

# JACKPOINT

CONNECTING TO JACKPOINT VPN...  
...IDENTITY SPOOFED  
...ENCRYPTION KEYS GENERATED  
...CONNECTED TO ONION ROUTERS

>>>LOGIN: XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
>>>ENTER PASSCODE: XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
...BIOMETRIC SCAN CONFIRMED  
YOU'RE IN. USE IT WELL.

◦ "EYES ON THE FUTURE DO NOT ALWAYS SEE THE GROUND THEY STAND ON."

## JACKPOINT STATS

193 Users are active  
on the network

## LATEST NEWS

◦ The best place to be is  
directly behind the ones  
gunning for you. – Martin

## PERSONAL ALERTS

- You have **37** new private  
messages.
- You have **52** new responses  
to your JackPoint posts.
- Your scheduling agent has  
allowed three more privates  
parties to be added to your  
band's activity list. This  
conflicts with your arranged  
meeting with "Mr. J."
- Your Current Rep Score: 7,214  
(89% Positive)

## THE INNER CIRCLE

There are no Members online  
and in your area.

### Current Time:

15 Feb 2077, 1345 hrs

## WELCOME BACK TO JACKPOINT, OMAE:

Welcome back to JackPoint, chummer; your last connection was  
severed 37 minutes, 29 seconds ago.

## TODAY'S HEADS UP

- Here's what the powerful Sioux know, maybe you should learn. – Glitch

## INCOMING

- The Matrix has become the home of a number of different "friends" [Tag: 10 AIs]
- Sometimes, it is all about the nuyen. [Tag: Starving the Masses]
- The Neo-Anarchists are the only ones who gather in tribes. [Tag: Virtual Tribes]
- On JackPoint we even show the evil of the evil some love. [Tag: 10 Terrorists]

## TOP NEWS ITEMS

- The Metronlex Guard confirmed the two explosions from yesterday  
afternoon were a strike against a terrorist cell hiding in Redmond. The Guard  
opted to use precision guided munitions rather than risk its personnel in the  
Barrens. The spokesperson confirmed the strike was coordinated with the  
representatives on Council Island to mitigate the possible misinterpretation of  
the cruise missiles' flight paths. [Link](#)
- Knight Errant's efforts to pacify the populace of White Center took another  
hit today, as a video of their officers beating a Stuffer Shack employee and  
demanding an insurance payment was broadcast by KSAF. [Link](#)
- Renraku security forces arrested and tried three suspected pro-Philippine  
sympathizers two days ago. Their families have not commented on their  
impending executions. Human rights advocates are claiming the death  
sentence was for mentioning the nation in a favorable light, rather than any  
type of active espionage. [Link](#)

Silver breathed a long sigh of relief walking out of the back room in Phoenix's Tavern. The tedious meet was over. She had sold Mr. Johnson on her team's services—they got the job. Not only that, but she haggled a nice bonus from the nuyen-pinching Johnson for her team once the job was over. Overall, it was not too shabby of a performance for a relatively new face.

For the Ancient biker, though, doing well in the meet was only a small portion of the drek she and her team already had to plow through to get this job. Mr. Johnson had originally approached her and her team yesterday in Seattle for work in Cheyenne. And he insisted the formal meet for all the details and negotiation for the pay should take place here in Cheyenne today, in a very well-known, biased establishment that banned all Anglos—a group that included her entire team. She knew Mr. Johnson was trying to test her team's mettle, testing them to see how they could cope working outside of their comfort zone. To complicate matters, her team had a street samurai on it who used to be an UCAS army grunt. He was a troll who went by the street name “the Hammer,” and Silver was certain that detail wouldn't escape the Johnson's attention. Current Sioux Nation policies banned any active or former UCAS military personnel from entering the nation. No exceptions. Which meant she and her team could not pursue any legal avenues to cross the border, even if their ethnicity wasn't a major hurdle for them to get legal visas for visiting the Sioux Nation.

They knew they had to fly under the radar to get this job, which also meant going through all sorts of hoops in the shadows to get them into the country within Mr. Johnson's timetable. And to make matters worse, the Hammer had served a tour along the border with the Sioux Nation near Bismarck, which meant some local SDF troops and Wildcat members likely still remembered him and might have felt compelled to complicate their stay in Cheyenne if they caught wind of the fact he was in town. So barring radical magical or cosmetic surgery to alter the Hammer's ugly mug, they had to make sure he stayed out of sight as much as possible while here, including not having him watch her hoop at the meet. And even if all that shit wasn't bad enough, she also learned that while he was in the UCAS army, the Hammer had harassed enough of the local smugglers who ran the Sioux/UCAS border to have caused them serious problems in crossing the border now, a couple of years after he got tossed out of the UCAS army. *Damn sins of the past.* Many of the local smugglers would simply walk away from any negotiations once they learned he would be involved. These logistical nightmares would have given even a veteran face headaches. Had it not been for her connections with the Ancients, and her willingness to incur debts to several Pueblo fixers in exchange for a silent, smooth border crossing, she and the rest of her team might still be stuck in Seattle looking for work. But they were here and on a job, thanks in no small part to Silver and her skill.

*Damn, I'm good.*

Even on her own, without support from her team, she managed to disguise herself and fool the bouncer, the bartender, and the rest of the patrons into leading them believe she was a Sioux Nation native. There were also a number of members of the First Nations gang inside the bar, so she had to be careful in disguising her Ancients' tats. First Nations and the Ancients might have an alliance, but things had been growing a little tense between them as of late. From what she had heard from the higher-ups back in Seattle, there were ongoing trust issues between the two gangs. It was better for her if she was identified only as a shadowrunner in nondescript street clothes and not as a member of the Ancients, as much as she hated to hide who and what she was. She even managed to play nice when one of the slots from First Nations tried hitting on her. It wasn't easy—she had to resist the urge to slam her beer bottle down on his head each time he tried to cop a feel—but she managed. *Glad I follow Sea, not Griffin.* Maintaining her composure for the rest of the evening, she had no difficulty getting through the club and into the meet. Now all she had to do was to walk out of the club.

As Silver moved to the front door to collect her weapons, she remained at a heightened vigilance, scanning the patrons of Phoenix's Tavern carefully, hoping her nano-paste disguise was still working, checking if anyone suspected she was nothing more than a poser. Thankfully, no one was paying her any special attention except for the lonely bar flies trying to undress her with their eyes. Even the First Nation slot who had initially harassed her was off in the corner, hitting on another woman. No one else tried to stop her, leaving her with an unimpeded path to the front door. Satisfied no one suspected who she truly was, she did not hesitate in her stride. She gave no indications of her lingering nervousness or growing discomfort. People could sense that, and she knew it was the first thing she looked for in people who didn't feel they belonged. Silver mentally forced herself to present an air of confidence, making sure her breathing was even and her hands remained steady as she reclaimed her guns from the bored-looking doorman and took off through the front door into the night air.

Relieved everything had worked out according to the plan, she relayed the success to her team when she hit the street. “The meet is over, chummers. We got the job. Head back to the motel for details and planning. I'll meet you there.”

“Gotcha. Hammer is rolling out of the parking lot now. See you in ten,” replied the youthful voice of the decker of the group, Megapulse.

Silver started walking down the street to her bike, feeling relieved. She could not wait to put on her Ancients leathers again, and be whole. It felt like she was betraying her very identity for this job, even though she knew it had to be done. The more she thought about it, the more her skin around her covered tats started to itch. She needed to get to the motel and take this crap off before she started scratching at the coverings and blowing her cover.



Lost in her own thoughts, Silver nearly overlooked the three men following her down the street; men about the same age as her. She noticed out of the three human teenagers, one had a led pipe, while the other two likely had switchblades in their hands. From the looks of them, each of them wore black and purple, with prominent tattoos of coyotes on their arms. Gangers. She wasn't familiar with this local gang, but that didn't make them any less dangerous.

Without making a sound, she meditated on her memories of the sea, saying a quick prayer to her mentor spirit. Moments later, she felt the familiar surge of mana rushing through her like a tidal wave, which she crafted into a protective aura around her body.

Not wishing to show weakness to the gangers, whom she knew she had to treat like a pack of wolves, she immediately turned around to stare down the pack. "What the fuck do you drekheads want? I've got biz to take care of."

"Chica, you seem lost. This isn't your town. We don't know you," replied what seemed to be the leader of the gangers. "That could be dangerous."

"What fucking business is it of yours?" spat Silver. "And know if you are thinking about trying anything, I'll lay you flat on your asses with broken bones and gunshot wounds. Maybe alive, maybe not. Doesn't really matter to me."

"We're just trying to keep the streets free of any pink-skin trash and any half-breeds we find roaming around. Your shade looks right, but your features look more like you're a half-breed. Or you may even have even less Native blood in you. We're here to find out which is the case. And if you have no Native blood, it's going to be a real bad night for you."

"Fuck you. I'm a full-blood runner from Laramie. I'm in town because business brings me here. My parents were Jishnu and Nascha Jenkins from the Arapahoe tribe. Laramie is where they lived, and where I grew up. And that's all the free biography you get. So get lost." Even though Silver wanted to end the confrontation right then and there by walking off, she knew better than turning her back on these gangers.

"How convenient the people you claim to be your parents are dead and have been for six years now," said the second ganger sarcastically.

"Their deaths were not so convenient for me," Silver replied harshly. She thought her anger sounded genuine.

"Tell you what. You tell us what this Native saying means in English, and we'll let you go. We'll chalk it up to it our mistake.." The third ganger rattled off a couple sentences in his native tongue.

Silver quickly checked her ARO screen with a translation program running, something which she has relied on regularly for her interactions while in the Sioux.

"Error. No Translation Found. Error #34421."

*Shit!*

Silver urgently texted Megapulse. "I fucked up. Three gangers are jumping me. Get your asses here now!"

Silver quickly assessed the situation. The gangers were far too close for her to use her pistol. With all likelihood, the one with the pipe would be able to knock it out of her hand—and break her hand in the process.

She had no choice. She called upon the mana flowing through her and started casting.

Sample file



**POSTED BY: MIKA**

Cheyenne is a subject that is best discussed by someone familiar with the area and familiar with the people. I've spent most of my life in the Cheyenne sprawl and have regularly revisited it in my adult years, I have plenty of contacts there, so this is my backyard. I know what I'm talking about. Doubt me all you want (hi, Ma'Fan!), but I know this stuff. Anyone can throw in some extra knowledge, but if you all could give me the benefit of the doubt for once, it would be novel.

- Also novel: One of your pieces that is totally unbiased and accurate. We'll see if you can pull it off.
- Ma'fan

According to current, big-brother-style monitoring of SINS, the current population of Cheyenne is close to three million metahumans (2,950,783, for those who get off on exactitude). There is no precise count of the SINless within Cheyenne, but it is believed to be relatively small compared to other sprawls of Cheyenne's size. My best

guess based on my personal experience is that it numbers less than a hundred thousand. And many of those SINless metahumans are from the small, unlawful Anglo groups who linger in Cheyenne; gangers, shadowrunners, criminals, members of tribes that are not officially recognized within the Sioux, etc. The Cheyenne sprawl does a very good job making sure everyone who is a permanent resident has a SIN, particularly those with a tribal affiliation. Most metahumans in the Sioux Nation take pride in their heritage and don't mind being in the system and identified with a particular tribe. Being a part of a particular tribe and its traditions is very much a part of who you are as an individual. For myself, I am proud to identify myself as a member of the Lakota tribe.

It also doesn't help the SINless community that the Cheyenne sprawl has some of the most stringent laws in North America mandating SIN possession and use. And believe me, these laws are heavily enforced. Those caught without a legal SIN who cannot prove a tribal affiliation are usually jailed for up to a year, given a criminal SIN, deported to their native country, and are barred from ever



returning. If a native country can't be determined, you'll likely be deposited randomly across whatever border the Sioux National Police feel like dumping you. You'll likely be dropped off in another Native American Nation such as Pueblo or the Salish-Shidhe Council if you're lucky and you don't cause the authorities too many problems; or the UCAS, Tsimshian, or the Algonkian-Manitou Council if you pissed them off. They'll likely drop you off tens of kilometers outside of any sprawl, where you might freeze to death during the winter, or be killed by any number of dangerous paranormal critters while hiking to the nearest sprawl. Or in the case of Tsimshian, you'll likely be killed by any number of toxic shamans or toxic free spirits you might stumble across. These extreme examples encourage the SINless to get a legal SIN, or encourage them to obtain and use fake SINS at all times. Or just get the hell out of the Sioux Nation altogether.

To put it in perspective, Cheyenne is a slightly smaller sprawl than Seattle. So if you're an urban dweller, you will certainly enjoy Cheyenne and all the nightlife and the attractions this modern sprawl has to offer, from state-of-the-art night clubs and trendy luxury restaurants to exciting combat bike matches featuring the Sioux Nation's own Apache Mustangs. Cheyenne has it all for those expecting a comfortable and high lifestyle, including five-star hotels. Those of you who think the Sioux capitol is still stuck back in the days of the Old West will be in for a pleasant surprise. And maybe you can rethink your dusty stereotypes.

For those who appear to be Anglos, frequently referred to as "pinkskins" by the locals, or for those who belong to tribes that are not indigenous to the Sioux Nation, be warned: There is still a significant amount of distrust and prejudice that can be experienced not only in Cheyenne but throughout the rest of the Sioux Nation. The general sentiment is that if you are an outsider with no close ties to the community, then you are someone not to be trusted, and your motives are automatically suspect. In many cases, if you are labeled as an Anglo or as an outsider, you are not permitted to patronize certain establishments. This is even true if you are from one of the tribes of the Sioux Nation, but not the right one. There are many locations in Cheyenne that only cater to members of a specific tribe, and they deliberately leave everyone else out in the cold. Even if you are allowed to visit an establishment, be prepared to speak to both the employees and the patrons in the language of the dominant tribe for that establishment until you are told you may speak another language. It is respectful and frequently expected. Make sure whoever is doing the talking for you and your team is relatively fluent in the dialect of the particular tribe. Linguasofts frequently have errors, do not cover the entire vernacular for the tribe, and may not allow the user to come off sounding like a native speaker. Tribal members can frequently pick up on people trying to speak their language who are not otherwise familiar with it. And trust me; some of the local languages can be difficult to pronounce properly if you

are not a native speaker. Those caught using technological aids are seen as insulting both the culture and the individual you are speaking with, and you might end up causing trouble because of this perceived slight. Tread carefully in Cheyenne, chummer. Even though I enjoy technology and make the most of it when I can, I personally would not attempt to use a linguasoft when dealing with others outside of my tribe.

The Sioux Nation deliberately makes visiting their nation difficult for both Anglos and outsiders. Anyone coming into the nation is thoroughly scrutinized by the Office of Military Intelligence (OMI) first, with paperwork that could take weeks, months, or even years to be approved. Runners who wish to get into the country without this scrutiny need to be smuggled in. And yes, if you are considered to be an Anglo or an outsider who is legally allowed to be here and aren't affiliated with a corporation that could get you better living quarters, you will likely be residing on a reservation such as Butte, or you will find yourself living in parts of Cheyenne that tend to be less desirable. As such, the tourist industry from Anglo nations has suffered; many in my nation prefer it that way. However, once an Anglo or an outsider has achieved official resident status and has started building up relationships with the locals, this prejudice typically gives way to respect, and more doors open for them. Just ask the proprietor of the bar Oasis, who is a retired Anglo shadowrunner. He has been running his joint in Cheyenne since after the second Matrix Crash and has had no problems keeping the respect of the locals. Although daunting for outsiders at first, gaining the trust and respect from the locals is well worth the effort and will make any stay in Cheyenne that much more enjoyable—and perhaps even profitable.

- There is a small but growing minority in Cheyenne that doesn't care for how Cheyenne is developing. There are just too many outsiders for one, and the corporations keep bringing in more each year. And they all act fucking superior to us and believe they own the place! They think they're untouchable by Sioux laws because they are affiliated with a corporation (which is, of course, not true). Others believe the rapid growth of the sprawl is endangering the land, threatening what used to be a fairly pristine ecosystem. Our corporate friends tell us that they respect the Sioux ways and respect our customs about honoring the land, but then they engage in things like illegal dumping, illegal strip mining, and violating our air-pollution regulations. Anglos have always proven untrustworthy, and it is foolish for our Council of Chiefs to take them at their word. Deception and greed are the weapons of the pinkskins, and they should hold no place within our sprawls. The last thing we want is for our nation to be raped and pillaged and have it look just like Tsimshian.
- 17-321
- Enough with the racial slurs. Cut it out or be banned.
- Glitch



- Just so you know the consequences of using a fake SIN in the Sioux, if you are caught with one and you are what the authorities consider to be an Anglo, you are looking at five to ten years in jail, not one year like you would face if you were simply SINless. Now, if you are caught as a Native American poser, trying to pull off an American Indian disguise and the fake SIN identifies you as part of a particular tribe, you're looking at twenty to twenty-five years in jail. And you can forget about getting an early release based on good behavior. The Sioux don't believe in that kind of justice. The sentence you get is the sentence you will be serving. They take tribal affiliation seriously in the Sioux. Just beware of the penalties you might face before you try to do something stupid. Sioux jails are not very hospitable in the first place, and even less so for Anglos doing time in them.
- Sticks
- So there's a lot of talk here about "Anglos." How do the people of the Sioux define someone as an Anglo? Is it merely skin color?
- UCASian
- No, as Mika has implied, there are basically two types of discrimination to be found in Cheyenne: one based on the color of skin and how you look, and the other based on whether you are a member of a recognized tribe in the Sioux. If you are not a member of one of their tribes, you are still considered an outsider, and there is a certain amount of distrust there. And it depends on which aspects of society you're talking about. Those on the streets care a lot more about how you look and your skin color than your tribe. That's just the way it is. It has been that way for some time, and will be for the foreseeable future. The wealthy, the powerful and the government tend to care more about the tribe you belong to, if any. If you belong to the right tribe, you can get preferential treatment. If not, the ones of the right tribe will get priority. You'll likely get harassed more by law enforcement if you're considered to be from the wrong tribe, and you'll get yourself noticed a lot more than someone else who is from an indigenous tribe. But make no mistake about it: If you are considered to be an Anglo or look like it, you're going to see a lot more prejudice than if you are a Native American from another tribe or nation, particularly at the street level.
- Lanchek
- Given how the Anglos from the former United States government tried to exterminate our people as part of a blatant act of ethnic cleansing, I would say their distrust and bias against Anglos in particular is warranted.
- 17-321
- The problem with tribal identity even impacts local runners. If they need someone to do the talking to a member of another tribe, and tribal identity matters in those circumstances; often times they will simply hire a face from that particular tribe to get the job done. There are a lot of faces in Cheyenne that work as independent contractors, hired by shadowrunners to make the connections that otherwise would be impossible for them. These runners will frequently offer their services to outsiders as

## FACTS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS

**Population of Cheyenne:** 2.9 million

- Human: 72%
- Elf: 4%
- Dwarf: 3%
- Ork: 16%
- Troll: 1%
- Other: 4%

**Per capita income in Cheyenne:** 34,500¥

**Below poverty level:** 13 percent

**Estimated SINless:** 4 percent

**Megacorporate affiliation:** 25 percent

**Tribes:**

- Lakota
- Dakota
- Nakota
- Arapaho
- Crow
- Cheyenne
- Lumbee
- Mohawk
- Potawatomi
- Mohegan
- Cherokee (Tsalagi)
- Choctaw
- Navajo
- Cree
- Ojibwe (Plains Chippewa)
- Shoshone
- Delaware
- Hidatsa
- Mahican
- Seminole
- Oneida
- Creek
- Apache
- Onondaga
- Chickasaw

**Air travel:** Cheyenne Regional Airport (to be replaced with an international airport in 2078)

**Ground travel:** Highway 25

well. That's the good news. The bad news is these independent contractors understand how valuable their services can be, and as such, can be expensive.

- Henry Wildshadow

