

IT'S GETTING DARK

The Horizon Corporation is everywhere. They're in the trids you watch, the music you listen to, and the news you consume. They're propping up hundreds of major brands of products across the planet with their public relations skill. And they're spending countless hours studying how you—that's right, you—think so that they can lead your mind like a master leads a spaniel.

Denizens of the Sixth World have long suspected that there is a dark side to Horizon, if only because the corporation seemed too good to be true. If there is a dark side, it seems likely to come out soon, as the corporation has been under tremendous pressure recently—technomancers are plotting against it, spirits are causing problems in the Mojave, and Aztechnology is on the offensive, intent on keeping the competition down. That pressure is going to result in an explosion somewhere, and when it does, Horizon and the Sixth World will be changed forever.

The Twilight Horizon is a campaign book involving shadowrunners in the inner workings of Horizon and the troubles surrounding the corporation. Everything is leading to a crisis, and the runners will need to use all their skills to come out alive on the other side. Filled with plot details, location information (including details about Las Vegas in the Sixth World), and NPC write-ups, the book throws *Shadowrun* players into a cyclone of corporations, spirits, criminals, and others looking to grab a small piece of Horizon's immense power.

The Twilight Horizon is for use with *Shadowrun*, *Twentieth Anniversary Edition*.



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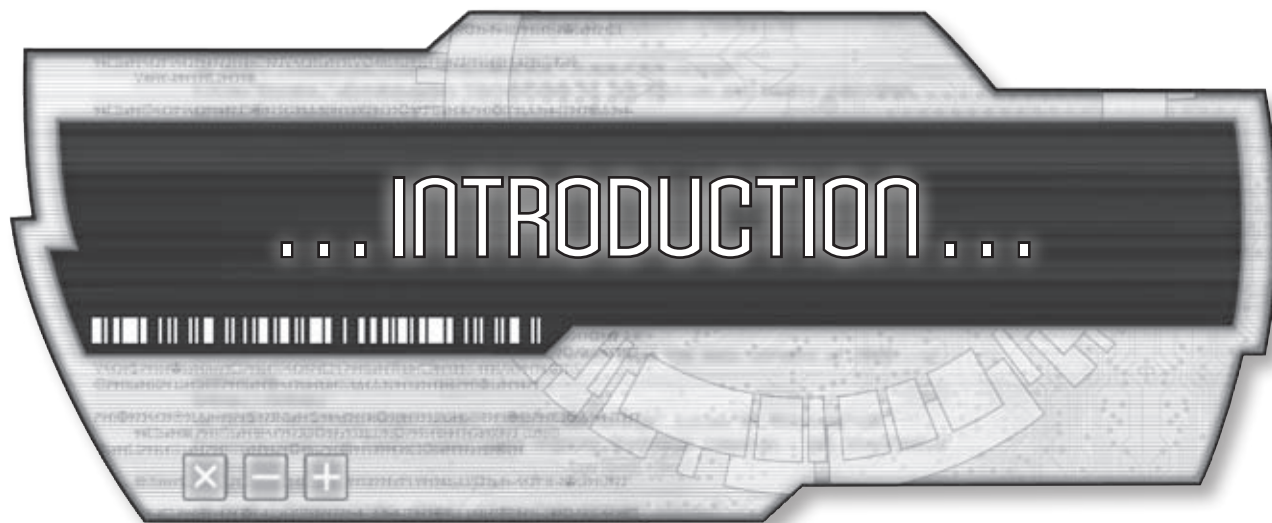
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THE TWILIGHT HORIZON





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Horizon has attracted interest ever since it emerged as the newest Triple-A megacorp. The longer it has been on the scene, the more questions it has raised. Could a megacorporation really be dedicated to doing good? What's this "Consensus" decision-making tool they use? And how will they fare in the savage arena of AAA competition?

The Twilight Horizon provides some of those answers. It looks at Horizon's current situation, provides information on its inner workings, and brings the corporation to a crisis point. Shadowrunners are involved at every step in the journey, from carrying out some of the megacorporation's darker wishes to exposing some of its secret operations to trying to avert a potential disaster. The book also provides setting information for Las Vegas, so that runners can get down and dirty in the City of Neon.

The Twilight Horizon is a campaign book that provides everything *Shadowrun* players and gamemasters need to involve runners in the growing crisis surrounding Horizon and expose them to the shadows of Vegas. The chapters include:

- **Horizon Today**, an update about how different current events are affecting Horizon and how the megacorporation is responding.
- **Vegas, Baby**, information about the people and places that make Vegas a lucrative place to run and give the city its unique feel.
- **A series of chapters that provide short adventure plots.** Each adventure contains in-universe material to set up the adventure to come, individual plot points to guide gamemasters through the adventure, and character and location information used in that chapter.
- **Character Trove**, a collection of NPC stats for characters used in this book, but also usable in other settings and adventures.

This book builds on plotlines contained in books such as *Artifacts Unbound*, *Spy Games*, *War!*, *Corporate Guide*, *Corporate Intrigue*, and *Jet Set*. These resources can deepen players' and gamemasters' understanding of the events described in this book, but *The Twilight Horizon* stands on its own, plunging runners into a series of corporate machinations and seeing if they can emerge with their bodies and souls intact.

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Connecting JackPoint VPN ...
... Matrix Access ID Spoofed.
... Encryption Keys Generated.
... Connected to Onion Routers.
> Login

> Enter Passcode

... Biometric Scan Confirmed.
Connected to <ERROR: NODE UNKNOWN>

"When the legends die, the dreams end; there is no more greatness."

JackPoint Stats

74 users currently active
in the network

Latest News

* <030674> Stop asking about when Puck is going to log on again. If it was any of your business, I'd have told you already. -FastJack

Personal Alerts

* You have 6 new [private messages](#).
* You have 2 [messages](#) queued for anonymous re-routing.
* You have received 2 new [Metalink Friends](#) add requests.
* You have 3 new [responses](#) to your JackPoint posts.
* PDA: The RFID you planted in a casino chip has stopped sending signals.
* PDA: Your borrowed copy of *The Subtle Art of Card Counting* is overdue and has been deleted off your commlink.

First Degree

You are hidden from all contacts.

Your Current Rep Score: 47
(65% positive)

Current Time: March 6, 2074, 20:23

PREFERENCES

FEEDS

TASKS

LINKS

HISTORY

Welcome back to JackPoint, omae;
your last connection was severed: 26
hours, 55 minutes, 6 seconds ago.

Today's Heads Up

- * We all need to lay low sometimes, so it's best to know where. [Tag: [Safehouses](#)]
- * Is good car! Is good bargain! Will take you many places, yes? [Tag: [Used Car Lot](#)]

Incoming

- * Because we get paid to do things other people don't want to do, that's why. [Tag: [Hazard Pay](#)]
- * Go big or go home. And this is as big as it gets. [Tag: [The Clutch of Dragons](#)]

Top News Items

- * Lofwyr denies tensions between dragons has increased in recent times, saying "We don't like each other much on good days, so very little has changed." [Link](#)
- * Space elevator management aiming for operation at 25 percent of eventual final capacity within next two months. [Link](#)
- * Anti-Infected lobbyists are pointing to the Mealtime Killer and assorted copycats as reasons Infected rights campaigns should not succeed in their goals. [Link](#)



CHAT

MESSAGES

FILES

POSTS

NEXUS

SEARCH

Active

TomStar
Firewall

Active

Jack-in-the-Box
Antivirus

Active

SpamWitch
Filter

On/Receiving

Commcode

Excellent

Signal

Active

Hidden
Mode



Local
Map

THE TWILIGHT HORIZON

Invited Guests: Marionette, Mechanic

Posts/Files tagged with
"The Twilight Horizon"

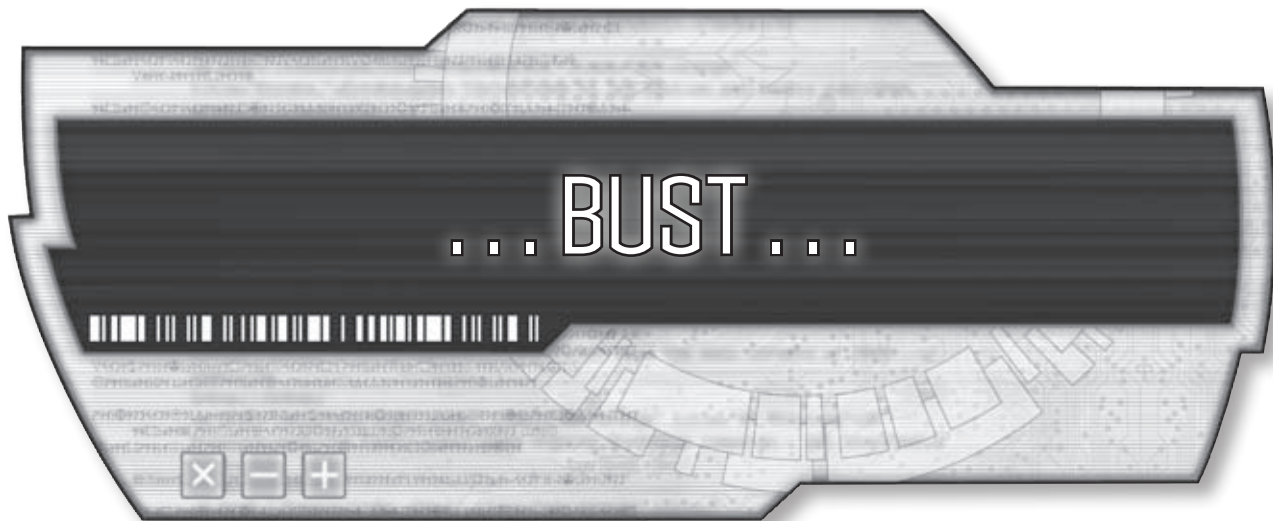
Bust
Horizon Now
Vegas, Baby
Self Preservation
Technomancer Uprising
Friends in the Right Places
The Heart of the Head
Desert Howl

[More]

CONTINUE

ADVANCED
SEARCH

SAVE



"Hit me." I threw back my whiskey and gave the dealer a feral grin over a sixteen. I was on a lucky streak, a sensation that felt covered in dust and cobwebs. It had been a while. A long while. I hadn't gambled since before the vampire, before losing most of my Talent, before feeling everything positive and human and lucky about me getting torn away. But as it turns out, the luck was still there. Maybe I should've played more often. I was damned good at it.

I sat on my twenty and waved a leggy flapper over, and she cheerfully brought me another comped drink. Even if I hadn't been cleaning up at the table, the free booze alone meant the house was losing. This place, The Speakeasy, could afford to comp drinks but not a whole lot else. Two blocks off the strip, it was a second-rate themed joint, not one of the top end casinos that drew most of the tourists. My usual suit meant I didn't have to play dress-up the way everyone else did; mobsters and boot-leggers were the veneer of the place, and I fit right in without any AR help.

"Another win, Mr. Kincaid." Their pit boss, all plastic smile, three-piece suit, and slick hair, materialized at my shoulder almost as if by magic. He was lucky I was used to that sort of thing. Even so, I preferred my ally spirit doing it to this guy. He was a used car salesman gene-crossed with a simple legbreaker. I hated him.

"Yup." I raked in my virtual chips, a negligent gesture that dragged the pile of them across faintly glowing lines. They shifted color as they left the dealer's bank, glowing slightly and neatly stacking themselves in with the rest of my imaginary hoard.

"Impressive." His faintly arched eyebrow spoke volumes. He hated me right back. I knew the cyberware scanners at the door had flagged me and the hardware crammed into my noggin, but I knew they wouldn't do anything about it while I was on the gaming floor, playing along.

"Yup." I drank down my next shot while their dealer flung imaginary cards around the table with flicks of his AR-gloved fingers. Our waitress in her flapper get-up caught me peeking at her and blushed as she poured me another drink, so I shot her a wink before I checked my card.

It wasn't just mine that mattered, though; it was everyone else's. We were in a tournament, after all, and if I was going to win

it, I had to play against more than just the dealer. I glanced around the table, headware racing, people-reading knack in overdrive, emotive software integrating with both to help me out. The other players were a mixed bunch, but I read them like an assortment of open books.

A NAW businessman lounged next to me, sitting in a conservative suit with a small medicine pouch around his neck, his high cheekbones and pointed ears keeping me from being the only elf at the table. One pitch-black eyebrow always quirked when he was happy with his card, and the corners of his mouth tensed when he wasn't. I didn't even need my headware to spot that. A CAS vacationer sat on the other side of him, all blue jeans and Texas Rattlers Combat Biker t-shirt stretched tight over an orkish bodybuilder's chest. He had on a zoot suit in the AR-overlay of this place, and it might've been the only suit he'd worn in his life. His cheeks flushed when he was happy, eyelids drooped when he was mad. He was another easy read. On my other flank was a sarariman with aspirations of being a high roller—perfect hair, flawless smile, biocosmetic work as expensive as his custom-tailored suit. His eyes gave him away, and there was a stiffness in his shoulders when he was disappointed in his initial card. He was used to boardroom deals, and it took my TalksMOOTH 3.7 'ware to initially pick up the faint adjustments in his body language.

I wasn't the only one soaking up comped liquor, but I could hold it better than any of the rest. I used the whiskey to strike a balance, to take the edge off while my mind raced. My Transys headware and the programs it was running gave me the leverage I needed, counting and calculating faster than I could alone. I waved the dealer off.

Another win.

Then another.

I lost the next hand, but raked in virtual chips in the one after that. The CAS ork grumbled about having to see a man about a horse, but we all knew he was really leaving because he'd been bleeding chips the last hour. Thirty minutes later, and twelve more winning hands for Mr. James Mitchell Kincaid, made the Sioux stalk off, too. It was down to me and the angry Japanese businessman. I knew his tell and I was on a roll. He never stood a chance.

