

Corporate Enclaves shines the spotlight on two very different bastions of corporate power in the Sixth World: Los Angeles and Neo-Tokyo. Controlled and exploited by the iron hand of the megacorps, these sprawls are home to porate powerhouses, their political minions, powerful crime factions, and plenty of intrigue and opportunities for enterprising and resourceful shadowrunners as second in an ongoing series of themed setting books for Shadowrun, Fourth Edition, Comparte Enclaves also briefly visits the unique corporate dominions of Dubai, Europet Winhattan, Nairobi, and Tenochtitlán, and provides guidelines for developing your own corp controlled settings.



©2007 WizKids, Inc. All rights reserved. *Corporate Enclaves, Shadowrun* and WK Games are registered trademarks and/or trademarks of WizKids, Inc. in the United States and/or other countries.

Catalyst Game Labs and the Catalyst Game Labs logo are trademarks of InMediaRes Productions, LLC.

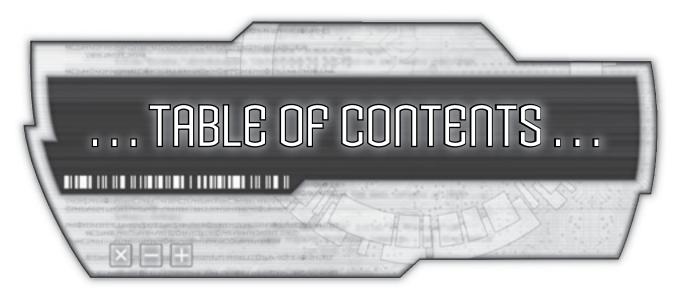
CHUHLY31

Under License from



WEB SITE: CATALYSTGAMELABS.COM





ACKPOINT LOGIN	4	LA Underworld	48	Places Of Business	84
LOS ANGELES	5	Fallen Angelinos: Syndicates	48	Businesses As Usual	84
Welcome to the		Life In The Fast Lane: Gangs	50	Grey Markets	88
City of Lost Angels	6	Friends Of Friends:		Black Markets	90
Shaken and Stirred	8	Runner Support	53	Awakened Hotspots	92
History in the Making	8	Flipside: Astral Angoltown	54	Unwired Hotspots	93
Back in the Day	8	XI.		The Wild Fringe	95
Hell Breaks Loose	9	NEO-TOKYO	56	Tokyo Underworld	9
The Pueblo Years	10	Seat of the Empire	58	Yakuza Incorporated	9
Gaea Shrugs	10	From Olo Edo to Neo-Tokyo	58	Watada-Rengo	99
The Fall and the Deep Lacuna	11	Tr Civy without End	59	Wanibuchi-Rengo	10
Back to the Daily Grind	14	Edo-Syncracies: A Gaijin's Guide	59	Ingawa-Kai	103
Sunken Treasure	15	B.sic Protocol	59	Free Agents	103
Seascapes:		Domo Arigato, Mr. Roboto	61	Neo-Tokyo Zoku	104
Life in the Star-Struck City	16	The Weird and the Wonderful	62	Bosozoku	104
P2.0 (or Pito)	18	The Corporate Life	63	Erekizoku	104
Teach a Man to Fish:		Bitter Satori	63	Kigyo-zoku	109
Higher Education	19	The Neo-Daimyo	66	Moe-Zoku	100
Beautiful Beaches: LA Sprawl	20	The Warring States	70	Minor Yakuzas	100
The Basics	21	Local Interests	73	Deniable Assets	10
LA Central	23	Nerve Centers of Neo-Tokyo	76	The View from Below	10′
Inland Empire	28	The Fly-Over View	76	Local Runners	108
Orange County (Fun City)	31	Chiyoda	76	Finding Work	110
On the Outskirts	33	Shinjuku	77		
Trouble on the Horizon	34	Kanda	78	COMPANY TOWNS	112
Southern Discomfort	34	Shibuya	79	Dubai	114
The Mojave Desert	35	Minato	80	City of a Thousand	
Swimming with Sharks:		Taito	80	and One Opportunities	114
Corporate Players	37	Bunkyo	81	The Forty Thieves	114
Horizon	37	Toshima	82	Dust Devils	115
Aztechnology	44	Odaiba	82	Europort	116
Pueblo Corporate Council	46	Chiba	83	Like Clockwork	110
Other Megas	47	Yokohama	83	Meat vs. Machine	11′
Showbiz	47	Sub-Tokyo	84	Masters and Serfs	117
				Rest and Recreation	118







Mannattan	118
Manhattan Inc	118
The Rotten Apple	119
Both Sides of the Fence	120
Nairobi	121
Getting There	121
Spirited Trouble	12.2
Out and About	
Tenochtitlán	123
First Things First	124
Gran Hermano is Watching You	124
Heart Land	125
Blood Matters	125
GAME INFORMATION	126
Living the Company Life	128
Economic Neo-Feudalism	128
Corporate Culture	128
Panopticon Society	129
Politics as Usual	130
Necessary Evils	130
Los Angeles Adventures	131
Quis Custodiet Ipsos Custodes?	131
Little Lost Sheep	132
Adventure Ideas	133
Neo-Tokyo Adventures	133

Off the Books

Almost Midnight

Adventure Ideas

Central LA Map	27
LA Regional Map	12
Neo-Tokyo/Edo Map	78
Neo-Tokyo Regional Map	60

CREDITS: CORPORATE ENCLAVES

Los Angeles Writing: Jennifer Harding and Brian Cross Neo-Tokyo Writing: Robert Derie, Jason Levine, Malik Toms Company Towns Writing: Lars Blumenstein, Jennifer Harding,

Jong-Won Kim, Jason Levine Editing: Peter Taylor, Jason Hardy

Development: Robyn King-Nitschke, Rob Boyle, Peter Taylor

Art Direction: Randall Bills Interior Layout: Adam Jury Cover Art: Jon Hodgson Cover Layout: Adam Jury

Illustration: Mikael Brodu, Chris Lewis, Jacob Glaser, Philip

Hilliker, and Chad Sergesketter

Maps: Mikael Brodu

Inspiration: Visual Audio Sensory Theatre, Fleshquartet (dev-

editing musik. Shout Oses: Tusuke Tokita, Masaaki Mutsuki, and the Japanese translation ew, the Exchange crew for going above and beyond (as usual).

ght© 2007 WizKids Inc. All Rights Reserved. Shadowrun, orporate Enclaves, Matrix, and WK Games are registered tradearks and/or trademarks of WizKids, Inc. in the United States and/or other countries. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, without the prior permission in writing of the Copyright Owner, nor be otherwise circulated in any form other than that in which it is published. Catalyst Game Labs and the Catalyst Game Labs logo are trademarks of InMediaRes Productions, LLC.

Version 1.0 (Nov 2007), based on First Printing by Catalyst Game Labs, an imprint of InMediaRes Productions, LLC

> PMB 202 • 303 - 91st Ave. NE, G-701 Lake Stevens, WA 98258.

Find us online:

info@shadowrun4.com

(Shadowrun questions)

http://www.shadowrun4.com

(official Shadowrun website)

http://www.catalystgamelabs.com

(Catalyst Game Labs website)

http://www.wizkidsgames.com

(WizKids website)

http://www.battlecorps.com/catalog

(online Catalyst/Shadowrun orders)

http://del.icio.us/shadowrun

(cool links)

133

134

136

http://www.dumpshock.com (Shadowrun fan forum)







Alejandro sat in the backseat of the sedan and contemplated his life. From the other side of the privacy partition his driver held up his hand, five fingers upraised. Five minutes. The runners he hired would arrive with the data in five minutes.

When Alejandro had come to the Los Angeles sprawl twenty years ago, it had been with the hopes of making it big, of becoming a trid star. That dream had long since that A. Now he was working day and night—taking care of more legitimate corp business when that was up, then negotiating the shadows when it got dark. At sunset, the first job was always to check his \$2.0 rating, calling up a simple number that showed what percentage of LA Matrix users were without wo steps of his personal network.

Alejandro hovered at a very respectable 0.03 pricent. Of course, many in his network were shadow scum, so his centrality values were shit. Still here was a certain cachet with being a Johnson, and many midlevel execs attached themselves to his persona to gain corporate street cred.

Alejandro emerged from the car slowly wing as he did that his rating was slowly ticking up. Word of his meet tonight must have spice is sers were logging onto his network in hopes of catching another legendary Aztechnology double-cross.

He chuckled to himself. They'd have to go home disappointed; these runners had done nothing to earn the ire of the Big A, and his bosses had made a messy example of another runner team just last week.

Alejandro brushed imaginary dirt from his jacket as he waited. His lip curled as he saw a small cloud of tiny camera drones filming the action from all sides. The people controlling them hoped to sell the recorded exploits to one of the hundreds of small media outfits selling runner trids and sims. People were already watching—Alejandro's rating had broken 1 percent. If they were smart, the runners might be able to reap a small profit from their encounter with him, assuming they knew how to work with a few grains of publicity.

To his side, his bodyguard suddenly stiffened, then dropped to the ground. Bright lights stabbed out of the darkness, pinning Alejandro against the sedan. Camera drones whirred as they swooped in close to Alejandro, capturing his face from all angles. His P2.0 rating continued to rise as more and more tuned in to his network to watch the unfolding drama.

The lights in his eyes were blinding. He fumbled for his link to try to summon help, but it slipped through his sweat-slicked fingers. He fell to his knees, panic surging. If he was still paying attention, he would have noticed that he was now networked to nearly eight percent of all LA Matrix users. His global popularity was approaching one percent.

From somewhere beyond the blinding lights a laser sight stabbed out and traveled up his body, stopping over his heart. Out of the night, a woman's voice called out mockingly, "Are you ready for your close-up now, Mr. Johnson?"

Alejandro's popularity peaked at 11.8 percent. For almost fifteen seconds, he was finally a star.

