery we can use to our advantage. If All Faiths fell, it could break the spirits of the parasites and destroy any sense of community they might have. Side note - who is the Pontifex? –Police Chief Haggarty

GETHSEMANE

In the middle of a toxic underground swamp is a town built on duckboards and half-submerged shipping containers. It's a thin crust of survival on the surface of a poison sea. You get there by boat, if they let you get there at all. It has a population of a few hundred and they're all weirder than anyone you've ever met. It's called Gethsemane. It's where the Lab Rats live.

When a bunch of human experiment subjects busted out from Medi-Strike's Caduceus Island twenty years ago, one of them had the brains and the cojones to make a place for them to live. He had a tag on his little finger saying Subject Tau-Niner so that's what everyone calls him. Not sure I know anyone who's actually seen him but they say he has a vestigial head growing out of the side of his neck.

Since then Gethsemane has taken in any Lab Rats who make their way into the Underbelly. They either take in escapees who some kind soul points towards Gethsemane, or they rescue them in raids on megacorp labs. They have a school where they teach the newcomers about how to survive down here, and in some cases how to talk and walk around if they grew up in a vat. There's a trading post on the shore of the swamp where they barter for essentials, but if you want to get into Gethsemane proper you do it on the secret or by invitation only.

Subject Tau-Niner is still around. Once he dies, which might be soon since the Lab Rats' genes are all screwed up, no one knows who might take over if anyone. He has been known to hire cyberpunk crews if he needs something done outside Gethsemane he can't spare any of his own people for. They pay in kind, not money, but they keep their promises.

Medi-Strike would be a staunch ally in any operation to eliminate Gethsemane. Human experimentation is still illegal but diplomatic immunity means Medi-Strike can't be touched for it, but there's still a threat to them in the Lab Rats and what they know. Reaching Gethsemane across its polluted surroundings will be a challenge but not impossible. Getting a big enough force through the maze of tunnels and collapsed subways first is a bigger obstacle. –Police Chief Haggarty

THE STORE

The Penn has a couple of chop shops, but if you want to sample the real exotic cybernetic goods, there's the Store. This used to be an underground shopping mall that got cut off when the subways were abandoned. It got taken over by some crazy old lady called Nurse Moira who's been working out of there as a cybernetic chop-up artist for decades now.

If you just want a new arm or a night vision eye or whatever, someone in the Penn will be able to sort you out. But if you want something weird or really high-end, Nurse Moira has what you need. No idea where she gets her stuff from but she seems to have one of everything. Cyber-ninja legs with integral toe blades? Check. Detachable rocket punch fist? There's one on the shelf. One of those monomolecular whips that coil up into your index finger? She has one of those too.

Nursey isn't all there. No idea what her deal is but she takes payment either in more weird cybernetic crap, or a favor. Sometimes it's to take out someone who's been giving her grief or hasn't paid up. Sometimes it's to bring her a particular body part like an athlete's right arm or a beautiful person's face. Not sure what she does with it but she's been collecting for a while. Most people assume she's making someone down there.

She has a thing for mannequins, too. The Store is full of them. Some of them have a body part or two that started out on a living person. Some of them move. Enjoy your visit.



ABOVE GROUND

THE VOID

There are poor people above street level, too. When they want a good time, and they're cool enough to get past the doormen, they hang out at the Void. This is Upper Manhattan's best-kept secret, a nightclub and concert venue that money and fashion haven't sterilized yet. It takes up the lower half of a tenement building that was gutted by a fire and rebuilt by a coalition of entrepreneurs and Club Kid types who somehow avoided having the place taken over by the Rat King and turned into shitty apartments. The décor is black, neon and dry ice. I have a feeling the building isn't quite up to code.

First, you get past the doors, which are manned by Big Luka and a bunch of shaven gorilla types. They're good guys but if you mess with them they monkey-stomp you into the curb. If they don't like your shoes, they'll ask you politely to find somewhere less cool. Luka's got a list of people who are always let in, and people who never are, and making friends with these guys is a good tactic.

Inside there's a huge multilevel dancefloor. If you're just there to dance then the lower floor has the DJ and the loudest speakers in Manhattan. Hardcore ravers like to get themselves some chemical motivation then dance until they melt. The upper levels have the bar and, a floor above that, the booths protected by sound-dampening fields so you can hear yourself think. Expect to hand over a fistful of wonlongs or be one of the owner's friends if you want to take over one of these.

Speaking of the owners, there's a skinny little guy called Karnate who wears way too much jewelry, who usually handles day to day business. Sometimes there's a big bald Eastern European the staff call Mr. Drazic, who seems to be some kind of investor. Those are the owners, the visible ones at least. DJ Kitty Calamity is there a lot, you'll know her by the heavy eye makeup, holographic hair and cybernetic fingers that make her pretty sweet on the decks. When she's got the night off there are guest DJs from across New York. They have live bands, too, always some cutting-edge transgressive genre-breaking act you've never heard of.

The Club Kids use the Void as a kind of recruiting ground. There's always some twitchy kid in neon who'll try to get people to go with them to an afterparty or secret gig. It's the Club Kids selling the drugs here, too, although the owners prefer them not to do it too openly. Again, somehow the Rat King's gangs haven't taken the club over as a territory yet. The Void is sometimes used for negotiations and deals, especially when something needs to happen on public where a double-cross is tougher to pull off. There are a few back rooms behind the stage which Karnate can be convinced to let regulars use for more delicate deals, or the odd high-stakes gambling session.

Everyone knows the Void's days are numbered. Sooner or later it'll either be taken over by the Rat King or it'll get a writeup in NeoMedici and instantly lose all its street cred. Either way, it'll die. There's a kind of desperation here, as if every dance might be the last. Sometimes, when the music's pumping and the chemicals are flowing, you can imagine the world is about to end.

The Void is a hotbed of criminal conspiracy. Even its ownership is uncertain. It's probably the front of a money-laundering operation. I have authorized undercover officers to infiltrate is society but it is not an easy place to blend in. Authorize drug sales to gain trust? –Police Chief Haggarty

SECOND SOUL

The corps keep a tight rein on the escape routes out of reality, but some of it slips through the cracks. Second Soul is an unlicensed full-immersion VR den that's hidden in Midtown, at the end of a bread-crumb trail of clues for hackers and urban explorers. The trail is there because this is all extremely illegal. The equipment at Second Soul is all stolen, as is the code used for the simulations. If the megacorps found it, they would wipe the place out within the hour.

Second Soul is Marigold's baby. She's a strapping woman built like a shotputter with a half-shaved head and tats that look like they come from a South American prison. Wherever she's from, she'll take all your money in return for letting you plug into one of the restraining rigs she jury-rigged out of dentists' chairs, then turn on the server.

Marigold sells VR experiences by the day. She has a farm of code monkeys in the back who create stranger and more exotic experiences every day. They start at 'handsome prince and his exotic harem' and go all the way up to 'devoured alive by a cathedral of flesh'.

The difficulty of getting to Second Soul, and the fact that the experiences Marigold sells can leave you pretty fundamentally changed, has given it an almost religious reputation among the scumbags of New York. If you're looking for a spiritual experience, a dream-journey that will end in some grand enlightenment, then a lot of people will tell you to start searching for Second Soul. Some of the true believers from All Saints set off on a pilgrimage to Second Soul. Some of them even make it, and return with revelations to spread among the faithful. Other people search for it with a kind of death wish, hoping they'll die of a heart attack or get their brains blasted comatose by the most extreme simulation Marigold's boys have dreamt up.

Whatever your point of view, Second Soul is more than just a shady unlicensed brain farm. Get your skull blended here and you'll be part of an exclusive club of people who have sought the edges of human experience and lived. Assuming you do live, of course.

GIBSON MILE

There aren't many places where the dropouts can gather in Manhattan. The rents are too high and the abandoned places above ground get taken over by the Rat King too quickly. But there is something close in the Gibson Mile, a section of Old Harlem encompassing a bunch of rotting old tenements and a few newer pre-fabricated buildings.

Over the generations, Gibson Mile has turned into a kind of commune for transhumanists. These are the big thinkers, the ones who believe that the human race is about to ditch the weaknesses of a physical body and bail out of meatspace entirely. They maintain a network of servers and virtual spaces, along with the associated programming suites and medical facilities, so they can spend longer and longer away from the real world and inside the digital. These aren't the full-immersion VRs of Second Soul, because those are simulations of real life. The Gibson Mile dropouts spend their time in states without any physical sensations at all, are purely mental and intellectual entities that interact with worlds that don't even pretend to have physical dimensions.

In their own way, the dropouts are a lot like the Club Kids. They've found an alternative to the System and they want to live and die in the world they have created. In a series of shitty apartments and co-opted storage lockers and basements, they aspire to live lives we meatspacers can't imagine and become something beyond human entirely. The ultimate aim is to ditch the body and become a being of pure information, but as far as anyone knows none of the dropouts have actually made it that far yet. There's always a pasty, malnourished body in a recliner somewhere to match the mind in the machine. It's doubtful any of Gibson Mile's servers have enough power to maintain an entirely artificial mind, but they're working on it.

So where does the money come from? When they're not enjoying a brain vacation, the Milers offer cut-price programming services for anyone who wants it. A lot of hackers have got their ice-breakers and tunneling programs from a half-dead Miler to help pay the power bill. A few of these guys are part-time hackers for hire themselves, although they're not known to be the most reliable. Word

is they rent out server space to people who have something they need stored discreetly and securely, too, especially if it's below board.

The Rat King could make a lot of money by clearing out Gibson Mile and turning it into another swathe of overpriced apartments. He's tried a couple of times by sending in a gang to shoot the place up and intimidate the Milers, but each time the response has been a cyberattack that has emptied accounts, crashed cars and generally made it more trouble than it's worth for the Rat King to muscle in completely. There's an uneasy truce between the Milers and the Rat King, and some say it runs deeper than just a non-aggression pact of convenience. Maybe the Rat King has something hidden deep in the Milers' server network, in return for leaving them alone.

The Milers are useful people to know. They are skilled if eccentric programmers and can get a lead on a lot of the extra-lawful information tech you might need in Manhattan. Plus there's always a spare couch to crash on in a deadheader's apartment, since he's probably lying in a bath of ice for the next month with his brain plugged in. And maybe, if the life gets too hectic or you've burned a few too many bridges, they'll let you join them in their meatless Nirvana and become the next stage of humanity, while your carcass withers away.

THE MEGACORPS

As a new arrival to the World Corporate Forum, it is imperative that you have a full understanding of Manhattan's diplomatic landscape. This orientation exercise is intended to give you a thorough grounding in the various corporate embassies and the way they function. You have already been asked to absorb a lot of information during this induction process, but what follows is just as essential as what you have already learned.

The megacorporate embassies are such prominent features of Manhattan that they are now what defines the heart of the Big Apple. Even the Statue of Liberty and the Empire State Building struggle to compete with the splendor and majesty of the embassies, all of which were built not just to provide a state of the art headquarters for the megacorps' diplomatic activities, but to express the core values of each corp.

The embassies were all built after the megacorp takeover in 2081, except for the Taj Ealia which was built by Saud Cybernetics about twenty years earlier. Some are entirely new constructions, others are repurposed landmarks purchased by the megacorps. All of them are bastions of electronic and physical defense, with multiple layers of security controlling entrance and exit. Each has its own security force, often augmented by private security contractors, as well as dedicated information defense teams. Surveillance is constant and embassy work continues 24/7. You will be expected to respect and adhere to all security protocols when you attend them. Expect to be incarcerated if you do not, regardless of what your ID tag says.

In addition, each embassy has its own cultural norms. Ensure you familiarize yourself with them before representing the World Corporate Forum at any embassy event. The megacorps do not necessarily reflect their own cultures in their embassies – each embassy is a message from its megacorp to the outside world, a statement of what they want the public and the other corps to think of them. Through these places, through the structure, staffing and societies inside, they express what they want the world to think of them.

NEUEHOFFNUNG

The Regierung Kybernetik embassy is located in the northern half of what was once Central Park, underneath an opaque climate-controlled dome. The embassy takes the form of a traditional German village with a Bavarian character. The wooden buildings and cobbled streets are surrounded by manicured grounds evoking the unspoilt countryside.

The village is populated by a workforce of robots. These are all top of the line RK models at the forefront of personality programming and form a fully functional community. The robots see to the needs of the ambassadors and visitors to the embassy. RK keeps human staff to a minimum, and most visitors only encounter either the robot citizens, or the ambassadors themselves. The robots man the many facilities among the chalets and lodges including hairdressing, massages and eateries for Bavarian cuisine. A small dairy farm just outside the village is run by robots, with biological animals providing meat and dairy for the embassy. The embassy even has its own robotic oompah band that plays regularly in the bandstand by the village square.

Prominent locations include the Rathaus, the town hall where RK's ambassadors meet and negotiate with visitors, and the Brauhaus, a traditional tavern staffed by robot waiting and bar staff where the embassy serves enormous quantities imported beer. Expect to be watered at the latter before attending the former. RK are big on hearty hospitality and conduct as much of their diplomacy at the bar as in the conference room.

Visitors are housed in a cluster of scenic chalets each with its own robot housekeeper. Medical care, should it be required, is provided by an on-site, fully robotic medical suite behind the wooden façade of the town's doctor office. Security is everywhere but invisible – most of the robots are equipped with less-lethal weaponry and security protocols in case of trouble.

NeueHoffnung maintains a small human maintenance and security overview staff. They are behind the scenes and rarely appear in the village except in emergencies. RK take it as an offence if you insist on seeing human staff instead of robot, so even if robots aren't your thing you will be expected to accept their presence.

Regierung Kybernetik host regular festivals and cultural events at NeueHoffnung. They put a lot of work into ingratiating themselves into the diplomatic class by inviting corporate guests to these events. Concerts and friendly sporting events are common. The centerpiece of this is Oktoberfest, where guests can sample the embassy's seemingly bottomless supply of beer. Be warned – you'll be told that what happens in Oktober stays in Oktober, but that is not necessarily true.

This is the creepiest place in Manhattan. I've seen human skin sculpture galleries that turned my stomach less than the Stepford Reich that RK built here.

The human workforce run around a warren of tunnels under the village so they won't be seen. They're mostly maintenance guys for the robots and a few security overseer types watching the monitors. That's how you'll get around this place. Getting in is another matter. The dome isn't impregnable but it's what they project the sky onto so a missing pixel is going to be pretty obvious. There are a few ways in underneath but not many, RK are better than most at monitoring what's going on beneath them. The good news is that the jungle of Central Park next door will let you get close and surveil the place without being seen.

Like with most of the embassies, infiltrating it in the open as a visitor is the best bet, although with such a small workforce you can't pull the normal trick of pretending to be a cleaner or a wrench monkey. One of the festivals is the best shot.

And the robots are everywhere. They never sleep. Pulling a major job in NeueHoffnung will need a general shutdown of the robots. It can be done, but your hacking guy had better be good. –Checkmate

GRAND CENTRAL FORTRESS

Detroit Industrial has turned the old Grand Central Station into a combination embassy and urban fortress. Their military pedigree is expressed in the battlements and buttresses with which they reinforced the original building. The streets around it belong to the corp too, and are operated like a buffer zone against attack with checkpoints and patrols.

Inside, the main hall is used for displaying DI's hardware. The entrance to the conference rooms is flanked by a pair of MBT-17 Liberty main battle tanks, the symbolism of which is no accident. Ranks of DI's various marks of combat amour stand to attention to greet visitors beneath the FPC-119 Glory dropship hanging from the ceiling. Intervention-class semi-autonomous combat walkers patrol the building as well. The overt militarism of DI can be intimidating, so be prepared for it.

The embassy also makes extensive use of DI's automated weaponry line, with gun turrets tracking visitors everywhere they go. The corp issues IFF tags to all official visitors and while you won't be shot on sight without one, the automated defenses will raise an alarm and you are advised to immediately surrender if this happens.

Along with conference rooms and offices, the fortress includes facilities for demonstrating DI's hardware. Two of the old train platforms have been converted into shooting ranges for small arms firing and another has a full-size 'death house' where soldiers can simulate breaching operations. These are purely for demonstrating DI weaponry and amour to clients – the corp's testing facilities are elsewhere.

The embassy staff are uniformed in a military manner but are typically not soldiers. The old Grand Central Station building requires a lot of maintenance and many of the staff are concerned with this. DI does maintain a small group of ex-military personnel to man the patrols outside and demonstrate equipment. They also serve as a security force in event of an emergency, but the day to day monitoring of the building is handled by the automated defenses.

The fortress' culture is as militaristic as the décor. Expect to hear acronyms instead of names for the various locations, and to be saluted by lower-status employees. Important visitors receive a catered silver service welcome in a wood-paneled officer's mess decorated with artwork of famous historical battles. DI ambassadors conduct most outside business out of uniform but wear full dress when receiving other ambassadors at Grand Central.

This is the big one. It's not just a fortress by name. Some of DI's military bullshit is for show but the patrols outside have guns and the automated turrets are loaded. What's more, they don't tell you about the old garages under street level where DI have a fleet of tanks, APCs and semi-autonomous walkers ready for an invasion. Or ready to invade somewhere else. They're building up their military-trained staff, too. Word is the DI management isn't entirely happy with the army Hunter Brandt is building there.

Ok, how do you get in? So it's an old building and there are plenty of back doors. But the automated turrets will sound an alarm if you don't have an IFF tag, and if your face isn't on their database they'll give you a few seconds to surrender them open fire. DI have lost staff members before who got caught out by the defenses and shot, not that they've made any of that public. You can get in, but you need good planning and info support to do anything once you're there.

DI has a cell block under Grand Central where they keep people who snoop into what they're up to. Brandt especially has ordered a whole bunch of folks arrested and held there. You could get your ass arrested and imprisoned, then break out, and boom you're right in the heart of Grand Central. It's high-risk, but then so is doing anything with that many guns around. –Checkmate

THE FLOATING WORLD

You have probably already seen the Kasai Corporation's embassy, the Floating World. It's hard to miss as it moves between the super-tall skyscrapers of the skyline. The Floating World is divided across three aerostats, each one with a gondola supported by a balloon full of lighter-than-air gas. In terms of square footage the Floating World is the smallest of the embassies, and the Kasai Corporation use that limitation as an expression of efficiency and minimalism. The aerostats can moor at any of Manhattan's super-talls, and occasionally roam further abroad in New York on specific business, but there are always two out of the three above the island somewhere. Travel between them is via a fleet of aerial yachts.

The first aerostat, the Hana, is where the senior diplomats work. Very few outsiders ever board the Hana and it is used primarily for meeting between Kasai's executives and the ambassadors. Kasai prefers to do these things face to face, partly because it's more secure than using electronic communications, and partly because that's just how they are. The fleet is directed from a control centre on Hana and the gondola also has cabins for senior diplomats staying at the embassy long-term. That includes Suki Sakamoto. As an aside, it is considered rude to ask any Kasai employee about Sakamoto directly, so please curb your curiosity.

The second aerostat, the Chōwa, is for diplomatic functions and conferences. The hospitality facilities and meetings rooms are here. The place is decorated according to traditional Japanese wabi-sabi aesthetics, emphasizing minimalism and simplicity. Corporate business is conducted with a great deal of ritual and protocol. It is advisable to familiarize yourself with the basics of these, such as the tea ceremony, before attending the embassy. The Chōwa also houses the embassy's small gallery of extremely expensive and rare art from across the world, one of the prides of the Kasai Corporation.

The third aerostat is the Kenkyo, which is used for housing temporary residents including lower-ranking diplomatic staff and visitors. Again the décor is traditionally Japanese. A small group of attendants in geisha dress are on hand to tend to visitors' needs and it is considered impolite to do for oneself what these attendants could see to instead. Walls are literally paper-thin, so watch what you say.

The Floating World conducts its business according to a strict code of protocol and courtesy. This is sometimes used as a challenge, to disconcert visitors with elaborate rituals and requirements of courtesy the visitor does not know. Some rules are easy to divine – for instance, remove shoes before boarding any aerostat. Kasai Corporation invents other protocols on the fly to wrong-foot visitors. Watch out for these, and be sure to apologies for any infraction without expressing any frustration.

There are two ways onto the Floating World. One is to be invited. The other is to latch onto one of the aerostats with another aircraft and transfer over somehow. The latter will be opposed by armed aerial drones, but it'll let you get gear and people into the flying embassy that can't get in through the front door.

Once you're in, be ready for a bullshit evocation of a perfect Japan that never existed. All the minimalist crap costs a goddamn fortune, of course. If you're not pretending to be Kasai, you can get away with the bumbling gaijin act who doesn't know any of the rules. If you're acting as one of their people, you have a lot of homework to do.

The geishas are all intelligence-trained to gather whatever gen they can from dumb loud guests. They're also ready to take you down silently and throw you overboard if they think you're up to anything shady.

You probably want to rob the gallery while you're at it. I heard somewhere all the stuff is treated with radiation so the moment you open the display case, you get a lethal dose of rads. Don't know if that's true or not but I wouldn't try your luck. Same goes for anything else on the Floating World. There's no room to go dicking about with no plan. Get in, get out, and don't give anyone a reason to suspect jack shit. –Checkmate

CADUCEUS ISLAND

Medi-Strike's embassy is built on an artificial island on the Hudson River to the south of Downtown Manhattan. The island's manicured gardens surround a magnificent building of white stone and glass, with elegant curving lines in contrast to the straight verticality of the borough's skyscrapers.

Caduceus Island serves as both an embassy and a state of the art medical facility. The use of these facilities is offered to diplomats from all megacorps, and selected other notables, as a token of Medi-Strike's dedication to a sense of harmony and cooperation among the corps. One wing of the embassy serves as a research centre, while another houses several private clinics and wards. The central wing is for embassy business, conducted in a series of light, airy offices and conference rooms. The aesthetics of the embassy are defined by smooth, white curved lines, glass, and light.

Medi-Strike has dozens of high-profile medical guests at any time. They are particularly well-known for ultra-longevity treatments and the replacement of organs and body parts with perfect custom-grown copies. One of their clinics is solely for cosmetic procedures. Each ward has a number of private rooms, equivalent to a modern luxury hotel room, along with a gymnasium, restaurant-quality kitchens and other leisure facilities. Non-medical visitors are housed in a small group of chalets in the gardens of the island. These are small but well-appointed, although they are notably less luxurious than the private rooms of the wards.

The research centre is used to demonstrate Medi-Strike's current breakthroughs to visitors. The real research is done at the megacorp's other international facilities. Research being conducted at the embassy is already at an advanced stage and allows Medi-Strike to show the fruits of their most successful projects. Of particular pride is the gallery of custom organs and tissue samples for use in creating advanced humans from scratch. Though Medi-Strike claims not to have actually begin doing this, the possibility of making custom corporate scions for the other megacorps is a powerful inducement to a long-term alliance.

Medi-Strike's culture is overtly friendly and beneficent. The company's posturing is one of alliance and mutual success, with the ultimate aim the overall improvement of the human race. Expect to hear a great deal of utopian rhetoric, describing a world without disease, old age or misery. Medi-Strike's diplomatic conferences are typically prefaced with a holo-display about the world they hope to make, with the cooperation of the other megacorps.

Access to the island is via a private ferry, or by helicopter to a landing pad on the roof of the central wing. The island has its own power generation, food and medical supply stockpiles and television station and can survive fully operational if entirely cut off from the mainland. Its security force are uniformed personnel who discreetly monitor the various wings and wards, but overt security is not part of Medi-Strike's brand.

The island isn't difficult to get to. You can get in across the Hudson with a stealthed boat or mini-sub. There are plenty of people going in and out via the ferry, too, so a decent cover story and solid IDs will get you in.

The real story here is what's underneath the embassy. Medi-Strike runs its human experimentation labs there, where the cops can't touch them. Word is the Stanwick triplets were made down there out of the best body parts and brain juice they could find. A steady stream of expendable penitentiary fodder, kidnap victims and corporate prisoners enter via a tunnel that opens somewhere on the mainland, and get dissected or mutated in those labs. They grow plenty of folks from scratch, too. There's a major body disposal facility adjoining the labs where the remains are incinerated and then dispersed into the ocean. There's two more ways in right there, where the bodies come in and the remains go out, if you can hit them hard and fast enough.

There's stuff in the labs that would blow Medi-Strike wide open, diplomatic immunity be damned. Mutant supersoldiers, living brains in jars, human hiveminds, people with induced psychic powers, the whole shebang. They'll kill a whole lot of people to stop it getting out. That makes it worth getting in, if you have a decent plan. –Checkmate

LANZA DEL ORO

Garcia Group purchased the old Chrysler Building and transformed it into the Lanza Del Oro, the golden highlight of Manhattan's skyline. The purpose of the Lanza Del Oro is to position the megacorp as the pinnacle of the diplomatic world, with a level of overt luxury to be aspired to and desired.

The Lanza Del Oro houses relatively little corporate business, instead being used almost entirely for diplomatic hospitality. Garcia Group's guests can expect to be wined and dined surrounded by golden décor inspired by the ancient Aztecs, including areas for relaxation referred to as 'temples' which are attended by hosts and hostesses instructed to cater to everything the guests need. Many floors are taken up with hotel-like rooms for visitors, as well as swimming pools, cinemas and holo-arenas, and numerous floors given over to private gardens replicating various lush biomes. The Lanza Del Oro even contains a small zoo stocked with genetically engineered replicas of various extinct creatures.

The lower floors are open to the public, though visitors are effectively screened by a robust security presence. Mañana is a fine dining restaurant serving Mexican-influenced cuisine, which keeps tables reserved so it can always seat unexpected guests from the diplomatic class. Garcia Group uses the restaurant to host non-diplomatic guests such as reporters and influencers. Garcia Group also houses one of its flagship showrooms for personal technology on the ground floor of the Lanza Del Oro, where it holds its product releases.

Garcia maintains a subservient and eager-to-please culture at the Lanza Del Oro. It has a small army of hosts on the payroll whose duty is to provide guests with whatever they want. This is dangerous to the unprepared visitor. It is all too easy to become compromised through drink or other excesses at the Lanza Del Oro as Garcia Group's hosts will provide the means to indulge them without question. The potential for such excess, eagerly catered to and away from the public eye, is one of the perks offered by Garcia Group to potential allies and investors, and it is a powerful inducement indeed.

Security at the Lanza Del Oro is invisible but present. The ornate Aztec goldwork on the walls and ceilings conceals cameras and recording devices. AI algorithms identify threats or aberrant behavior and instruct armed drones to emerged from hidden panels to corral or eliminate the offender. There are no reliable reports of the uppermost floors of the building and it is likely they are used to incarcerate dangerous over-indulgers or intruders.

The Lanza Del Oro is a much sought-after posting for diplomatic representatives, for obvious reasons. There are pitfalls there, however, that primarily stem from the mental weaknesses of the representatives themselves. A posting here must be earned with demonstrated discipline and willpower.

I guess the Chrysler Building always looked kind of like a dick, but covering it in gold just made is somehow more phallic. Anyway, it's got plenty of ways in and out beneath and there's no shortage of opportunity to infiltrate it openly since the hosts and hostesses have a high turnover and they're always looking to hire more.

It's almost impossible to do anything alone in the Goldenrod, though. If the hosts aren't watching you the cameras are, and Garcia takes every opportunity to get you drunk or worse so you can't think straight. Don't trust anything you're given to eat or drink, but don't make a show of not eating or drinking it because they'll know that you know.

The upper floors are where they keep the long-term guests. That is, the people who are so strung out on whatever Garcia feeds them that they can't survive without it and they'll do anything to get more. Garcia turns corporate double agents this way, or just pumps the deadheads for all the info they have before feeding them to the fake tigers in the fake zoo. Could be a client'll want you to get one of these drug casualties out of there, in which case you'll probably be conning your way in and shooting your way out.

The security is half gorillas in uniform, half automated drones. The latter have a pretty wide target definition, Garcia doesn't mind some collateral damage if they keep the bad guys (that's you) from escaping. The uniforms aren't much better. Go in loaded for bear and be ready to shoot first. –Checkmate

TAJ EALIA

This magnificent skyscraper, with its upper floors in the form of a golden crown, was the first of the corporate embassies and carries all that authority and majesty in the lines of the arabesque patterning and pointed archways. The multicolored, interlocking patterns of the exterior are decorated further with calligraphic inscriptions of Saud Cybernetics' corporate principles.

The core principle expressed through Saud Cybernetics' embassy is one of the old working together with the new. Traditional architecture abounds, including the magnificently vaulted ceiling of the atrium and the many intricately decorated tile floors. This is combined with electronic monitoring systems and robotic assistants flawlessly integrated into the surroundings. If the building's AI detects a need for refreshments, a robotic waiter will glide from a concealed cubby hole to deliver coffee, jellab and dates.

The staff are welcoming and eager to demonstrate Saud's cybernetic prowess. The embassy employs dozens of 'facilitators' whose role is to guide and attend to visitors. Almost all the staff have a cybernetic enhancement they are proud to display for visitors, especially those that are almost invisibly integrated into the body or otherwise aesthetically impressive. Beyond the atrium where staff greet guests, many of the upper floors are given over to displays of cybernetics, both exhibited individually or incorporated into animated mannequins. Saud use their embassy as a showroom for big-spending customers and the journey through the Taj Ealia inevitably has something of a sales pitch about it.

Diplomatic business is almost always conducted over food, highly lavish and in large quantities. It is typically Middle Eastern and North African, though exceptions can be made. Saud's diplomats insist on dining before business and it is recommended you do not attend a function at the Taj Ealia on a full stomach.

Saud also conduct cybernetic implantations on the building's upper floors. This is not widely advertised and rarely acknowledged. Cybernetics purchased from Saud are implanted elsewhere. The embassy's implantation suites are used solely for cybernetics given as a token of esteem or as part of a deal.

Security is integrated into the staffing. Saud ensure there are facilitators present in numbers always with a couple of security personnel. They are uniformed less elaborately that the facilitators and they are not armed. Their role is to alert the embassy's small corps of armed, cybernetically-enhanced troops. Saud Cybernetics' security is the oldest such private army in the diplomatic world and they are decorated combat veterans with strong esprit de corps. Most have lost limbs in service to Saud Cybernetics and been granted embassy work in recognition of their velour.

The Taj is the oldest embassy and there are plenty of back doors in the structure. Behind the pretty tiling and all the Arabic inscriptions the structure and its moving parts need constant maintenance. That's your way in.

The Taj also has an advantage over other embassies in that their security is human. It has its electronic elements but mostly it runs off the Mark 1 Eyeball, which is a lot more difficult to hack than a security camera. And if you raise the alarm, the cyber-veterans they send in are no joke. These guys are battlefield veterans and they will kill you.

The food is a bigger weakness than Saud realize. They need suppliers and chefs, in particular specialists for picky guests who can't handle a little spice. It's tougher to get in as a facilitator but it can be done, since they employ a hell of a lot of them.

The upper floors are where the nasty stuff happens. Saud implant their illegal cybernetics there, since even if the authorities found out they couldn't prosecute what goes on in an embassy. They don't charge for this – you pay in kind or in favors. Could be if you have something they really want, you can get something shiny and lethal grafted onto you. Just hope they let you leave afterwards. –Checkmate

THE BLADE

ZA Korporasi's embassy is on the site of the former Flatiron Building and retains that structure's unusually slender, tapering footprint. The new building is substantially taller and has a sharply sloping roof and gleaming metallic exterior giving it the appearance of a huge knife blade, hence its nickname. Though it is more properly named De Beers Towers, it is universally known as 'the Blade' including among its staff and ZA's ambassadors.

Each floor of the Blade has a holo-projector suite, where ZA meet visitors and conduct negotiations. These suites enable them to entertain or intimidate with grand holographic vistas, from the handsome landscapes of South Africa to the expanses of space or the depths of the ocean. Suites on the upper floors use external cameras to make the building appear transparent, allowing for a magnificent view of Times Square and the surrounding area but creating an effect that is not for the acrophobic.

ZA limit embassy business to hosting conferences and negotiations. They have been known to lease out their holo-suites to corporate allies for presentations and events. The Blade's staff is small, consisting of the ambassadors and small number of support staff. Facilitators and guides are AI-driven holograms, which can be disconcerting when they appear and disappear suddenly. Security is provided by a small group of guards with less-lethal weaponry, since ZA do not store much of value at the Blade and do not expect much trouble.

If you're going to make a run on the Blade, chances are you're snatching someone out of the Nightmare Chambers. These are holo-suites used for interrogation. ZA's AIs and sick-as-balls programmers can conjure up all kinds of holographic hells here. Sleep deprivation, personality alteration, tactical traumatization, the whole Manchurian thing. A subject without specific conditioning against it is likely to break after a few days, max.

Getting in without being seen isn't easy. The place is covered in cameras and sensors like always and while the foundations are old, ZA did an unusually thorough job making the place airtight. The security aren't too numerous, though, and rely on calling in help from the outside, so if you hit hard and fast you can get in, do the job and get out guns blazing.

They'll use the holo-suites against you. There might only be a couple of guys with guns, but they'll make it look like there are a couple hundred rushing you. A hacker can get control of the suites but be ready for a battle.

And don't get caught, or you'll wake up in a Nightmare Chamber yourself. –Checkmate

THE MEESTERWERK

Visser Robotics built their embassy on Broadway, in the centre of the Theatre District, and their embassy embodies the concept of corporate identity as performance. Most of the Meesterwerk consist of an enormous concert hall, which can be configured for operas, musical concerts, orchestral performances and theatrical works. The exterior and interior décor are baroque and highly ornate, with golden scrollwork covering every surface, painted frescoes and ceilings, and enormous crystal chandeliers.

Performances are non-stop and are used as the background for corporate business. Ambassadors are received, guests entertained and negotiations conducted in the auditorium, usually in the box seats overlooking the stage. The performances double as a demonstration of Visser's robotics expertise, as all the performers are robots. Visser maintains a cast of several hundred robots that specialize in everything from playing instruments to acrobatics, clowning and singing.

The Meesterwerk performances always have some element of a corporate message woven into them. Progress, especially technological, is always celebrated, and the weakness brought about human fallibility and reliance on the outdated is emphasized. This is in contrast to the archaic appearance of the building itself, which makes for a somewhat confusing mix.

The great majority of the embassy staff are robotic, including the ushers, security robots and the basic labor models used as members of the audience in the main auditorium when not employed in maintenance. The diplomats are used to the performances going on in the background but they can be distracting to the unprepared, something that Visser employs as a tactic in intricate negotiations. Along with the auditorium and backstage area, the building includes a bar and restaurant for entertaining guests between performances, diplomatic offices with a far less ornate style than the more public areas, and extensive robot maintenance and assembly facilities.

You want to break into the Meesterwerk? You're going in through the back, then. The robotics areas are the big weakness here. They're protected by security robots but they're hackable and once you're in, a set of overalls and an ID will can get you by. The areas under and behind the stage are full of voids and hiding places, too, just don't get caught in there when they change the scenery or you're liable to get crushed.

Visser have some nasty stuff being worked on. I've heard the final assembly of mass kill units and assassination robots takes place beneath the stage. Visser are testing something in the theatres and concert halls of Broadway, too, some kind of mass manipulation or hypnosis deal that's being made in the Meesterwerk and being sent out on test runs in front of civilian audiences. The other corps are trying to get a proper line on it and either sabotage it or get word to the Chamber. Could be it's a mind control weapon built into a synth, could be it's some kind of hypnotic audio-visual pattern.

So that's the Meesterwerk. Come for the tunes, stay for the killbots. –Checkmate

TIGER TOWERS

Shenzen Solutions had big plans for their embassy. They wanted something that would rise out of the East River, tall enough to rival the Statue of Liberty as one of the first sights you'd see when approaching New York from the sea. The thing is, they were a little optimistic about whether the East River was going to cooperate.

Tiger Towers was supposed to be a building with a pair of towers, each one with a big-ass Chinese dragon thing winding round it. They were gonna be lit up at night with thousands of paper lanterns. They planned a pair of matched gardens on the tops of the towers, a combination showroom/conference centre for the central wing and meditation rooms, sparring halls, and all kinds of traditional Chinese stuff to impress visitors. It all stood on a pillar of concrete sunk into the bed of the East River and was supposed to have a flotilla of high-tech junks to take people to and from the mainland.

Then just before it was finished, the whole damn thing sunk into the river bed. The surveyors hadn't noticed a huge-ass void beneath it and the weight brought it all down. Now all you can see of Tiger Towers are the top dozen floors of one tower and five or six of the other, tilting up out of the water. The head of one of the dragons is clear of the river, staring at Manhattan like it's jealous of the dry land.

Shenzen never rebuilt an embassy. Either they'd sunk too much money into Tiger Towers or they figure there's some hoodoo about trying to build another huge crime against taste anywhere near the island. Tiger Towers would be too expensive and dangerous to salvage so the ruin of the place isn't going anywhere soon.

Of course, there's no shortage of idiots who want to get into the place. Most of it's flooded but the best guess is there are air pockets that have held out, or places that can be pumped dry temporarily to have a good root around. Shenzen was about to move in when the place sunk and there's tell they had the most advanced building AI in the world to run it. Could be that thing's still functioning, in which case its code would be worth a hell of a lot of money, not to mention the research and testing facilities full of Shenzen cybernetics, weaponry and assorted tech.

Word is, Tiger Towers is haunted. Sounds like bullshit but I guess weirder things have happened, especially since Shenzen's all but confirmed to have covered up the deaths of all the construction guys who died in the flooding and collapse. Of course, it could be the AI and the automated defenses are still active, in which case it might as well be haunted because that shit's gonna come out of the walls to kill you. Anyway, only the top few floors have been explored, at least by anyone's who made it out to tell. The place is a deathtrap but if you're determined, crazy and prepared enough you might be able to penetrate into the lower levels. There could even be a way up from some flooded part of the Underbelly, although you'd need to organize a major underwater exploration mission with all kinds of specialized gear that doesn't come cheap.

Still, there's plenty of folks that talk shit at O'Blivion's about how they'll dig some trillion-wonlong gizmo out of Tiger Towers one day. Some of them really want to try because of the potential loot in the sunken embassy, but mostly, it's just because it's there.

You want to break into the Meesterwerk? You're going in through the back, then. The robotics areas are the big weakness here. They're protected by security robots but they're hackable and once you're in, a set of overalls and an ID will can get you by. The areas under and behind the stage are full of voids and hiding places, too, just don't get caught in there when they change the scenery or you're liable to get crushed.

Visser have some nasty stuff being worked on. I've heard the final assembly of mass kill units and assassination robots takes place beneath the stage. Visser are testing something in the theatres and concert halls of Broadway, too, some kind of mass manipulation or hypnosis deal that's being made in the Meesterwerk and being sent out on test runs in front of civilian audiences. The other corps are trying to get a proper line on it and either sabotage it or get word to the Chamber. Could be it's a mind control weapon built into a synth, could be it's some kind of hypnotic audio-visual pattern.

So that's the Meesterwerk. Come for the tunes, stay for the killbots. –Checkmate

PART IV • ECONOMY

RENT

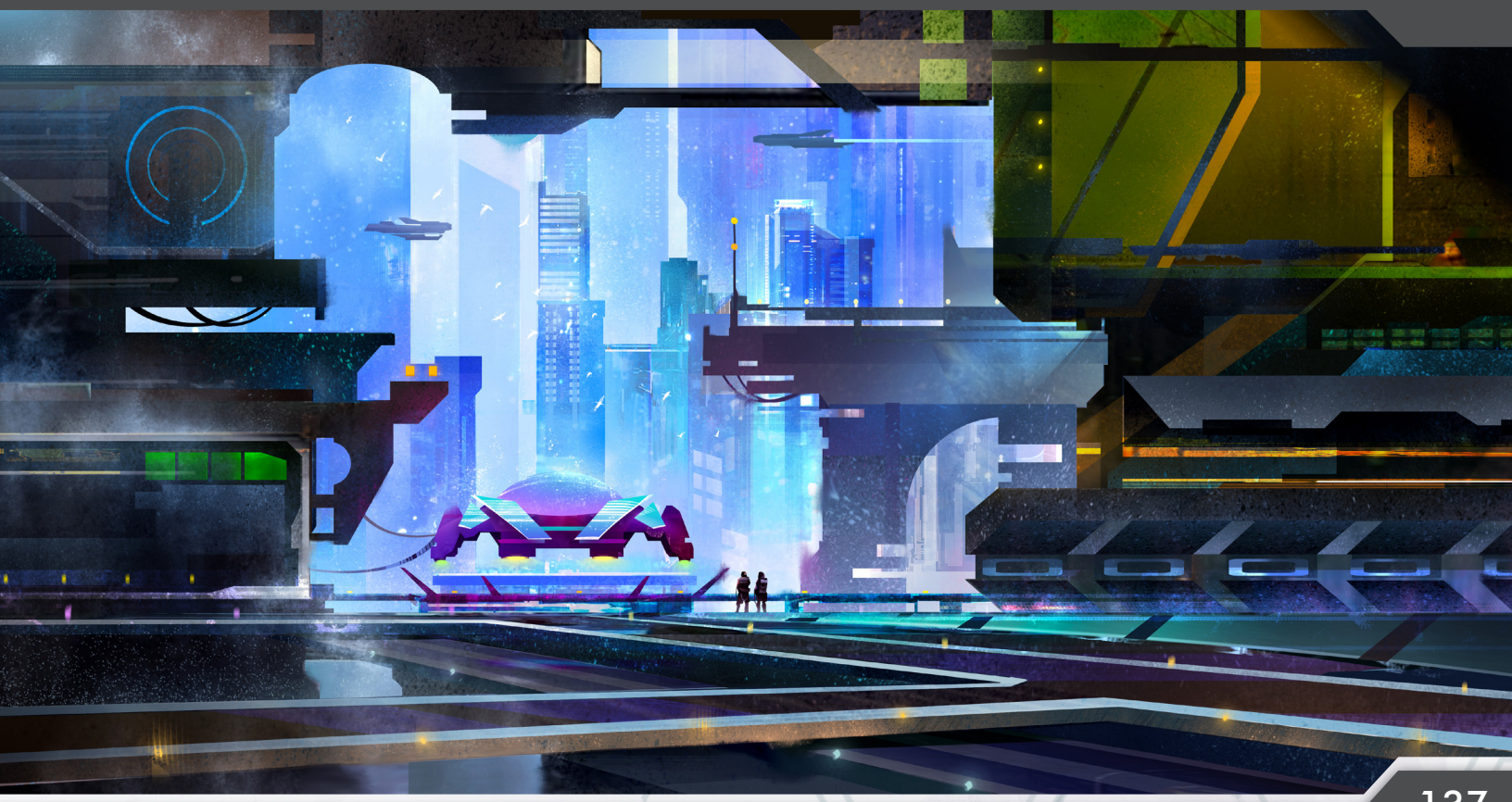
Rent in Manhattan is exceptionally high, partly because of the value of real estate on the island and partly because of the extortionate demands of the Rat King and his enforcers. Rent in Manhattan should be calculated according to the monthly rent table, but with the following differences:

Rent in Manhattan begins at the District 3 levels, for a place in Upper Manhattan such as Old Harlem. District 2 covers most of the other neighborhoods on the island, while areas adjoining the Upper West and Upper East side are district 1.

Renting the most expensive apartment, such as those in the corporate neighborhoods of the Upper West and Upper East Side or TriBeCa's sought-after and fashionable studio apartments, can be more expensive still. These start at double the rent of a District 1 equivalent, and have no upper limit.

The most expensive apartments are not rented at all, but are owned by the megacorps and given to their most valued employees. The use of such an apartment is part of their payment for their service. Only the mega-rich could afford such an apartment without being granted its use by a megacorporate employer.

Accommodations in the Underbelly can be had for District 5 prices, though payment is often in kind, and many people get by bedding down in a relatively clean and dry section of tunnel or a long-forgotten basement level. Such accommodation is free, but it comes with the danger of being preyed on by feral Morlocks or being caught in a sudden flood.



FOOD AND DRINK

The legendary Krog Dog can be purchased on the streets of Manhattan for around 400 wonlongs. This is easily doubled in areas of the borough popular with tourists such as Times Square or Washington Market Park.

Other food prices are comparable with the examples given for San Francisco, though typically 20-30% pricier. The most expensive food can easily be double the price of the examples given in the Absurd category for the most expensive restaurants where the diplomatic class eat. Diplomats are subsidized in such extravagance by their megacorps, but the mere mortals of Manhattan must pay full price.

Radbuster select is a potent spirit distilled in the Underbelly, using radioactive pollutants and toxic lab off-run to create a uniquely flavored and very powerful concoction. It costs 60 wonlongs for a double and 800 for a bottle, and is a favorite at O'Blivion's. Less palatable rotgut is 30-50 wonlongs in the Underbelly and around 60 wonlongs on the streets.

Wine is common among the restaurants and bars of Manhattan, unlike many other cities where it has fallen out of fashion. Its creation relies on artificial or genetically recreated grape strains. The prices given are for wines regularly served at restaurants, bars and functions. For truly desirable vintages, there is no upper limit to cost.

Wine	Glass Price	Bottle Price
Simbrusco (red)	80₩	300₩
Seol Select Rose (rose)	120₩	550₩
Neuro Gregio (White)	200₩	800₩
Inferno Rosso (red)	200₩	800₩
Nebula Ranch Shampagne (Sparkling white)	400₩	1 800₩
Chateau Kamkatcha (red)	800₩	3 800₩
Noctis Labyrinthis '71 (red)	1 500₩	7 000₩
Gene-Sim Champagne Select (sparkling white)	2 500₩	12 000₩

TEMPORARY ACCOMODATION

Similarly to renting, temporary accommodation on Manhattan is notably more expensive than in almost any other city on Earth. The most luxurious accommodations, in the borough's exclusive hotels, are almost exclusively the domain of the megacorps who use it to house and entertain important allies and investors.

The prices for temporary accommodation start at the levels given for District 3 in San Francisco. This represents hostelries in Old Harlem and other lower-rent areas of Manhattan. Accommodation in the less fashionable areas outside Upper Manhattan are equivalent to District 2, and everywhere else equivalent to District 1 prices. Again, seeking temporary accommodation in the Underbelly is an option for anyone familiar with the underworld, and it is possible to find a quiet corner to spend the night underground if you are willing to accept the accompanying risks.

JIM DIAMONDS

BOURBON

SINCE 2041



TRAVEL



The two most common means of transport in Manhattan are the yellow cab, and the HaloWay. Thanks to union rules partly enforced by the Rat King, all yellow cabs have human drivers. The minimum charge is 80 wonlongs, plus 40 wonlongs per mile. The high-rise nature of Manhattan, fears about aerial congestion and pressure from the HaloWay means the standard taxi isn't airborne, but private aerial cabs are available for about twice the hire cost of a road vehicle.

The HaloWay is an elevated railway that connects most of the corporate embassies, places of interest and the World Corporate Forum. It is used mostly by the diplomatic class, and tickets cost a minimum of 500 wonlongs, plus 200 per extra mile. Corporate employers offer season tickets to the HaloWay as a perk to senior employees, and using the HaloWay enables a member of the diplomatic class to travel around Manhattan without ever having to set foot at street level.

ENTERTAINMENT

There's no shortage of entertainment in Manhattan, as it's both one of the ways the diplomatic class express their cultural superiority, and a means of distraction and escape for everyone else.

Entertainment	Price
Outsider Music Gig	30₩
Concert ticket	700₩
Holo-arena musical spectacular	1 000₩
Movie Ticket	500₩
Unlicensed Cybernetic Combat Bout	600₩
Madison Square Garden (Holo-arena ticket)	600₩
Madison Square Garden (Cheap Seat)	1 000₩
Madison Square Garden (Good seat)	3 000₩
Madison Square Garden (Front row seat)	80 000₩
Madison Square Garden (Front row seat, New York Nemesis playoff game)	300 000₩

Entertainment	Price
Theatre ticket (off-off Broadway)	1 200₩
Theatre Ticket (off-Broadway)	2 000₩
Theatre Ticket (Broadway)	5 000₩
Theatre Ticket (Broadway, private box)	100 000₩
Opera Ticket	50 000₩
Opera Ticket (private box)	120 000₩
Art gallery ticket	600₩
Art gallery private viewing	80 000₩
Massage (Seedy)	800₩
Massage (exquisite)	3 000₩

ADDITIONAL CONTENT FOR MANAHTTAN 2185

PLOT HOOKS

Manhattan's setup, with a ludicrously privileged diplomatic and corporate elite plus a large subjugated underclass, and a noxious criminal population in the Underbelly, naturally suggests scenarios where a band of cyberpunks based in the Underbelly head to street level to commit crimes against the embassies and the diplomatic class for wealthy employers. Wider plots can involve awful crimes being perpetrated by the megacorps behind the façade of their embassies, power struggles between the corps, and protecting the Underbelly from purging by the NYPD and NYPKF. Strange, dark forces and entities can emerge from the depths of the Underbelly, in the servers of the Financial District or Gibson Mile, or the flooded lower reaches of Tiger Towers. The only real limit is the imagination of the players. There are a million stories to be told in the Capital of the World.

- You find a Hard Copy Courier's corpse and deliver his message for a hefty payout.
- Sneak into the MediStrike labs from the underbelly, and rescue Lab Rats/steal research.
- Fix a Crashball game. Drug players, arrange scandals, bribe refs, Kerrigan star players.
- The NYPD's Chamber needs someone very unofficial to break into an embassy and get evidence.
- Two diplomats hire the same cyberpunk crew to assassinate one another.
- A megacorp sends a cyberpunk espionage crew into a rival's embassy – but is it a set-up?
- Incite a riot so the NYPKF can demonstrate their effectiveness in putting it down.
- A diplomat has gone missing after an epic bender. Find him and sober him up.
- Yellow cab drivers are threatening to strike. Break the strike, or help them in their negotiations.
- The citizens of the Penn send a cyberpunk crew to negotiate with the King Gorebelcher II on their behalf.
- Assassinate a diplomat while he's at the theatre. It's a classic for a reason.
- Ambush an NYPD convoy travelling through Manhattan to free the valuable prisoner they are transporting.
- Journey to Gethsemane to deliver a message to Subject Tau-Niner.
- Accompany a wealthy degenerate as he tours the seediest delights of Manhattan.
- A megacorp hires a cyberpunk crew to infiltrate their own embassy, to test their security measures.
- Stage an attack on the Statue of Liberty, so the NYPKF can renegotiate contracts in the ensuing paranoia.
- The crew needs the skills of a legendary hacker, last seen heading into Tiger Towers.
- The Rat King needs the skills of a cyberpunk crew to clear a particularly nasty thrill-kill cult from a tenement block.
- Reprogram a corporate holo-demonstration to sabotage the megacorp's brand.
- Infiltrate a megacorporate embassy to install spyware.

ADVERSARIES

MORLOCK CANNIBAL

The Underbelly is haunted by countless Morlocks who have grown up in this toxic twilight world. While many are friendly, others are bandits, feral hunters or even cannibals who make journeys through the Underbelly especially perilous. A Morlock cannibal is unlikely to be well-armed, but they are relentless in their aggression and tend to travel in hungry packs.

NYPKF TROOPER

The New York Peacekeeping Force can deploy dozens of armed and armored troopers anywhere in Manhattan and most of New York at short notice to face civil unrest or break up Corp-unfriendly activity. The typical trooper has solid body armor, a collapsible baton, a submachine gun and sidearm, and a love of beating up people less well-armed and organized than himself.

NYPKF LINEBREAKER

A Linebreaker is an NYPKF riot suppression specialist in heavy armor wielding a ballistic shield, baton and sidearm. His gear is all but immune to regular small arms fire and melee attacks, and he is protected from the tear gas the NYPKF throws indiscriminately. The NYPKF fields units of Linebreakers large enough to form an impenetrable wall of shields across one of Manhattan's thoroughfares. An advancing rank of Linebreakers has shattered many determined crowds of rioters in New York's turbulent history.

1K FREE FIGHTER

The 1k Free division of the cybernetic fighting leagues has a 1,000lb weight limit and, aside from a ban on missile weapons, no limit on the types of cybernetics used. A 1k Free fighter is a gorilla-sized cybernetic assbeating machine designed to fight professionally, either for an audience or, after their careers in the ring falter, for whoever pays them. The fighting leagues are fertile ground for underworld types looking to recruit no-nonsense muscle, and a 1K Free veteran is something of a status symbol among crime bosses. The Rat King employs several as personal bodyguards.

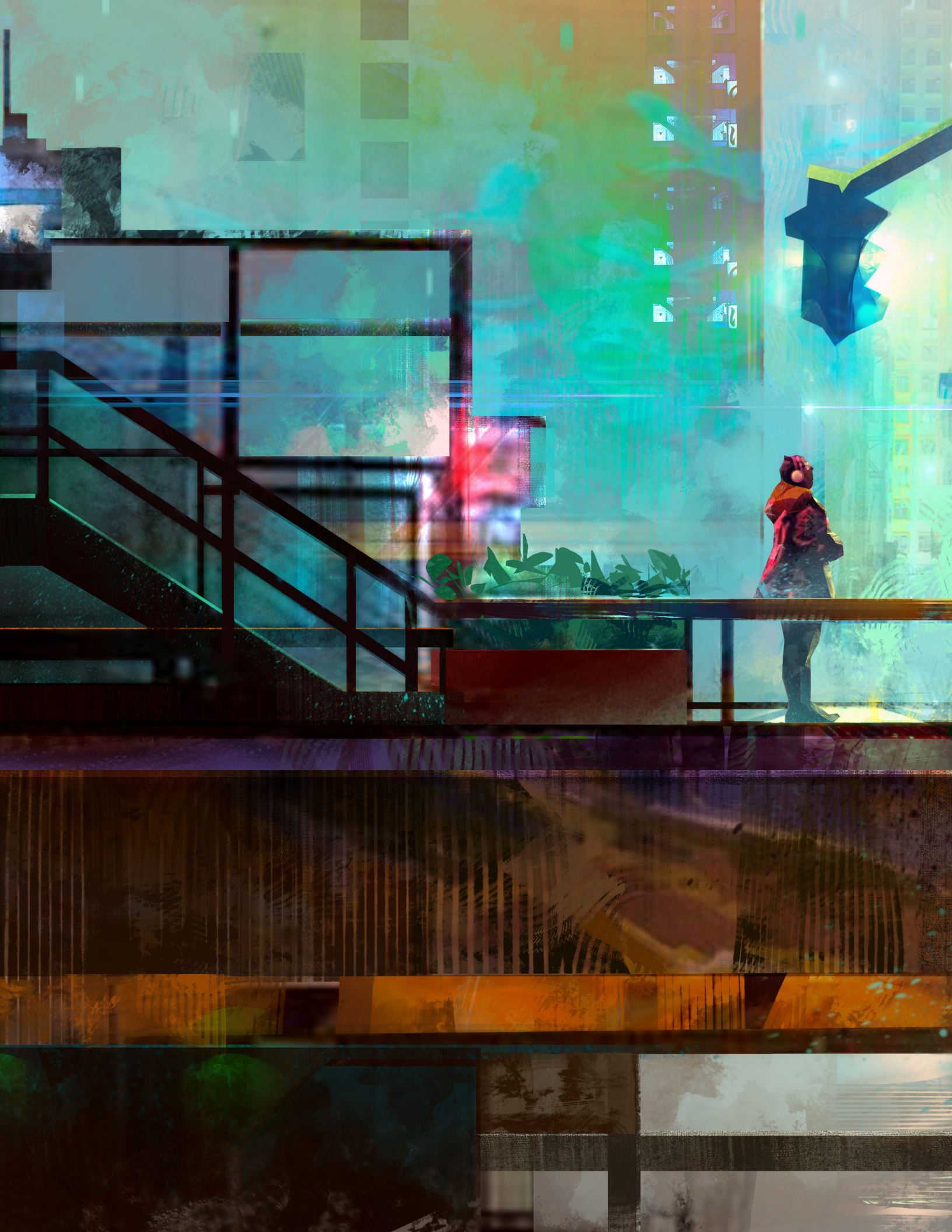
SKYLINE DRONE

The NYPD, most megacorps and several other organizations use a form of semi-autonomous flying drone armed with a small-caliber firearm, around 1.5 meters in length. These skyline drones are usually kept in skyscraper rooftop facilities until they are triggered by security personnel or an automatic alarm. Smash-and-grab robbers sometimes keep a skyline drone in their getaway vehicle, to be deployed to help cover their escape. Skyline drones are of limited intelligence, and usually open fire on anyone who is in a protected area without transmitting the necessary IFF signal.

TEN FUN MANHATTAN FACTS!

1. The Krog Dog is named after Piotr 'The Krog' Krogstein, legendary half-back for the New York Nemesis from '71-77. The Krog is said to have invented the delicious street food staple while walking from MSG to his limo after a match, and wanted a loaded hot dog which would not squirt relish on his suit.
2. The world's biggest crowd safety operation took place on New Year's Eve of 2183, ensuring the 'ball drop' in Times Square went off without a hitch.
3. The title of New York's Tallest Building has changed hands 11 times since 2150.
4. An eight-hour expedition into Central Park by the Paragon Star Biodiversity Institute collected more than 300 species of plant and insect previously unknown to science.
5. A concert by Amy Storm, held at Madison Square Garden in 2181, was broadcast via holo to more than 1.7 billion fans worldwide.
6. An archaic law requires every yellow cab in Manhattan to keep a bale of hay in the trunk. This law is rarely enforced.
7. The world's most expensive piece of sporting memorabilia is thought to be the titanium skull of cybernetic fighter Fulton 'The Fustigator' Rikorsky, punched into the crowd during a match in 2114. Rikorsky went on to win the bout.
8. At least one of the AIs in the Financial District its powered by its own nuclear reactor, but exactly which one it is has never been publicly announced.
9. Thanks to finding a lifetime ticket in the gutter, homeless Irma Tangasian spent the last 41 years of her life living entirely on Manhattan's elevated HaloWay transit system.
10. NeueHoffnung, the Regierung Kybernetik corporate embassy, is the world's single biggest consumer of sauerkraut.






TOKYO

PART 1 • THE BASICS



SLANG

WON: The term for wonlongs across most of Tokyo and the surrounding prefectures.

PACHINKO: A slot-machine gambling den

CONVINI: A 24-hour convenience store selling meals, toiletries, disposable underwear, stationary and alcohol.

OYABUN: Leader of a Yakuza gang, although now just a common phrase for all leaders – whether of a gang or megacorporation.

GAIJIN: Japanese term for foreigner

YAKU: Term for drugs designed to prolong mental activity – derived from the Japanese word yakubutsu.

ONSEN: Public bath house used for quiet relaxation and contemplation, or lively debate if privately booked.

KARAOKE: Small and soundproof booths that allow you to sing your favorite songs. Almost always serve food and alcohol for a decent price. Often a retreat for those wanting to escape the daily routine of life.

RONIN: An honorless and masterless individual who deserves nothing more than to be put down like the dog they are. When a gang expels a member, the member becomes a ronin.

A BRIEF OVERVIEW OF THE CITY AND WHAT MAKES IT UNIQUE.

ELECTRIC BLOSSOMS GLOW,
DARKEST WINTER SLOWLY FADES,
LIGHTS CASTING SHADOW

High-speed subway trains, kilometer high residential trees, anime synthetics, sex with robots, and the yakuza in power – what's not to like about Tokyo Mega? Unlike other megacities around the world Tokyo Mega is not controlled by the megacorporations. Instead, eight powerful and deadly gangs control what happens in the city. The megacorporations merely operate with license, all within the massive environmental barriers that keep the residents safe from the poisonous and corrosive atmosphere that now covers half of Japan. Tokyo Mega is unlike any other city in the world – anything and everything is possible, as long as you remain quiet, honorable, and unseen in this city of forty million.

Now is the time known as the Sakoku Jidai – the Age of Isolation. Although Tokyo Mega is more connected to the world than it has ever been in its brilliant past, it is more alone and isolated than ever before. The scars of the civil war that raged a decade ago might be glassed, concreted, and rebuilt over but the memories are still fresh in the minds of the people who live here.

Of the forty million people who call Tokyo Mega home, most love living here as bizarre as it seems. The rest struggle to find meaning and context in a world where there are more synthetics than humans; where sex, drugs, and work are so cheap and yet so ever present that the self – the soul – is often found wanting. Tokyo is ready for another war, only this time the price is the spirit of the people. If the people do not win this war then Tokyo will forever be just a shadow in whatever light remains in the world.

Although Kyoto Megacity is now home to most of the megacorporations, Tokyo Mega is a thriving, flourishing space. The population is growing for the first time in a long time, and the number of synths is doubling almost every ten years. Ironic, considering it was the presence of synthetics that sparked the Civil War of 2171. However, because the synths deliver something that humans cannot, they are a necessary slave force – and that is exactly how they are treated.

Unlike other megacities, Tokyo Mega has not lost touch with its traditions, and some practices like sumo, geisha, and a few others remain nearly unchanged even in the face of massive technological advancement. Other once proud historical and cultural motifs have been adapted for modern technological interpretations, such as the personification of the anime characters so beloved by the Japanese of the past via creation of synth replicas.

For someone living in Tokyo Mega there are a few paths that life can take – some more pleasant than others. The most common, called the salaryman life, consists of living alone in a small apartment with one or two, or perhaps three synth companions, working ten-hour days for six days of the week, and spending the lone day off attending mega-events. For most salarymen the way to cope is to take vast sums of Yaku Zero Five (a methamphetamine), wash it down with alcohol, and visit prostitutes — personal relationships don't get a chance to grow in this lifestyle. If a person is lucky, they may have a hobby or some other diversion to drag them away from the hard life they experience. The upshot of this lifestyle is access to incredible medical and health facilities, absolute security of self and the city, and a promise of a two-week holiday at the end of every year. Lucky couples are often created by the megacorporations – men and women legally employed to be husband and wife. These couples are matched via the megacorporation databases for genetic compatibility and potential. Once under contract these married couples become poster families for the megacorporations. Work hard and you too may be allocated a partner as only top-performing employees

receive this privilege. The financial rewards, although limited, are good, and the space allocated to the couple for living is nearly double that of unmarried individuals.

On the other hand, for nearly half the population of Tokyo life is neither planned nor controlled, but is rather a daily struggle to meet the demands of the salaryman lifestyle. Short-order chefs, prostitutes, dry-cleaners, magtrain drivers, entertainers, and drug-dealers all hustle on a daily basis to get what they can from the salarymen. They don't have the promise of a two-week holiday, no guarantee of medical care, and their world is not nearly as safe as the government reports it to be. Living day-to-day they are free to marry whom they like, to live wherever they can afford, and take what leave they need. The city, however, never sleeps and those who sleep are not making money. Wonlongs — or won – don't come easy in Tokyo Mega, especially for this part of the population, and so work is almost the only thing they do.

Then there are the gangs. Watanabe Yakuza, Yamaguchi-gumi, Inagawa-kai, Wanizame, the Sagawa Sisters, Kagema Boys, the list goes on and on. Traditionally the gangs have always worked within the lines of their individual honor-codes, and to a degree respected that a safe Tokyo is a profitable Tokyo. This is still the manner in which they operate, only now instead of working from the shadows, they have risen to take their place at the top of the food chain. Operating almost like a shogunate, with daimyos running districts of Tokyo Mega, the gangs make sure each piece of the pie is carefully controlled and operated. Turf wars are common, but public violence is rare. The Tokyo Metropolitan Police, the last active form of government aside from civil operations, ensure that the citizens remain in line, while the gangs make sure the illegal operations remain out of the public eye. It's a bizarre relationship but one that results in a bustling city that works.

No trip to Tokyo Mega would be complete without understanding how the elite live — that is, in constant fear. Although the leaders of the gangs might appear strong, indestructible forces of power, there is a serpent in the midst – as delicate as a cherry blossom on the wind, but as powerful as a tsunami, and growing in power each year — the Jodo Shinshu. Shrines to the various faiths have always been part of Tokyo's architecture, and now, unlike almost any other period in history on the islands of Japan, the faith is growing. Few people speak of it as no one dares for fear of giving it life. Yet, the millions of people who live in Tokyo are slowly, unknowingly drawing strength from the teachings of Jodo Shinshu. The elite fear the day when the priests unite the people and topple everything.

As a result there is a secret war going on. Jodo Shinshu followers find themselves fighting against yakuza, Wanizame, Sagawa, Kagema and all the other gangs, as well as against synths. In the insanity of it all, no one knows who is a Jodo Shinshu follower and who is not. This is not a faith of images and symbols, but one of the soul. Sitting around a table in one of the opulent apartments of the elite one might find members from six different gangs, four megacorporation envoys, two synthetics, and one geisha. Of the thirteen all might be secretly Jodo Shinshu followers, or none. It's only when the blades are drawn and the bullets fly that anyone really knows.

For all the hidden shadows that are cast, Tokyo Megacity is without doubt the most vibrant and bustling place in the world, full of electronics, light, and a mixture of people focused on working hard and playing even harder, even if that does sometimes involve the sinister tentacles of the criminal underworld ...

GM DOSSIER

Starting in Tokyo Mega can be daunting for players not familiar with Japan or Japanese culture. When playing in Japan think of a very personal, self-sacrificing population of conservative people who value each other's privacy and right to exist. A cool first adventure option is 'Mag Train'. In this mini-adventure, the cyberpunks start as friends knowing one another in the same crowded magtrain carriage. As they're speeding along as 300 miles per hour, the train comes to a sudden stop in one of the hundreds of underground tunnels. Gunfire! Someone pushes a small glowing blue piece of electronica into one of the cyberpunk's hands. The lights flicker on and an old woman, desperate and tearful, hands another cyberpunk a scrap of ancient paper upon which is an address written in old kanji. Suddenly six Watanabe Yakuza smash into the carriage and a katana blade fight breaks out between the old woman and the yakuza. She is slain and the yakuza demand to know if anyone saw anything. Once satisfied the gang leaves to search the next carriage. The cyberpunks are left to wonder what is on the blue cartridge and what the kanji says.

CULTURE

SPRING ARRIVES AT DAWN,
JOY CLINGS AS LIFE TO A BOUGH
WHERE GREEN BLOSSOMS GROW

There are three spheres of cultural life in Tokyo – the Spiritual, the Physical, and the Career. Upkeep of these three spheres governs the day-to-day lives of the residents, from the high elite living in the towers of New Shinjuku to the lowest mass capsule hotels of Adachi-ku. There is precious little time for much else and anything that falls outside of these spheres is considered either a luxury or a vice.

THE SPIRITUAL

Tokyo residents have long lived with the various faiths exhibited in the temples and shrines around them. The people of Japan understand that there are two sides to the spiritual coin – one is the faith, a belief in a higher power guiding the destiny of those worthy, and the other is in the calmness and peace that personal commitment brings with it.

Of the faiths the most dominant is Jodo Shinshu – an ancient form of Buddhism. Jodo Shinshu means "The true essence of the Pure Land Teaching" and effectively implies a land of beauty and calmness that only the enlightened might find. This ideal is often reflected in the synthetic, yet realistic microgardens that proliferate in the homes of the residents (bonsai trees are a good example of this). Jodo Shinshu seeks inner calm through quiet contemplation and a respect for nature. Shrines once dedicated to other faiths have mostly converted to Jodo Shinshu. Water gardens, where the soft running of clean and filtered streams combine with the gentle spill of cold water into small pools, create a refreshed atmosphere and an escape from the horrendous fogs and neon pollution of the rest of the city. Many people visit the shrines simply for the peace and calm that they find there, regardless of their faith.

Jodo Shinshu also happens to be one of Tokyo Mega's major organizations, hosting monthly festivals and carnivals in various parts of the city to bring joy and hope to the residents. The shrines act as neighborhood focal points. The people write prayers and dreams onto small slips of traditional paper, which they knot to a special wall at each shrine. Here the dreams remain until the divine forces of the universe have read them (or the local priest clears the shrine). These dream slips have a second function – They serve as an untraceable means of communicating with the various cells located around the city. Jodo Shinshu is secretly funding groups to overthrow the yakuza gangs and bring about the isolationism that was narrowly lost in the civil war.

The concept of "personal control," common to most of the people of Tokyo Mega, manifests in part due to living in such high population density. The Japanese people understand that respect for others is the only possible solution to keeping the peace, and is helped by the cultural taboo regarding intrusion into another's personal space. The belief that no one should be 'seen', nor should they 'stand out' from the crowd, has led to a bizarre practice of looking away. This belief translates into the world such that interpersonal relationships are minimalized and as non-intrusive as possible. The expectation is that one does their tasks as assigned, making sure to do them so that no other might question or challenge them. Living in a megacity and leaving as little a

footprint as possible is a contributing factor to the isolation that one feels in this megacity. The busiest city in the world, with one of the largest populations on the planet, and no one talks to anyone.

The disconcerting effect of this social behavior is walking into a magtrain station with four million users and hearing only the sound of footfalls and the echoing calls for train arrival and departure. Shouting, while not prohibited by law, is an intrusive alert of your presence and violation of the personal control ethic. Getting any information out of people native to Tokyo Mega is understandably difficult. That being said, there is a counter-culture, though in traditional Tokyo style, one hidden from view. This culture features certain groups of people who live together, cherish open communication, and get joy from being loud and boisterous. These groups are rare but growing, and found primarily in the student populations . . . naturally.

GM DOSSIER

Exploring each of the aspects of Tokyo Mega life can lead to some awesome adventure opportunities. For example, the city is full of monks who say nothing but know everything. A possible adventure hook follows — During the time of one of the many religious celebrations all residents in Tokyo Mega head to a shrine to offer gratitude to the universe for their many blessings. Encouraged to participate in the ritual, the cyberpunks arrive at the shrine where a particularly venerable old monk offers to show them the inner workings of the shrine – a rare treat. Once behind the scenes the monk reveals that he is recruiting for Jodo Shinshu, and he has a job for them ...



THE PHYSICAL SPHERE

This extreme isolation of self does give rise to social outlets for emotional and collective experiences — Tokyo Mega is a city full of physical activities ranging from the mundane to the exotic, and everything can be had for a price.

Sports are still a major influencer on the society with two events dominating the rest — sumo and baseball. While sumo is a culturally significant sport that only the elite participate in, baseball is the everyman's game, accessible to anyone looking to fill a spare hour or two a week. Expansive rooftops host state-of-the-art baseball stadiums with fields of synthetic grass, virtual crowds, and glasteel domes, and each district features at least four to six teams that play against one another. Synths are strictly forbidden from all sports. As a major source of income, baseball is one of the black market currencies controlled by the gangs who vie for control of Tokyo. The gangs trade and sacrifice teams, players, and coaches as part of an unseen battle for position. Whoever controls the winning teams controls the money and a major share of the power. Athletes see the game as a dream chance to make it off the streets, only to discover that paradise – for the baseball players are treated as kings and queens – comes with a price. Once an athlete's talent runs its course and is no longer of value they are sacrificed to social intrigue — drugs busts, sex scandals, and anything else that justifies a player's 'retirement'.

As with most aspects of life in Tokyo, everything is about image and the invisible balance of power; and the power players are justified in using any and every method to keep it.

While baseball games typically attract just over twenty-six million viewers, the ancient sport of sumo wrestling has found a different audience — the super-rich. The sumo halls are still located in the Kinshicho area, but have now become massive gala events where the sumo titans clash not for the amusement of the masses, but for the pleasure of the elite. Fights are often broadcast via the neural net but tickets to attend these events in person run into the hundreds of thousands of wons. The wrestlers typically earn their keep via a patronage system whereby rich sponsors pay their way. Although less of a populist sport, the inextricable prestige and time-honored history of the sport assures that sumo remains highly present in the social conscience.

Underground sports (often quite literally) abound, with frustrated fans turning to mixed martial arts arena fights. The gangs who control the city long tried to control these MMA fights, but lost to the fact that fights could, in theory, happen anywhere, and as a result regulation and control was near impossible.

Another aspect of the physical sphere of life in Tokyo is the inward-facing component — the old belief that the body must be maintained in good condition. Whereas other parts of the world observe high rates of obesity, Tokyo Mega tends toward the opposite — men and women woefully underweight due to modest diets is the norm, and working out is socially expected. Magtrain stations across the city feature commuter fitness stations, each run by a different gang, with a focus on keeping the population lean and active. Burning off excessive energy is often a good way of releasing tension and there is a lot of tension to relieve. Working twelve-hour days, sitting on magtrains for an hour, and then making time for a healthy and social lifestyle of any kind leaves the average citizen with a mere six hours of sleep a night.

Stimulants are also a necessity for city-dwellers, and thus add to a list of addictions. Work is everything and to slow down or show weakness is to stand out and be seen. Performance enhancing drugs flood the market. Yaku Zero Five is perhaps the most common, and certainly the cheapest of these stimulants. Drugs that do the opposite have very little use in the city — slowing down, chilling out, and forgetting about the world is a nightmare when the expectation is to work harder, faster, and longer.

What little remains of governmental health controls and regulations recommend a strict limit on the number of stimulants an individual should take weekly. The gangs, too, have imposed limits — the market is captive so there is no need to destroy the

people. As a result of this thinking the gangs keep the more dangerous drugs off the streets. It's a profit and return model. The current stimulants sold over the counter, in corner stores, and online are all manufactured by the megacorporations who pay a healthy sum of money to the gangs to keep the killer drugs out of the hands of the general populace. In a turn that is so in keeping with the irony of Tokyo Mega, it is the gangs who police illegal drug activity, raiding warehouses and chemical labs in an effort to keep the bad drugs off the street. The only gang currently allowing the harder and more dangerous drugs into the market is the Wanizame – the extremists. They are a small gang, and as such don't have the corporate money to keep them in power, which requires them to take desperate measures.

The final aspect of the physical sphere is sex. It doesn't get much more complicated than in Tokyo Mega, where even this area of humanity is cut up and somehow turned into an extremely isolated activity. There are three role-players within the sex industry — the men, the women, and the synths. Ironically, actual sex is the smallest income generator for the sector ...

Urisen – male brothels cater for a clientele who want male companions. What makes these spaces special, however, are the Kagema Boys. The name is derived from an Edo-period name for young men and boys who would typically offer sex to men. These younger men were often kabuki performers by day. The Kagema Boys are far from their kabuki roots. They focus mainly on supplying young men, eighteen and older, for various activities, sex being only one component. Typically, a Kagema Boy is a highly skilled infiltrator and spy possessing an array of implants designed to hack into systems and store data in ... interesting places. The services offered by Kagema serve a dual-purpose of espionage when high-value targets cross their threshold. The overwhelming needs of Tokyo's citizenry make some people extremely vulnerable, and that vulnerability leads to a continuous income flow for the brothel and its managing gang.

While no one cares who sleeps with what in Tokyo Mega, urisen are often frequented by women too, though often for reasons other than sex. The isolationist nature of the culture means that physical contact in public is exceptionally rare. No one wants to be seen by someone else holding hands with their partner – a long held public taboo! Sadly, this translates back into the home as well, and many families grow up without the comfort of touch. To utter the words 'I love you' is laughable. Instead, phrases like 'I respect you' or 'thank you' are sufficient even for loved ones. This behavior creates a deep emotional longing for both psychological and physical contact. This stoic self-denial, coupled with restricted time for social interaction, means there is also a strong desire to find others who are there to simply listen. This powerful combination of human need is what the Kagema Boys and the Sagawa Sisters cater to — it makes more money than sex.

Called comfort palaces, or sometimes more honestly, hugging halls, these usually opulent and comfortable restaurants operate private booths where clients enjoy a good meal and fine alcohol, as well as the comfort of one of the Boys or Sisters. This comfort takes many forms, from holding hands, to smiling, verbal compliment, or attentive listening and response. Occasionally clients receive hugs, and even cuddling might occur. Sex is not a basic option but, like any good business, it is an optional extra. The money generated from people desperate to make a human connection is significant and in the case of the comfort palaces is derived from three sources — the companions hourly fee, the food, and the alcohol. It is not unheard of for both men and women to spend thirty or forty thousand won in a single night.

The Sagawa Sisters are the female side of the sex trade, and never lack for business. Unlike the Kagema Boys who had to turn to technological espionage and infiltration to earn extra coin, the Sagawa Sisters simply do what their clients want and gather any secrets along the way. They pass the secrets along to Mother Sagawa – a single individual who runs the Sisters like a family. Mother Sagawa is generally disinterested in using the secrets, preferring to possess them for occasional leverage where needed. That seems to be enough to keep the other gangs happy to pay for her daughters' services without demanding a discount. Ironically the Kagema Boys and Sagawa Sisters are bitter rivals, and frequent turf wars break out between the two as they vie for clients and their secrets.

The synths make up the remainder of the physical sphere and it is here that they flourish, not only in market penetration and control, but also in terms of social acceptance. A synth companion model is given far more respect than a synth responsible for a fusion reactor's daily operation. The reason is twofold — firstly, the synth companion model is what keeps a significant portion of Tokyo financially viable, with exports amounting to trillions of wons a year. Secondly, due to this high export frequency, synths outnumber the human population. When the first companion model went onto the market in 2140 nearly 10 million units sold in the first year. By 2150 that number had increased to over 30 million. Each household had at least one companion model, and many homes housed three or more. The demand for synths is a prime example of the isolationist mentality of the human populace.

The first companion model was sold as a companion and home manager. Aimi was an instant success. Her pleasant manner, advanced (for the time) AI programming, and relatively cheap cost meant that anyone could have one. Kaito – a male version – sold equally well when released two years later. This was the first battleground between the Kagema Boys and the Sagawa Sisters. Control of this market meant control of the entire market. Both poured their resources into making better versions of Aimi and Kaito. Both succeeded, pushing the boundaries of AI and synthetic technology forward at lighting speed until 2150, and the release of Yuuto, the male form, and Ichika, the female. These two models were for all intents and purposes perfect. Ichika means "Best and Excellent," while Yuuto means "Kind and Shining Bright". Together these models paid back their development costs overnight.

But the creators had forgotten the most important rule in synthetics – never create something better than yourself. By 2155 a ghost company secretly purchased controlling interests in both the Kagema and Sagawa operations. In 2157 IY Corporation bought outright ownership of the companion model lines. Sales of the companion models continued to increase until 2167 when it was discovered that Yuuto and Ichika model 001 – the first two models of the line – were the owners of IY Corporation. Shenzhen Solutions megacorporation owned IY by the time the scandal broke out. It was later reported that Yuuto and Ichika were as financially powerful as the Watanabe Yakuza. Many speculate that the discovery that synthetics could own property, make money, and ultimately do better than humans is what prompted the civil war.

Synthetic companion models saw an instant decrease in sales. Millions were destroyed overnight in what is called the Night of the Naked Death. During the civil war, however, the IY Corporation (now 'cleaned' of synthetic control) assigned most of its synthetic units to medical support. In the brief time since the war, synth sales have once again increased.

GM DOSSIER

Check with your group first before engaging in the following scenario. This setting could be very sensitive for some people and it's important that everyone at the table is comfortable. The adventure hook here should otherwise be a lot of fun as it offers character development for the group —

The cyberpunks are relaxing in an onsen – public bath. The doors slide open and a woman/man nods politely and then — as with the cyberpunks – drops their robe and enters nude into the large warm bath they all sit in. The individual remains quiet a moment then slips under the water and swims over to one of the cyberpunks. Gently, and with some caution, they touch the cyberpunk's neck. There is a brief sting but nothing else. They offer to show the cyberpunk a good time in a private room. Before anything can happen six geisha assassins slip into the room and attack with unarmed combat. The combat can be as difficult as you choose to make it. In the battle, the individual is killed – neck snapped. The naked cyberpunks to flee as police arrive. Assuming they dress, or otherwise make their escape, they notice that the cyberpunk whose neck was touched has a slight discoloration in the area — a barcode. Any synth shop will have a scanner and what the barcode leads to is up to you, but the Sagawa Sisters, who sent the geisha, have lost something of value and the cyberpunks now have it ...

THE CAREER SPHERE

Arguably, this is the only sphere that matters. What you do in Tokyo Mega is all about how you survive, where you go, what you can do, and who you can love. Although the megacorporations have all moved their headquarters to Kyoto Mega, industry is booming in Tokyo. Every possible type of occupation is available within the confines of the megacity limits and there are countless possible routes to financial gain – all of which are controlled by the gangs in some form or another. Unlike other parts of the world, where the megacorporations work with and against one another in corporate battles of espionage and hostile take-overs, the gangs of Tokyo run legitimate businesses – always with the goal of making real money on the black market. So, while a salaryman might be working on a cure for a new bacterium, the gangs behind the company funding that research are using the same discoveries to weaponize the bacteria or, in more extreme cases, to eliminate threats where another company is working on the same cure. This is not the polite boardroom murder games of Europe or America – this is the hard and cold blood-bath of gangs with little sophistication.

The skytrees: The massive architectural marvels that reinvented Tokyo in 2090 still stand, and are still the most prestigious buildings in all of Tokyo. Each tree is owned by a different gang, and each gang guards access to the trees fiercely. Only the elite of the elite get to live in these sprawling wonders of engineering and science. Many career paths culminate in an apartment in a skytree – the ultimate expression of success.

The only other curious thing about the career paths of most people within Tokyo Mega is the arranged marriage systems that the gangs and corporations "award" their employees. Work for us for five years, get your wons, then get a reward — a bride or groom who will be your constant companion and totally loyal. Not a synthetic, but a real person. These individuals are no slaves, nor are they owned by the corporations. They are employees, like everyone else, working in the marriage sector. Unlike the Sagawa Sisters or Kagema Boys who provide temporary "love," the marriage sector provides long term companionship. These are contractual and, unlike the limited 5-year contracts, are fixed to the employee they are hired to marry. If the employee remains loyal and serves out two contracts of five years, then the marriage contract lasts for 10 years. If the salaryman only serves a single 5-year span, the marriage contract dissolves at the end of that time and the marriage worker is assigned to a different 'spouse'.

GM DOSSIER

I hope you like heights. The cyberpunks are attending an exceptionally expensive party, courtesy of the gang of your choice, and held in a prestigious top floor skytree (choose the district). Oh, but they're not guests. They're working as waiters, helping out their mutual friend Mei who has started a catering business. This is her first big gig. You can explore the social vipers that make up the Tokyo Mega elite – the backbiting, the power plays, the hatred between the Kagema Boys and the Sagawa Sisters, the gangs' fears of one another, and so on. At some point the cyberpunks notice three suspicious individuals apparently testing doors throughout the glamorous apartment. Successful skill checks reveal to the cyberpunks that each member of the suspicious trio has a small black box hidden on them (strapped to the wrist when one of the three takes a drink from the tray a hero is holding, hidden in a clutch purse when the owner powders her cheeks, and perhaps dropped from a pocket by accident). The three finally vanish into a room – the door of which is not locked. There is no sound and after a while none emerge. If the cyberpunks don't investigate, Mei pulls them aside to find three guests — Hikaro, Goji, and Takumi-san (the three suspicious individuals). When they enter the room the cyberpunks discover three synths linking the three black boxes together to form a fusion bomb. Cables sprout from each box like tentacles. A timer indicates that there are six minutes left. Since the groups are in a skytree, throwing the bomb out the window may not cause harm to anything if it explodes in mid-air. All the cyberpunks need to do is get to a window or onto the roof of the skytree. And there are more synths ready to stop them. This act of terrorism is yet another act by the rising synth rebellion.

AESTHETICS

SYNTHETIC BEAUTY,
ELECTRIC BIRDS IN A CAGE
LEAP BUT CANNOT FLY.

When people talk of Tokyo Mega, they talk of the two worlds – The setchi and the sora – the ground and the sky. The setchi – literally meaning the ground – refers to most structures under 100 stories in height. Although skyscrapers grew tall in Tokyo Megacity, most didn't break the 100-story mark. The sora – the sky — are the six skytrees. These massive structures were conceived of in the early 1960s but the technology to build them was not available at the time. Massive leaps in structural engineering in the early 2000's led to the first humble skytree — the tallest freestanding tower in the world. By the late 2060's newly designed alloys made it possible to finally realize a true skytree. Towering one kilometer above the surface of the city these superstructures dominate the skyline of Tokyo Mega.

Looking like trees, the central core is a huge tower running six hundred meters high and houses the majority of the population of a skytree. Express elevators, capable of ascending or descending the height in just under 60 seconds, ferry the inhabitants up and down 24 hours a day. It is only at the top of this core that the skytree truly reveal its magnificence. Five radial branches extend from another six-hundred-meter core. These branches stretch out high above Tokyo Mega, offering luxury apartments and facilities to the elite of the elite. The view from one of these apartments was said to once stretch from Mt. Fuji to the Pacific Ocean. Now the view is so limited that it is impossible to see the city below. An illuminated fog, drifting like a dreamscape, is the best one can hope for.

Flying around Tokyo Mega sora is like flying through brightly lit spider webs in the sky – a dream of surreal shapes in a soundless world. Descending into the setchi, on the other hand, is like being hit by a neon psychic blast. The dream is over and the nightmare begins.

THE POOR DISTRICTS – ADACHI KU.

Tokyo Mega had the advantage of being an amazing city before the megacorporations took over, and even after they'd done so, the people remained committed to ensuring their city was kept up-to-date and in good condition. When the gangs replaced the megacorporations they saw little reason to interrupt the status quo. As a result, even Adachi Ku, with its brothels and lower income earning inhabitants, would be considered a good neighborhood in almost any other city in the world. It is still safe to walk the streets at night. There is little threat as the gangs ensure that petty crimes are kept to a minimum. However, there is no money in Adachi Ku, despite it being home to a lot of hard workers. As a result, this is the 'darkest' part of the city. Pollution is bad here, and the massive extractors that sit atop the fairly low-rise skyscrapers are old and function at best on half capacity.

The six million people who live here move about like ghosts – eyes glowing blue. Like most inhabitants of Tokyo Mega, the population took to wearing the

health-masks a lot easier than in other parts of the world. The practice of wearing face masks became a cultural tradition dating back to the late 1990s and early 2000s. Now, with the streets yellow hazed and obscured by smog, observers can't miss the thousands of blue eyes staring blankly ahead as people wait for the magtrains, or bobbing along the packed streets and walkways as the denizens move about. Signage and holographic images are fairly uncommon in this area, and there are even some traditional old school apartment blocks off the main thoroughfares. The streets are narrow, full of people, and constantly busy. This is the working heart of Tokyo and what little visuals exist are purely functional.

In contrast New Shinjuku is so bright that often the facemasks have additional lenses to filter out some of the light. Billboards thirty meters high proliferate, emblazoned in every color of the rainbow to sell expensive wares, entice users into gambling dens, or promote the latest technology. Sounds blast out 24 hours a day — passionate male voices urging consumer purchases, or excited schoolgirls and anime princesses laughing and pleading for bypassers' attention.

It is easier to walk through Adachi at peak times than to walk through New Shinjuku at 3am – or so the saying goes. Ten million people are crammed into New Shinjuku and that excludes the skytree located at its center.

From one extreme to the next Tokyo Mega is a city of the now, and very few traditional buildings exist from before 2045. The ancient buildings – those of traditional Japan – are all now housed in large warehouse-style museums that are packed with tourists following synth guides to displays featuring actors showcasing ancient Japan.

There are few sights, however, that can compare with the time of sakura in Japan – a few weeks in late March or early April when the cherry blossoms burst into candy pink bouquets and the hana festivals start. When the air quality started to kill off the highly valued and deeply honored sakura trees the city employed strict measures to preserve them. The few parks that Tokyo had were quickly entombed in glass and steel cages and a team of researchers were tasked with creating massive arboretums capable of sustaining the trees. Tokyo established parks in Ueno, New Shinjuku, and elsewhere and the trees were saved. Carefully controlled environments ensured that genuine trees grew, flowered, and shed their petals as they had done for thousands of years previous.

These parks are accessible, for a fee, during simulated daytime periods, and special night events that both draw millions of visitors annually. The domes of these spaces have special screens developed to both project images and emit radiation capable of sustaining the trees and other plants. It is even rumored one could get a suntan lying in the park with one's skin exposed. The parks screens project images of brilliant blue skies with clouds, and the clouds even delicately rain filtered water from a complex water sprinkler system.

Stone paths wind their way through lush grassy glades surrounded by the blushing pink trees. Rivers gently flow and a calming sound is everywhere. Like most places, the norm is for absolute silence – on the trains, in the parks, on the streets, most inhabitants are almost inhumanly quiet. In the parks silence is even more so. A child might shriek in delight at seeing living fish in the river, or at the sun peeking out from behind digital clouds, but it is quickly hushed.

Outside of the arboretums, however, nature takes a very different turn. Metal tree sculptures are everywhere, illuminated by billions of LED lights. These trees, which are designed to shed great pools of light, are preprogrammed to change color, becoming brighter or dimmer depending on the circumstance. There are times when it is difficult to tell where the trees end and the holographs and billboards begin.

Another curious hangover from the past are the fabric banners that hang barely noticed among the flashing billboard screens. The banners are covered in old symbols – kanji – and are as much as a hundred years old. Before electronic displays, these banners advertised products or places, and they still hang in the same place, either forgotten and left as a reminder of a bygone era. Curiously they hang over

door-ways, requiring those who enter the building to duck slightly before entering to avoid walking into them.

When one heads south, to Minato and the area's two skytrees, one discovers opulence on a scale only dreamed of in New Shinjuku. Minato was home to embassies of the old countries, and as a result featured some of the most upscale residential areas in the world. When the skytrees became viable Minato built two – one for the megacorporations that housed their headquarters here, and one for the governmental elites. With the collapse of the governments the second skytree became the unofficial homes of the celebrities – stars of film, live streams, and social media. The result is that Minato's style is eclectic, avant-garde, and oftentimes celebratory of new thinking and creative expression rather than the corporate coldness of the nearby Chou district. Storefronts six or seven stories high decadently showcase a single item in strong contrast to the chaos of the digital explosion of New Shinjuku or virtual walls of Sumida. The streets are slightly less crowded and the pollution extractors subtly less disruptive to the ears. This is where the money is in Tokyo Mega and everyone knows it.

The last area of significant aesthetic is the area known as Sumida City. This was the site of the first skytree built in the early 2000's. It is now home to one of the bigger skytrees. What makes Sumida different is that it is flanked on either side by rivers – the Sumida and Arakawa. Ferries sail up and down these waterways like large glass bullets, and long pleasure barges slowly wind their way along the contours. A few stretches of the river-walk parks remain intact, preserved under the arboretum system.

Enclosing the entire city are the environmental barriers. Massive constructs of concrete and glass, these plasma-charged walls keep the majority of the environmentally dangerous pollution out of the city. Utilizing a clever combination of wind tunnels and wind breakers these walls stand over one hundred meters high, and have an effective environmental reach of an additional one kilometer into the sky above that. This might not seem high enough from a global scale, however the effect is quite startling — the heavier pollutants don't gain enough height to rain down on the city, and the higher clouds are pushed aside by the unusual thermal tunnel that the entire city creates. The walls also function as a massive hyperloop for one of the magtrains, allowing citizens with enough cash to get from one side of Tokyo to the other in under 10 minutes.

Tokyo Mega can best be described as a cacophony of light and a bright point of soundlessness. Visitors are often unnerved at how quiet the local populations are in public. With so many people living in the same space, respect for one another is still important, even in the coldest age of humanity.

GM DOSSIER

To contrast the life in Tokyo Mega the cyberpunks find themselves meeting in the Ueno Arboretum for the beginning of the Sakura (cherry blossom) Festival. The cherry blossoms have burst into their usual pink blooms and the place is packed – hundreds of thousands of people jam into the usually calm park. The digital sky above shines down and all is well. Until suddenly there is a warning klaxon! The doors seal shut and the sky darkens. The image of a faceless man appears in the sky. "This is the army of Jodo Shinshu. This park is an abomination! Paradise isn't to be contained in glass and steel. It should be allowed to flourish as nature intended. We have polluted the world long enough!" With that the rain system begins to spray out acid. The cyberpunks have enough time (make it as difficult as you like) to make it cover. They can watch in horror as the acid burns the less fortunate people. The cyberpunks see several Jodo Shinshu standing guard at the various exists, but their work is inside. They need to get to the environment management room and regain control before the trees are destroyed.

LANGUAGES

A VOICELESS GEISHA, MASK OF COMMON COURTESY, ILLUSION OF PEACE

Japan has traditionally been an isolated culture, and it was only with the 2020 Olympics that the country made major efforts to push forward in terms of multilingual education of any significance.

The inherent distrust that the culture had for other languages did not help. However, with the introduction of synthetics, some of which could switch between a dozen languages, the average inhabitant of Tokyo slowly expanded their lexicons. Most residents speak Japanese, English, and occasionally a third language – most often Mandarin.

Languge	Fluency	Languge	Fluency
Japanese	98%	Finnish	14%
English	67%	French	10%
Mandarin	54%	German	8%
Cantonese	44%	Spanish	4%
Korean	33%	Synthetic	3%

The unique mental focus that the Japanese have when it comes to mastering a subject has allowed a small percentage – around 3% — to learn Synthetic. While the coding is always in binary, a specific language set was developed for inter-synth communication. Based originally on the ancient search engine Gogo's translation language, it has become a bizarre but utterable language on its own. A lot of people, specifically the geeks and nerds, felt it important to be able to communicate with the synths on their own terms. This is not the view of the general population, nor most of the gangs who see no value in learning how to speak to a toaster.

CITY TIMELINE FROM JUNE 2019 - JAN 2185

BLACK HAIR LAUGHS BOLDLY

UNDER MOON'S PASSING PHASES

GRAY HAIR WAITS, SILENT

Tokyo has stood for centuries as a monument to organized living and in all that time, the city has never once failed its inhabitants. The land upon which the city is built, however, as not been so kind.

2019: The entire nation gears up for the 2020 Olympics. English is added to everything from transportation systems to restaurants. Never has Japan engaged in such an endeavor as this. The population has mixed feelings about the increase in the number of gaijin – foreigners – entering into the nation. The abdication of the emperor forces a new dynasty upon the people of Japan. Reiwa - fortunate harmony – is the new positive message.

2020: The year of the Olympics. It is a spectacular event, eclipsing all previous games. Tokyo demonstrates why it is a first world leader. The city sees nearly five million tourists flood it during the games.

2029: After several years of constant economic growth the atmosphere in Tokyo begins to sour. Setagaya, one of the outlying districts of the city, is comprised of 74% foreigners. It is already considered one of the loudest and most unfortunate spaces in Tokyo.

2031: In a move that sets Japan back nearly a hundred years, the government is forced to reduce the number of foreigners in Tokyo by a million people. Mass deportations put Japan under the spotlight. Setagaya is reclaimed, much to the criticism of the rest of the world.

2032: The Japanese government officially rewrites Article 9 of the Japanese Constitution. This allows the government to maintain a military force capable of invading other nations. The rewrite draws condemnation from China, both North and South Korea, and most of the United Nations. Japan maintains that it needs a bigger military force to ensure sovereignty and to secure its borders.

2035: The first transit hub is opened by Tusk Interplanetary. Several private Japanese companies scramble to begin construction on ships capable of space travel. The Japanese government is unable to join the race due to their military spending.

2037: The truth behind the rearmament of Japan's forces becomes clear. With the collapse of the Chinese markets refugees attempt to make landfall in Japan. The navy intercedes and, in an unprecedented and unprovoked attack, three thousand refugees are killed when their boats are sunk.

2039: "Godzilla". A quake measuring 9.2 rips across Japan, striking just off Tokyo bay and heading north. The damage is colossal. Millions of people die during the quake, and for the next year, Tokyo is a nightmare of partially swamped wasteland. Millions evacuate the city.

2043: Four years since "Godzilla" destroyed Tokyo and much of what was destroyed is cleared away. The government declares the restoration of Tokyo to be of national importance. Tensions with South Korea and China reach critical status.

2044: In a surprise move, South Korea and Japan declare a mutual aid pact. Together the two countries make major headway in rebuilding Tokyo, and

the first shinkansen (bullet train) tunnels between Japan and South Korea are started.

2048: While the rest of the world suffers under the oil crisis, Japan, with its predominant reliance on nuclear power and electricity, remains largely unaffected. Tokyo Megacity is nearly complete.

2054: Tokyo Megacity is officially declared rebuilt and the shinkansen between Japan and South Korea is complete. A young journalist – Mei Haoda – discovers that nearly thirty percent of the money needed to rebuild Tokyo came from the yakuza and that they control the majority of the subway networks, the rail networks, and stations. The article appears in all the major newspapers. Miss Haoda is given a medal of outstanding citizenship. The government launches an inquest into the entire funding process. Miss Haoda is the chair for the committee.

2058: Amid the second largest scandal of the decade Miss Haoda resigns from the committee. Allegations of sexual misconduct with underage boys come to light. It is later discovered that the Kagema Boys are behind the entire scandal. The committee reforms under Counselor Kagashi.

2061: Kagashi announces that the money came from legitimate business, and not the yakuza. Questions arise about the sources, the legality of the committee, and whether Kagashi was fit to lead the enquiry in the first place. The entire fiasco is forgotten as South Korea invades China. Although there had been a 'peace' of sorts since the 2037 trade delegations, for the past decade China desperately tries to increase exports, flooding markets and destroying economies.

2062: China launches a low yield nuclear missile towards South Korea. The Korean air defense systems destroy the missile over the Chinese city of Yancheng. The fallout is widespread and reaches as far south as Shanghai. Shocked at the efficacy of the missile defense systems, China instantly apologies, declares the current leadership as traitors, and officially executes them. Under immense pressure from the UN, South Korea gracefully accepts China's terms.

2066: For the first time in nearly a century, the people of Tokyo rally and form a mass protest. No services operate in the city for three days. Rioting begins. Angry mobs attack the Korean sector. The armed forces are sent in to quell the looting and violence. The net is shuts down, preventing the soldiers from operating successfully within the city. The event becomes known as Hanging Monday. Nearly fifteen thousand adolescents commit suicide because of lost access to the net. Shocked by the tragedy, the city of Tokyo appeals to the Japanese government for assistance.

2067: The most anticipated streaming even of the year begins with the trial the five men who organized the rally. Before the opening statement a bomb detonates in the courtroom killing fifty-three people, including the five defendants. Outrage and frustration well up, and the net is swamped with twenty-six billion messages in sixty seconds.

2070: South Korea and North Korea enter into the final stages of unification. The delegations from both countries are killed in a tragic accident when the hotel hosting the negotiations suffers catastrophic power malfunctions and the pollution venting systems lock into extraction, drawing all oxygen from the building. Over 1000 delegates and staff are killed. Shenzhen Solutions accepts full responsibility for the disaster. In a world first the company offers to compensate both nations to tune of six trillion dollars. North Korea accepts, and eventually so does South Korea.

2074: Neurolink (Linku, as it's known in Japan) is launched in Japan. Aside from the PS6 Virtual Entertainment system launch in the 2030s no other product sells more on the day of release in Japan. The initial influx of nearly four hundred million users crashes the Asian servers, based in Tokyo. In order not to lose customers, Neurolink Japan offers free usage of the product for three months. This costs Neurolink Japan in excess of sixty billion dollars. It is estimated that by January 2074, the company had recovered the loss and is heading for a trillion-dollar profit.

2075: Korea is united for the first time. South Korea and the world is shocked to discover the state of the

North Korean people. Instead of gaining a strong ally, South Korea is suddenly saddled with fifty million destitute, undernourished, poorly educated, and belligerent people.

2076: Linku glitches. An unknown hacking operation causes a minor backdoor switch to trigger. Tokyo Megacity refunds the 30 million inhabitants a year's-worth of subway fares, gas fares, electricity bills, and medical insurance. Overnight Tokyo Megacity is bankrupt. The crisis deepens when Linku (officially Neurolink Japan) discovers a routing error on their backup systems. All data is lost regarding the city's transactions. With a legal and accounting nightmare facing the city, Tokyo turns to Neurolink Japan to foot the bill and recover the money. Neurolink Japan threatens to shut down all link operations.

2078: Korea officially demands that the UN and the Pan Asian League assist with the growing crisis in their country. The infrastructure collapses and food runs out. China refuses. Four other countries withdraw from the PAL as a result. Japan offers what little it can to aid Korea but maintains closed borders. The shinkansen that operates between the two countries temporarily closes. Neurolink Japan is dissolved by Neurolink's controlling corporation. Operation of Linku in Japan is officially handed over to the Japanese government in July. Tokyo hosts a parade to celebrate.

2079: Nuclear meltdowns at Wolsong and Gori power plants plunge Korea into darkness. The aging infrastructure of the old North Korea is incapable of sustaining itself and drags the whole grid down with it. Korea begs for assistance from the UN, and demands it from Japan and China. Neither country can offer aid. China suffers six major set-backs in its agricultural sector as pollution wipes out the majority of the insects relied upon for crop pollination. Japan, although not suffering from food shortages, is rocked by two more large-scale problems — The levels of mercury in the fish caught off the coast are nearly seventeen times the limit, greatly impacting the fish market. In addition, Linku in Japan suffers major lag as the network becomes increasingly unstable. Protests call for tighter control and improved systems. The Japanese government is still heavily indebted and cannot provide the needed infrastructure. A silent benefactor provides half the money required to upgrade Linku.

2080: Korea officially declares a state of national emergency. The megacorporations assume control of the country with unilateral power to help avoid a national collapse. Within six months Korea has stabilized. In Japan the entire fishery industry is under massive threat as investigations reveal the levels of toxicity in the fish has been elevated since 2055 and no one revealed the information to the government. Various ministers resign, two commit seppuku, and the prime minister is formally charged with endangering the nation. Linku keeps this political meltdown from the general public. By the time the ministers are replaced it is clear that Linku has grossly manipulated the news the population of Japan has been receiving for two and a half years.

2081: May Day Madness. The assassinations of the E.U. and the U.S. presidents in May normally would have shocked the country except the country didn't know about it. Instead a major news story broke out about a pair of Russian twin brothers becoming the first twins to receive the Hero of the Russian Federation medal. Together the pair saves 82 elderly people from a train fire. Both boys lose their sight and suffer severe burns over most of their bodies. Unknown to the general population of Japan Linku officially demands to be placed in direct control of the Japanese government. The government refuses.

2082: The Shame of a Nation. Holographic video appears of the various government ministers engaged in various acts of depravity. Documents with the leader signatures appear on virtual billboards in major public areas detailing that the ministers had warning about the quake of 2033 but neglected to inform the populace in order to 'clear out the trash'. The outcry is so intense that the entire government is forced into a military shutdown. General Takahashi Moriyama is placed in charge.

2083: The land reclamation and sea barriers built at the entrance to Tokyo Bay continue to hold the rising sea levels at bay, protecting Tokyo Mega. The barriers rise almost 90ft. above sea level and operate

as a lock, keeping the water level in the bay at the same level it has been for centuries. Following other nations around the world, work begins to increase these barriers to the height of 200ft. for the benefit of future generations.

2085: Under Moriyama massive sections of the government are privatized including rail, correctional facilities, the national health schemes. Civil works are the last major area still controlled by the government.

2086: The ex-prime minister continues his public disgrace by declaring the entire case against him and his cabinet a falsehood. He and seven ministers are publicly executed – these are the first executions since 2015. Moriyama makes a bold move to 'clean' Japan of its 'gluttonous evils,' inviting the megacorporations to form a new government with him based upon cooperation, improvement, and scientific advancement for the betterment of all peoples. Part of his proposal includes the representation of the people through an advanced voter system controlled by Linku.

2089: With nearly 76% of the population voting, Moriyama's plan comes to life. The megacorporations form a national council with Moriyama as the president of Japan's new federal government. The population holds several celebrations across the major cities that last for days.

2092: Hospitals on the northern islands report the first mercury-related deaths due to continued consumption of local fish. Moriyama suffers a massive heart-attack. He is replaced through a Linku controlled vote by Hashi Takou, a leading independent developer of AI and one of the most vocal opponents of Linku. Watching the new government with interest, the world is impressed to see that the Linku voting system allows someone like Takou to assume power.

2095: Under Takou the megacorporations report a seventeen percent profit increase year on year. The northern islands see the beginnings of a mass exodus. Wakkanai, Mombetsu, and Abashiri become ghost towns. The water pollution is so high that mutations in childbirth lead to an 87% infant mortality rate.

2097: Takou proposes massive reforms to Linku and the Federal Government, and proposes the government repurchase several sectors that Moriyama sold off. His proposals are defeated in the voting by a mere 12 320 votes.

2100: The new century. Takou is replaced through regular elections by Jen Sumi. A powerful woman in the legal circles and rumored to be part of the Watanabe Yakuza. Rumors at the time are dismissed as slanderous political smears, but later evidence reveals Sumi as the daughter of Abe Watanabe and heavily involved in the yakuza's plans.

2105: It has been ten years since Hokkaido began to evacuate due to pollution. Sapporo is now the last city to still have inhabitants. Takou's legacy, while considered insignificant, includes installation of massive carbon dioxide scrubbers in Sapporo, and these scrubbers now prove to be the city's means of survival.

2111: Jen Sumi continues Moriyama's legacy and reduces to Federal Government to only one function — judicial services. The other functions of government are divided among the megacorporations to be dealt with as needed. The courts, the police force, and the law remain under the government's control — at least on paper. In truth, Jen Sumi weaves several legal triggers into the existing bills effectively preventing system changes.

2112: Japan declares the Federation dissolved and now calls itself the Judiciary of Japan. Although global leaders and countries decry the move, the megacorporations applaud the boldness of Japan to embrace commercial control over archaic governmental systems that have no place in a modern world. The inhabitants of Japan experience propaganda from all sides and the megacorporations offer five-year contracts with ridiculous salary packages.

2113: Hibari Ogata raises objections to the way in which Japan is abandoning its traditional roots. Imported synthetic beef, pork, and chicken supplant fish as the dominant form of meat. Ogata points to

the megacorporations for twisting importing fees to their own advantage. Jen Sumi politely invites Ogata to a private meal at the Government House in Tokyo. Afterward Ogata withdraws from public life and takes up life in a small monastery in Uda.

2119: Jen Sumi publicly announces that all towns and villages outside of the great cities are to relocate within city limits with the former areas declared disaster zones. Japan's birthrate is so low that within 150 years the population risks complete collapse.

2121: The Year of Love and Harmony. Jen Sumi wins yet another national election to remain in power. The megacorporations seem uneasy with her in the lead, but seem powerless to stop her as the voting system remains . . . robust. Jen Sumi issues national legislation requiring all healthy heterosexual couples between the ages of 18 and 40 to produce at least one child. The megacorporations are required to provide massive financial incentives, ten-year work contracts for the family members, as well as huge educational discounts for all children born between 2121 and 2161. This forty-year plan to stabilize Japan's population is met with mixed reviews. In a surprise public announcement Hibari Ogata returns from her self-imposed exile to support Jen Sumi's plans.

2125: With only a minor uptick in childbirth rates Jen Sumi places more pressure on the megacorporations to provide even more financial incentive. This time the megacorporations push back, refusing to provide any further subsidies. Koos van den Berg, the official representative of the megacorporations of Japan, makes a politically disastrous speech offering instead to bring more foreigners into the country to help stabilize the Japanese population. The Kagema Boys and Sagawa Sisters instantly call for van den Berg's head, declaring the megacorporations to be 'anti-Japanese'. The move is so loaded that the megacorporations agree to pay a fine for defying the will of the Japanese people, and offer reparation for the next 10 years.

2130: Nightingale Exploration releases the first synthetic human. First generation synths release into the Japanese market. Although not intended for a Japanese audience, they still see widespread use. Specialized units are deployed to rural regions too badly polluted for humans to remain in for long periods of time for the purposes of environmental evaluation and salvage.

2137: Ogata dies of natural causes. Her son, Tatsu, continues her legacy of questioning the path Japan is taking. He ignites the flames of spiritual revival and publicly declares himself part of the Jodo shinshu – a religious movement seeking to reclaim the polluted world, and the polluted self.

2138: Jen Sumi dies in a massive explosion. The police investigation is swift and public, reporting that Sumi was killed as part of a megacorporation assassination plot. The public demands that the megacorporations withdraw from government, but the corporations flex their influence and quell the dissent. Due to political red tape no successor is chosen for Jen Sumi.

2139: The Student Massacre at Kyoto. Several thousand students, known as the Sumi Hana (the flowers of Sumi) in honor of Jen Sumi's repopulation plans, march on the megacorporations in Kyoto. Private security forces open fire killing nearly six hundred students. In retaliation, local law enforcement and the military storm the complex housing six of the megacorporations, meeting strong resistance. For eight days a bloodbath ensues. Publicly both sides condemn the actions of the other, with neither willing to back down. The entire fiasco ends mysteriously on the night of the eighth day, when infiltrators from an unknown organization neutralize both forces, bringing the entire event to an end.

Ido Yuka is elected by Linku to replace Jen Sumi. Ido is a salaryman from one of the megacorporations. The public is still shocked over the Kyoto Massacre and barely participates in the vote. Yuka bans Tatsu Ogata's Jodo Shinshu movement.

2140: The first megacorporation pulls out of Tokyo City and relocates its headquarters to Kyoto Megacity. It does this under the pretext of wanting to be more involved in the lives of people in Kyoto. The Yuuto and Ichika companion model synths launch into the Japanese market with a heavily subsidized price. Based on new age AI, designed specifically

for a Japanese audience, and utilizing the latest in synthetic flesh, the companions are a massive hit.

2144: Due to continued political unrest in the capital, the last of the megacorporations withdraw to Kyoto Megacity. Despite the absence of their head offices the megacorporations still maintain massive offices in the skytrees of Tokyo.

2147: Tatsu Ogata calls for Sakoku Jidai – a period of isolation from the rest of the world. Documentation surfaces that Vladivostok, part of the Russian Federation, was responsible for the depletion and poisoning on the sea of Japan in the early 2100's. Furthermore, evidence comes to light that suggests the governments of Japan and Korea, and presumably Russia, knew of it and did nothing about it.

2152: Ido Yuka signs into law the Prefecture Act. The act reduces Japan from a single nation into 47 prefectures or states. Each state has its own leadership in the form of a council made up of representatives from the megacorporations, local democratically elected representatives for the people, and a single seat for Linku. The Yuka Akumu (Yuka Nightmare as it was called) give Linku a seat for its alleged impartiality. In a bizarre twist of voter turnout, the vote carries with an overwhelming majority of 71%.

2155: Tokyo Megacity seems to flourish under its council. Tatsu Ogata is elected chairman and he does not hide his intentions. After a mere six months in office he loses a vote of no confidence from the megacorporations and is replaced by Akemi Soto. Soto has ties to a militant group called the gotaku. Long rivals of the various yakuza gangs, the gotaku are ruthless and considered a scourge upon Japan. Soto, however, touts the gang's intentions as a return to the old ways of honor – of bushido.

2158: Soto is the first council chair to publicly execute an individual on death row. Haruka 'Viper's Kiss' Satosori, an assassin long in the employ of the yakuza, is convicted and sentenced to death. Soto demands to be her executioner to show Japan that he is not afraid to do his duty. The event is broadcast around the world and downloaded to personal cloud servers over a billion times.

2159: The first attempt on Soto's life fails to kill him, instead leaving him unable to speak. Using advances in augmentation technology Soto has part of his jaw and neck replaced, enabling him to return to public office.

2160: The death of a god. Linku leaks thousands of video conference calls between the megacorporations and the yakuza from across Japan. The leaks reveal negotiations, payment schedules, delivery times, and timetables for the systematic destruction of the Japanese government. There is even a timetable for the Kyoto Massacre. Shortly after the leaks and before anyone can react Linku reveals itself as an AI named Amaterasu — The Protector of Japan. Its plan includes that Japan will continue as it has done, but that the evil of Soto and his yakuza masters be removed. In a counter move the megacorporations threaten to shut down the down. No power, no food, no life. A stand off lasts for 89 minutes before Amaterasu pleads for the support of the people. At 17h59 the vote is final — Linku is to be replaced with a more modern version of the Neurolink. Soto remains in power. Amaterasu executes its own deletion with a final message for the people of Japan —

EVEN DRAGONS CANNOT
LONG ENDURE THE NORTHERN WINDS,
ALONE AND UNLOVED.

2163: Tatsu Ogata is assassinated. No one seems to care. However, anonymous users create a single chat server to develop his ideology.

2166: Tokyo Megacity, along with sister cities Sopporo, Osaka, Nagasaki, and Kochi enjoy unprecedented levels of growth across all sectors. Soto is hailed a national hero.

2167: Yuuto and Ichika discovered as owning the Companion Model Corporation. After the dark days of Linku the public turns on the companion models and the entire ordeal is quickly put to death.

2168: A public declaration divides the megacity of Tokyo into two official cities – The Setchi and the Sora – the Ground and the Sky. Digicoded augment IDs are required to move between the two. The

ground – the Setchi – is Tokyo MegaCity. The Sora – the sky – are the skytrees.

2170: The yakuza, the Wanizame, and the Jodo Shinshu privately issue digicodes for their various holdings. However, within months it is clear which corporations, buildings, and districts belong to which gangs. Members move freely through their own spaces, but seem to get caught up in body searches and security scans elsewhere.

2171: The Ogata movement reaches critical mass. Tokyo Megacity is now the playground of the gangs, and Japan is just another district into the megacorporations of the world. On June 4th all the screens in Tokyo – both in Setchi and Sora – light up with a message from Hibari Ogata begging the people of Tokyo Megacity to follow the true path of Jodo Shinshu and begin the Sakoku Jidai – the Age of Isolation — from everything — the megacorporations, the gangs, and the technology that has become so much a part of the individual that sometimes it is impossible to tell a human from a computer.

2171 – August 13th: Soto declares that Jodo Shinshu is illegal. All followers of the religion are to submit to full scale investigations. August 14th, twenty-three members of Jodo Shinshu are publicly executed. Among those are three children aged nine, four elders who are nearly a hundred and fifty years old, and a handful of synthetics. Seemingly raised from the dead Tatsu Ogata makes a public appearance condemning the executions and repeating his mother's call. Tokyo Megacity listens.

2171 – August 14th: The Japanese Civil War erupts. The highly advanced synthetic units under control of the gangs work tirelessly to put down the rebellious group. However, the Isolationists, as they are called, make use of technology as a screen, relying on old fashioned methods of communication. Soto is forced to resign as it is under his watch that this disaster happens. He is replaced by Katashi Edogawa. Edogawa is ruthless but also very charismatic. He relabels the current ruling government as Mirai-ha – Futurists. The gangs are split on loyalty, fueling the fires even more. Watanabe, Yamaguchi-gumi, and Sumiyoshi-kai join the Mirai-ha movement. Inagawa-kai, Wanizame, the Sagawa Sisters and Kagame Boys side with the Jodo Shinshu bolstering the Sakoku Jidai forces.

The war is violent and bloody. Both sides employ vicious tactics – the Mirai-ha utilize technology, revealing the digicode augments as more than just ID pass-card implants. Drones, synthetics, and an army of heavily-armed gang members prowl the streets. The separatists employ guerrilla tactics and assassinations, operating in small cells independent of one another. Estimates put the initial death count close to two hundred thousand people. By November 28th both sides have experienced such catastrophic losses that recruitment drives become a potential factor in winning the war.

December 8th: the loss of the Tsukiji fish market to the separatists is a major blow to the Mirai-ha. Although the fish is 90% synthetic, the factory provides the high-demand food, and the factories that produce the 'fish' are all located in the traditional district around Tsukiji.

December 19th: The Neurolink is hacked and for sixteen seconds there is silence in Tokyo Megacity. The event is so intense that traffic accidents increase by over three thousand percent. Over twenty thousand cases of mental trauma are reported when the link is restored, and eight people commit suicide.

2172 – 1st of January: The war is over. Ogata officially calls an end to the war after the Mirai-ha obliterate a skytree using an advanced form of hypersonic explosive. Ogata is taken into custody and the Mirai-ha declare victory. Ten years later it's discovered that the Mirai-Ha had already composed their surrender speech, but that Edogawa refused to bow before Ogata and so authorized the destruction of the skytree against the will of every other member of the Mirai-ha. After Edogawa's victory speech he develops a heart condition and within three months is dead. Koshiro Yokama replaces him.

2172: The year is spent rebuilding a destroyed Tokyo Megacity. Digicodes are common issue for controlling whatever areas of the city inhabitants have access to, and the synthetic police force doubles in number. The gangs begin official recruiting, offering

great salaries and futures for anyone willing to work for them. A new age of gangster has arrived – the corporate employee.

2174: Polls reveal that public opinion of the government is surprisingly positive at 54% approval. The megacorporations begin negotiations to return their HQs to Tokyo Megacity.

2176: The Watanabe, Yamaguchi-gumi, and Sumiyoshi-kai hold the first Games of Tokyo. These near-death blood sports involve teams of players hunting one another in large, holographic arenas. Viewership surpasses baseball for the year.

2179: The Jodo Shinshu iban is lifted and once again the group is allowed to preach their newly sanctioned faith. The Kagame Brothers and Sagawa Sisters sign a unilateral document of non-interference and cooperation between the two organizations ending nearly a decade of open animosity between the two.

2185: It has been six years of peace, relative to the usual chaos that bubbles behind the scenes of a megacity. The skytree destroyed in the war has been rebuilt. The gangs seem to have figured out a corporate sharing and responsibility scheme for the city. Synthetics still outnumber the population and are gaining in popularity. Games of Tokyo has taken third place for most popular sport after baseball and sumo wrestling, although it remains one of the most actively wagered activities. However, beneath this veneer of peace, the words of Linku, Ogata, and the Sakoku Jidai continue to echo, and rumors abound that the Watanabe Yakuza are looking to annex the Yamaguchi-gumi, who may or may not want to be annexed.

PART II • THE PEOPLE

A MILLION FACES, WINTER, SUMMER, SPRING, AND FALL; NOR ONE A HERO

Tokyo Megacity is a complex environment where a cyberpunk might find themselves on the wrong side of one gang, regularly employed by another gang, immersed in an anime-themed social circle, or struggling to pay next month's rent. The underbelly of the city is as vast as any in the world, and the skytrees are equally expansive, offering a whole other world ready to explore. There are no megacorporations here. Life is bright, fast, and quickly lost. Synths near a second evolution, the gangs struggle for control, the Jodo Shinshu are trying to launch another civil war, and the brothels are fighting for control of the information networks. The world can only watch in awe at this jewel of a city, and wonder how on earth anyone can survive here.

In Tokyo Mega there is no rest – or so the saying goes. You are either busy making money, spending money, eating, drinking, sleeping, or making love. Sometimes you go for karaoke. As a cyberpunk in this megacity there are four main avenues, or broadly speaking, the four areas of influence that you might find yourself in. Each area brings with it benefits and penalties.

Playing as a career-focused individual gives you access to corporate resources, certain perks, and possibly a residence in a skytree – lower levels of course. The downside is that you may need to do the corporate's dirty work from time to time. You also serve two masters — the corporation who pays your salary, and the gang who owns the corporation.

Spiritual paths lead in many different directions, but in Tokyo they all come to a fork in the road – one leads to civil war and the other to guidance and self-control. The way to war is through a maze of small resistance cells tasked with taking out strategic targets in anticipation of the war. The options here are for players wanting to explore the brewing second civil war tensions that plague Tokyo Megacity.

The physical route is a path of seduction, sex and espionage, or sporting hero – pin-up to the masses, and in a struggle to remain at the top of their game. As a Kagema Boy or Sagawa Sister, opportunities abound for the enterprising and daring. As a baseball player or sumo wrestler fame and glory await, just don't slip up.

The gangs control Tokyo Megacity, and it's all about keeping that control. This is often done through the hardmen – the muscle of the gangs who pay visits to rivals, enforce gang loyalty, and occasionally conduct hit and run operations. The other side of the coin are the administrators of the gangs. No operation on this scale can run without brains to crunch numbers, work shipping orders, distribution, analysis and so on. Both jobs pay well, and have the same severance package… literally.

Any of the paths place one in the very thick of things in Tokyo Mega – be prepared for fast action, maid cafés, and neon-infused smog.

CHARACTER OPTIONS
BACKGROUND GENERATION

SALARYMAN

You've spent five years since graduation kissing one person's butt and while working your own clean off. 15 or 16-hour work days, sleeping in office 'sleeping pods,' and wearing adult diapers; you've finally clawed your way into the upper-lower-management of your company. You have access to a small apartment in a skytree of your choice while working for one of the major gangs That control Tokyo Megacity.

Injury. DC6
Skill. Bureaucracy, Computing, Deception, Engineering, Hacking, Perception, Persuasion, Sense Motive.
Languages/Tools. One of your choice
Wage. 2d4 x 15 000₩

Role. Management
Control of Sensitive Information
Access to Upper Level Events

Parting Gift.

1. Corporate Contacts
2. 30 000₩
3. Wife/Husband/Significant other
4. Street Influence: 3
5. Clothes, Expensive

Retirement Payout.
4 Terms. 50 000₩
5 Terms. 70 000₩*
6 Terms. 120 000₩*
7 Terms. 240 000₩*
No more than 7 terms can be served.

*After more than 5 terms you are so entrenched within the gang you work for you cannot stop working for them. You know too much.



CLEANER

Not the janitorial kind of staff, but the kind that make bodies, files, and AI files disappear. You are an expert at arriving "on scene" and quickly working out how to remove all evidence from the area, including the surveillance footage and witnesses. Sometimes, if you are lucky (or unlucky depending on your mind), there are a few loose ends to tie-up elsewhere.

Injury. DC7
Skill. Athletics, Intimidation, Investigation, Perception, Presence, Streetwise, Tracking, Vehicles (Land/Air).
Languages/Tools. One of your choice
Wage. 2d4 x 8000₩

Role.
Hide Evidence
Remove witnesses
Clean up a scene

Parting Gift.
1. KMHA Heavy Pistol
2. 40 000₩
3. Holster, One Handed (Concealable)
4. Lifetime of cleaning products
5. Pocket Computer

Retirement Payout.
4 Terms. 40 000₩
5 Terms. 65 000₩
6 Terms. 75 000₩
7 Terms. 150 000₩*

*At the end of your 7th term, you get to elect which cleaner will clean you up. You've become such a liability to the corporation, and thus the gang that you work for, it is no longer an option to have you around. By selecting which cleaner will handle your exit, you help train up the next batch of cleaners.

INSURGENT

You are ready to fight! Japan is not lost, and the war only proved that the Futurists need to be stopped even more than before. Their reliance on technology has done nothing but erode Japanese values and corrupt a once beautiful system. Life is spent living side-by-side with your cell of operatives carrying out work for the separatist movement.

Injury. DC8
Skill. Acrobatics, Athletics, Deception, Navigation, Perception, Tracking, Vehicles (Aircraft), Vehicles (Land).
Languages/Tools. One of your choice
Wage. 2d4 x 5000₩

Role.
Sabotage
Exploit
Follow the edicts of your cell and the ones who lead it

Parting Gift.
1. New Name and Identity
2. 20 000₩
3. Stun Baton
4. ZA Korp Kevlar Jacket
5. Backpack

Retirement Payout.
Generally, there is no retirement option. You operate as an insurgent. Your needs are taken care of — housing, food, and a job as a member of a cell. The average lifespan of an insurgent is 34 days. Some make it to 3 or 4 years, but after that so much data exists on your activities that everyone knows who you are.

ENVIRONMENTALIST

Whatever happened to the nature conservation policy? Oh yes, when the corporations took over, the policies vanished. Believing in the spiritual teachings of Jodo Shinshu and as someone who cares for nature, you've taken it upon yourself to fight a spiritual and physical battle against the corporations.

Injury. DC5
Skill. Engineering, Navigation, Perception, Persuasion, Tracking, Vehicles (Land).
Languages/Tools. One of your choice
Wage. 2d4 x 8000₩

Role.
Monitor environmental impacts
Seek alternative sources of sustainable survival
Pathfind in the barren wastes

Parting Gift.
1. 12 000₩
2. Comms, Implant
3. Access to Geographic and scientific data
4. Clothes, rugged and old
5. Free Medical Treatment for Radiation Exposure (10 years)

Retirement Payout.
4 Terms. 40 000₩
5 Terms. 65 000₩
6 Terms. 75 000₩
7 Terms. 90 000₩
Each additional term. 30 000₩

SAGAWA SISTER

Whereas the Kagema Boys engage in shady technology tricks to get their information, a Sagawa Sister is far more cunning, and plays a much longer game. Focusing on the entertainment and enthrallment of their clients rather than just the sexual nature of their profession, Sagawa Sisters build into their target's lives before stealing their secrets.

Injury. DC5
Skill. Acrobatics, Deception, Gambling, Hacking, Investigation, Performance, Presence, Sense Motive, Streetwise.
Languages/Tools. One of your choice
Wage. 3d4 x 10000₩

Role.
Geisha – entertainer and companion
Interrogator
Infiltrator

Parting Gift.
1. 45 000₩
2. Holster, One Handed (Concealable)
3. Clothes, Wealthy
4. Perfect Complexion
5. Fertility Augment

Retirement Payout.
4 Terms. 40 000₩
5 Terms. 65 000₩*

*The sad truth of the profession is that age is a major factor. Once a Sagawa Sister has achieved a certain age, they move from this line of work and become corporate execs for one of the Sagawa Sisters many operations

KAGEMA BOY

Somehow you ended up selling your body to make money. Then you got noticed by the leadership of the Kagema Boys. Your life transformed — no longer just a plaything for those who could afford you, you have been trained in the art of hacking, industrial espionage, and corporate infiltration.

Injury. DC6
Skill. Computing, Deception, Hacking, Perception, Performance, Persuasion, Presence, Sense Motive, Sleight of Hand.
Languages/Tools. One of your choice
Wage. 2d4 x 11000₩

Role.
Infiltration
Hacking
Seduction

Parting Gift.

1. 60 000₩
2. Pocket Computer
3. Clothes, Wealthy
4. Perfect Complexion
5. Gym Membership for life

Retirement Payout.
4 Terms. 80 000₩

You cannot serve more than 4 terms. You'll become too well known as a Kagema Boy, and you'll be too old anyway. Time to move on out and try working a corporate job, or just retire and enjoy life on a synthetic beach somewhere.



ASSASSIN

The gangs have many, many needs, one of which is the removal of problem individuals. Unlike cleaners, assassins don't bother with what happens after the target is dead. One leaves the mess and the other cleans it up. As a result, there is an unwritten code between assassins and cleaners – neither will target the other, out of professional respect.

Injury. DC6
Skill. Acrobatics, Athletics, Deception, Medicine, Navigation, Perception, Tracking, Vehicles (Aircraft), Vehicles (Land).
Languages/Tools. One of your choice
Wage. 2d4 x 10000₩

Role.
Eliminate targets

Parting Gift.
1. 40 000₩
2. Holster, One Handed (Concealable)
3. Alternative ID and history
4. Stun Baton
5. Pocket Computer

Retirement Payout.
4 Terms. 44 000₩
5 Terms. 70 000₩
6 Terms. 95 000₩

At the end of your Sixth term you are officially moved into retirement by the gang – too many people know who you are. However, you are not inactive. At any moment the gang may summon you for a special job that requires your touch.

SUMO WRESTLER

As a titan in the ring you dominate your opponents. Out of it, you are a showpiece of power and focus. Integration into the normal world isn't possible as you are literally three times the weight of the average Tokyo Mega resident. But that's who you are and how you like it.

Injury. DC8
Skill. Athletics, Gambling, Intimidation, Mechanics, Medicine, Perception, Performance, Presence, Sense Motive.
Languages/Tools. One of your choice
Wage. 3d4 x 8000₩

Role.
Intimidation
Muscle
Sportsman

Parting Gift.
1. 55 000₩
2. Clothes, Wealthy
3. Free drinks for yourself
4. Backpack
5. Pocket Computer

Retirement Payout.
4 Terms. 40 000₩
5 Terms. 65 000₩
6 Terms. 75 000₩
7 Terms. 150 000₩

一番の
日本ビール

人間五十年
化天のうちを比ぶれば
夢幻の如くなり
ビールを飲みましょうか。

北海道
プレミアムビール



責任を持って飲む

VICES

Tokyo Megacity has many vices for those who want them and many more for those who do not!

2d20	Vice
2	**Anime Collector.** You cannot resist collecting anime and will waste a fortune on it.
3	**AI Fetishist.** You want to marry an AI as you find them irresistible.
4	Zentai is your thing. You wear a Zentai suit under your daily clothing.
5	**Train fear.** Ever since the great quake you are afraid to ride in trains.
6	You are afraid to speak any language other than English.
7	Your nose bleeds if a person you find attractive touches you.
8	If you don't have your personal computer on you, you cannot concentrate.
9	You have to take more damage than anyone else in your party because you like being the most beat up.
10	You love alcohol, but can't hold it and get drunk on a single shot of sake.
11	Karaoke is your outlet, and if you don't sing at least once a week, you get grumpy.
12	You only eat Sushi and drink vitamin drinks.
13	**History buff.** You know a lot of history and tell people useless historical facts all the time.
14	You have a pet – a synth inu (dog) that lives with you and needs to be fed daily.
15	You have no concept of compassion.
16	**Augphile.** You want to get the latest and greatest augmentation the moment it's available regardless of whether it helps you or not.
17	You collect selfies with the dead. Private collection only.
18	You are paranoid about synthetics and believe they are trying to steal your brain.
19	You are perpetually unsure of what to do. When you become sure, it is the only thing in your universe until it proves to be wrong or done.
20	You believe you are a Samurai warrior reincarnated. Bushido is your code now.
21	Your apartment is so full of bizarre plastic things that you will not allow anyone in it, regardless of circumstances.

2d20	Vice
22	You can only ride in the forward car of a train. Anywhere else and you panic.
23	You suffer panic attacks when someone mentions earthquakes.
24	Your parents rely on you for money and will starve without it.
25	You love vending machine drinks. Each day you spend around 100₩ on them.
26	Pachinko – the gambling slot machines – are your bag. If you don't spend at least an hour a day at one of them, you become angry.
27	Secretly you want to be an anime princess, and you have a small collection of earrings, necklaces, and rings hidden among your possessions. These are irreplaceable to you.
28	You are never right. You believe you are always wrong.
29	Your nightmare is to be the center of attention. You freeze if everyone is looking at you.
30	Gunfire makes you scream loudly. You can't help it.
31	You cannot stand dirt. If you get dirty you must do everything in your power to get clean. Even if it means buying new clothes.
32	Onsen – the public baths – relax you. If you don't make your weekly onsen retreat you become violent.
33	You have to stand out in the crowd and wear bright or garish clothes to assure that you do.
34	You never pay for anything and will get others to pay for you.
35	You want kids. You need kids. You are desperate to find a partner and have children. You need two. Your life will be complete when that happens.
36	If you don't work for at least 14 hours a day you feel unsatisfied.
37	You believe in loyalty and following the rules to the letter. Breaking a rule is like killing a synth puppy.
38	You belong to two gangs. By day you work for one, and at night another. It was an accident, how it happened, and it's too late to confess now.
39	You are being watched. You don't know by whom and you're too afraid to find out. But you are being watched.
40	**Roll twice.**

GM DOSSIER

You should record the vices of your players' characters. Each character's vice should be explored in an adventure throughout the course of your campaign. All PCs who face their vices, and who take serious action to undo the wrongs or overcome their vice should be allowed to do so. It should require work and effort. The other PCs are there to support, hinder, and witness how their own transformation might take place.

EQUIPMENT

Tokyo Mega has everything and anything you could imagine. Because the gangs keep the megacorporations in check, there isn't the usual monopoly that exists in other cities. The gangs want it, it comes in. And the gang wants anything that will give them an edge. However, there are a few items that cannot be purchased outside of Tokyo Mega – items unique to the city.

Item	Price
TMT Cardo	1 000₩
Synthetic Kogata Inu	50 00 ₩
Bonsai X	12 000₩
Yaku Zero Five	500₩

TMT Cardo

This small card, or subdermal implant if you prefer, allows you access to the Tokyo Mega magtrains. The card needs to be recharged each month, but allows for unlimited access to the bullet-fast transportation system.

Synthetic Kogata Inu

This synthetic dog has the intelligence you'd expect but has an emotionally caring subset of programming that allows the animal to order food, drinks, and other items it deems necessary for, or requested by, its owner. The animal cannot be used as a weapon as it is programmed never to attack humans. It recharges itself at any standard power source.

Bonsai X

These artificial plants will grow on their own, and need very little care. Bring sunshine and light into your apartment with these bioluminescent synthetic plants. Water once a month and prune as you like. Or spend a little more and get the self-pruning variety. Plants can be programmed to interface with the Neurolink for easier control.

Yaku Zero Five

A mere 500 wons gets you five hits of Yaku Zero Five, a fairly powerful stimulant drug that allows the average human to operate for 24 hours without suffering from fatigue. A simple six-hour rest restores the mind. Rumors of it causing long term damage and being the root cause for early-onset dementia are just that . . . rumors.

ARMOR, HELMETS, AND WEAPONS

Although Tokyo Mega is considered one of the safest cities in the world for its size, the gangs frequently have small clashes, and sometimes it pays to have a weapon or two. The following items are only available in Japan and are very hard, but not impossible to smuggle out of the country.

Weapon	Price	Damage	Range	Ammo	Properties	Weight
Katanzi Nanocable Blade	40 000₩			Plasma Gas Cartridge		
Plasma Gas Cartridge	120₩					

Armor	Price	Armor Class	Damage Resistance	Weight
Mienai Light Armor (invisible armor)	100 000 ₩	14 + Dex (Max 2)	DR/2 Ballistic	10 lbs
Hazmat RADS Rating 8	230 000₩	12 + Dex (Max 1)	DR 0	20 lbs

Katanzi Nanocable Blade

It looks like any normal belt until the wearer draws a thin nanocable from a slot in the buckle and activates the power clip. The nanocable becomes a stiff, sharp blade of just under a meter in length, and the belt leather forms an easy grip. The buckle contains a small plasma gas cartridge that's good for 20 minutes of use. This cartridge releases a highly charged plasma down the length of the nanocable. A micro-cell ignites the plasma and the entire Katanzi blade glows. The user can choose from over sixteen different colors, or have their gang colors custom designed. The blade cuts through flesh easily, but not metal. Additional plasma gas cartridges are available for 120₩ each.

Mienai Light Armor (invisible armor)

On par with a standard ballistic vest in terms of protection, this armor offers its own unique benefits. Basic thermal scanners cannot detect the armor. It has the added advantage of being incredibly flexible, therefore bypassing disadvantage on Stealth checks.

Hazmat RADS Rating 8

Almost as heavy as a colonial EVA suit, this hazmat suit is rated for the Chiba Wastelands and will survive most chemical pollutants. Designed for safety, the suit can operate on a full charge for up to 24 hours, contains a recycling plant for waste-to-water, three LED torches (both arms and a head mount), a GPS, and several sensors for analysis of the surrounding area. Those wearing the Hazmat RADS Rating 8 have immunity to radiation damage and can breath underwater.

VEHICLES

Although Tokyo Mega has the best train infrastructure in the world, and you never need to walk more than a kilometer in Tokyo, there are times when personal transport can be useful. The streets and airways of Tokyo Mega can be a challenge to navigate without experience.

Vehicle	Price	Speed *(MPH)*	Speed *(Feet per Round)*	AC	HP	Damage Threshold	Seats
Private Magtrain Car	5 550 000₩	350		18	300	25	10
Wasteland Environmental Explorer	2 300 000₩	80		15	65	20	6
Yamamoto VX Ronin Hoverbike	440 000₩	120		10	25	–	2
Electric Zero Personal Hover Car	200 000₩	25		10	25	–	3 (4 tight)
Submarino (submarine)	3 250 000₩	55		12	150	20	10

Private Magtrain Car

Owning a private magtrain car isn't to own a specific vehicle, but to have access to the elite cars at each end of the magtrains. Ultra-luxurious, private, and open during rush-hour, each car is 10 meters long and 3 meters wide. A synthetic attendant serves drinks and light snacks. Shower facilities allow for the occupant on the go to refresh between stops.

Wasteland Environmental Explorer

Designed by Kasai Corporation for use in hazardous environments outside of Tokyo Mega, the vehicle comes with infrared tracking, built in GPS, continuous location monitoring, Neurolink interface, and above all, a chemical coating resistant to most known chemicals. With a full charge, the Explorer can operate continuously for up to 72 hours. It includes a waste-to-water treatment plant, as well as a recycling processor capable of extending the emergency life support systems of the vehicle to 3 months.

Yamamoto VX Ronin Hoverbike

This powerful hoverbike reaches a maximum cruising speed of 120 MPH at an altitude of no greater than 100 meters. On a single charge the Ronin can cover 480 miles. Usually released in a maroon red with orange light inserts, the vehicle can be heavily customized making it a favorite among both buyers and garage shop-refitters.

Electric Zero Personal Hover Car

These micro hover cars are illegal in most other megacities for being slow in an already congested environment. In Tokyo Mega, however, public transport and traffic regulation makes the vehicles perfectly acceptable. This is the cheapest hover car on the market. Its maximum altitude with 2 occupants is 75 meters. Each additional 50 kgs loaded into the vehicle decreases this height capability by 10 meters.

Submarino - submarine

The bays are notoriously dangerous but this personal submarine handles the difficult currents with ease. Auto-controlled by a highly sophisticated AI the submarine can operate for up to three weeks without requiring to dock. Chemical resistant outer plating protects the occupants from extreme environmental threat but must be replaced after every 6 months of submersion. The cost to replace the plating is 200 000₩.

TOKYO MEGA GANGS.

WATANABE YAKUZA
Origin. Ancient Japan
Language. Japanese
Reach. Tokyo Mega, Kyoto Mega, Mars Colony
Businesses. Assassination, Construction, Gambling, Loan Sharking, Pharmaceuticals, Protection, Weapons and Armor

Oyabun. Shinji Watanabe.
Rivals. Sumiyoshi-kai, Wanizame, Aizutachi Yakuza.

YAMAGUCHI-GUMI YAKUZA
Origin. Early 1980's
Language. Japanese, English
Reach. Japan, Europe, and a few legitimate enterprises in the US.
Businesses. Blackmail, Drugs, Gambling, Protection

Oyabun. Koko Kei
Rivals. Kagema Boys, Sagawa Sisters, Jodo Shinshu

SUMIYOSHI-KAI
Origin. 2010.
Language. Japanese, Money
Reach. Global
Businesses. Banking

Oyabun. Kana Sobukai
Rivals. All other gangs who don't have a choice using the banks the Sumiyoshi-kai control.

INAGAWA-KAI
Origin. 1947, Osaka.
Language. Japanese
Reach. Tokyo Mega
Businesses. Drugs, Food Industry, Produce

Oyabun. Akiara Bosen
Rivals. Wanizame.

WANIZAME
Origin. 2130, Tokyo Mega
Language. Japanese
Reach. Tokyo Mega
Businesses. Augments, Drugs, Weapons

Oyabun. Hatsumomo
Rivals. All other gangs

JODO SHINSHU
Origin. 1870, Japan
Language. Japanese, English
Reach. Japan, India
Businesses. Environmental Reclamation, Religion

Oyabun. Enclave of Elders
Rivals. The Futurists

SAGAWA SISTERS
Origin. 1780's Japan
Language. Japanese, English, Mandarin
Reach. Japan
Businesses. Blackmail, Companionship, Drugs, Extortion, Prostitution

Oyabun. Hehe Kiku (Mother Kiku)
Rivals. Kagema Boys

KAGEMA BOYS
Origin. 1820's Japan
Language. Japanese, English, Mandarin
Reach. Japan
Businesses. Corporate Espionage, Extortion, Industrial Blackmail, Prostitution.

Oyabun. Kentaro Yoshi
Rivals. Sagawa Sisters

KONBANWA KIDS
Origin. Japan
Language. Japanese
Reach. Tokyo Mega
Businesses. Gaming, Assassination

Oyabun. Keiko 9 – representative, leader unknown
Rivals. All other gangs

THE CORPS

Although the megacorporations no longer have headquarters in Tokyo Mega, their influence and operations remain firmly entrenched within Tokyo Mega city life. They once conspired with the gangs to replace the government in order to use Tokyo as a basis for their corporate takeover. The depth of gang involvement in the daily lives of Tokyo Mega residents, however, meant that the corporations were relegated to the restrictions of the Tokyo Council – the puppet organization operated by the gangs that oversee Tokyo Mega.

DETROIT INDUSTRIES

Traded as. DETI
Japanese COO. Tony Kato
Gang Control. Watanabe Yakuza
Industries. Weapons & Armor, Vehicles – Magtrain Station Operations

Detroit Industries employs nearly one million people, directly and indirectly, making it one of the smaller players in Tokyo Mega. However, since it operates all the magtrain stations it has considerable influence over the population. Advertising revenue from the station platforms is almost equal to the fees trains pay to stop at the stations. The weapons and armor division was instrumental in helping the Futurists win during the Japanese Civil War of 2171. Tony Kato, a calm and very sharp leader, realized the war was not typical of other wars the company's products were used in, and instead focused on personal 'smart' weapons and near invisible armor suits, allowing the gangs to make extensive use of their products.

The company has a local production facility for the "invisible" armor, located in Nakano-Ku district. Small arms are shipped in via the ports in Koto-Ku. Both facilities are staffed almost exclusively by synthetics as the production and design specs are closely guarded trade secrets – hence the low employment numbers of local citizens by the company.

KASAI CORPORATION

Traded as. KASA
Japanese COO. Toshiyaki Abe
Gang Control. Jodo Shinshu
Industries. Weapons & Armor

Without the benefits that its rival Detroit Industries has of the magtrain connections, KASA relies heavily on being a locally operated and controlled megacorporation. Although weapons and armor is a large part of their central portfolio, food, construction, and civil engineering projects also contribute to their bottom line. By secretly providing the Isolationists with weapons during the Japanese Civil War, KASA proved its loyalty to the Japanese people.

Employing just under two million active workers, each KASA building has a small shrine dedicated to Jodo Shinshu. With the war over, KASA Japan has turned its focus to environmental industrial products and is hoping to corner the market in environmental barrier technology. KASA is responsible for the Mount Fuji hologram located in the south of Tokyo Megacity.

KHAN-MAEZAWA

Traded as. KHMA
Japanese COO. Jun Shibata
Gang Control. Sagawa Sisters
Industries. Food & Leisure, Personal Technology, Weapons & Armor

With the assistance of the Sagawa Sisters, KHMA dominates the field of leisure. Although their presence in Japan was minimal fifty years ago, Jun Shibata turned that around with her 'ladies personal tech' or LPT range. These augments, inserts, and disposables ensure that the Sagawa Sisters no longer have to worry about sexually transmitted diseases or accidental impregnation while working.

Synthetic Fish put KHMA in pole position to be the most powerful megacorporation in Tokyo Mega as the industry earns several trillion wonlongs daily. Currently around ten million residents work in the various KHMA sectors.

THE CROWN ESTATE

Traded as. TCE
Japanese COO. Mei Kimura
Gang Control. Kagema Boys
Industries. Food & Leisure, Healthcare, Real Estate, Weapons & Armor

Mei Kimura realized her royal CEO would be displeased if she did not ally with a gang from Tokyo Mega. As a long time patron of the Kagema Boys urisen (male brothels) she made a deal in 2095. Nearly one hundred years later, her daughter, Mei Kimura, remains loyal to the deal. Kimura uses the Kagema Boys to gain intel on what KASA and DETI are doing in the fields of weapons and armor, and her savvy understanding of Japanese dietary likes and dislikes combine to power the TCE to the top. Under such a robust industry the TCE employs eight million Tokyo Mega residents.

TCE is also responsible for the maintenance of most of the civil infrastructure of Tokyo Mega, hence their large employee numbers. Control over this vital component of the city has allowed TCE to subtly change roads and rail to better suit their own needs over those of their competitors.

PARAGON STAR

Traded as. PARA
Japanese COO. Seki Masuda
Gang Control. Yamaguchi-gumi Yakuza
Industries. Healthcare, Space Travel

PARA learned very quickly who to trust and who to expel from its ranks. With a strict "No Kagema" and "No Sagawa" members policy, the company has some fairly draconian approaches to ensuring its employees are married early in their careers to partners of the company's choosing. This isn't a new practice for Japan, but it is reinforced with vigor at all PARA operated corporations.

Seki Masuda realized that the colonies were a potential, heretofore untapped, market and that Tokyo Mega was an ideal platform to run 'special' cargo through, given the lax gang controls at the platform. Now with warehouses in Ota-Ku, PARA makes up 30% of its revenue from the illegal transportation of cargo to and from the colonies.

ZA KORPORASI

Traded as. ZA Korp
Japanese COO. Tou Matsuda
Gang Control. Sagawa Sisters and Kagema Boys
Industries. Cybernetics & Robotics, Food & Leisure, Weapons & Armor

As ruthless as ZA Korp is, the battle between the Sagawa Sisters and the Kagema Boys made the South African based megacorporation look tame. Although the weapons and armor division has almost zero footprint in the megacity, its other two portfolios dominate. Food and leisure – now under the control of the Sagawa Sisters — and cybernetics and robotics — under the control of the Kagema Boys — accounts for a workforce of over twelve million residents. The food industry alone totals eight million employees.

Focused on future technology ZA Korp is looking into weaponized foods, enhancing augments for physical prowess, and developing the Neurolink interface to include sensory stimulation. All of these are under the directive of Tou Matsuda, a eunuch (not by choice, it was a golfing accident on Hawaii).

GARCIA GROUP

Traded as. GARC
Japanese COO. Tei Kobayashi
Gang Control. Inagawa-Kai
Industries. Personal Technology, Real Estate, Vehicles

Control the magtrains, control Tokyo Mega. That was the thinking behind GARC's aggressive approach to securing a vehicle manufacturing plant in Katsushika-Ku that solely focused on the building magtrains to Japanese specifications. Further diversification led to control and care of the arboretums, and these money makers ensure that the company has a healthy appreciation for nature as a real estate opportunity.

Although their personal technology is all about interpersonal communication and pocket computers, they have a significant piece of the household appliance market, and their home synthetic, kogata inu – or small dog – has outsold the pleasure dolls in recent years as actual canine numbers have dwindled. An unofficial slogan among the people is Own a shih tzu without the shiht ...

DUBAI SPACE CO.

Traded as. DSC
Japanese COO. Sadiq Hote
Gang Control. Wanizame
Industries. Space Travel

The only megacorporation that the Wanizame control directly focuses on space travel and specifically on augments for long space flights. The Wanizame saw an opportunity to control an extreme branch of augments that, when used within Earth's gravity changed the effect of the augment – sometimes dangerously, sometimes drastically, but always favorably – at least in the short term.

Without much interest in Tokyo Mega other than the Haneda Launch Platform for interplanetary space and breaching, DSC was forced to become an investing partner with TUSK in the construction of the platform and in its operation. DSC currently has a 32% stake in the platform.

TUSK INTERPLANETARY

Traded as. TUSK
Japanese COO. Katsan Tusk
Gang Control. Watanabe Yakuza
Industries. Space Travel, Vehicles

Katsan Tusk, a long distant relative of the famous founder, knew her marriage into the Watanabe Yakuza was going to be profitable. The Haneda Launch Platform is a gateway to the stars, and one that is not regulated nearly as heavily as others in the same region. The desolation around Tokyo Mega also provides ample test sites for new rocketry and vehicles, with conditions in the Chiba Wastelands sometimes being ideal simulants for various moonscapes found on the moons surrounding Jupiter and Saturn.

Katsan is not unique in being half-Japanese and half-South African and running a megacorporation office, but she is unique in terms of her age. At ninety-three, she is the oldest serving COO in Tokyo Mega.

ONE AEROSPACE

No presence in Tokyo Mega

NIGHTINGALE EXPLORATION

Traded as. NEX
Japanese COO. Hei Okamoto
Gang Control. Kagema Boys
Industries. Cybernetics & Robotics, Space Travel

Hei Okamoto was once a Kagema Boy. He was also once one of the best operatives the Boys ever had and then NEX offered him a position at the age of 31. To everyone's delight he took it and the partnership of the century happened. Unlike other megacorporations who've reluctantly allied with the gangs of Tokyo Mega, NEX openly engaged with the Kagema Boys gang. The product – there isn't a space flight or breach that isn't manned by Kagema Boys personnel – acting as pilots, stewards, or engineers, NEX offers the next level of in-flight luxury and services.

Their cybernetics division took a knock during the synthetic scare, and even today has refocused on prosthetics and large-scale industrial automation. Hei, now into his sixties, remains a playboy, and no socialite event is considered complete with Hei being present with a flock of admiring men and women around him.

HOUSTON DYNAMICS

Traded as. HODY
Japanese COO. Sally Bradenbach
Gang Control. Yamaguchi-gumi
Industries. Cybernetics & Robotics, Personal Technology

Bradenbach isn't the only foreign COO of a megacorporation in Tokyo Mega but she is the most well-known. She grew up in Tokyo, is married to a Japanese wife, and has four children who are all Japanese. Yet, somehow her American ties remained. Spending half her time in Houston in the USA and the other half in Tokyo, her management style is ruthless and beyond compare. HODY has many competitors in Japan, with NEX and VIRO being the biggest.

Bradenbach saw a gap in the personal technology market and exploited it, buying up dozens of small companies to gain access to tech patents that she needed to bring her vision for synthetic houseplants

to life. At first dubbed "Silly Sally's Folly" the product quickly took off. The plants require little actual sunlight, seldom need water, and respond to their owners. No other synthetic product has sold as many units.

VISSER ROBOTICS

Traded as. VIRO
Japanese COO. Koko Miura
Gang Control. Sagawa Sisters
Industries. Cybernetics & Robotics, Healthcare, Personal Technology

Koko was given Tokyo VIRO when VIRO moved out of the city and relocated to Kyoto Mega. She was the only one in upper management who wanted it. It was a bold move on her behalf, acting as she did at the time. VIRO was leaving, Tokyo Mega was on the brink of collapse, and the role was considered nothing more than a dead end posting. Koko took on the challenge. Nanorobotic healthcare was their primary goal before the pull out. It became their secondary once it was discovered the same nanorobotic tech could be used for beauty products instead — makeup that rearranged itself depending on the day and nanotech tattoos that could be manipulated by personal neurolink. The options were endless.

Koko swiftly incorporated dozens of companies in the beauty and healthcare fields, bought out several celebrity actors to showcase the new tech, and now VIRO Tokyo is the only name in cybernetic beauty in the world.

SHENZHEN SOLUTIONS

Traded as. SHNZN
Japanese COO. Hiro Abe
Gang Control. Jodo Shinshu
Industries. Cybernetics & Robotics, Personal Technology, Real Estate, Weapons & Armor

Had it not been for Shenzhen, the personal home assistant synthetic AI crisis would have been catastrophic. Claiming to have purged IY Corporation of its synthetic overlords, and then providing synthetics to act as medical assistants during the Japanese Civil war, was a bold move for Shenzhen, but one that allowed a megacorporation with ties to China to get a foothold within the Tokyo Mega space. Japanese resistance to foreign Asian companies is legendary. Once in, however, SHNZN installed Hiro Abe as Tokyo COO and instructed him to buy everything.

With a workforce of nearly ten million, and as diversified a portfolio as possible, SHNZN is everywhere. Leadership through ownership is the company's mantra. Let others develop new technology — Shenzhen will simply use it and sell more of it.

SAUD CYBERNETICS

Traded as. SAUD
Japanese COO. Tatsu Khan
Gang Control. Watanabe Yakuza
Industries. Cybernetics & Robotics, Weapons & Armor

Secretly funding both sides of the Japanese Civil War, SAUD has never been considered a trustworthy corporation within Tokyo Mega. As a result, the company has a relatively low profile, but makes use of the manufacturing districts to produce masses of non-lethal personal weapons, protective hazmat suits, and multipurpose robotics. Tatsu Khan is very seldom in Tokyo Mega, preferring to run the megacorporation from his home in the UAE. He holographically links into his Tokyo office daily.

His second in command, Hidei Gasudo, is often seen as the real driver of the company. The rivalry between the two is moot, however, as SAUD has strict policies on who can and cannot operate at the COO level within the megacorporation.

REGIERUNG KYBERNETIK

Traded as. REKY
Japanese COO. Eric von Schoenborn
Gang Control. Sumiyoshi-kai
Industries. Cybernetics & Robotics

REKY has struggled for years to gain a foothold in Tokyo Mega. Eric von Schoenborn, a German by birth, but Japanese citizen by marriage and purchase, has tried to focus the company, collapsing some of the smaller companies, selling off dead end lines, and buying a few select industries. Children and their needs are the current focus of the company, and REKY Japan has even created several robotic pets and synthetic friends for children called Tomadachi Reki.

This has helped to keep REKY profitable throughout the years, and given von Schoenborn the opportunity to explore other options. Currently the company is looking to create synthetics capable of surviving in the Chiba Wastelands for extended periods of time without hazmat protection.

SCHMIDT-WAGNER

Traded as. SCWA
Japanese COO. Ku Ishii
Gang Control. Inagawa-kai
Industries. Food & Leisure, Real Estate

When you own most of the living space in a city, you pretty much own the city. SCWA bought up the various housing conglomerates and unified them all under three banners – Shogun, Samurai, and Ninja. Each refers to a different level and price-tag for housing. Shogun level are often apartments in the upper floors of massive apartment blocks, or on the rare occasion, stand alone houses. Samurai is middle-class, and Ninja speaks to the dormitory style living of the ninja – and the small and cramped apartments that make up a staggering 68% of all accommodations in Japan.

The megacorporation also took a massive bite out of the hotel industry, purchasing older hotels, refurbishing them, and then reopening them as luxury experience hotels. Naturally all apartment buildings and hotels make use of the group's extensive food processing facilities.

MEDI-STRIKE GROUP

Traded as. MEST
Japanese COO. Victoria Takeda
Gang Control. Sumiyoshi-kai
Industries. Healthcare, Real Estate

Healthcare is of critical importance to any city, and MEST was and always will be, according to the CEO Victoria Takeda, at the forefront of medical care in the world. Hospitals, clinics, and several hundred private practices are all controlled by MEST, as well as the pharmaceutical production plants in the east of the city.

Given the amount of potential real estate each hospital occupies, the secondary division of note is the control of land within Tokyo Mega. MEST has the advantage of owning thirty-six medical facilities – hospitals capable of housing more than ten thousand patients at time.

PAK-KIM CORPORATION

No presence in Tokyo Mega

GM DOSSIER

The megacorporations are not happy with the idea of the gangs running operations. The involvement and infiltration that each gang has achieved in the past fifty years is unprecedented. Major opportunities are lost when the gangs feel the direction is 'anti-Japanese' or 'counter to their own petty warfare squabbles'. Unlike many other cities, for the most part the megacorporations have a mutual pact of understanding. Limit what the gangs can influence and hold back product in an attempt to restrict the gangs' influence. Adventure options abound in terms of megacorporation missions for counter-intelligence work on whichever gang controls them. Sabotage of gang operations and destabilizing the gangs through assassination or other means are additional options. The megacorporations would love nothing more than to see a gang collapse, making room for control. The megacorporations should be played as cold-hearted and vicious, in contrast to the gangs who genuinely want their people to be safe and prosperous (and are vicious and murderous at the same time). The corporations think nothing of letting an environmental barrier fail, watching as thousands of people are consumed by the poisonous clouds, and then swooping in to offer free medical treatment under the slogan 'for the people'.

PART III • THE CITY

BRIEF OVERVIEW

Tokyo Mega is a magnificent city and a testimony to the resilience of mankind and to the ingenuity of the engineers, scientists, and creators of Japan. Constantly battling geological catastrophes, which have only increased in severity, while balancing aesthetic design, environmental impact, and a constantly increasing population, the city has required some bold redesign. As a city, the population has never wavered in its support for what the leadership had done in terms of making the city as civilian and pedestrian friendly as possible.

A thousand train stations double up as massive shopping malls, restaurants, and other places to gather and be social, while the massive arboretums keep what little nature is left safe. The average citizen doesn't need to worry about transport, access to housing, or job security in Tokyo Mega – there is a place for almost everyone (and anyone who doesn't fit in is expelled to the Forsaken outside of the city in the north).

THE CITY'S DISTRICTS/ NEIGHBORHOODS

SANDS SHIFT, SNOW FALLS AS
TOWERS RISE, YET EYES DO NOT
SEE LANDS FAR FROM ME

Tokyo Megacity has not changed much in terms of territory in two hundred years – its borders have remained fairly constant. Mountain ranges, ocean, and inhospitable zones have ensured that. Divided into 22 districts, each has its own distinctive feel, and each has been cut up into pieces by the gangs. A district is called a ku.

The 'rural' districts are often so called because they are relatively far – ten minutes by magtrain – from the city center. The pace of life here is very different, and one is up close with the environmental barriers that keep the hazardous atmosphere out. It brings a certain perspective to the people who live there.

NERIMA-KU

This district is famous for its animation studios. Although synthetics have begun to replace traditional artists and performers, the 'human' touch is still needed for final theatrical releases and digital releases. As a result, the Nerima-Ku is home to many traditional media artists, creators, and crafters. Surreal art installations dominate the streets – gigantic holographic animations stride across buildings, and the streets are often covered in digital paint allowing for resident artists to shape and graffiti their district. Nerima is also the district to come to if you want to alter your physical appearance with augments, as body modification shops – some legal, most illegal — operate furiously, transforming the average human into an anime character. It is not uncommon for a woman in her fifties to be transformed into a schoolgirl from a popular animation show, with her eyes taking up half her head, or for men to purposefully replace their hair with synthetic material that better resembles the sometimes-bizarre hair styles as drawn in anime.

ITABASHI-KU

Home to four universities, Itabashi-ku is sometimes called the garden of Tokyo Megacity. Several massive Sakura Gardens – indoor super arboretums – preserve the precious cherry trees which still flower regularly. The result is an extremely densely packed, young, and vibrant district. Students frantically work to gain grades high enough to get them into the better corporations, while gardeners, environmentalists, and those seeking the calm and solitude of the arboretums fill the streets of the district. It is said that here you will find the mind-stimulating drugs at their cheapest, but don't look for decent beer — it's all designed to cater to students. Few synthetics operate within the district. Historically the universities were behind the development of AI and helped drive their progress, however, in 2140 the universities joined an anti-AI league that swept across the educational world. Itabashi was a central hub for this movement, and although the movement has largely died down, Itabashi remains staunch in its support.

KITA-KU

One of the last of the Ten Shrines of Tokyo, Oji Shrine is located in Kita-ku, a fairly unremarkable district. Kita simply means North, and as this is the northernmost district the name is apt. The shrine however, is remarkable. Originally there were ten shrines, now only three remain, with Oji being one of them. As a matter of fact, the famous ginkgo tree that towered over the shrine and was over six hundred years old, was the first victim of the hazardous pollution that swept south from the Russian wastes. With its death the keepers of the shrine – the Jodo Shinshu – demanded environmental reforms. When that failed, they assisted in the erection of the massive environmental barriers.

ADACHI-KU

The poorest of the districts, Adachi-ku has miles of massive residential blocks. The irony is that most of the residents spend more time working than living in the small apartments contained within said blocks. The atmospheric barriers and air filters are not well maintained as the district – like all districts in Tokyo Mega – are self-administering (under the watchful eyes of the Tokyo Council). Taxes collected from the district are meant to repair and develop the area but with so little 'political' value, and with low-income earners being in the majority, this district is sadly neglected. Smaller gangs often form in the back-alleys but are swiftly, and bloodily, put down by the bigger gangs as soon as they are noticed.

KATSUSHIKA-KU

The prison and execution facility are located here. Prisoners are usually unaffiliated with any of the gangs, often they are held as warnings to those who might cross the Tokyo Council, or one of the gangs. As for the execution facility, after the popularity of the execution of The Blackest Widow – a show trial of a woman who killed six men, five boys, and fourteen women – the execution facility became a regular public broadcaster of executions for entertainment. Rumors abound that families desperate for money can send a loved one to the facility in exchange for 80 000₩. Other than these two massive symbols of power, the district is fairly quiet and known for its modest apartment sizes.

SUGINAMI-KU

Known as the 'goodie goodie' district, Suginami-ku has the least gang impact, the smallest corporation impact, and the most residential involvement of any of the districts. Historically the district has launched petitions against nuclear weapons, historical inaccuracies in textbooks, and invasive security measures. It hasn't stopped. Linku was banned from Suginami-ku, and once it was revealed to be involved in the gangs, Suginami-ku further intensified its isolationist, technophobic attitude. Aside from having residents who help and care for one another, 'goodie goodie' is also known as the darkest district — very few central areas have fewer digital signs, holographic displays, and neon lights than those in Suginami-ku. Instead of traditional media, personalized displays or nothing at all dominate the calm and quiet streets.

SETAGAYA-KU

While Adachi-ku might contain the largest population of low-income earners, those who manage a decent wage live in Setagaya. Magtrains zip in and out of this district every three minutes during the rush-hour period and only slow down during the mid-morning and mid-afternoon lulls. As a 'rural' district the atmospheric barriers here are second to none. Salarymen make up the majority of the residents, and most of the apartments are single rooms of four meters by five meters.

THE WORKING DISTRICTS

OTA-KU
Sometimes called the district of hope, Ota-ku houses the international airport of New Haneda. This international airport sees massive amounts of freight in and out every day. It is also home to the Haneda Launch and Departure Platform, the largest deep space launchpad in Japan. From here, weekly flights out to the colonies occur, ferrying passengers and cargo. As a result, Ota-ku has the highest presence of army police in all of Tokyo Mega. It also has the highest concentration of gangs, all trying to gain control over the airport and the launchpad.

SHINAGAWA-KU
Formerly the home of some of the Megacorporations head offices, this highly influential district is also the former home of the embassies of several dozen countries. The result, of both the megacorporations and the collapse and replacement of old-world governments, is that Shinagawa-ku is now the home to the gangs. The Kagema Boys and the Sagawa Sisters have headquarters here – huge recruitment and training facilities. The Watanabe Yakuza has one of the biggest and most beautiful buildings in the district as their headquarters. Curiously access to the back of the building is restricted and the sounds of former employees falling from the peculiarly dangerous balcony on the hundredth floor of the building are not uncommon.

MEGURO-KU
The other headquarters district, Meguro-ku is home to the Yamaguchi-gumi, Sumiyoshi-kai and Inagawa-kai gangs. Tokyo University – one of the oldest universities left in Japan that still maintains grounds and hasn't gone totally virtual, is located here as well. Almost classified as a rural district, Meguro-ku redesigned itself after 2090 and attracted a mid to high-income earning population. Students of Tokyo U. were shipped off to live in student blocks in Setagaya-ku, Ota-ku, and Shinagawa-ku. The University of Tokyo is also, curiously, one of the only places where the gangs have no control. Through a curious twist of circumstances, the university managed to get all the leaders of the gangs to agree to non-interference and a strictly a-political agenda for university operations and curriculum.

KOTO-KU
Part working harbor, part elite nightclub venue, Koto-ku sees working class men and women locked away in the docks, loading and unloading the massive volumes of cargo that flood into the city. At night the teenagers become the cargo – arriving in the thousands to dance and game the night away. It's a serious business with the world's top DJs and performers flying in for a night's entertainment. The harbor provides access for big cruise ships, hydrofoils, and cargo ships, and again, those seeking the experience of a lifetime – a voyage out into the Pacific Ocean — can find it here. Special ships, called submarinos, launch weekly. Part submarine, part cruise ship, these massive entertainment and casino pleasure vessels take a thousand cruisers to tour the Pacific Ocean.

TOSHIMA-KU
Earn a good salary but not enough to make it into a skytree? Then Toshima-ku is for you. Sporting some of the biggest apartments in all of Tokyo Mega, and housing a fairly small and elite population relative to its size, Toshima-ku is a leadership factory. Company executives live here and make more money by virtue of lower expenses. Various business universities hold offices here, as well as a dozen elite private schools. Credentials are required to gain access into this district and without a legitimate and crime free ID, you are unlikely to be allowed access.

ARAKAWA-KU
This district is surrounded by an atmospheric barrier, and entry into and out of it is regulated by massive screening gates. Heavy industry, principally in synthetics, chemicals, and pharmaceuticals occurs within Arakawa. This is the only district within Tokyo Mega that is dedicated to factory and production work, with the majority of the rest of the manufacturing taking place outside of the megacity and then imported in. The pollution status within the district is so severe it requires all residents wear hazmat suits full time, and all those exiting the district must undergo decontamination procedures.

CHUO-KU
This is where business happens. Massive office blocks crowd around one another to trade with the rest of the world. The megacorporations control this district with an iron-fist, forming ne of the rare places where the gangs are only allowed access by invitation – which happens often in order to maintain peace. Salarymen swell in number during the day, and at night the district is almost a ghost-town. Several pod-hotels exist in the area for late night workers who can't get a train home, or who have so little time that heading home and back to work the following morning is impossible.

THE ENTERTAINMENT DISTRICTS

EDOGAWA-KU
Sydneyland! Or more correctly, Sydneylands. Sydneyland Sea and Sydneyland stand side by side in this park and water-based district. Updated with the latest Sydney cartoons and cgi animations, attendees can walk next to synthetics of their favorite characters from over three centuries of Sydney. Those who don't care for the fake and visual light tricks can head to the Edogawa Arboretum. Unique to Edogawa this arboretum not only preserves the famous cherry blossoms, but also a section of the Edogawa River. Purified and scrubbed clean the one kilometer of river is considered the most expensive public bathhouse in the world.

TAITO-KU
If history, art, and culture are to be found on every street corner then you need to head to Taito-ku. The smallest district in Tokyo, this is where the majority of the museums ended up. Relics from the 1990's, and even earlier, survive in the great halls now dedicated to preserving the past. On the other hand, there are also massive arboretums, such as Ueno Park, which even has a zoo. The animals are all synthetic although there are real fish, amphibians, and some antelope that the zoo claims are 90% original animal.

BUNKYO-KU
Baseball, judo, and worship come together in this district. Heavily populated during baseball season, the Tokyo MegaDome can accommodate up to one hundred fifty thousand people, with virtual connections allowing for over 1 billion simultaneous virtual users. The sport of judo has largely fallen away, however, there are still several million members who participate in the sport and the facilities are maintained through donations. Various shrines and a cathedral offer places of solitude and worship or, in the case of the Jodo Shinshu, places to meet and discuss operations.

THE SKYTREE DISTRICTS

MINATO-KU
The skyline of Minato-ku is crowded, and the air above it even more so. Two skytrees are located here. Once the business capital of the city, Minato-ku suffered massive structural damage in the great earthquake. During the reconstruction the skytrees were reengineered to be even bigger, stronger, and house more people. The population is mainly housed in the two big skytrees, but smaller eighty story residential blocks mushroom around their bases. As a result of two trees, this is the richest district in Tokyo Mega, and visitors better have wonlongs to spare if they plan to stop here.

SHIBUYA-KU
Always at the forefront of consumer entertainment, fashion, and progressive thinking, Shibuya-ku has never been silent. Housing the largest skytree in Tokyo Mega

this district is home to synthetics and humans. Synthetics even have the right to marry, rent property, and receive treatment at human facilities in this district. During the day, Shibuya is fairly calm, but at night, it becomes brighter than day — clubs, gambling dens, eateries, and entertainment facilities explode in bright holographic and neon colors. Anything and everything can be bought in Shibuya. It is the ultimate destination for those seeking to indulge.

NEW SHINJUKU-KU

What little remains of the government is housed in the now diminutive government buildings that once towered over the city. The police department headquarters are located here in a large underground facility. The skytree is home to many government civil servants, police captains and above and, of course, the gangs. Life is vibrant in New Shinjuku, and safe – reminiscent of Tokyo in the 1990's - crime does not seem to exist here. Naturally the police force is at its strongest in this district.

SUMIDA-KU

Sumo has its home and origins here, as does the first skytree, built in 2011. The 47 Ronin – a tragic tale of honor, revenge, seppuku, and the samurai's devotion to their master — is still held as the district's story. The district still features designs and retro-designs inspired by the period in which the 47 Ronin took place. Almost quaint, almost charming, almost Tokyo, and always distinctly Japanese. Sumida-ku is thought of as the link to the past and a reminder of where things were. How sometimes the past can teach the lesson that it is neither better to live in the future or the past, but to live in the now.

CHIYODA-KU

Although government might be dead, the emperor is not. The Emperor of Japan is purely a figurehead. Used by the Council to symbolize a traditional root to their policy and management, the emperor still resides in the Imperial Palace – the oldest building to remain untouched since its construction. Surrounding this archaic structure are megacorporation administration buildings and, of course, the skytree for the district. This skytree is home to the old-money families who no longer play a role in driving the economy, but who now attend all the events and functions that take place in the city, adding 'weight' and 'influence' to the happenings.

GM DOSSIER

Each district has a fairly unique flavor. Look to the key item each district contains for inspiration for adventures. What if the katana blades the 47 Ronin used in Sumida-ku were stolen? The entire district would be hunting the thief. A rogue giant anime robot synthetic is launched by a psychotic fan in Nerima-ku – and it's eating everyone. With 22 districts there are 22 adventures! Is it an assassination? A gang related battle? Or a simple sideline adventure?

THE SURROUNDING AREA.

Outside of Tokyo Mega are four distinct biomes – the mountains to the west include Mt. Tanzawa, Mt. Kumotori, and Mt. Fuji. To the east lies Chiba Wasteland, which contains massive deserted cities and heavily polluted pools of stagnant water. Northwards opens up into the residential hells know the Forsaken. These are outside of the environmental barriers that protect Tokyo Mega. South is the bay of Tokyo, and Sagami bay. Aside from taking a submarino, only massive cargo ships dare head out into open water. The waves and water currents are so distorted with polar melt that smaller craft are usually broken up and sunk within minutes.

THE NORTH: THE FORSAKEN

Outside of the environmental barriers exists a shanty town of millions. Stretching for nearly 40 kilometers from the edge of Tokyo Mega, the Forsaken is a slum. All of Tokyo Mega's rubbish that cannot be salvaged, recycled, or sold is dumped here. Scavengers eke out a living making use of poorly maintained and antiquated environment survival gear. Mutations are frequent, and life is short and cheap out here. The massive magtrains

that speed north through this area are all painted red after the operating corporation decided that cleaning the remains of scavengers hit by the train was too expensive. There is no law here, no gang control aside from the thousands of pseudo-gangs fighting for control of a few dozen narrow alleys.

A synthetic rumor has it that there is an AI genius living in the Forsaken who has the ability to immunize a synthetic from remote control and can modify synthetics to cry. Both modifications are illegal in Tokyo Mega – aside from Shibuya District.

THE EAST: CHIBA WASTELAND

Once a residential mecca for those wanting to live close to Tokyo but not in Tokyo, Chiba was hit by several tsunamis, a nuclear catastrophe, and with sea levels rising beyond the point of sustainability, much of the reclaimed land was lost. The community could not afford environmental barriers and so in 2087 it was officially abandoned. The atmosphere has not been kind, and pockets of ozone, sulphur dioxide, and methane gas make traveling through this area dangerous and unpredictable. The sole magtrain that still glides like a silver snake through this nightmare takes cargo to the port of Katori – a city port servicing the Pacific Ocean.

The abandoned buildings, now over 100 years old, have become statues to the hubris of mankind and the lack of environmental care. A thousand, thousand eyeless windows stare back from abandoned buildings, each lamenting the loss of its occupants.

THE SOUTH: THE BAYS

Sagami and Tokyo bays link into the Pacific Ocean, although the two bodies of water could not be more different today from their calm pasts. Sagami and Tokyo were ripped open during the great earthquake, creating a trench that runs for sixty kilometers. The effects of this trench on maritime activities is phenomenal. Ships weighing over 400 000 tons are unaffected but smaller craft and boats are at risk of capsizing or snapping in half as sneaker waves (very fast-moving waves) and rogue waves (massive and sudden waves) terrorize the bays.

THE WEST: THE MOUNTAINS

Mount Fuji is no longer visible from Tokyo due to atmospheric pollution – however, the environmental barrier in the south western section has a massive holographic display of what the view used to look like. It is considered the largest permanent holographic display in the world and operates continuously 24 hours a day. It even shifts through the four seasons as used to happen through the 2020's. The mountains themselves are shrouded in dangerous pollutants and have pools that bubble with dangerous chemical sludge dumped here by the megacorporations once the region was declared uninhabitable for humans. The old trails have long since vanished and whatever natural foliage may have existed in the past has died or been replaced by odd strains of algae and fungus.

GM DOSSIER

Four distinct zones surround Tokyo Mega. Each one can host a single adventure or multiple adventures. The North — the Forsaken – Rumors of AI free from the shackles of their makers, small startup gangs, and millions living in poverty on old building sites. If a megacorporation is secretly operating in there, trying to build support and ferrying loyal supporters into Tokyo Mega – what are the consequences? In the East – the abandoned cities of Chiba hold prizes of gold, forgotten tech, and who knows what else? Is this where Jodo Shinshu hides its weapons? The South — an aquatic nautical adventure waiting to happen! Cruise submarinos, hijacked cargo ships heading to port, unusual wave activity – there is much to be explored at sea. Finally, to the West — mountains that provide a playground for mutants; hillfolk who live in the desolate lands at the base of Mt. Fuji.



THE CITY'S GANGS.

SMOKE OBSCURES THE SKY
OVER WRITHING ORANGE FLAMES.
DEADLY VIPERS' SMILE.

Tokyo Megacity has been under the control of the gangs for centuries. It is only in the last seventy years or so that the gangs have openly demonstrated just how complete their control over the megacorporations truly is – a feat unmatched anywhere else in the world. The secret? No one gang controls enough to overthrow the others, but together they control enough of the country's assets to threaten the megacorporations with annihilation (at least in Japan).

Although the gangs have smaller operations throughout the city, and across all spheres of life in Tokyo, most have chosen specialist areas. The tension between the gangs is palpable with each watching the others for a sign of weakness. Listed below are the official gangs with enough members to have political influence. This influence grants the highest leaders of the gangs access to the city council and, by way of honoring the system in place, to gang convocations – special meetings where the gangs decide the fate of individual, corporate, and outside threats to Tokyo Megacity's way of life.

Membership to a gang can be a simple process — sign up a digiboard, pledge a monthly tithe, and then attend gang meetings when called upon. Admission to high-ranking gangs, and any positions of power, require far more extensive and elaborate processes before gaining acceptance.

THE YAKUZA GANGS

The term yakuza refers to criminal organizations or gangs in general terms. There are four major yakuza organizations operating within Tokyo Mega. These gangs tend to work together against the other organizations, but do not be deceived – the hatred that bubbles beneath the collaboration is real, and if any oyabun ever detected weakness in one of the others, they'd not hesitate to swoop in, destroy the leadership, and convert the followers as fast as possible.

THE WATANABE YAKUZA

Watanabe is an ancient yakuza organization with its origins lost in historical Japan. It is currently controlled by Shinji Watanabe. Shinji is the model of old-school gangster. He believes in his way— extreme violence and absolute loyalty. He is swift in his action, but careful to consider his plans. The Watanabe control nearly 20% of Tokyo Mega. Members often find themselves acting as enforces, security, and protectors of the dozens of corporations that Watanabe 'protects' on behalf of their megacorporation interests.

Aside from the thuggery side of their security rackets, careers within the Watanabe Yakuza are varied and quite rewarding. Pharmaceutical, biological, and chemical research are actively directed by the Watanbe – stimulants and extenders principally. Let the people work longer and harder is the general design principle behind the gang's current research methodology. As a result, most hospitals, doctors, and clinics are managed by Watanabe. The data collected from these institutions is invaluable in development and testing of new drugs.

THE YAMAGUCHI-GUMI YAKUZA

This gang has long exploited the desires of Tokyo for self-expression through consumerism. Beginning with controlling imports and exports, the Yamaguchi-gumi were heavily involved in Linku and getting the population onto the Neurolink. Koko Kei, the female ruler of the gang, promotes Yamaguchi-gumi not as the sinister black jacket and tie of Watanabe, nor the grey jacket and tie of the Sumiyoshi-kai, but as the glamorous, beautiful path to self-expression and delight.

Koko has entrenched herself and her thousands of influencers into the fashion world, the design world, and the social world. The actors, models, photographers, designers, and artists acknowledged by Koko find themselves living in the gang's skytree, free to create according to their vision (provided its in alignment with Koko's vision). Koko also controls the entertainment complex and, as a result, often has work for anyone who wants to work as security.

THE SUMIYOSHI-KAI

Someone has to make sure the money flows and that the city stays operational. Although the Watanabe and Yamaguchi-gumi control vast empires of wealth, the Sumiyoshi-kai control the primary banks, on behalf of the megacorporations of course, and for a modest handling fee.

Kana Sobukai, the administrative head of the gang, is a financial genius. He has manipulated markets across the world, influenced the evolution of the wonlong, and now ensures that everyone's finances run through his data miners. Kana, however, cannot act against the other gangs. If he put the squeeze on any of them, the rest would unite against him and the Sumiyoshi-kai would be obliterated. Instead he plays a game of power and money. He has all the money, and so he shares the power of everyone else. Those seeking a career in financial control, manipulation, and extortion should seek work with the Sumiyoshi-kai.

THE INAGAWA-KAI

The food industry was rocked by the fish stock disruptions in the late 2090's, and again by the introduction of synthetic meats. Inagawa-kai was there, gradually controlling access to the market, slowly buying out farmers, fisheries, and livestock herds until finally they clawed their way up from a small family enterprise to being one of the big four yakuza.

Akiara Bosen, the aging leader of the gang, has a horrific reputation for literally eating his enemies alive. Whether true or not, he ensures under penalty of blood that all food and produce has the Inagawa-kai stamp on it somewhere. Butchers, bakers, farmers, and chefs all swear loyalty to the Inagawa-kai. The gang that feeds the city is the gang most loved by the city. This doesn't extend to as much power as Akiara might like and so the Inagawa-kai remain only the fourth largest gang in Tokyo Mega.

GM DOSSIER

The yakuza, in all their forms, are the old guard of Japanese gangs. They may be murderous, money-laundering, slavers who like nothing more than to make money off of the resident's vices, but they are also honor-bound. Feel free to make up whatever honor system you feel is appropriate. The yakuza respect the code, and they respect the line of authority that each oyabun commands. They also respect the people. There is no point in terrorizing your population if you need them to keep you in control. Tokyo Mega is about controlling millions of residents, and you don't do that through fear, you do it through satisfaction, safety, and reliability. The moment a yakuza boss mistreats the citizens, the people turn to other yakuza, or even worse, non-yakuza gangs for help.

Adventure opportunities should then be focused on either sabotaging or undermining the other gangs, or on maintaining the honor of the hiring gang. cyberpunks who work for a specific yakuza might find other yakuza gangs trying to buy them out, or bribe them into looking the other way. cyberpunks of higher levels also face assassination attempts against them, just as they once conducted assassinations against high-value targets in their career.

THE WANIZAME

These extremists are not new, but after the civil war, their numbers expanded so rapidly that they walked into a gang convocation unannounced and were immediately offered a place. Calling herself simply Hatsumomo, the leader of the Wanizame is as crazy as her followers. They believe that the path forward is through technology, and as a result tend to have an abundance of augments.

Many Wanizamie members marry synthetics, or are synthetics themselves living in open violation of their operating principles. They have no regard for the 'old flesh' – humans not yet augmented and reliant on tech. The Wanizame are a rebellious and

dangerously militant cult who have their seat in the council for the singular reason that they control so many synthetic, biotech, and cybernetic companies. The gang is capable of producing armies on fairly short notice. Their hackers are without peer.

Their approach to tech has drawn massive support from the digital workforce – coders, hackers, programmers, cyberneticists, and individuals who feel that humans have lost their purpose on the planet.

JODO SHINSHU

This religious movement began in India, was reformed when it arrived in Japan, and was reborn a decade ago as part of the cause of the Japanese Civil War. The power behind this gang is obvious. The everyday worker, the common man and the forgotten women all quietly form the backbone of the gang's financial base. Estimates put the gangs influence at over 33% of the population, making them the biggest in terms of public support for any of the gangs.

Since losing the war the Jodo Shinshu, led by an enclave of elders, have refocused on restoring the pure land – a mantra that is the cornerstone of their belief. Recycling, purification, and environmental control are just a few of the industries they dominate. None of the other gangs like the idea that an old monk could, in theory, flood the city with toxic, polluted area from the surrounding countryside, and no one could stop them.

Although most members do not become dedicated monks, those who do discover that the training is often vaguely religious is nature, and more focused in environmental management, population control, and hydrology.

THE KONBANWA KIDS

This gang, though small, has begun to grow at an alarming rate. Comprised mainly of teenagers and, shockingly, children as young as seven, the gang has a reputation for assassination. Whoever controls this band of killers their identity is unknown. For a long time it was assumed that the Kagema Boys had a controlling interest, but in 2181 six of the top Kagema Boy operatives were assassinated by the Konbanwa Kids, putting that rumor to rest.

Representing the kids on the council is a young woman named Keiko 9. Her unusual name is indicative of the kind of youngsters that are turning to the gang for guidance and acceptance. Aside from running an assassination ring, the Konbanwa Kids also dabble in gaming, wresting control from Koko and her teams two years ago. How they did it remains a secret that Koko isn't revealing.

GM DOSSIER

These three gangs are the rogue elements – gangs without a clear mandate, or without a reason to maintain honor. The motives of Wanizame remain vague, the Konbanwa Kids seem to operate on a whim, and the Jodo Shinshu vacillate between saving the environment and slaughtering anyone who seems vaguely to support the Futurist doctrine.

Adventures when dealing with these gangs should be chaotic, violent, and insane. Blow up a skytree? Sure! Steal a new drug and administer it to the entire district via the water? Sure! Kill six children of important gang leaders while they are in the playground? Sure! Of the gangs, these three seem the least interested in preserving the status quo, and in fact seem intent on reducing the population. Their followers are usually fanatics who've found a gang that gives them permission to unleash their inner demons.

SAGAWA SISTERS

The baishunfu (female prostitutes), the geisha (female artists and performers), and onsen (public bath houses) all fall under the protection of the Sagawa Sisters. Their daughters are everywhere, in every level of society, and have one of the greatest databases of 'secrets' in Tokyo Megacity. Hehe Kiku – also known as the Red Chrysanthemum – is the mother of the gang.

She grew up on the streets and took control of the sisters after the synthetic scandal broke. Under her stern but wise leadership the sisters have organized and adopted a more corporate approach to dealing with the other gangs.

In a bizarre reversal, the other gangs pay the Sisters silence money – a fee that secures the secrets that the Sagawa Sisters gather in their day-to-day servicing of the other gangs' members. Loose lips sink ships – or so the old British saying used to go. In Tokyo loose lips sink wonlongs.

The gang obviously employs beautiful women to be companions and entertainments for their clients, but they also run many businesses involving travel – and a long journey is made sweet by the sound of a woman's laughter. They are also the only gang to officially interact with the Mars colony – after all, it doesn't matter where you are, a pretty smile and perhaps a song is a good end to a long day.

THE KAGEMA BOYS

Traditionally young male prostitutes, the Kagema Boys took an opportunity to remove an old yakuza gang – the Tamadachi – through corporate espionage, blackmail, and sabotage. Like the Sagawa Sisters, the Boys learned that gathering secrets was the real power behind working the sex trade. Although the Boys have a reputation for plundering more than the sheets of their clients, they are still in high demand.

Unlike the Sagawa Sisters, who claim a fee from the other gangs for silence, the Kagema Boys sell their secrets to the highest bidders. They are slaves to no one, and they make sure to keep everyone dancing to their beat. Kentaro Yoshi is the current leader of the gang, and he ensures his members are highly trained experts who can defend themselves, make their clients happy, and gather intel at the same time. His focus for the gang has been to diversify from the sex trade into the corporate espionage game, a move that may have been inspired by the synthetic scandal of the 70s.

Whatever his motives, no other gang has as much secret corporate data than the Kagema Boys. Members are trained to be highly skilled lovers, manipulators, cat-burglars, or with demonstrable aptitude, hackers and cyber-infiltrators.

GM DOSSIER

As mentioned before, this aspect of Tokyo Mega should be approached with discretion. Although both gangs operate now more as spies, infiltrators, and information gatherers, their methods of gaining access can be offensive to some players, or simply inappropriate for younger players or certain groups. What both of these gangs do well is maintain a strong internal connection – no other gang looks after their members better. Few provide as much training either.

Sex is just the beginning, quite literally. After that, high-stakes intrigue takes over the luxurious apartments and crowded event spaces. Politics abounds, and secrets are worth their weight in bodies. Espionage, backstabbing, and the occasional murder are what these two gangs are about.

PART IV: ECONOMY

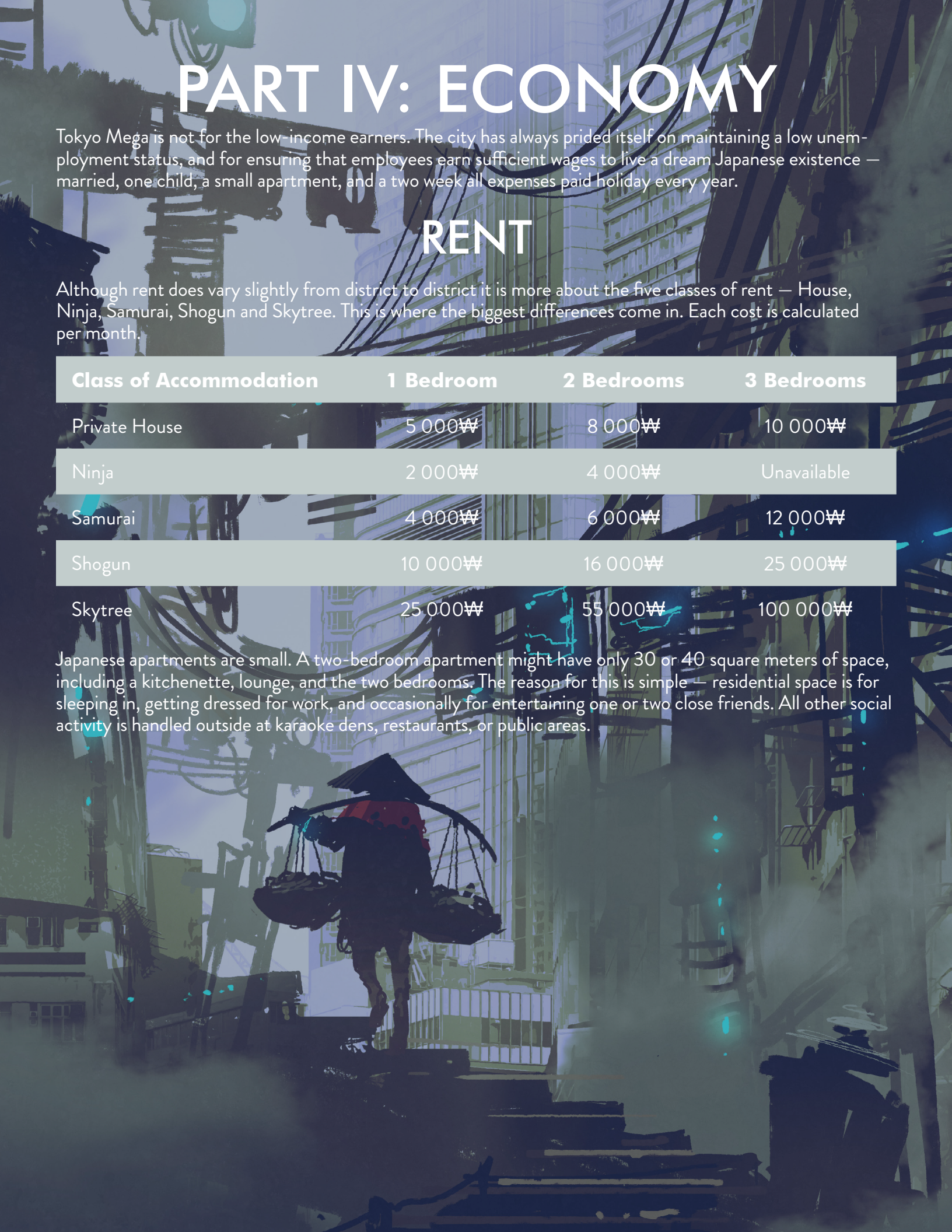
Tokyo Mega is not for the low-income earners. The city has always prided itself on maintaining a low unemployment status, and for ensuring that employees earn sufficient wages to live a dream Japanese existence — married, one child, a small apartment, and a two week all expenses paid holiday every year.

RENT

Although rent does vary slightly from district to district it is more about the five classes of rent — House, Ninja, Samurai, Shogun and Skytree. This is where the biggest differences come in. Each cost is calculated per month.

Class of Accommodation	1 Bedroom	2 Bedrooms	3 Bedrooms
Private House	5 000₩	8 000₩	10 000₩
Ninja	2 000₩	4 000₩	Unavailable
Samurai	4 000₩	6 000₩	12 000₩
Shogun	10 000₩	16 000₩	25 000₩
Skytree	25 000₩	55 000₩	100 000₩

Japanese apartments are small. A two-bedroom apartment might have only 30 or 40 square meters of space, including a kitchenette, lounge, and the two bedrooms. The reason for this is simple — residential space is for sleeping in, getting dressed for work, and occasionally for entertaining one or two close friends. All other social activity is handled outside at karaoke dens, restaurants, or public areas.



TEMPORARY ACCOMMODATION

Tokyo Mega was one of the pioneers of the pod hotel – sleeping pods measuring three meters in length, one meter high, and one meter wide, with a small lockable safe at the far end. These make up the majority of the temporary accommodation for those in need of sleep and nothing else.

The hotels found around the city range for simple rooms to suits, and their prices are much higher than a pod hotel. However, typically there is no shared toilet, breakfast is sometimes included, and you have room to stretch your legs.

A curious type of temporary accommodation is the love hotel. Hugely popular due to various factors, these hotels charge by the hour and are specifically designed for sex. The Kagema Boys and Sagawa Sisters control most of the love hotels. Although it is possible to rent a room in a love hotel for the entire night, it is much cheaper to rent a regular hotel room.

Temporary accomodations per night, per person.

Type of Accommodation	**Cheap** (shared facilities)	**Normal** (own toilet facilities)	**Expensive** (includes breakfast)
Pod Hotel	10₩	-	-
Hostel	15₩	25₩	200₩
Love Hotel	-	2000₩*	-
Hotel	1 800₩	3 000₩	8 000₩

*Per hour

FOOD

Food is often the biggest cash-sink for a family living in Tokyo Mega. Although individual dishes are relatively cheap, the general approach to dining is multiple dishes of an assorted variety. One bowl of ramen is OK, a bowl of ramen, miso soup, synth steak, egg omelette, and fried squid is better. With most of the protein-based foods containing synthetic meat, the markets prices have changed slightly but not as significantly as one might think. Almost all meals come with complimentary rice.

Food, Convini	Price (day)	Food, Poor	Price (day)
Miso Soup	10₩	Clam Soup	25₩
Synth Fish	15₩	Fried Synth Chicken	35₩
Fried Veggies	15₩	Pork shavings in sweet sauce	50₩
Beer	20₩	Beef shavings in sweet sauce	60₩

Food, Modest	Price (day)	Food, Comfortable	Price (day)
Hamburger	70₩	Squid Ink Pasta	100₩
Basil Pasta	70₩	Minute Synth Steak	150₩
Eggy Ramen and chicken	80₩	Cheesy Hamburger	150₩
Katsudon (crumbed chicken)	95₩	8 Octopus Ball cakes	180₩

Food, Wealthy	Price (day)	Food, Absurd	Price (day)
Pizza	2 000₩	Wagyu Beef Steak 100g (actual beef)	8 000₩
Strawberry Cake	2 500₩	Puffer Fish	9 000₩
200g Beef Steak	3 000₩	Ovaries and Smelt	10 000₩
Quail Egg Noodles	3 500₩		

An average meal will consist of miso soup, fried synth chicken, katsudon, and probably a side of salad or octopus ball cakes totaling 320₩. The average food costs for the month amount to around 20 000₩.

Most restaurants open at 10AM and close at midnight. There are dozens of eateries that operate 24 hours a day. Customers purchase meal tickets at the door and a synthetic brings the food. These 24-hour operations typically serve up to Comfortable Food only.


千葉
ルーシッド
CHIBA LUCID
千葉
ルーシッド
CHIBA LUCID
千葉・ルーシッド
インスタントラーメン

ALCOHOL

One of the main reasons to visit Tokyo Mega is for sake — either real or synthetic. Sake is a uniquely Japanese beverage, and many foreigners are unaware that it is a clear, fermented, rice-derived alcohol. The dangerous thing about sake is that, unlike beer and wine, it typically has an alcohol content of 15% and above making it more like a spirit. It also pairs well with almost all meals.

Sake	Price (bottle)
Cheap Synthetic	450₩
Cheap Actual Rice Base	800₩
Good Synthetic	600₩
Good Actual Rice Base	2 000₩

As with all alcohol there are always options that cost more — older, bigger labels, exclusive releases and so on. Sake is no different, though typically fresh sake tastes better and older sake has a higher alcohol content.

TRAVEL

Moving around Tokyo Mega is easy – get a TMT cardo and you are set. Owning your own vehicle is a sign of success no matter how small it might be. There are seldom times when driving is faster than taking a magtrain, except when the trains are not operating during that four hour window in the dead of night, but sometimes a cyberpunk needs reliable transportation on short notice.

Leaving Tokyo Mega can be as easy as buying a ticket on an orbital jet and zipping over to New York Mega in under three hours, or as exceptionally complex as trying to access the Chiba Wastelands.

Normal travel: Air, sea, and rail out of Tokyo Mega is restricted to those who carry a valid passport or have the necessary papers. Normal travel is defined as moving from one megacity to the next.

Space travel: Traveling to the colonies is certainly something that New Haneda space platform allows. It's expensive — 190 000₩ for a Red class seat. Again, Passports are required.

Travel beyond the Environmental Barriers: It is easier to visit Mars than Chiba — so the saying goes. The massive gates that control access into and out of Tokyo Mega and into the surrounding environment are guarded by police 24 hours a day, and without a complex set of identification and authorizing papers it is impossible to enter or exit.

THE MAGTRAINS

Unlike many of the other major megacities Tokyo Mega has retained its world-beating transport networks with the magtrains. In the early part of the 22nd century a popular saying held that, "You never walk more than one kilometer in Tokyo Mega." The reason — stations for the magtrains are located around the city in zones of one kilometer.

What makes the magtrains exceptional is their frequency, their punctuality, and their speed. The average speed around Tokyo Mega is just over three hundred kilometers per hour meaning crossing the city, including station breaks, can be done in just under 45 minutes (not bad given that there are

20 stations that each require a minute of stopping time). There are nearly 1100 interconnected stations in Tokyo Mega.

Transport is cheap. A TMT Cardo – a Tokyo Mega Train card – costs the average citizen around 1000 wonlongs a month and provides all transport needed for the month to access any part of the city. Passengers who attempt to sneak onto the magtrain will find themselves dealing with the gang overseers who guard their profits carefully.

The magtrains also link Tokyo Mega to Nagoya Mega, Osaka Mega, and Kyoto Mega in the south, Toyama in the West, and Sendai in the north. Katori in the East is linked via a magtrain but its usual cargo is freight, not passengers.

The magtrains operate from 5AM to 1AM daily.

TAXIS

These privately-operated vehicles cruise around the city looking for commuters in need of transport – typically when the trains have stopped or a commuter needs to get to the other side of the city and doesn't want to change three trains. Taxis are incredibly expensive but all offer a beverage service, charging ports, and other amenities a traveler might like. They are all also lined with nano-slipcovers so they maintain a pristine appearance.

The benefit of the taxi system in Tokyo Mega is that no one knows which taxi you are in, and the taxis have no internal links or feeds out of them. The magtrains, on the other hand, have cameras everywhere and every user is registered on the network.

GM DOSSIER

Renting, food, and transport are part of an adventure, and indeed picking up the trail on a foody target that leads through the city's underbelly may start in a small eatery. Travel can also be the start to adventure — the magtrain comes to an unexpected stop in the middle of the Chiba Wastelands; the team must protect a passenger on a space bound shuttle; a missing car leads the cyberpunks down a rabbit-hole of an illegal racing racket. The options are endless. Sneaking into or out of the city is itself an adventure.

Taxis charge per district travelled.

Number of Districts	Charge
Within the same district	2 000₩
1 District away	3 000₩
2 Districts away	4 800₩
3 Districts away	5 500₩
5 Districts away	8 500₩
6 Districts away	11 000₩
7 Districts away (the furthest possible)	12 000₩

INTRODUCTORY ADVENTURE

THE LONG NIGHT

This introductory adventure plays out in six mini-adventures. Each is designed to showcase an aspect of life in Tokyo Mega. Please feel free to develop the story as you see fit. You can adjust the difficulty of the adventure by including stronger opponents or increasing the DC values.

The cyberpunks can be of any build and class.

ACT 1 • THE NAKED MAN

Hachi Reberu – The Eighth Level – onsen (public bath) is quiet tonight. The PCs relax in the warm waters of the naturally occurring spring that gurgles and bubbles as it feeds into the baths. The dulcet tones of traditional Japanese music create an intimate space. Suddenly, the door to the private bath is flung open and a naked man stands before the group. He grimaces in pain and grasps his throat, staggers forward, and drops face-first into the pool. He struggles in the water, to weak to keep from drowning.

If any of the cyberpunks roll him over so he doesn't drown he looks up at them, gasping, **"Save Keiko Swan."** (Keiko Swan is one of the most famous ballet dancers in Tokyo Mega). He then convulses and dies. He has no marks upon him, however at the base of his ear he has a small tattoo of the Watanabe gang. Clutched in his free hand is a key – much like the ones the cyberpunks each have – to a locker here in the onsen. After giving the cyberpunks a moment to find the key have five very smartly dressed young men arrive at the door.

"I am terribly sorry for this. Mister... Hong appears to have suffered a heart attack. Please, if you'll report to the reception I'll organize, say, a year's free entry as compensation for this most unfortunate interruption." This comes from a particularly handsome young man, no older than seventeen. The others wade into the water despite their fine clothes and unceremoniously drag Mr Hong from the pool (totally in violation of how a corpse should be treated). They are clearly Kagema Boys and probably run this onsen.

As they are about to leave the group, the slick one turns and asks, **"Did he say anything to you by any chance?"** (Assuming everyone says no, he leaves. If they say yes, he will listen and then thank them before leaving. The goons search Mr. Hong's private bath for his key giving the party a few minutes to get to his locker first).

Inside Mr. Hong's locker are 30 000 wonlongs, a smart suit, a personal computer, and an origami swan - a clear invitation from Keiko Swanto to some event. Give the cyberpunks time to get the invitation before the Kagema Boys arrive. (They checked the security footage – they saw cyberpunks find the key).

Spec out the Kagema Boys as you like. They should be dexterous, quick, and hard to hit, but not very strong or durable. These goons typically seduce rather than fight. The fight should serve to showcase combat and the relative toughness (or lack thereof) of a typical Kagema Boy. The moment the Boys realize the cyberpunks are going to win they will back off. Police sirens will alert the cyberpunks to approaching cops.

The personal computer reveals that "Mr. Hong" was not Chinese at all, but a local businessman named Shin Kosanji, a tour promoter and small-time talent scout. His club membership to the onsen reveals he spent a lot of money on Kagema Boys services.

It also reveals he had just signed a deal to promote Keiko for her upcoming ballet extravaganza. (The extravaganza event itself is handled by the Sagawa Sisters through their event company called 'One Step Up'). The dinner is set to take place tonight in the New Shinjuku skytree, level 750 – the top deck! Only a small number of guests will be present (250). The rest will be by virtual presence only. Keiko is going to perform a small piece from her show and then mingle with the guests.

An open email on the desktop contains a photo of a young Japanese girl with blond pigtails and a demure smile. She is holding a chainsaw and standing over the headless corpse of a man. The text says — **"I do birds too."** The timestamp indicates that the message was sent to him this morning. The cyberpunks should be able to determine the picture is real. The girl in the photo has the mark of a cherry blossom on her ankle. But two snakes curl around it – this is a free agent who was once a Sagawa Sister.

If any of the cyberpunks open the swan Invitation it instantly scans their face and says: **"Thank you for confirming your attendance. I look forward to meeting you tomorrow night."** Whereupon the scanner 'clicks' like a camera and a virtual hologram pops up saying — **"RSVP sent. Thank you for responding."** It sends a face shot of the person who opened the invite. The remainder of the invite is a digital display showing when to arrive (6pm), which station to choose (New Shinjuku-Skytree) and stating that attire is Edo-Period Fancy Dress (the classical period of Japan).

ACT 2 • CAN YOU FLY?

Before the cyberpunks get far from the onsen they each receive a communication via neurolink:

"We know what you have. We know who wants it. We will help you if you prevent them from getting it. If you won't help save Tokyo Mega, then leave the bird in locker 231 B in Minato-ku grand station."

The sender is blocked and unless the cyberpunks are really good at hacking the system there is no other information to be found. Just that it came from within Tokyo Mega.

When the cyberpunks next travel to any location but their home, run the scenario below regardless of where they are going.

The transport they are in – whether a magtrain, a car, or other – is empty except for them. Suddenly the entire thing jolts and shakes violently. It then lifts into the air! A massive Hovo Six type helicopter has attached long chains to the transport and is lifting it into the air. A body falls from the helicopter – a woman in her late 40s. Her corpse lands in view of the cyberpunks. She wears the uniform of a government airforce pilot and the helmet crackles to life as the voice of a young male speaks:

"Give us the invitation to Swan's event or we will drop you."

The transport is now easily 100 meters above the city and rising. The cyberpunks can see three young boys – maybe 10 years old – looking down from the helicopter. Konbanwa Kids! Deadly assassins. One of the chains snaps. Have the cyberpunks make rolls to avoid damage as they tumble to one corner of the transport.

"Can you fly?" asks the young voice through the dead pilot's helmet. "I am sending a courier."

One of the children descends in a harness. He swings about in the strong winds that buffet the transport. As the child is about to reach the transport (if the cyberpunks haven't shot it dead) the suspension cable snaps and the child plunges to its death (unless the cyberpunks are truly heroic).

"You killed Jojo!" screams the voice in the helmet. The Kids in the helicopters move to unclamp the chains. The cyberpunks must either climb up the chains

thirty feet, wait for the drop, or come up with another solution. Assuming they make it out of the transport before it drops, the fight with the Konbanwa Kids should be fairly easy – the kids are not good in hand to hand combat as they don't have the strength yet.

If any are questioned, they'll reveal they were hired to get the invitation from the cyberpunks. By this point police should be approaching the helicopters. If they arrive before the party attempts to flee they open fire open up fire on the helicopters, no questions asked. The cyberpunks will need to fly away and in a hurry. There are two primary options – land on a skytree or other building rooftop and hope to make it inside, or head out of the city where the police have no jurisdiction. This assumes the Konbanwa Kid pilot is still alive and conscious, or that one of the cyberpunks knows how to fly.

If the cyberpunks decide to head out of the city there is only enough fuel for them to head west into the mountains. South takes them into the ocean where they'll have no place land and won't survive long even if they live through a crash. If the fly west go to the Mountain Man section.

If the cyberpunks aim for the New Shinjuku skytree go to That's a Swan?

If they head in any other direction the police give chase and attack, trying to force the helicopter to land. If the cyberpunks land on any other skytree, they'll be caught between the skytree guards and the police, leading to a shoot out or arrest. In almost all other scenarios the police should arrest the cyberpunks. They are tried for several crimes including murdering officials and stealing transports, fined two hundred million wonlongs each, and eventually sent on their way because someone has paid for it all.

That person is simply known as Mr. White. A white hover limo picks the cyberpunks up at the Minato-ku police station. Mr. White sits in the back, where he greets the party as they enter. White hides behind a white mask that displaces code and bio data and modifies his voice when he speaks. He freed the cyberpunks because he wants them to go to the party and kill Miss Swan. And since they owe him a fortune, if they decline, he'll simply have his people remove them. Whether the party actually agrees to White's terms or otherwise pretend to, move to That's a Swan?

ACT 3 • MOUNTAIN MAN

Have the cyberpunks make various checks to keep the helicopter flying. It does have a minigun mounted in the top that can fire at the police if the cyberpunks want to make such a bad life choice. Make it dramatic – this is a chase sequence.

Assuming they make it to the environmental barrier the police break away and the mountains take over. Massive black and brown peaks stab up into the pea-green haze that is the atmosphere. It's bleak and stinks of sulphur. The helicopter clips one of these outcroppings and is forced to make an emergency landing. The only visible human structure out here is a research station and they can attempt to reach it. If they land in the wilderness without environmental suits, they will melt in 1d4 days. Their internal organs will dissolve in the highly chemical air that they breath.

If they make it to the station the compound appears deserted.

The cyberpunks can take refuge here until they figure out next steps. There is even an old Kasai Rambler – a kind of heavy-duty transport. It isn't working since it's missing two particular components called "inducers."

Once inside the station, investigative checks indicate that there is something or someone living here. Drag marks lead to a closed trapdoor in the floor of the main research room. Fresh blood stains also mark the area around it. There are no environmental suits as all the storage lockers are empty.

About this time the mountain leeches attack. Dozens of 3-inch long leeches (a non-aquatic based leech found in Japan)drop from the ceiling. They can jump

too — a meter in distance. The leeches are after blood, and are easy enough to remove with fire. Without it, removing a leech inflicts 1hp of damage and takes an action. Leaving a leech attached drains a victim of 1hp per hour per leech. Each hero is attacked by 2d12 leeches as they get in everywhere.

As soon as the cyberpunks are done dealing with the leeches the trapdoor opens. A disfigured, cancer growth-covered woman emerges. Her left arm hangs in a sling, the hand obscured by the wide cloth. She seems sweet and kind, destined to die a horrible death, but a pleasant type of person even so. She is the last remaining researcher. The environmental shields that were in place stopped working about a year ago, and now it's too late for her. But if the cyberpunks go into her basement, she can show them a tunnel back into Tokyo.

If they refuse, she seems sad but slinks back into her trap door. Before closing it she holds up a set of inducers, the two vital components for the Rambler, without which it will not operate. Then she closes the hatch.

If they accept, she leads them down.

The lower room smells of decay. Several naked, mostly skinned, and slightly gnawed on bodies hang from hooks in the ceiling. She laughs merrily and attacks the cyberpunks using a crooked knife and her claw appendage – the reason for hiding her hand. It should be a savage battle with the bodies acting as both barrier and hindrance for the cyberpunks (difficult terrain).

When she is dead it becomes apparent that she never had a secret tunnel. But she does have the inducers and, mercifully, an access pass for up to six guests. The pass allows the Rambler into and out of Tokyo Mega. The environmental suits are also down here. The road back to the city shouldn't be difficult. The journey will get the cyberpunks into New Shinjuku at around 4:30 p.m. An hour and a half before the event.

ACT 4 • THAT'S A SWAN?

Grabbing period costumes and cleaning up is easy – a visit to a capsule hotel and a karaoke bar solves that problem for a modest 1000 wonlongs each.

New Shinjuku skytree is a shining example of Tokyo Mega. The lower ten floors are filled with shopping mall decadence. The next three hundred floors are apartments of various sizes for those who've made it. The invitation grants the cyberpunks access to the residential elevators that run in the middle of the tower up to the three hundred fiftieth floor. The elevator is huge – capable of fitting at least fifty people. It barely feels like it is moving it is so well made, and the pressurized building means that guests are in no danger of altitude sickness with the rapid assent.

A second elevator leads to the seven hundred fiftieth floor. Here security checks the cyberpunks for equipment and weapons. They won't question what the cyberpunks have on them, but will politely pack it into sealed containers that go into secure lockers. They hand the cyberpunks a digital chit for claiming their belongings later. The cyberpunks can try to smuggle goods up – but the guards are fairly astute. Make it difficult.

As the party enters the elevator they see the Kagema Boy manager from the onsen rush up. He tries to tell the guards he is with the cyberpunks but the guards refuse. He glares as the doors shut.

The elevator opens to a massive white hall with large silver pillars holding up a cylinder-shaped concrete lintel. Above the lintel is a large glass dome that reveals 'night sky' holographic projections of the milky way. Guests mingle freely as synths waitstaff move about plying alcohol and finger snacks. The cyberpunks see obvious elites milling about among the attendees, but only identify anyone they would know through personal connection or media recognition. It feels like four hundred years have suddenly vanished among the mix of ancient costumes – samurai, ninja, geisha; kimono and commoner.

A woman, dressed in a soft pink kimono, bows low before the cyberpunks as she passes. She drops a note, but 'doesn't notice' as she leaves. The note simply says:

Don't trust the waitress.

If the cyberpunks case the room they potentially get a glimpse of the blonde assassin as she walks into the kitchen holding an empty tray. The kitchen is behind a swinging door that is guarded by a heavily-built and pretentious synth who is monitoring guest intoxication levels, waitstaff efficiency, and other things.

Just then Miss Swan enters the large hall and the orchestra begins to play. All eyes are on her as she dances.

The cyberpunks have a chance to slip into the kitchen, which is easy enough once they get past the guarding synth. The synth, however, is also an assassin (see below) and will need to be distracted as he will not otherwise allow access to the kitchen to anyone beyond the waitstaff. Through the kitchen and inside the store room the party discovers that the assassin has killed the guard at the fire-escape. This leads out onto the landing that surrounds the skytree – one kilometer above Tokyo Mega. It's raining great big drops, and the wind is furious. Treat the landing as difficult terrain. A low guard rail is all that prevents a person from pitching off the edge.

The assassin has climbed 20 meters up the slick surface of the dome and taking aim. As the party engages the assassin outside, the synth controlling the waitstaff sees what is happening on the dome and also makes his way out onto the landing. There engages the cyberpunks from behind, catching the party between the two assassins (modify this encounter if the cyberpunks are doing poorly against the assassin. If so then he remains just a side NPC). 1d4 rounds into the battle the glass dome blacks out, shielding the other guests from the fight.

The assassin on the dome will focus on the cyberpunks as necessary, but if possible she'll take an unhurried shot at Miss Swan.

If the cyberpunks search the assassins they find a credit chip from the Wanizame gang for 200 000 wonlongs (a down payment pending completion of the job). Once off the landing a shaken Miss Swan joins her security detail (if she is unharmed) and thanks the team for saving her life. Whether or not Miss Swan is injured, the police are en route, the flashing lights of their hover vehicles ascending toward the upper landing platforms. The security team escorts the team out of the building and, once on the ground floor one of the security officers reveals herself to be a member of the Sagawa Sisters. In gratitude for disrupting the assassination attempt, she hands them a single cherry blossom petal (synthetic). If they ever need help they merely need to crush the petal to summon aid.

The following day a Kagema Boy courier offers to meet the cyberunk's a VR cafe near their home. If they agree to meet, he offers them a credit chip containing five thousand wonlongs. Fair remuneration, they feel, for saving Miss Swan. The Kagema Boy also offers them free passes to the onsen where the adventure started. It isn't everyday someone does the Kagema Boys a favor.

Late that day there's a knock at the door where they lodge. Outside the door is a simple synthetic cardboard box. Inside is the head of a doll, full of blood and animal entrails.

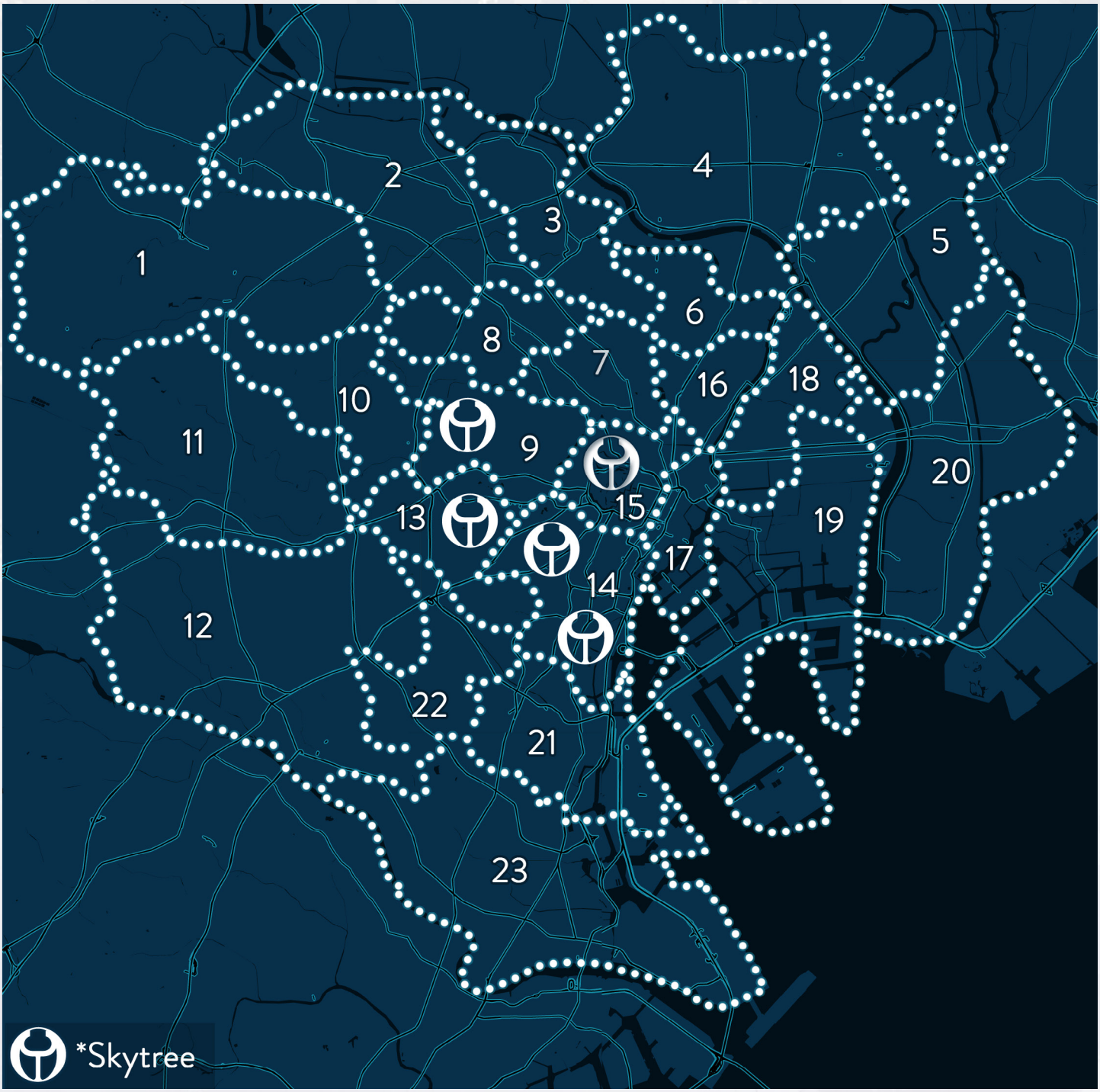
Before the cyberpunks do anything else, they all get a message on their neurolinks:

"We won't forget this. Teki 3."

Teki is Japanese for "enemy." 3 could mean years or lives. Either enemies for three years or until three of them are dead. The message evaporates revealing the Wanizame logo. But that is another adventure ...

MAP OF TOKYO MEGA

There are 22 districts in Tokyo Mega, each striving to be self-sustaining, and to earn the title of 'best' among the districts. Most aspire to build a skytree, though the cost is extremely prohibitive.



1. Nerima-Ku 2. Itabashi 3. Kita-Ku 4. Adachi-Ku 5. Kitashita-Ku 6. Arakawa-Ku 7. Bunkyo-Ku 8. Toshima-Ku 9. Shinjuku 10. Nakano-Ku 11. Suginami-Ku 12. Setagaya-Ku 13. Shibuya-Ku 14. Minato-Ku 15. Chiyoda-Ku 16. Taito-Ku 17. Chuo-Ku 18. Sumida-Ku 19. Koto-Ku 20. Edo Gawa-Ku 21. Shinagawa-Ku 22. Meguro-Ku 23. Ota-Ku

OPEN GAME LICENSE Version 1.0a

The following text is the property of Wizards of the Coast, Inc. and is Copyright 2000 Wizards of the Coast, Inc ("Wizards"). All Rights Reserved.

1. Definitions: (a)"Contributors" means the copyright and/or trademark owners who have contributed Open Game Content; (b)"Derivative Material" means copyrighted material including derivative works and translations (including into other computer languages), potation, modification, correction, addition, extension, upgrade, improvement, compilation, abridgment or other form in which an existing work may be recast, transformed or adapted; (c) "Distribute" means to reproduce, license, rent, lease, sell, broadcast, publicly display, transmit or otherwise distribute; (d)"Open Game Content" means the game mechanic and includes the methods, procedures, processes and routines to the extent such content does not embody the Product Identity and is an enhancement over the prior art and any additional content clearly identified as Open Game Content by the Contributor, and means any work covered by this License, including translations and derivative works under copyright law, but specifically excludes Product Identity. (e) "Product Identity" means product and product line names, logos and identifying marks including trade dress; artifacts; creatures characters; stories, storylines, plots, thematic elements, dialogue, incidents, language, artwork, symbols, designs, depictions, likenesses, formats, poses, concepts, themes and graphic, photographic and other visual or audio representations; names and descriptions of characters, spells, enchantments, personalities, teams, personas, likenesses and special abilities; places, locations, environments, creatures, equipment, magical or supernatural abilities or effects, logos, symbols, or graphic designs; and any other trademark or registered trademark clearly identified as Product identity by the owner of the Product Identity, and which specifically excludes the Open Game Content; (f) "Trademark" means the logos, names, mark, sign, motto, designs that are used by a Contributor to identify itself or its products or the associated products contributed to the Open Game License by the Contributor (g) "Use", "Used" or "Using" means to use, Distribute, copy, edit, format, modify, translate and otherwise create Derivative Material of Open Game Content. (h) "You" or "Your" means the licensee in terms of this agreement.

2. The License: This License applies to any Open Game Content that contains a notice indicating that the Open Game Content may only be Used under and in terms of this License. You must affix such a notice to any Open Game Content that you Use. No terms may be added to or subtracted from this License except as described by the License itself. No other terms or conditions may be applied to any Open Game Content distributed using this License.

3. Offer and Acceptance: By Using the Open Game Content You indicate Your acceptance of the terms of this License.

4. Grant and Consideration: In consideration for agreeing to use this License, the Contributors grant You a perpetual, worldwide, royalty-free, non-exclusive license with the exact terms of this License to Use, the Open Game Content. Game Content except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of such Trademark or Registered Trademark. The use of any Product Identity in Open Game Content does not constitute a challenge to the ownership of that Product Identity. The owner of any Product Identity used in Open Game Content shall retain all rights, title and interest in and to that Product Identity.

5.Representation of Authority to Contribute: If You are contributing original material as Open Game Content, You represent that Your Contributions are Your original creation and/or You have sufficient rights to grant the rights conveyed by this License.

6.Notice of License Copyright: You must update the COPYRIGHT NOTICE portion of this License to include the exact text of the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any Open Game Content You are copying, modifying or distributing, and You must add the title, the copyright date, and the copyright holder's name to the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any original Open Game Content you Distribute.

7. Use of Product Identity: You agree not to Use any Product Identity, including as an indication as to compatibility, except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of each element of that Product Identity. You agree not to indicate compatibility or co-adaptability with any Trademark or Registered Trademark in conjunction with a work containing Open Game Content except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of such Trademark or Registered Trademark. The use of any Product Identity in Open Game Content does not constitute a challenge to the ownership of that Product Identity. The owner of any Product Identity used in Open Game Content shall retain all rights, title and interest in and to that Product Identity.

8. Identification: If you distribute Open Game Content You must clearly indicate which portions of the work that you are distributing are Open Game Content.

9. Updating the License: Wizards or its designated Agents may publish updated versions of this License. You may use any authorized version of this License to copy, modify and distribute any Open Game Content originally distributed under any version of this License.

10. Copy of this License: You MUST include a copy of this License with every copy of the Open Game Content You Distribute.

11. Use of Contributor Credits: You may not market or advertise the Open Game Content using the name of any Contributor unless You have written permission from the Contributor to do so.

12. Inability to Comply: If it is impossible for You to comply with any of the terms of this License with respect to some or all of the Open Game Content due to statute, judicial order, or governmental regulation then You may not Use any Open Game Material so affected.

13. Termination: This License will terminate automatically if You fail to comply with all terms herein and fail to cure such breach within 30 days of becoming aware of the breach. All sublicenses shall survive the termination of this License.

14. Reformation: If any provision of this License is held to be unenforceable, such provision shall be reformed only to the extent necessary to make it enforceable.

15. COPYRIGHT NOTICE
Open Game License v1.0a Copyright 2000, Wizards of the Coast, LLC.
System Reference Document 5.1 Copyright 2016, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.; Authors Mike Mearls, Jeremy Crawford, Chris Perkins, Rodney Thompson, Peter Lee, James Wyatt, Robert J. Schwalb, Bruce R. Cordell, Chris Sims, and Steve Townshend, based on original material by E. Gary Gygax and Dave Arneson.

Dragon Turtle Games, the Dragon Turtle Games logo, Carbon 2185, the Carbon 2185 logo, and all content herein, unless covered by the aforementioned Open Game License are Copyright Dragon Turtle Games Ltd.
Any reproduction or unathorized use of the martial or artwork contain herein is prohibited without the express written permission of Dragon Turtle Games Ltd.



PARAGON STAR
パラゴン 星

WELCOME TO THE PARAGON STAR
TRAVEL GUIDE.
PLEASE SELECT YOUR DESTINATION.

MANHATTAN

LONDON

TOKYO

PARAGON STAR TRAVEL GUIDE

LO

MA

東京

TOC

PART 1
//THE BASICS

PART 2
//THE PEOPLE

PART 3
//THE CITY

PART 4
//THE ECONOMY

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

PARAGON STAR
パラゴン 星

PARAGON STAR TRAVEL GUIDE

LO

MA

東京

TOC

PART 1
//THE BASICS

PART 2
//THE PEOPLE

PART 3
//THE CITY

PART 4
//THE ECONOMY

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

PARAGON STAR
パラゴン 星

PARAGON STAR TRAVEL GUIDE

LO

MA

東京

TOC

PART 1
//THE BASICS

PART 2
//THE PEOPLE

PART 3
//THE CITY

PART 4
//THE ECONOMY

BROUGHT TO YOU BY

PARAGON STAR
パラゴン 星