



FACTORY ORDER

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

Factory Order is designed to be used as a stand-alone game adventure that also is able to serve as an introduction to a larger Penumbra Games release, *Tailchaser*. The adventure is designed for three to five runners of medium experience of approximately 100–150 karma.

For those players and gamemasters familiar with *Shadowrun Missions* play, the layout and formulation are similar. The adventure is designed to take no more than two four-hour sessions of game time; most groups should be able to complete it in a single session.

Like many publications provided by the Penumbra Games writers, bonus content can be found on the website in the form of simple maps or images to help with visualizations.

CREDITS

Shadowrun Line Developer:

R.J. Thomas

Writing & Editing:

J. Keith Henry

Additional Writing:

Daniel Cunningham

Layout and Additional Illustrations:

J. Keith Henry

Additional Art & Photography:

Depositphotos.com [@PeopleImages.com, @3000ad, @EvgeniyShkolenko, @NewAfrica @Regisser_com, @tom.griger], Arkenforge Launcher, the Masters Toolkit (Maps), J. Zeleznik

Proofreading:

Nathan Cooper, Mason Hart

Appreciation: To Hoosier Hacker House and all the members and participants it had over a thirty year window of game play. We went to the stars, the heavens, and beyond hell. But we had fun.

TRADEMARKS AND TRADE NAMES

Shadowrun, *Sixth World*, and *Matrix*, and associated graphics and logos are registered trademarks and/or trademarks of The Topps Company, Inc., in the United States and/or other countries. Catalyst Game Labs and the Catalyst Game Labs logo are trademarks of InMediaRes Productions, LLC.

CONTENTS

How to Use This Book	2
Credits	2
Trademarks and Trade Names	2
BROTHER FROM ANOTHER MOTHER	3
SCAN THIS	4
TELL IT TO THEM STRAIGHT	5
BEHIND THE SCENES	5
Central Security Office	6
ExoMining Employee Relations	6
HVAC Services	6
Onsite Network Office	6
Satellite Communications Terminal Lab	6
ExoMining Nagasaki Office Host	6
PUSHING THE ENVELOPE	7
Reflecting Pool / Resonance Realm Dive (+5 karma)	7
Hack The Dish (+2 karma)	8
Hack The Pipe (+2 karma)	8
LEGWORK	9
ExoMining Nagasaki Offices	9
Prophet (a.k.a., Denizen)	9
CHARACTER TROVE	10
ExoMining ("m1NOR"),	10
Security Mage	10
Security Personnel	10
Security Rigger	10
Optional Player Character	11
Sayuri	11
ADDITIONAL MAPS	12
Room 225	12
Room 227	13
Room 312	14
Room 919	15
AFTERWORD	16
Debriefing	16
Karma	16



BROTHER FROM ANOTHER MOTHER

PROLOGUE

Denizen reviewed the files again and again. The content was mixed. It did not help that his memories were still having some integration issues. *“Too much time in KP”* was all he could think. He felt the tap on his shoulder; one of the dogs was alerting him to a visitor back home. His perceptual shift from the virtual drafting board to his room in Taos was barely a breath later, but he already felt the chill of reality set into him. Standing just outside his room stood what he hoped was a human—or maybe an elf. The presence of a privacy veil dimmed the appearance. At the same time, the individual avatar in the overlapping Matrix highlighted a changeling, someone who had undergone SURGE in their lifetime, leaving them significantly adjusted.

But beneath that veil, he already smelled something not native to Taos. Meg sat beside him while Deus and Mirage were in the hallway, and Kimber Neon Star, one of his housemates, waited on the other side.

“May I come in?”

He gathered his focus for a moment while reaching for the eye drops he liked to keep nearby after diving for longer lengths of time. *“Of course. May I know your name first?”*

“Most people call me the Refugee. I’ve taken

to shortening it to just Ref. It helps to defuse social awkwardness.”

It took Denizen moments to realize where he had heard of the Refugee. If this was the same individual ... *“How do I know you’re the Refugee I’ve learned of this summer? Credentials are hard to come by.”*

“True enough. I am here by permission. The terms of my sanctuary allow me to visit while I am escorted. I am still escorted.” His nod gave rise to why the other two animals and Kimber were standing as far back as they were. The large feline head shifted into view, followed by the sinewy muscular body ending in the tail wrapped around the Refugee in a lazy curl. The visual cloak was strong and precise, mated to a different kind of veil in the Matrix. A tiger, a large white tiger. *“This is Instinct. He is my primary escort while I am here. There are others in the astral plane that I do not believe you can see, but NeonStars is aware of them. We did not come unannounced.”*

The tiger had his focus, for it was physically equal to all three of his dogs in mass and perhaps more. Its eyes returned his Emergent perception—a monad—one upheld by the Resonance. The sheer magnitude of the exotic presence gave him a chill. The patterns of the great cat’s stripes was mesmerizing. But he could not shake the pat-

tern. It reminded him of someone else. The individual Matrix persona reflected its recognized sapience, as well as its diplomatic e-papers.

"Please, step in. It may get crowded. My room is larger than something you'll find in a city, but I don't have company here."

"I understand, and I am comfortable sitting on the floor. I was tasked with reaching out to you in person. It seems you have some history with complicated experiences—experiences in the deeper Resonant Realms."

"You could say that. I was lost among them for quite some recordable time. Years."

"That is what I wanted to speak to you about. May I render a file? It is mostly audio, though there are some simsensual qualities beyond the basic music."

"That's fine. Just not loud. The kids don't like loud noises without warning first."

As Ref brought forth the file, the technoshaman was immediately aware of the subtle yet obvious differences in how the individual worked. The techno-hounds perked up as it took shape, curiosity, intrigue, and caution playing out in their postures. Kimber had remained in the doorway with her arms crossed, but as the file activated, the song it played immediately pulled at her heart. To mundane ears, it might be mistaken for the cries of certain cetaceans in Earth's oceans. To the ears of the Emergent, however, it was powerful. Vigilant. Pressing. It took Denizen in completely. Coming from the song's core was a voice he had heard several times over many years. The same strength of the song had pulled him out of the realms of Panic where he had been lost. He waved his hand, the form dissipating as he did so.

"How did you come by this?" he asked Ref directly.

"It came from a fellow traveler. I had first encountered ... him ... some time ago in another world. He recently contacted me again, around the same time that I gained my sanctuary here in your world. I heard something like this harmony recently. When I started to investigate it with the help of my escort here, it led me to someone else who knew the orator within it. Someone who knew you."

"I have not been active on the Matrix until recently. Whoever it is, the news travels fast."

"As fast the Wild Matrix allows it to, I believe."

"The Wild Matrix? Brave individual."

"Yes. It told me you were its creator."

"Wraith."

"Yes."

He started thinking quickly, each idea spawning another which turned back upon one from two steps before it. If Wraith sent Ref, and if Ref heard the beacon ... *"I'm trying to work on something,*

but it is absorbing more resources than I have available. I don't suppose you come bearing gifts, do you?"

Ref nodded to the tiger, who stretched his head out slightly while exhaling abruptly, spitting something out. A data chip. An old one. Program Carrier type. *"I do. The one who granted my sanctuary has an offer to make you. A trade. He needs something and is willing to enter a partnership with you. You help get him what he needs, he will help you complete what you need."*

"What I need to be done has a pretty hefty price tag."

"I believe he firmly knows this already. He informed me of what he needs en route to what you need."

Every pattern in his mind came into clarity. The voice underlying the harmony was her voice. She was real. But this wasn't going to be easy. It was going to be expensive—retire a town level of expensive.

"Let's talk details then. Do you have an idea where we are to start?"

"Actually, Instinct does." And the gesture of simply turning the head toward the tiger next to him was all it needed to speak finally. The voice was rich, deep, and aged.

"Have you ever hacked a factory before?"

The smile that crept across Denizen's face was almost evil, so evil the dogs' tails started wagging with anticipation.

"Actually, I have."

SCAN THIS

Nagasaki is very industrial. Most of it is nicely covered by various environmental canopies erected to capture the sun for additional power and keep harmful rainfall from reaching the ground beneath. When taken as a whole, the metropolis is quite attractive. It is part of the strength of Imperial Japan's naval repair and construction facilities. In short, Nagasaki is impressive. Above the canopies near the docks are the great dish receptors for the transmitted power sent down from orbit above. Around them, the communications and other telemetry device arrays ensured the alignments are always precise.

Mitsuhamas's ExoMining subsidiary has its headquarters in Nagasaki. These are the only hosts in the northern hemisphere in constant communication with the MCT relay satellites in orbit that communicate with the timed systems beyond. Vanishing SANs are what they used to be called. They probably still are to the people who work with them.

Denizen needed the locations, capacities, and support of those orbital factories. He needs help to