

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>

"A sharp sword and harmonious balance is better than a sharp sword alone."

JackPoint Stats

5 users currently active
in the network

Latest News

The allegations of vote tampering
may not be as debunked as we
originally thought. -FastJack

Personal Alerts

- * Your copy of [Mega Shootout 7](#)
- * You have 9 new [private messages](#).
- * You have 17 new [responses](#) to your JackPoint posts.
- * The Hernandez talisman [auction](#) will close in 31 minutes.
- * [Your candy delivery has been rescheduled](#) for 0915 tomorrow morning.

First Degree

Three Members are online and in
your area.

Your Current Rep Score: 813
(68% positive)

Current Time: 12 Jan 2075, 2020 hrs

Welcome back to JackPoint, chummer;
your last connection was severed:
9 hours, 14 minutes ago.

Today's Heads Up

- * Slamm-O! managed to waste tons of bandwidth on another of his Matrix games, but at least something came out of it this time. -FastJack

Incoming

- * It's nearly time for another history lesson, heavy metal style. [Tag: [Euro Wars Antiques](#)]
- * The metaplanes explained—or is it just another magic user making shit up? [Tag: [Aetherology](#)]
- * Look at some of the dark places in the Great White North. [Tag: [Montreal: 2074](#)]

Top News Items

- * Knight Errant has tasked a new lead investigator for the Eighth Precinct assault due to the death of Police Lieutenant Martin Ball. Lead Detective Kelvin Mastersen will now lead the task force. [Link](#)
- * Security presence has increased at Federalated-Boeing's Renton complex after the FBI identified the location as targeted for a terrorist attack. Anonymous sources have indicated the plan was detected using chatter on a suspect network. [Link](#)
- * Treadway Temporary Services is hiring a new group of prospects to assist in cleaning up the various election party and protest locations. People with valid SINs only need apply. [Link](#)



PREFERENCES

FEEDS

TASKS

LINKS

HISTORY

CHAT

MESSAGES

FILES

POSTS

NEXUS

SEARCH

Active



PomStar Firewall

Active



Jack-in-the-Box Antivirus

Active



SpamWitch Filter

On/Receiving



Comcode

Excellent



Signal

Active



Hidden Mode



Local Map

THE WAY OF THE SAMURAI

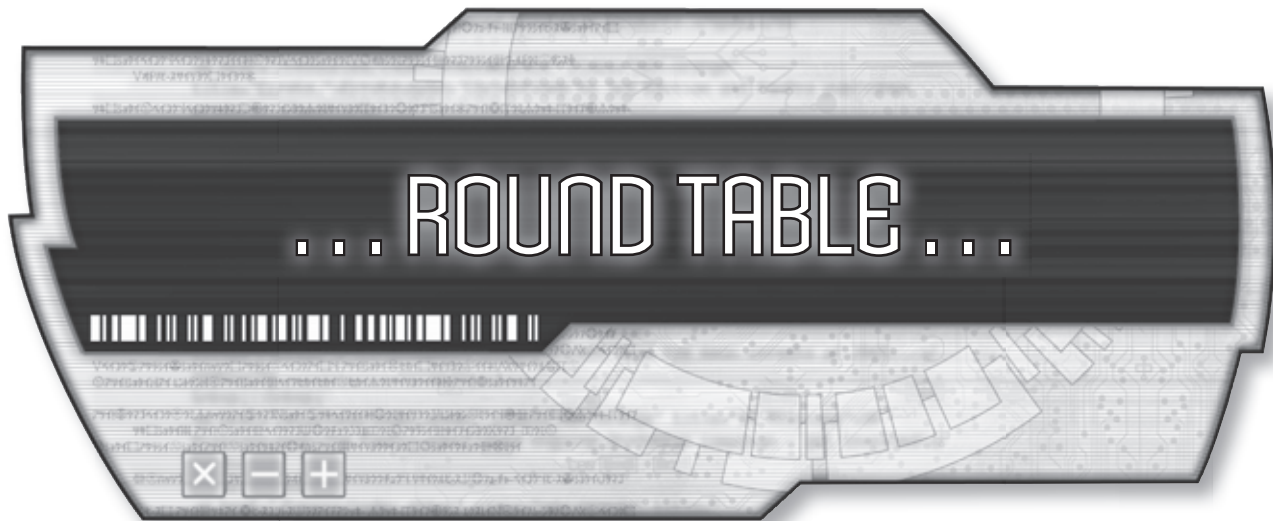
Welcome to Shadowrun Options

The *Shadowrun Options* line is intended to introduce new concepts, play styles, or abilities to a group. While all rules in this series go through playtest, they are not considered official, and all groups are encouraged to read and discuss them thoroughly before incorporating them into a campaign. They will not be used in official products, Missions, or allowed for tournament play.

CONTINUE

ADVANCED SEARCH

SAVE



They sat. In a half-lit corner of the Hollow Point bar, itself nestled in a half-civilized corner of the Puyallup Barrens, they sat. Coworkers and survivors, perhaps even friends, the small group washed down ideas with cheap beer, half-heartedly peppered their discussion with curses and threats, hammered out details and logistics, littered their table with empty bottles and a white-noise generator, and tried to make a working plan. They weren't a crew in the strict sense, but they'd all worked together in the past, and they were considering working together again. They were combat veterans, the warrior elite of the shadows. They were a sort of aristocracy in the Hollow Point.

"I don't like it," Whitecap said around a reeking stogie. The dwarf had been Special Forces back east. He'd been a lot of things in a lot of places. For this job, he was fire support and quartermaster all rolled into one, calling on a world's worth of contacts to get the guns this crew would need. Very few people could get ahold of firepower as readily as Whitecap could, and fewer still could make use of it as efficiently.

"You're too short to like anything," Red Stick laughed. He laughed a lot. He'd laughed his way right out of the Salish-Shidhe Rangers, to hear him tell it. He broke radio silence to crack about a superior officer's mother, then eventually hoofed it to Seattle. His eyes were as sharp as his tongue, though, and he was a hell of a shot, so his laughing hadn't gotten him killed yet. He was the long gun of the team, even if the only time he was patient and calm was when he was looking through a scope.

"I'm not happy about it either, 'cap." Saber made a point of ignoring the NAN sniper. "But it is what it is. Smiley gave us half up front, Smiley told Johnson the job was as good as done, so we're in. We've got to find a way to make it work."

Saber didn't laugh much. It's part of why they listened to him. He wasn't some SpecOps hotshot, hadn't done time in the Desert Wars or globetrotted as a merc. He'd worked Lone Star Fast Response long enough to know how to handle himself,

and he had a good head on his shoulders along with a solid rep. He saw a lot from behind the black eyeshields he always wore. People feared Whitecap and Shiv, they laughed at Red Stick, but they respected Saber.

"Shiv can take the front, basic sweep and clear. Stick's got that new Barrett you arranged for, right? So he runs overwatch, taking shots through windows and laying down fire if back-up slows. You take the rear with your Ultimax. Let loose if they make a break for it." Saber talked matter-of-factly, laying out the closest thing they had to a plan. He knew Johnny Shiv was on-board, even though the killer had ghosted into the Hollow Point's crowd for a fresh round of drinks. Shiv had agreed to the plan earlier, and Saber had never known the elf to change his mind on anything, least of all a plan that started with Whitecap scoring him a pair of new Cougar Fineblades.

"We're too short for this sort of thing," Whitecap butted in. Before the words even fully left his mouth, he was turning to glare at Red Stick, daring the Makah to drop a dwarf joke. "Short-staffed, I mean! The kill call went out to twenty gangers, Saber. Yeah, me and the kid can cover doorways and keep these punks bottled up, but even you and Shiv aren't good for ten guys each without problems. You sure you can't call anyone else on this one?"

"The new crew's got some prior engagements, so they're all no-gos," Saber said with a grimace. "Or we'd be in better sha—"
~~Ain't got no time for you cookin', vruken! Just check out my hez, I'm the bezzzzzt!~~

As the MC Bacchus tune registered in the microcomputers built into his inner ears, Saber immediately located the source of the music, and his grimace deepened. He knew who it was before visuals confirmed it. Damn. This was a hassle he didn't need tonight.

~~I'm just here for your rohodo, ho! Rohodo, ho! Rohodo, yo!~~

Woofer wasn't a former anything; not a cop or a soldier, not





INCOMING FEED.....

even a Mafia hitman like Shiv. He was just a chromed-up punk, and he seemed destined to die that way instead of growing out of it. The ork's faintly glowing cyberoptics caught almost as much attention as his brushed-chrome cyberarm, so the arm tried to make up for it by having an implanted speaker. That speaker perpetually blared exploitation noise, giving the scowling gutter-muscle his own soundtrack.

"What up, breeder?" Woofers had to shout just to be heard over his own music, but he liked to shout. Saber knew Woofers would have been shouting even if the room was silent. The Hollow Point's thin crowd began to drift, inching out of the invisible path connecting Woofers and Saber's table. Their places were filled by a handful of burly orks flanking the punk, bristling with malice and packing guns tucked carelessly in their waistbands. Here and there exposed skin, stretched taut over enhanced muscles, was littered with slap patches. Black market drugs, Saber could tell when his optics zoomed in to identify a maker's mark. Nothing healthy.

"Why ain't choo payin' the fee, punk?"

~~Don't care what them ujnorts say 'bout your warts! I think you're hot, so ready or not ...~~

"Fee?" Saber kept his tone neutral, gave Red Stick a silencing kick under the table to keep the rifleman from opening his mouth. He turned in his seat, facing Woofers with his glossy black cyberoptic lenses in place, inscrutable and unreadable, playing it cold as ice. "For what?"

"I tol' you what would happen next time I saw your fuckin' car, breeder." Woofers didn't blade his body like a pro, just glared at the whole table full of them, feet and shoulders squared, looking them full-on in the face. He trusted in his boys, rep, and 'ware to save him if shit went down. It was an inviting target, just the sort of profile people trained on. "You parkin' it in my neighborhood. You owe me a fee, or shit might happen to it. A part might break off."

It was Saber's fault Woofers got that replacement arm, years ago. That part had broken off in a Fast Response Team raid back when Saber was still on the force. Woofers had pointed a gun at cops, but had been lucky enough not to lose his life for it. Saber felt he'd done the ork a favor. Woofers obviously felt differently, and he said so every chance he got.

~~I'm just here for your rohodo, ho! Rohodo, ho! Rohodo, yo!~~

[You want me to ...?]

The text rolled across Saber's field of vision, an open-ended offer from Johnny Shiv. Saber didn't bother scanning the crowd to find the elf; he just knew he was there somewhere, waiting and ready. Saber thought about the offer.

He thought about saying yes. He knew it would mean Woofers's death, and knowing Shiv it would be a blade high in the spinal column, maybe even a decapitation attempt. The elf would get his kill, but that would just let Woofers's crew off the leash.



High on who-knows-what, the gangers would open up. They'd go for Shiv first, and there were enough to kill him. Red Stick wasn't as good in close as he was at range, but he and Whitecap could take out at least a few. There would be a lot of lead flying, though. It would cause a lot of casualties and a lot of blood. Almost as bad, he'd be down a man, probably two. The job would be a scratch.

~~I'm just here for your rohodo, ho! Rohodo, ho!
Rohodo, yo!~~

[You want me to ...?]

He thought about saying no and going for his Ruger instead. The Thunderbolt had a nasty kick, but he knew his cyberarm could handle it. Woofers were chip-quick and plated up, so it might take two bursts to drop him though. A lot could happen between two bursts. Lord only knows what hardware Woofers had in that arm besides that stupid speaker, and the way the kid was standing, he was looking forward to drawing down on someone. Saber was fast, but he didn't know if he was fast enough. Once guns were drawn, there'd be no turning back. Shiv would get a few or get away, Woofers would probably drop, but Whitecap might go for the frag grenade he always kept on him, and Stick's scattergun would tear up the crowd. If they even won, a lot of Hollow Point patrons would bleed. If a full-on firefight started, there'd be no way his crew would make it out bloodless. The job would be a scratch.

~~I'm just here for your rohodo, ho! Rohodo, ho!
Rohodo, yo!~~

[You want me to ...?]

The question was still hanging there, so he thought about accepting Shiv's offer, but redirecting it. While Saber burst from his chair and popped his spurs, Shiv could probably take out two punks at once, stabbing low, going for the spots that hurt while they killed. The orks would be distracted enough that Red Stick could haul up that Defiance twelve-gauge he kept under his coat, Whitecap could go for his Predator, and the firefight would be quick. In close, though? In close, Saber wasn't sure he could take Woofers without trouble. He knew how fast his arms, how powerful his legs, and how sharp his spurs were. He was practiced in a modified Kreysi style, adept at using his armored limbs to protect his head, lashing out with elbows and spurs. He knew he was good. But was Woofers good too? The ork was at least as strong as he was, probably stronger. He knew the kid's arm had started Evo-spec'ed, probably for bladework, and word from the gutters was that the punk had some crazy new machete implant he was in love with. It would be brutal and close, either way ... no. Still too many variables, too many orks too close to him and Shiv, too many blades from too many directions, too much risk, too many casualties. The job would be a scratch.

~~I'm just here for your rohodo, ho! Rohodo, ho!
Rohodo, yo!~~

[You want me to ...?]

He thought about going in close, fast and hard, but without the spurs. Not even answering Johnny, just bursting up from the table and launching himself, hydraulics doing their work, right at Woofers. Tangle him up, take him to the ground, wrestle and break the mad right out of him. Whitecap was professional enough he had to have some gel rounds or stick-and-shock on him, he could help take down a few orks before things got too bloody. Red Stick would pitch in, too, and with luck some Hollow Point staff would get in some licks. If everyone kept it clean and didn't kill any of the orks, maybe things wouldn't turn into a bloodbath. But Shiv wouldn't be much help, his old bosses had only really used him for one thing. Taking the time to go less-than-lethal would give the orks the edge, too, and there was no guarantee the orks would keep their kid gloves on, especially covered in slap-patches of Ghost-knows-what No. No, too many maybes were involved. Too much trouble, especially fighting with one hand behind their backs. The job would be a scratch.

~~I'm just here for your rohodo, ho! Rohodo, ho!
Rohodo, yo!~~

[You want me to ...?]

Red Stick rolled across Saber's field of vision, an open-ended offer from Johnny Shiv. Saber didn't bother scanning the crowd to find the elf, he just knew he was there somewhere. Waiting. Ready. Saber gave a small shake of his head.

Instead, he sent a mental command, and the black-gleaming ballistic lenses snapped away from his eyes, folding themselves back into the metal framework on his face. Without them, his ocular implants looked almost normal. Almost human. Almost friendly. Saber held his hands up, black chrome but unthreatening, fingers splayed to show he wasn't about to go for his blades.

"Fine. I'll pay your parking fee." It was the one response the ork did not expect in the least. "But it counts as your up-front payment."

The rest followed his lead. Shiv didn't attack. Red Stick didn't laugh. Whitecap didn't do anything but puff on his reeking cigar. Woofers looked terribly confused.

"My up-front payment for what?"

"Have a seat," Saber said, turning halfway back around, nodding as Shiv emerged from the darkness to pull an empty chair up to their table. This was the only way to play without losing. To Saber, and the people that knew him, hired him, and trusted him, things like that still mattered. Someday, if he hung with the right crowd, that sort of thing might matter to Woofers, too.

"We're short a few guns for a kill-team tonight. If you and your boys can use the nuyen, do you have any time for a job?"

They sat. Honor can't be forced on someone, but it can be taught.



URBAN PREDATORS

Posted by: Slamm-0!

- Normally, I prefer our conversations stay at least nominally on their initial topic in order to make them easier to find after the fact. I'm breaking that rule, this once, because Slamm-0! managed to post something genuinely worthless that somehow evolved into a conversation that's almost worth reading. I'd congratulate the kid, but I'm sure it was an accident.
- FastJack

Hey, shadow-kiddies! Who's got two thumbs and is awesome? This guy. Why? Well, avoiding the obvious and already well-known reasons, it's because I just pulled the jersey over Ares Global Entertainment's head and went to town on them like Stonebrook did to Williams during the Thunderbirds' match last week.

- Can someone translate that out of sports geek for me?
- /dev/grrl
- And into some other geek lingo?
- Turbo Bunny

While bouncing from node to node for totally unrelated reasons, I happened to come across an interesting couple of files. Dodging IC like a pro, I yonked myself a few copies, then promptly forgot about them to worry about actual business for a few days. But then I checked 'em out after the job, and guess what I had? A pre-beta-release copy of Ares' new expansion for *Miracle Shooter*, that's what! All the regular schmucks out there might get tidbits of info dumped on 'em about *The Razor's Edge* as it gets closer to a playtest and release date, but me and my buddies? We've got everything Ares has on it, right from the horse's mouth!

- And you say I cheat at video games?
- Netcat
- Nah, there's no way he can angle this toward actual cheating once the game launches next year. I'm sure he's been crowing about it in every corner of the 'trix. There's no way Ares hasn't heard of it, hasn't made a few heads roll for the breach, and hasn't already gotten to work reworking everything Slamm-0! managed to leak. He's a bright kid—I bet he already knew that.
- Pistons
- Sure he did.
- Bull

So this expansion should be pretty awesome. Knowledge is power, and I want my *Shooter* guild to stay on top, so get ready to soak all this up. [Link: TopShotz-eyes_only_Razor's_Edge1.9_love_Slamm-0!](#)

Now for the high points—first, they're swatting down a couple of the really broken sim-gun and archetype combos that used to dominate (suck it 'nade-spam and goodbye all you lame dual-Ingram dorks!) but what everyone's psyched about is the new stuff they're introducing. Subscription holders with the right account upgrades and rare drops have a whole new batch of

archetypes to choose from, complete with awesome new skins and *Edge*-only combat upgrades. They're going whole-hog with this street samurai theme thing, in a sweet sort of retro-chromed way. *The Razor's Edge* will introduce some additional ballistic resistance packages, expanded heavy weapons rules, upgraded melee options, a whole new marketplace and in-game economy for players to swap guns (not just bullets!), all kinds of stuff.

Of course, the real news is how they're actually ditching the old street sam bundle completely. Fans heard that the street sam add-on was scrapping their favorite class and had a bitch-fit, but trust me, they're gonna love this new version. Street sams aren't really gone—there are just a half dozen more ways to make one now. You can still be a jack of all trades and swap shots with the best of 'em, but if you really came across a favorite bundle or option for your AR-blasting, now you can drop skills into these new trees, spec your guy just like you want, and totally dominate.

- Am I seriously the only person tired of class-based games?
- Netcat

- No.
- Hannibelle

Well, you kid gamers and your entitlement issues. You know what everyone played in Little Mutant Vik Ninja Cyberboy? We all played Little Mutant Vik Ninja Cyberboys, that's what. And we loved it.

- Bull

So, now that you've all had the chance to scan the file, let's do this! First, let's talk about the most controversial one, **Bodyguard**. Do you guys believe this? Take some half-assed gun limitations, and *Miracle Shooter* not only lets your AR overlay go to the usual dimness max so you blend into the crowd, but you get a level four bonus to perceive hostile mobs and PvP enemies (which synergizes with in-class boosterware options!).

- It makes sense, really. Or, at least, it does if I understand your gamer lingo. A real bodyguard's job is sometimes to be as loud and obvious as possible and dissuade an attacker, but more commonly it's to blend in as another member of the principal's retinue. That way they get overlooked and get the drop on a would-be assassin. Encouraging players to be low-key works from the realism stand point.
- DangerSensei

- Yeah, but come on. Level four perception boosts? That's taking it a little too far!
- Slamm-0!

Plus the "go loud" option doesn't really work for anything but a huge security detail. If someone's got a mad-on at some corporate suit, they're already doing research and making plans based on the fact that he's got company men around him all the time. Playing it cool and spotting an attacker coming is the best way for a small crew to keep their employer whole.

- Cosmo



- Even non-corporate types who hire outside the licensed agencies want security that looks different. Fitting into the criminal subculture is still fitting in. My clients want someone they can trust, someone who looks professional and has their head on a swivel. Even the most flamboyant celebrity out to make a show of slumming it wants the limelight on them, not their security, right? It's all about fitting in and being perceptive.
- Kia
- Think about it. A bodyguard's job—their whole job—is to spot threats before they can take a shot at their principal. You know how the first thing every gilette on the street gets after a smartlink is some boosterware and maybe some spurs, right? That means an exec-protect specialist can't count on out-reacting a hitman; he's got to work hard to out-think them. You have to spot them first, to see them coming instead of trying to out-twitch them. It works that way in real life, so it should work that way in your little game, too.
- Thorn
- Little? *Miracle Shooter* is like the most popular ... it's got millions of subscribers that ... I mean what are you even ... I ... oh, screw you.
- Slamm-0!

Yeah, take some time to digest that and how it's gonna be a game changer, but let's move on to the **Merc**, who has their own radical in-game changes. First thing first, they're another must-have for any guild, because they turn the usual in-game economy upside down. These guys get built-in discounts and modifiers at the mod shops, but also they get universal access, no matter the faction, to a unique "merc.net" auction house! We all know how important that stuff is when you're kitting yourself up for a raid. They also get unique algorithms for the game's attack and defense mods; seriously guys, check out that code, this is a big deal! It will be great for gearing up before a fight, but these changes to the target acquisition and accuracy means they'll be able to lay down some serious firepower on the move or hang on and tank a lot better, too. These guys will have some big, big guns.

- Big guns, you say? Maybe it won't be so bad after all.
- Bull
- Fascinating. Even in this game, you are who you know.
- Fianchetto
- And if *Miracle Shooter* is anything like real life, size matters. I'd be out of business if every peashooter out there got the job done and no one ever needed an upgrade. Networks of contacts, especially the former military types that bring their own networks with them, are how business gets done.
- Red Anya
- Many a quartermaster has let something "fall off a truck" for a buddy that saved his butt once or twice. Mercenary, corporate force, national military, it doesn't matter. Loyalty is loyalty, and it's always to the man next to you, not the administrators.
- Picador

- But this class is totally broken. A unique store only they can access, that doesn't have the usual faction limitations? How would that even *exist*?
- Slamm-0!
- Sugar, what do you think JackPoint would be, if we bought and sold a little more?
- Hard Exit
- I'm actually kind of impressed, now that I'm taking a longer look at the code. The in-game modifiers for this class are battlefield fundamentals. Advancing while firing, utilizing terrain better than the other guy? That's the key to taking ground and holding it. I'm not surprised to see a few Desert Wars and Firewatch vets listed as technical advisors in the credits.
- Picador
- I worked with Leija (call-sign Kumar) a few times, the top man on that advisor list. It was always much nicer to know he was next to me than to hear he was contracted by the other side. He's tough enough in a firefight, but he's even tougher before it, because he deployed his men knowing both where the enemy will start out and where they will go once the shooting starts. It's never fun running into fire that's waiting for you.
- Thorn

And, speaking of tanks? Holy shit, **Panzers**, you guys. Never mind that *Miracle Shooter* already totally gets it wrong with their ballistic data, making most stuff less lethal than it should be, which is why noobs love their 'nade spam instead of learning to shoot, but these guys are gonna totally suck to take out. GG, Ares, no one's gonna be able to drop these dudes without like half a guild pouring on the fire! Also, depending on how they branch out their spec tree, they won't even be taking the usual to-hit modifiers as their display turns red and blurry like everyone else.

- Sounds like the screamsheet headlines when dermal plating and bone lacing first started to hit the streets. I remember the hysteria, as folks screamed about how bulletproof thugs were going to just waltz through the cops' rain of bullets. I glanced at your in-game code, kid. Don't be too worried. There's a limit to any defensive upgrade, whether we're talking meat or in-game.
- Bull
- Which doesn't mean defensive augmentations are worthless though. Shit, I know plenty of guys who are only alive 'cause they took a couple slugs and didn't let it stop them from winning the fight. It's scary, the damage some folks can take before they drop.
- 2XL
- Right, because trolls are such pushovers *without* augmentations.
- Sticks
- Hey, the point still stands. Metahuman or not, the chrome can make all the difference. Nothing freaks out a mark like somebody who takes a burst to the chest and keeps coming. Some skeletal upgrades give you an even meaner right hook, too, which is always nice.
- Kane