



REWIND & RELOAD!

Chrome eyes. Computers called “decks.” Big and big cyberlimbs, and bigger guns. It’s *Shadowrun* in the year it all started. Take a step back to *Shadowrun*’s roots with **SHADOWRUN 2050**, a book that combines Fourth Edition rules—the smoothest, most accessible rule set *Shadowrun* has ever had—with the setting that first made the Sixth World a legend.

Shadowrun 2050 has everything players and gamemasters need to dive into the grimy beauty that kicked off one of the greatest roleplaying settings of all time. With information on how to adapt Fourth Edition Matrix, gear, and magic rules for the 2050 setting, as well as in-universe information about the powers of the world, what shadowrunners will be up to, and who they’ll be running into, **Shadowrun 2050** puts a new twist on the classic setting.

Captain Chaos. Maria Mercurial. The Laughing Man. Sally Tsung. JetBlack. Hatchetman. Nightfire. And the Shadowland poster who just called himself The Big “D.” These people and many others are waiting for you in the year that started it all, a setting brought back to life with new, full-color artwork showing the chrome, dirt, neon, and darkness that was in the heart of *Shadowrun* when it started and remains at its core today.

Shadowrun 2050 is for use with *Shadowrun, Twentieth Anniversary Edition*.



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2050



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SHADOWRUN 2050

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WORK'S WORK

From his quiet spot on North Avenue Beach, Alexander Black—Trench to his shadowy associates—looked to the north and watched the sooty black clouds drift out to the lake. They reminded him of his life, darkness adrift on the winds. The regular soot clouds billowing from the smokestacks of Northside had helped him choose his name, or at least his fake name, Black. Trench was a street name. That moniker had been slapped on a kid who loved old film noir and wore a black trench coat almost all year round. His real name was a secret he kept tightly locked away from all but his closest friends. He didn't have many of those.

He leaned back in the worn old beach chair, with its white chips of paint peeling and blowing off in the breeze, and thought about his life in the shadows. It hadn't been long, three months so far, but he was making himself useful to a team of mostly out-of-towners. His youth made it tough. They all still looked at him like a kid. He couldn't blame them. He was young, only eighteen, and honestly pretty starstruck. His teammates all had such rich histories, but histories that took place in other parts of the world, like Texas, Tír Tairngire, and even the old U.S.A. They were real shadowrunners. He was just cutting his teeth on the streets, trying to escape the restriction, misery, and boredom of a corporate life. Someday, he thought.

He had met them when they needed some local news. One of his pals, Edge, directed them to him as a good source. They'd been followed. He managed to take a bullet meant to finish Wicker and got off a few lucky shots that put their assailants on the run. Then, he patched up a nasty gash on Hick's back, received while rushing to Wicker's aid. He hadn't helped Cirolle, but the elf respected the aid he'd given the rest of the team. The rest was history. He'd been on two jobs with them since. The work was hard but the money was good, and the guys weren't too hard on his rookie mistakes.

His brief reminiscence was interrupted by the owl hoot of his pocket secretary announcing a message from Wicker. Before he could sit up and dig the device out of his pocket, the hooting was replaced with the Dixie whistle indicating a message from Hick, and no sooner had that finished than the high-noon face-off tune played for Cirolle's message to complete the message trifecta. All the beeping panicked him, and the fancy handheld PDA fell in the sand. It was only his expensive reflex system that saved the device from an incoming wave and the

oblivion of an electronic recycling bin. Lake Michigan water was not good for electronics.

Brushing away the sand, Trench pulled the slim datacord from the side of the device and plugged it into the datajack behind his ear. He pulled up all three messages to display in his cybereyes before he started walking toward his car. They all said basically the same thing. Work, head back ASAP. Meet at F&F. Once they were read, he erased them, clearing his vision before he tripped. Getting used to the reflex system was tough, but the eyes were the toughest. Too many things passed through his vision at once.

Vision cleared, he picked up the pace and started the process of hoping his car was still in one piece after being parked at the north end of the Noose for almost twenty minutes.



A tall, extremely slim elf sitting behind a desk too small for his lengthy frame typed in the day's receipts with long, slender fingers best made for manipulating mana, not keyboards. Many years before he had been happy to do the work. It was fresh then, and there was a sense of excitement to a new business venture. Twenty years later the shine had rubbed off. It didn't help Wicker's mood that times were troubled. Business was slow, he was getting some unwanted pressure by the mob, and he was feeling lost on the Wheel. He'd taken to the shadows recently for a little extra cash, mainly to keep the shop afloat. It was the first time in almost a year he had felt as if the Wheel was turning for him.

Four months ago, he'd made a connection with a Tír expat who stopped in the shop to talk about ordering a weapon focus. The idea of making a weapon focus was intriguing; he hadn't made one in years, but the elf didn't have anywhere near the cash flow to fund the project. The elf, Cirolle, was new in town and knew an ork looking for income. Wicker knew a fixer who was always looking for talent, so the trio hit the shadows and picked up a fourth after a month. That fourth, a human kid named Trench, took all of five minutes to save Wicker's life for the first time. When that

happened, he knew the Wheel was finally spinning full speed again.

With a final tick of the Enter key, Wicker smiled at the numbers. It wasn't a profitable day, but it was up ten percent from the previous week, a trend most of the days this week had followed, so there was reason to smile. He also smiled because he was done. But the Wheel turned and the smile faded as he heard the chiming of the bell on the front door. Someone had entered the shop, uninvited, an hour after closing. That was rarely a good thing.

He typed out a quick message to Hick on the terminal—he always seemed to get places fastest—then grabbed his worn cowl and walked through the beaded curtain into the front of the shop.

"I'm sorry, we're closed. I must have forgotten to lock the door," Wicker said to no one in particular. He didn't see anyone in the shop, but he spotted wet footprints just inside the door. The rain had started only half an hour ago, so he knew someone had come in.

When no one replied Wicker mentally commanded Eyre, the building's hearth spirit, to locate any other living person in the store, manifest, and politely ask them to leave. He was shocked to hear the spirit begin to speak above his head. When he looked up he spotted Hick, legs contorted to support himself between two beams in the ceiling. The ork had his hands in his hands and a pissed off look on his face.



Cirolle slipped his pistol from the holster quietly. He was tucked back in a tight corner of bookshelves listening for a sign of Hick's presence. When he heard Wicker call out he ignored him, hoping the old elf wasn't feeling jumpy. Then he heard the wispy voice of the hearth spirit start talking, politely asking someone to leave the store, and knew it must be talking to Hick. The game was over. Cirolle stepped out quickly, aimed high toward the voice, and fired. The FunRound, a paint filled gel round, struck Hick's visible thigh, and the big ork dropped out of the rafters.

Another win for Cirolle in their little training game. Series was tied 3-3.

"One of these days ..." Wicker started to talk but didn't bother to finish. He'd warned them enough.

"Ya'll're just pissed we don't let you play," Hicks taunted in his thick Texas drawl.

"I'm sure that's what it is," Wicker said. Wicker

had played once. He won, hands down, over both of them. He felt it wasn't necessary to play anymore.

"I know what yer thinkin', but we went easy on ya. First time and all. Beginners luck," Hick continued, obviously unhappy about being bested in a game like this by the scrawny elf and likely a bit ticked about this loss due to his spirit's interference.

Cirolle listened as the two continued their duel of verbal strikes, feints, and blocks. They amused him at times, so different than his former teammates. These guys were pros when they needed to be, but the rest of the time they were regular guys. They'd have never made it in the Peace Force. Not cocky enough. Not enough Tír attitude. He liked it that way.

Cirolle was the closest to the door when the bell rang again. No one snuck in this time; instead they strolled in like they owned the place. Two orks and one human, all nicely dressed. Cirolle could tell the human was the boss from the cut of his suit, his position in the middle, and the fact that he carried himself like the pompous princes he had left behind in his old life. Arrogance was universal. The lead ork spotted Cirolle and stepped into a position that cut Cirolle off from the human while the rear ork stopped to turn the deadbolt on the door. The click was almost ear-splitting in the quiet shop.

"We're closed," Wicker said as he stepped into the central aisle of his shop, clearly visible to all three of their new guests.

"Perfect. We can avoid interruptions," the human said. His voice was deep, his speech highlighted with the faux-New York-Italian accent so many low-end mobsters liked to use even though they had never set foot in the neighborhoods where it originated.

"I already told you Mr. Fryzek, I'm not interested." Wicker spoke politely, but anyone with an ounce of sense could hear annoyance in his tone.

"I know you remember the terms of my offer. There is no 'not interested' option. I'll take this as a no, and we'll move on from there." Fryzek's face spread into a self-satisfied smile to fill a carefully timed pause. "Unless you'd accept an alternative to this month's arrangement."

"As my other option is 'an unfortunate accident', I'm willing to renegotiate," Wicker said.

"All right. Gather your team and meet me at the Excalibur down in Southside. 95th Street, west of 88th Ave. Party name will be Merlin." The grin shifted, replaced by the 'I think I'm so funny' face. His goons chuckled, one even mumbled, "Good one boss," before the trio left with little more than cursory nods.

The door clicked shut, and Cirolle stepped up and locked it again. As Hick popped up in the corner of the shop, Cirolle noticed the clip in the ork's rifle was no longer ringed in the blue tape he used to mark