



KING: Breaking hearts, collecting paychecks, taking some things way too personally

Posted by: Slamm-0!

Let's face it; there are some people who can't help but stand out no matter what they do. Call it charisma, call it presence, call it style, call it whatever you want. In King's case, I don't know WHAT to call it. But whatever name you give it, King is the kind of person everyone remembers. Whether they want to or not.

What stands out about King isn't just that he's one of the biggest and toughest fucking orks on the planet (just shy of a troll in size and strength), or the fact that he can take off an opponent's left testicle at a hundred yards with his Super Warhawk (I've seen him do it, and he was pissed off afterward because he said he was aiming for the right one). Maybe it's the fact that he thinks he's the reincarnation of an ancient singer from the twentieth century — none other than Elvis himself. No, I'm not kidding — this guy is certifiably nuts. I think the only reason he's still breathing is because he's one of the better street sams out there.

Out of curiosity, I decided to look into King during a particularly boring Seadogs game on the 'trid. They were already up seven to three in the bottom of the ninth with a runner on first and second with only one out and their best hitter, Sven "Mjionir" Ghjehoepshson, walking to the plate. I wasn't worried because good old' Sven was already batting .375 with 60 HRs and it was only mid-season. He was also slotting

Jose Conseco, and I'm talking about prime-era Canseco, before all that stupid controversy about steroids, which I think was a total witch-hunt back then. And, okay, yeah, to be honest, it was most likely before people were *talking* about steroids, not before Canseco was *using*, but that's neither here nor there, right?

Anyway, Sven didn't really NEED Canseco but the damn Seadog management thought it would be a good idea to...

/new poll initiated by sysop: All those in favor of me deleting the next 3.6 mp of baseball ranting?/

/Poll results: 100% for, 1% against./

/3.6 mp deleted by sysop/

> We now return you to the piece, with the hope that Slamm-0! intends to get to some actual material at some point.

> FastJack

...and that's why he walks to a limp! Anyway, like I said, I was bored and started to think about this run I did last season. So, I looked up what I could about King, and found absolutely zip. Seriously — nada. Not a damn thing. He has a decent rep, and there was a little bit of anecdotal information going back to about '68, but before that it was a black hole. A lot of people know *of* him, but no one seems to know much *about* him.

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The first time I saw King was when he was brought on as a pinch hitter when a team’s normal sammie had gotten pinched for assault by KE. Total bad luck, BTW. So, they needed a replacement, and they asked King to fill in. O-M-fucking-G. We met with the Johnson at Cuppa’ Joe’s outside of Tacoma. At exactly five minutes before the meet, in walks this ork with jet-black hair that added several centimeters to his already two-plus meter frame. He was wearing a white synthleather armor jacket with sequins, white synthleather pants, and large-frame mirrorshades (also sequined), and he packed a huge-ass Ruger on his hip. He asked the dwarf behind the counter for a fried peanut-butter and banana sandwich (tried one—not bad, actually) and when he got it, he told counter-guy “Thank ya. Thank ya vurry much.” He didn’t so much eat the sandwich, as inhale it. Hey, nothing wrong with that—I take down baskets of chili-cheese fries just as quickly.

> King’s fanatical about his peanut butter and banana sandwiches, and it’s best to stay out of his way when he wants one. I’ve seen him beat people into a pulp when they do so. He even has “FPBB 4EVR” tattooed on his fingers between the first and second knuckles.

> Bull

Wasn’t much to tell other than that to tell about the meet, or the run for that matter. We got in, got the paydata, and got out. We ran into a bit of trouble on the way out when a sec-goona walked out of the john at the wrong time. He tried to hit me with a stun-baton, but King was suddenly there. I—well, I can’t describe his fighting style. I don’t even know if it is one. He somehow blocked the guard’s punches and kids with some kind of hip-gyrating, arm flailing motion. And I’m not a martial arts expert, but I’m pretty sure that’s not exactly a style, it was more like a ... combat seizure. King ended the fight with a swift kick to the guard’s groin and a cry of “WHO-HA!”

I didn’t see King again for a few months

until some damn yaks shot up my favorite sports bar, so I had to slum it at some dive near downtown to watch the Seadogs and Tigers game in the playoffs. The bar was ok, the nachos were at least edible, but I had the bad luck to be there on karaoke night. So I’m trying to watch the game and can’t because asshole after asshole keeps butchering rock, country, and even bluegrass “classics.” I was about to hack into the DJ’s system and re-write the music file protocols to play nothing but “Take Me Out to the Ballgame” when I stopped dead in my tracks. Just as I was about to launch my Louisville Slugger attack program, I looked across the bar to see none other than King taking the stage. Knowing what kind of shot he is, I thought it best to back off, because if he was as fanatical about singing as he was about his sandwiches, I wanted to keep my boys intact. Now, I don’t know what the hell happened after that because I actually watched him perform Elvis’ “Hound Dog,” “A Little Less Conversation,” and “Jailhouse Rock.” And I was totally blown away. I even forgot about the game for a while and missed the Tigers upset the Dogs in the bottom of the ninth with a grand slam.

> Mark the calendar, someone got Slamm-O! to forget about baseball.

> Hard Ex!

So that’s pretty much the story. I wish I had more, but I haven’t run into King since the playoffs. I tried to buy him a few drinks afterward, but after his set, he just left the building. Crazy. Still, if you need someone to back you up on a run, you could do worse than King.

> Anyone know if he has any ties to that Church of Elvis, which, I remind everyone, is a Thing That Exists?

> Snopes

> Not officially, but he has been seen with one of their higher-ups, a slag called Hound Dog. Rumor has he’s done some odd jobs for them and has attended some of their revivals. He did retrieve one of their “ancient artifacts” last year, a velvet painting depicting “the King” when he performed in Vegas. And he did it for free.

> Bull

KING

Male ork

B	A	R	S
6	5	5	6
C	I	L	W
6	4	4	6
Edg	Ess	Init	IP
6	5.8	9	1

Condition Monitor Boxes (P/S):

11/11

Armor (B/I): 8/10

Active Skills: Artisan (singer) 6, Athletics skill group 3, Blades 3, Computer 6, Clubs 4, Data Search 6, Disguise 1, Dodge 4, Electronics skill group 4, First Aid 3, Infiltration 6, Influence skill group 5, Intimidation 4, Palming 3, Perception 3, Pilot Ground Craft 2, Pistols (Ruger Warhawk) 6 (+2), Shadowing 5, Unarmed Combat (Testicle Kicking) 6 (+2)

Knowledge Skills: Elvis Presley 108, Sandwiches (Fried Peanut Butter and Banana) 20 (+2), Sequined Jumpsuits 13, Feeling Blue 16, Jailhouses 15, Hound Dogs, Blue Suede Shoes 19

Qualities: Distinctive Style, First Impression, Guts, Toughness, King of Rock and Roll, Martial Arts (Style: Hunka-hunka-burnin-love)

Augmentations: Voice modulator

Gear: Armored sequined jumpsuit, 16 doses bliss, 22 doses jazz, 25 doses novacoke, sunglasses [Rating 2, w/ smartlink, vision enhancement 2], 87 doses zen

Weapons: Ruger Super Warhawk (“Priscilla”) [Heavy Pistol, DV 6P, AP -1, SA, RC —, 6(cy), w/ advanced safety (basic w/ biometric lock), melee hardening, skinlink, smartlink]



THE MCCORSICAN TRIPLETS: If you hurt one, you hurt them all

Vital Stats

Timothy McCorsican

Age: 18

Weight: 181 kg

Eyes: Green

Metatype: Troll

Height: 2.62 m

Hair: Red

Gender: Male

Awakened: No

Patrick McCorsican

Age: 18

Weight: 73 kg

Eyes: Green

Metatype: Elf

Height: 1.83 m

Hair: Red

Gender: Male

Awakened: No

Shaun McCorsican

Age: 18

Weight: 60 kg

Eyes: Green

Metatype: Dwarf

Height: 1.32 m

Hair: Red

Gender: Male

Awakened: Yes

Posted by: Plan 9

Cloning. Genetic manipulation. Murder. Treachery. And one dragon's quest to create the ultimate team of shadowrunners. Today's tale includes all of that, and more. I was originally planning to post this to the *Conspiracy Theories* compilation, but

decided to save it for one of the *Street Legends* posts instead. It could go both ways, but since this is ultimately about a shadowrunner (three of them in fact), I decided to post this here.

> Great. Not this nonsense again.
> Snopes

> Now now. I have proof. Just because you refuse to accept it doesn't make it any less true.
> Plan 9

It first came to my attention in the early 60's when I came across a Shadowrunner named Mime. He was a physical adept, an orphan, and a mute. Interestingly enough, he looked identical to a wagemage I knew at Ares. I kept my eye on Mime, and over the next couple of years he encountered and began working with a decker named Aurum (who was mute and communicated only through the Matrix via a series of signs his icon would hold up) and a tricked out cyberzombie named simply David (who was likewise mute and had the mind of a child). Again, both of these individuals could have been Mime's twin. They

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eventually ran afoul of a rigger named Epoch who was determined to destroy them all, and it was then that they learned they were all clones of each other, part of some top secret project to create the ultimate shadowrunning team.

This project was tied to a biotech firm in Cleveland called Quality Biotech. It went out of business in 2050, and there are only the vaguest references to what could have been the cloning project, and no mention of what happened to the subjects. Mime and all of his clone brothers suffered amnesia and have no memories of anything before they were 12 years old, and while Epoch claimed to know all the details of who created them and why, he was killed before any of that data was recovered, leaving them to wonder.

> I worked with Mime and his crew on a couple occasions. Strange guys, but talented.
> Bull

Quality Biotech is a company shrouded in mystery. The owner and CEO, David Tewksbury, doesn't exist. His data trail prior to 2045 (the year the company was founded) is a sham, and he simply vanishes after the company closed in 2050. The few researchers I can find records for that worked for the company all died over the next few years in accidents. It's ownership is equally dubious. On paper, it's parent company was Global Enterprises, an investment firm that closed down in early 2051. Global Enterprises was owned by someone else, and so on. Doing a lot of digging through multiple shell companies, eventually you come across the name Darktooth Enterprises. Darktooth Enterprises, as some of you are well aware, was one of several fronts through which the late Dunklezahn operated his Watcher network.

> I can confirm that Darktooth Enterprises was one of Dunklezahn's operations.
> Frosty

> So besides creating clone babies,

what else were they up to?
> Winterhawk

> Good question. It's a miracle I found this much.
> Plan 9

I found hints that there were several other groups attempting to clone runners around this same time period, but haven't found any concrete proof. In 2055, though, research seems to have shifted. I found evidence that various pharmaceutical and biotech companies owned indirectly by the Big D began a series of trials on women who were seeking help with infertility. Boston, Cleveland, Denver, Detroit, Newark, Memphis, Seattle, and St. Louis were all locations where these trials and experiments were held over the next few years. Few came to fruition, but in 2056 a young woman in Boston named Moira McCorsican had been told she was unable to bear children. In desperation she visited one of these fertility clinics, became pregnant, and nine months later gave birth to not one, but three children named Timothy, Patrick, and Sean. It appears at one point she was actually pregnant with quintuplets, but two of the fetuses didn't reach term.

> There have been a number of "miracle" fertility drugs that have been tested over the years. They almost all have severe negative side effects, though multiple births is a common side effect. Whether it's a negative one or a positive one is entirely subjective.
> Butch

> The red sun rises.
> Riser

> Riser, mate? You feeling okay?
> Kane

> Yeah, I'm fine. Why do you ask?
> Riser

> I was working out of Cleveland in '56, and there was a fertility clinic that got bombed. And I don't mean "explosion blew out some windows and hurt or killed a couple people," I mean bombed. As in destroyed to the point where little

TIMOTHY

Male troll

Despite being a troll, Timothy is the smartest of the McCorsican triplets. He frequently plays dumb, however, and lets Shaun take the lead on any discussion or negotiation. He fell in love with computers at a young age, and by the time he was twelve was hacking their school records to maintain their grades. He's usually shy and reserved, and is the brother least likely to start a fight, but can throw down with the best of them when necessary.

B	A	R	S
8	4	4 (5)	8

C	I	L	W
2	4	5	3

Edg	Ess	Init	IP
4	1.59	8 (9)	1 (2)

Condition Monitor Boxes (P/S):
12/10

Armor (B/I): 12/10

Active Skills: Clubs 4, Computer 5, Cybercombat (vs. Living Personas) 5 (+2), Data Search 5, Dodge 3, Electronic Warfare 5, Etiquette 4, Forgery 3, Hacking 5 (Exploit +2), Hardware 3, Intimidation 4, Perception 4, Pilot Ground Craft 2, Pistols 3, Software 3, Unarmed Combat 5

Knowledge Skills: Baseball 4, Beer 4, Corporate Politics 3, Matrix Chat Rooms 3, Matrix Security Procedures 5, Operating Systems 5, Street Gangs 3

Languages: English N

Qualities: Allergy, Common (Moderate): Soy, Codeslinger: Hack on the Fly, Corsican Triplet*, Photographic Memory, Poor Self Control: Vindictive

Augmentations: Control Rig

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was left of the entire building but dust and tiny fragments. I don't know that they ever were able to fully determine how many people were killed because the bodies were largely vaporized in the blast.

> Bull

Besides the miracle of childbirth, there was another interesting side effect. Both mother and father were human, as were their entire family. The triplets that were born, however, were not only human, they were three different races! The mother gave birth to three boys, one a dwarf, one an elf, and the last a troll. The pregnancy was hard on the mother, however. She was under doctor's supervision for the majority of the pregnancy, and she didn't survive giving birth.

> Ok, I call bulldrek on that. Human parents giving birth to another metatypes, that's plausible. I've even met a pair of brothers who were an elf and a goblinized troll, but they weren't twins. I'm not an expert, but from what I know having mixed-metarace twins like that should be genetically impossible.

> Butch

> Impossible is a paradox, because in this world nothing is truly impossible.

> Man-of-Many-Names

The boys were raised normally, though being a mixed-race family was tough on them, and they faced a lot of racism and intolerance from other kids their age. It's not much of a surprise that they were frequently in trouble for fighting, and the three were inseparable throughout their childhood. Their father, a construction worker, died in an accident at a job site a couple years ago, and the boys were left to their own devices. Considering how I started this article off, it's likely no surprise that the boys became shadowrunners. Shortly after their father passed, they were approached by a young woman who

offered them their first run. It wasn't long before they were one of the premier running teams in Boston.

> Rumor has it that Nadja Daviar, or at least one of those look-alikes she has running around, was their sponsor. If they're the result of one of Dunkelzahn's secret projects, this isn't much of a surprise.

> Thorn

> Ahh, the McCorsican Twins. They're a lot of fun. They're good, solid Irish boys. They love to fight, they love to drink, and they're pretty simple and straightforward. So long as you play it straight with them, you can trust them completely. I've worked with them a couple times, and just recently we did a couple jobs for Richard Villiers, a sweet gig that has made Boston a safe harbor for me for the last few months. The boys apparently did a lot of work for NeoNET's head honcho.

> Kane

> Yeah, that's been fun. Don't you have some Azzie ships to sink or a Ferrisku HQ to blow up or something? I love running with you, but my parents are starting to get suspicious since you're around and bugging me every goddamn day!

> /dev/grrl

> Hah! I love Little Bit's spunk. Okay kid, I'll lay off. You can finally shoot straight, so that's a plus. Now you just need to learn the phrase "short, controlled burst." Anyway, back on topic. The McCorsican triplets are an interesting bunch. Timothy, the troll, is the team's hacker, and a pretty good one at that. Patrick, the elf, has some killer cyberware and is fraggin' fast. You don't want to go hand-to-hand with that kid. The dwarf, Shaun, is a pretty wiz mage, and he always has a flock of elementals on call.

What makes them really dangerous though is that they have a unique ability. I don't know if it's some

(alphaware), cyberears [Rating 4, alphaware w/ audio enhancement 3, balance augments, damper, ear recording unit, select sound filter 6, sound link, spatial recognizer], cybereyes [Rating 4, alphaware w/ eye recording unit, flare compensation, image link, low-light vision, protective covers, smartlink, thermographic vision, vision enhancement 3, vision magnification), data lock with Encrypt (5), datajack (betaware), dermal Plating (Rating 3, Alphaware), sim module (hot-sim, alphaware), sleep regulator, wired reflexes (Rating 1, alphaware)

Gear: Armor jacket, 2 Fake SINS (Rating 5, with licenses), commlink (custom, Firewall 8, Response 6, Signal 6, System 6, Attack 7, Black Hammer 8, all other programs Rating 6), subvocal microphone

Weapons:

Hammerli 620S [Pistols, DV 4P, AP —, SA, RC 1, 6(c) with gas-vent 1, smartlink]

SHAUN

Male dwarf

Shaun discovered his talent for magic at an early age, while defending his brother Timothy from some bullies who were picking on the shy troll. He got angry at the bullies and called up a low-force bolt of lightning, which scared the boys more than it hurt them. He has the typical dwarf stubbornness and often unwilling to back down from either a challenge or a negotiation. As such, he acts as the team's face, dealing with their contacts and their Mr. Johnsons. He is also the first to throw a punch when things go bad.

B	A	R	S
6	4	4	5
C	I	L	W
5	3	5	6

(Continued)

kind of magic that Shaun does on them or a side effect of being twins. That's what I used to think. Now I'm thinking maybe it's something that was done to them in the womb. Whatever the cause, the triplets are incredibly tough in combat, because they seem to be able to distribute damage between them. I saw Patrick take a nasty shotgun blast to the gut once, punched right through his armor. Then the wound partly healed, and Patrick was back in the fray. I noticed a bit later though that both Shaun and Timothy were bleeding in the same place, and I know neither of them had been wounded during the fight. I asked them about it after, and while they were a bit uncomfortable talking about it, it seems to be something they've always been able to do.

> Kane

> I've never seen magic that can do that, but as Man-of-Many-Names said, nothing is impossible.

> Winterhawk

> Back up a step. If one of Daviar's clones is the boys' sponsor, and they work for Villiers a lot, does that mean Villiers and a Daviar clone have something going on?

> Kay St. Irregular

I don't have any hard evidence to prove what was done to the children, but with the clones I'm guessing they were "pre-programmed" at an early age to make them predisposed toward certain "careers." Of course, the real trick is how the magically active clones were created. So far science hasn't been able to lock down exactly what makes the magically active tick. They can test for it, though this test still isn't 100 percent accurate. But they've not figured out how to tweak the magic gene, so to speak.

The same goes for the metaracial genes. So how did Dunklezahn's people manage to cause the various fetuses to express as a different metatypes? Or was that simply a happy accident? I don't really know for sure yet. The McCorsican Triplets are the only success of these breeding programs that I've been able to uncover, but for many of the clinics the records were destroyed or buried when they shut down in '57 following Dunklezahn's death. One interesting thing I've discovered is that I'm not the only one looking into these, and whoever else is doing the digging, they have a lot of resources at their disposal and have kept me shut out. For now.

> If Dunkelzahn's people actually figured one or both of those genes out...that's huge.

> Nephrine

> And incredibly dangerous.

> Winterhawk

I'll upload the current proof to anyone that's interested, and I'll keep following these trails as long as I can. I'm especially interested to find out why Dunkelzahn was doing this, though I can guess. Having custom-grown and -bred specialists acting as your watchers or as special operatives would be especially useful to anyone, especially a dragon who likes to meddle and get involved the way Dunkelzahn did. Likewise, I can see why he was so careful to keep the research hidden, as in the wrong hands this could be dangerous. If Dunkies people had figured out how to flip on the magic or metatypes genes, it's probable they also knew how to turn it off. And groups like Humanis or the Neo-Luddites would love to get their hands on something like that.

> The Neo-Luddites? I thought they were just anti-technology. What would they care about this?

> Slamm-0!

> Most of the Neo-Luddite movement is also incredibly magiphobic. They're not as vocal

Edg	Ess	Init	IP
3	6	7	1

Condition Monitor Boxes (P/S):
11/11

Armor (B/I): 8/6

Active Skills: Assensing 5, Astral Combat 4, Blades 2, Conjuring skill group 5, Counterspelling 5, Dodge 3, Influence Group 5, Perception 4, Pistols 3, Spellcasting (Combat Spells) 6 (+2), Unarmed Combat 5

Knowledge Skills: Baseball 4, Boston Pubs 2, Corporate Security Tactics 2, Gaelic 3, Knight Errant Procedures 2, Latin 3, Magic Background 3, Magical Phenomena 3, Whiskey 4

Languages: English N

Qualities: Addiction (Moderate): Alcohol, Corsican Triplet, First Impression, Magician, Poor Self Control: Vindictive, Sensitive System

Initiate Grade: 2

Metamagics: Masking, Shielding

Gear: Armor jacket, commlink [custom OS, Firewall 8, Response 4, Signal 4, System 4, Basic+ Program Suite], 2 fake SINS (Rating 5, w/ licenses), mage sight goggles, magic lodge (Rating 6), power focus (Rating 2), spellcasting Focus (Combat Spells, Rating 3), sustaining focus (Illusion Spells, Rating 5), subvocal microphone

Spells: Armor, Ball Lightning,

as some of the other groups, especially a few of the religious groups, but they're one of the staunchest supporters of any law that restricts or prohibits magical use, and were the first group to sponsor registration for magical ability.