

```
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>
"May God have mercy upon my enemies, because I won't."
- General George S. Patton Jr.
```

### JackPoint Stats

16 users currently active in the network

**Latest News**  
Amazonia and Aztlan continue to blow the living hell out of each other in spectacular fashion, and things may be building to a climax. Trying to tell who is fighting who in this Charlie-Foxtrot of a war is difficult at best and sometimes the small units go unnoticed—until now. We've got the scoop on a few of them, including one of our own. — FastJack

**Personal Alerts**  
\* You have 4 new private messages.  
\* You have 12 new responses to your JackPoint posts.  
\* You have a message from Dave's Dry Cleaning and Armory. He can replace the Kevlar in your vest but can't get out the blood stains.

**First Degree**  
Four members are online and in your area.

**Your Current Rep Score:**  
1,999 (81% Positive)

**Current Time:** 15 Jun 2075, 0230

- PREFERENCES
- FEEDS
- TASKS
- LINKS
- HISTORY

Welcome back to JackPoint, chummer; your last connection was severed: 10 days, 4 hours ago



### Today's Heads Up

\* If you think there's only one way to stab an enemy, you haven't stabbed enough of them. [Tag: [The Way of the Samurai](#)]

### Incoming

- \* We've got more critter reports from our field researchers—at least the ones who made it back alive. [Tag: [Parazology 2](#)]
- \* Sometimes "antiques" is the right word; other times it's a polite word for "junk." [Tag: [Euro Wars Antiques](#)]

### Top News Items

- \* Corporate Court denies a NeoNET petition to use Space Rescue Service forces to remove current residents of the Halo Space Station. Court declares the situation a "purely NeoNET matter that does not yet constitute a threat to inter-space commerce and safety." [Link](#)
- \* Dana Oaks officially accepts position as Seattle District Attorney and continues efforts to rebuild DA's Office. Oaks is the youngest person to hold that position. [Link](#)
- \* Images of "Grimmy the Grimace" used in several instances of AR vandalism in various locations throughout North America. Witnesses in Atlanta, Boston, Cheyenne, Detroit, Indianapolis, Las Vegas, New York, and Seattle reported seeing the virtual icon appearing on the sides of several government buildings chanting "The magic is in YOOOOUUUU!" for several minutes. Matrix security experts have been unable to uncover any connections between the incidents. [Link](#)
- \* James Meiers of Atlanta, Georgia CAS is found alive and well despite being declared dead approximately four months ago. Mr. Meiers was originally believed to have been one in a string of murder victims, each of whom was a beneficiary of the great dragon Dunkelzahn's will. Authorities have re-opened the case to determine the identity of the real murder victim. [Link](#)

Sample file

- CHAT
- MESSAGES
- FILES
- POSTS
- NEXUS
- SEARCH

Active ComStar Firewall, Active Jack-in-the-Box Antivirus, Active SpamWitch Filter, On/Receiving Commcode, Excellent Signal, Active Hidden Mode, Local Map

**10 MERCs**  
Posts/Files tagged with "10 Mercs":  
\* Fifty-Eighth Battle Brigade  
\* 180th Independent Air Regiment  
\* Seventy-Seventh Independent Rangers  
\* Bravo Company  
\* Free Marine Corps  
[\[More\]](#)

- CONTINUE
- ADVANCED SEARCH
- SAVE

**Outside Aztlan Compound, designation: Alpha 32**  
**Panama, Aztlan**  
**06/12/74**  
**0521 ZULU**

“Confirmed, target on second floor.”

That’s what Major Nathan McCord—a.k.a. Rifleman, call-sign Bravo Zero-Six, commanding officer of Bravo Company—had been waiting to hear. After of months of chasing false leads and dead ends, target number three on “The List,” Colonel Raul Salazar (retired), was in sight. They’d come close to bagging him in Corpus Christi two months earlier during a raid on a local teocalli. They’d eliminated several Aztlan blood mages, including two Blood Daggers, but Salazar escaped. For the members of Bravo Company “The List” was more than a collection of targets; it was a butcher’s bill that needed to be paid in full. It was time for the colonel to pay up.

Salazar was currently residing on a small compound just outside of Panama. Consisting of one *hacienda*, a horse barn, a motor pool, and two smaller houses that served as staff/security quarters, the compound looked like the kind of fun, quiet place where a well-to-do family spent their summers. In reality it was a place where abominations practiced corrupt magic fueled by human sacrifice. Years ago, Salazar was the commanding officer of the Blood Daggers, a secret Aztlan covert-operations/special forces unit consisting of initiate blood magicians and adepts. Today, they were tasked with hunting down Amazonian magicians in the current war. Salazar had formed the unit in the late forties and only recently retired, but he was still instrumental in the Blood Dagger training staged at this compound.

Amazonian Intelligence discovered the compound and Salazar’s location weeks ago, but they didn’t have any forces in position to strike. Instead, they contacted Bravo Company. While Bravo Company didn’t work directly for Amazonia, they often shared mutual interests when it came to eliminating Aztlan blood mages. When McCord learned that Salazar was at the compound, he was more than willing to help.

“All units in position, ready for execution.”

“Copy that. On my mark, go with Plan Beta,” McCord replied. With Salazar’s location confirmed, it was time to act. Plan Beta was simple; Bravo Company’s First Team would breach the house while Second Team secured the house’s rear to cut off any escape attempts. Third Team, assisted by rocket and mortar teams from the 77<sup>th</sup> Independent Rangers, would blow the living hell out of anything that came from the other buildings.

So far, all of the teams had gotten into position without being spotted by compound security. But after evaluating compound security, McCord realized that getting any closer without raising an alarm was going to be impossible. So he decided to do this the old fashioned way: hit the target hard, fast, and loud.

Over his TAC-Net, McCord saw that all units had acknowledged his orders. It was time. “All units execute! GO GO GO!!!” McCord ordered as he broke cover and ran full bore toward the compound. AR overlays from the tacnet superimposed themselves over his field of vision while low-light enhancements turned night into day. Combat utilities identified possible threats, their locations highlighted by angry red icons. Through the audio relays, McCord heard shouted orders as

his sharpshooters took out disabled sentry weapons before they came back on line. The “whump” of mortars and “whoosh” of rockets passed overhead just before they struck targets in the compound.

As McCord and First Team ran, a hidden LMG turret popped up from the ground ten meters to McCord’s right. He felt the sentry gun’s movement even before he saw it. Without breaking stride, McCord shifted his body slightly and brought his Onotari Room Sweeper to bear. A long burst of APDS rounds from the assault rifle silenced the gun emplacement before it deployed.

First team moved as one as they neared the manor house. Team members Anna Dupree (Zero-Three) and Donovan Clarke (Zero-Four) surged forward as the rest of the team slowed their pace by half a step, using the time to drop and replace empty magazines as they ran. Dupree and Donovan reached the door, and in one fluid motion Dupree took out the door’s hinges with special breaching rounds from her shotgun. Donovan kicked the door in and entered, Dupree right behind him. Approximately one second after Donovan and Dupree entered, McCord and the rest of First Team swarmed through the door breaking in and right by pairs. their tacnet lit up with multiple threat indicators.

Through the door was a massive reception room. A large set of stairs with a small landing in the middle led to the second floor; the entire room was covered with white marble tiles and columns with wood trim on the walls. Several guards wearing Aztlan military uniforms had taken up firing positions behind the columns on both floors. The front half of the room was a giant kill box and there was only one way to deal with it: get out of it.

As the guards rained down fire, McCord and First Team never stopped moving. McCord hooked right, sweeping the room from right to left. He engaged the first target he encountered. Before his smartlink indicated a lock, McCord let loose with a three-round burst that struck one of the guards in the chest, throat, and face. As the body hit the floor, McCord continued his sweep, pulling the trigger two more times. Two more guards fell. McCord slammed against a column in a controlled crash-stop and swept his section of the room. His tacnet sensors and magical senses didn’t indicate any more threats.

“Clear left!” he called out.

“Clear right!” responded Dupree in her creole-ork accent, her voice strained. Several loud booms echoed just above McCord on the second floor as the force of assault cannon shells dislodged bits of marble tile from the ledge above.

“Clear center and top,” said a rumbling voice. “Sorry for being slow. They popped a drone,” said Marvin Castle Jr. (Zero-Eight).

“Sit-rep?” McCord called out as he reloaded a fresh magazine in his rifle and stashed the partially full back in its pouch.

“Zero-Four took a couple to the chest. Armor held, but he’s got some broken ribs. Zero-Three took a ricochet to leg. Bleeding’s stopped for now, but it nicked her Achilles tendon. Despite what she says, she can’t walk much. Couple of us took a few grazes, but armor held and were good to go,” reported Castle a few seconds later.

As McCord listened to the young troll, he also listened to the reports from the other teams. Third Team had made contact with hostiles and was spotting for the Rangers; Second Team had reached their position but hadn’t encountered any resistance. Slapping another

fresh magazine into his rifle, McCord was about to issue orders to First Team when a loud explosion rocked the entire manor.

“CONTACT! Two-One to all units, contact on Target Three our position! Need...” The transmission terminated abruptly. On the display, Two-One’s icon and two other Second Team icons winked out.

“Zero-Eight on me, rest of you sweep the top floor. Anything not ours, vaporize it!” McCord ordered as he barreled toward the back of the house. Castle and his assault cannons were only two steps behind.

Bounding over furniture and through hallways, McCord smashed his way through a glass door and quickly evaluated the situation. Aztlan soldiers from the house’s second floor had engaged members of Second Team, while Target Three and two other soldiers in Blood Dagger uniforms were running across the field toward a storage shed. McCord had a hunch that there was more to the shed than it appeared. McCord took aim with the Roomsweeper. With two squeezes of the trigger, six rounds went down range as Salazar and his guards stopped and turned. The rifle rounds bounced harmlessly off barrier spells.

McCord crouched and looked toward the fleeing mages. “Zero-Six to Ranger-Six! New target mission: Link with my sensors for HE on designated target, copy?”

“Si, Zero-Six, we got it!”

“Fire for effect!”

McCord held his rifle steady as his target-designator painted the storage shed. Two seconds later, it exploded in spectacular fashion, stopping the fleeing mages cold. The mages stopped and looked back, hatred on their faces. Standing together they yelled something barely audible over the weapons fire. The ground between the mages and Bravo Company erupted, and several bloody, mutilated-looking figures sprang forth. Howling bloody murder, they rushed forward to engage the intruders as the mages started casting spells.

“BLOODIES!” someone from Second Team yelled out. Tracing his rifle against his left shoulder, McCord closed his eyes and took a deep breath. As he inhaled, he felt his magic steady. With the exhale, he felt the full rush of power. Reaching back with his right hand, he pulled a plain-looking black blade from a sheath on his back and sprinted forward. With each step, he felt the weapon foci align itself with his magic as he rushed toward the nearest blood spirit. Around him, he could feel the motion of other adepts and magicians from Second Team move to intercept the incoming threats as well. After a quick glance at a tacnet reading, he saw that the rest of First Team had secured the house.

The small battlefield erupted into chaos. Gunfire, mortars, and rockets thundered away as team leaders continued to issue orders. McCord saw three blood spirits converging on him, then Castle blew by him like a juggernaut. The troll slammed into two of the spirits, knocking them away from McCord like a linebacker with a clear path to a quarterback. A heartbeat later, McCord reversed the angle of his blade, slashed once, pirouetted, and slashed again at the remaining spirit. The misshaped creature howled in agony and fell as McCord’s momentum carried him toward the mages.

He had gotten past the line of blood spirits but was at least twenty meters from the mages. As McCord ran, his astral sight picked up two mages gathering mana for a large spell. His legs pumped like pistons, trying to close the distance in an attempt to disrupt the gathering spell. McCord got to within five meters of the mages when a massive ball of

power slammed into him. Knocked to the ground and on his back, McCord looked up as his tacnet winked out. He saw Salazar smiling. McCord tried to move, but lances of pain shot through his body as he realized that he had several broken ribs under shattered chest armor. Salazar arrogantly strode forward, blowing on his finger like it was a gun barrel. He produced a weapon that looked like a cross between a hand axe and a macautil. “So *you* are the famous Bravo Company that’s been giving us so much trouble? Pathetic. Not so strong after all no? You have caused us a great deal of trouble, but that ends now. Your blood will serve me well.” He raised his weapon.

Behind Salazar, another HE mortar round detonated. It threw the other blood mages to the ground and knocked Salazar off his feet. Summoning all the strength he had left, McCord rolled to his feet, ignoring the pain that caused sparkles to form in his vision. The sounds of battle were gone, and the other two mages weren’t moving. Salazar was—barely. McCord shuffled over to the wounded mage and kicked Salazar in the ribs, rolling him onto his back. McCord stepped on the mage’s throat and pulled his heavy pistol. Sliding his helmet and goggles free, McCord let the mage get a good look at him as he took out a unit patch and slapped it on his chest. The patch showed the visage of a grim reaper head with eyes blazing and the number “61” on the front of the hood. Salazar’s eyes widened in recognition, but the boot kept him from speaking.

“Oh, you do remember. You remember over twenty years ago what we and yours did to the Sixty-First, just because we wouldn’t slaughter innocent people! You’ve kept up the slaughter ever since. But not any more. See you in hell.” Then he fired the final shots of the battle.

Two hours later at the extraction landing zone, a short but solidly build NCO wearing the unit patch of the Seventy-Seventh Rangers “El Cuadrilla” strolled up to McCord’s t-bird.

“Major, I heard you wanted to see me?” he said in thickly accented English.

“Yes, Sergeant Martinez. I wanted to thank you personally for your assistance. Your people did a hell of a job. We won’t forget it” McCord held his taped ribs as he sat up in his stretcher.

“It is nothing,” Martinez said with a wave of his hand. “Your people have done the same for us in the past. And any day we get to blast Aztlaners is a good one. I will give Major Lopez your regards.”

McCord nodded. “But there’s one more thing. While my team was searching the manor, they found some interesting intelligence from a cranial commlink that had been forcibly removed from its previous owner. I don’t know what the Azzies may have gotten, but most of the files on it were corrupted. Based on what we’ve been able to recover so far, I think that Picador would want to see what’s there.” He handed Martinez a datachip.

“I will see that she gets it.”

“Thank you again. Oh, and sergeant; one *more* thing. I found out that the HE round that saved my ass came from your crew. How the hell did you make such a shot?”

Martinez shrugged. “We were still linked to your weapon until you dropped it. We used the last known targeting data and made a few adjustments. Either we would have been on target, or we would have taken you all out. I figured you would rather go out like that than at *their* hands.” He grinned.

Despite his broken ribs, McCord couldn’t help but laugh.

# TEN MERCS: FIGHTING FOR THEIR OWN REASONS

- Mercenaries. You may love 'em or hate 'em. You may have been shot *by* or taken shots *at* them. Or maybe, you have shots *with* them every night at your favorite bar. Opinions and experiences about mercenaries vary; some see them as stalwart professionals, others see them as warmongers for hire. The truth is—wait for it—somewhere in the middle. Mercs are a varied lot; many of them are rock-solid pros while others are the stereotypical crazed psychos who get off on death and destruction. Just like runners, they come in all flavors. No matter what your opinion is, mercenaries are significant chunk of this big bad world because war has been and continues to be good for business. And that's not going to change anytime soon, especially with the Charlie-Foxtrot between Aztlan and Amazonia still going on. While South America is currently the biggest hotspot for open warfare, mercs all over the world continue to be busy. Now, some of you may be saying to yourself "But 'Jack, we already know this, why are you wasting bandwidth?" Well, the answer's simple; because something's come up (isn't that usually how it goes?). Our resident soldier-for-hire Picador recently came into possession of some interesting paydata and asked if she could start a file to share and get some feedback. I'll let her fill you in on the details.
- FastJack

- Thanks, FastJack. Most of us here know the heavy hitters of the mercenary world: MET2000, Tsunami, Combat Inc., and 10,000 Daggers. Some of us may even know some the middle-tier units such as Black Star. But these units only make up a small percentage of the mercenary community. The majority of mercenary contracts today are fulfilled by smaller units. Now, just as FastJack implied these units vary in terms of their experience, skill, and capability. I know several ten-member units that can take out a company or even a division under the right circumstances. And I also know entire divisions that couldn't take and hold a kid's lunchbox. And like in the shadows, reps (good and bad) tend to get people noticed whether they want to or not. This brings me to the point of this posting; four days ago a long-time associate shared some information he recovered after a raid down here in South America. Don't ask me where the raid was because I'm not going to say; end of story, move along. The datapacket he recovered contained several files. Most of them were corrupted, but ten were recoverable. These files were dossiers on several mercenary units operating over the world, including his ... and including mine. Now, it's not unusual for various groups (including us here at JackPoint) to keep tabs on merc units; it's all a part of business. But what got my attention was that the author's notes indicated that the units profiled were being considered for some particular job. It's this job that I'm most interested in. Right now I have enough to deal with and don't need anyone snooping around my people and causing us any more trouble. If this person or group wants to recruit us, fine; make us an offer. Conversely, I don't like the idea of maybe someone putting one more target on my back. So here are the recovered files. I've already sent copies to Netcat, Glitch, Slamm-O!, and Pistons to see if they can do something with the corrupted data, but so far nada. As always, if anyone has anything to share, please chime in.

- Picador

# FIFTY-EIGHTH BATTLE BRIGADE

**Unit Nickname:** The Vultures

**Current Command Staff:**

**CO:** General Zhang Chin

**XO:** Colonel Zhang Mao

**Unit Type:** Standard Mercenary Unit/Infantry

**Estimated/Known Strength:** Unknown, estimated two to three companies.

**Unit Rating:** 4

**Threat Rating:** Low to Medium

**Current Deployment:** Hong Kong/South East Asia, Pacific Rim

**Summary:** Once an elite mercenary command operating primarily in Southeast Asia, the Fifty-Eighth Battle Brigade is now considered a laughingstock among the mercenary community. After a failed operation in Vietnam, they are used as a cautionary tale on the consequences of bad decisions. Now desperate for any contract, they have recently fallen in with the Hong Kong Triads in an attempt to hold the unit together.

**Unit History:** The Fifty-Eighth Battle Brigade was formed in 2054 after several officers and enlisted personnel from Combat, Inc.'s Fifty-Eighth Combat Team resigned over contract dispute, specifically the withholding of combat bonuses and failure to rotate out after scheduled tours were over. Combat, Inc. executive commanders argued the unit had not earned any bonuses, and manpower shortages necessitated extended tours. Unable to reach a compromise, the disenfranchised soldiers resigned.

The members of the Fifty-Eighth Combat Team then approached their former unit CO, Major Zhang Shin, and proposed forming a new, independent unit. Major Zhang was also frustrated with the chain of command due to what he considered unfair treatment, and he agreed to the proposal. As word spread through Combat, Inc., other disenfranchised soldiers joined up. Within weeks, the new unit was born.

- By 2054, Zhang Shin was well into his fifties. While he was an exceptional tactician who won several engagements for Combat, Inc., he also had next to no political acumen. That made him popular with the rank-and-file, but pretty much guaranteed he would never see colonel.
- Aufheben

Over the next decade, the Fifty-Eighth completed several contracts throughout Southeast Asia and the Pacific Rim. Since they rarely ventured out of their chosen region, the Fifty-Eighth became expert jungle-fighters who relied more on their skills than technology or enhancements. As the Fifty-Eighth's experience and reputation grew, so did their ranks. This led to more contracts, and eventually the Fifty-Eighth invested in combat magicians, minor augmentations for their soldiers, better vehicles for transportation, and a few drones for



reconnaissance. By 2060, the Fifty-Eighth was almost poised to supplant Combat, Inc. in the region.

- Hey, with all the emphasis on numerology people in that area have, why would anyone let their unit be named the Fifty-Eighth? Doesn't that mean "unlucky"?
- /dev grrl/
- Not everyone in Asia buys into numerology. Maybe Zhang felt that a man must make their own fate, or he believed in the combination of  $5+8=13$ , meaning "certain to live." Who knows, but eventually their luck ran out.
- Lei Kung
- No spoilers, dammit! Just kidding, go ahead.
- Slamm-O!

While the unit enjoyed continued success, problems were forming behind the scenes. The first was General Zhang's health. Diagnosed with a rare genetic disorder, he was finally forced to withdraw from duty in 2062. This had a profound effect on the rest of the brigade, as many saw the General as the unit's heart and soul.

The second problem revolved around General Zhang's twin sons, Chin and Mao. Chin, also a mercenary and charismatic warrior; was given a junior officer's position within the Brigade after he left his previous unit. Mao had recently completed his Master's degree in business and joined the Fifty-Eighth as the Logistics/Supply Officer with the rank of Captain. He also acted as the unit's chief contract negotiator. With the twins' father ailing, many in the Brigade looked to one or both of them to eventually take command. This caused friction between the brothers and the rest of the Brigade's command staff. Because of the infighting, General Zhang disregarded his doctor's advice and forced himself to remain in command for longer than he should have. As the infighting continued, factions loyal to both Chin and Mao formed.

- Little bit of free paydata for everyone. The unit Chin resigned from was 10,000 Dagers. If he ever comes back to Istanbul, he will likely wake up with his throat cut because of his actions. They do not suffer traitors to live.
- Am-mut

In early 2064, General Zhang died and his XO, Colonel David Chang, officially took command. Zhang Chin became Brigade XO, mainly as an appeasement and despite protests and resignations of several command officers. Chang was a solid field officer, but he didn't have the charisma or unit loyalty that Chin and his father enjoyed. Despite Chang having formal command, Chin had de facto command and used this power to try to force his brother out by completely exiling him to the logistics division. Mao almost resigned, but he stayed out of duty to his father and the urging of several Brigade members.

In 2064, Chin personally negotiated a contract with the Vietnamese government to eliminate unknown paramilitary forces operating in the Ha Giang province. Despite misgivings, General Chang approved the contract because it was supposed to be an easy sweep to clear out inferior units. In the beginning of the operation, the Brigade routed all enemy forces and pursued them to their stronghold. Eager to claim victory, Colonel Zhang then ordered all forces (approximately eighty percent of the total Brigade) to attack, despite the lack of recon and against General Chang's orders. What happened next was a nightmare.

What the Fifty-Eighth didn't know was that the enemy combatants were hired by insect shamans to kidnap locals to be used as spirit hosts. When Colonel Zhang's forces attacked, scores of insect spirits swarmed them. Brigade magicians were targeted first and quickly eliminated; the regular troops were likewise slaughtered. To prevent a complete rout, Captain Zhang Mao ordered in all available transportation assets supported by several local mercenaries and shadowrunners to evacuate any survivors. When the battle was over, eighty-five percent of the Brigade's troops were gone and the Fifty-Eighth was decimated. Colonel Zhang Chin survived and took overall command, blaming General Chang (who conveniently died in the attack) for the debacle.

- Ares Firewatch teams were later sent in to mop up, and they subcontracted out several bounties to people like me for anything that slipped past. I was very busy in that area for almost a year, but it was well worth it.
- Sticks

The Fifty-Eighth was shattered, and some of the survivors resigned while the rest banded together to salvage the unit. The internal schism was now greater than ever as the remaining troops sided with either Chin or Mao. The Vietnamese Government made matters worse and drained the Brigade's accounts per the contract citing "failure to complete mission" and "not taking proper security precautions." Chin's poorly negotiated contract had cost the Fifty-Eighth almost every nuyen they had.

Over the next few years, the Fifty-Eighth attempted to rebuild with limited success. Mao was eventually promoted to XO and colonel to prevent any more resignations. The Fifty-Eighth is now seen as a failure, and they have only been able to recruit from the dregs of the mercenary world to fill their ranks. They have also been forced to take the worst contracts the Pacific Rim has to offer, despite Colonel Zhang Mao's best efforts.

In 2070, General Chin took up with a woman known as Lin, a recruiter for the Triads—specifically the Red Dragon Society out of Hong Kong. Lin funneled much-needed money and supplies in exchange for the Fifty-Eighth being on retainer. When the tempo crisis boiled over between the Circle Smoke Society and the Black Chrysanthemums, Lin called in the Fifty-Eighth to help pacify the situation in Kowloon. They now act as her private enforcers in the Walled City and across the Pacific. This hasn't sat well with Mao and several others who are desperate to break free of the Triad's grasp.

- After Ha Giang, Chin started to frequent the opium dens operated by the Red Dragons, which is where he met Lin. She promptly wrapped him around her finger and now whores out the Fifty-Eighth to do her dirty work. Despite the unit's taint, or because of it, Lin now has the perfect disposable force. Too bad Chin doesn't see it that way.
- Johnny No

**Capabilities:** Despite its name, the Fifty-Eighth is not a brigade, but about two and a half companies of light infantrymen organized in haphazard platoons led by one lieutenant and one sergeant. Their skills and tactics vary from platoon to platoon but usually consist of: shoot first, shoot often, and shoot in the back whenever possible. Once known as elite jungle fighters, they now have a reputation as expert pillagers and scavengers. After many years of being desperate for supplies, the Fifty-Eighth learned how to adapt and use whatever they found, be it from theft or battlefield salvage. That's how they earned their current nickname: the Vultures. Despite the haphazard quality of their equipment and the questionable skill of their personnel, the Fifty-Eighth has proven to at least be resilient and continues to prosecute targets, albeit with heavy losses for the Red Dragon Society as their de facto private army.

- If you know the Vultures are in the area, watch your back because things will start disappearing. Military or civilian, makes no difference. Field hospitals are one of their favorites, mainly because the meds on hand and the wounded don't fight back. Most mercenary or military units offer decent bounties for any "vulture shoots."
- Hard Exit

### FIFTY-EIGHTH BATTLE BRIGADE TRADITION: OWNERSHIP

With the advent of modern safety and security systems, the Fifty-Eighth has a unique way of assigning new equipment and weapons. Rather than being assigned, whenever new items are scrounged, whoever is brave or successful enough to disarm or bypass any security measures earns the right to keep said equipment. No one is allowed to do claim gear for others; each soldier has to do it for themselves. This has led to a significant number of deaths and injuries among the unit, and anyone caught cheating is usually punished in some kind of poetic way.

- A "Fifty-Eight" is also current merc slang for someone who's a royal fuck-up or who's fucked up in the worst way. Calling someone a Fifty-Eight is considered a grievous insult and will get someone killed in certain parts of the world.
- Black Mamba
- This unit is at risk of being blacklisted by the Mercenary Guild because of their affiliation and recent actions, especially in Kowloon. But General Zhang thinks he's found the golden goose and is too busy being Lin's little boy toy. He lets his unit commanders get away with anything as long as they support him. Too bad—some of the Fifty-Eighth, mainly those sided with Mao, are actually somewhat respectable fighters.
- Picador