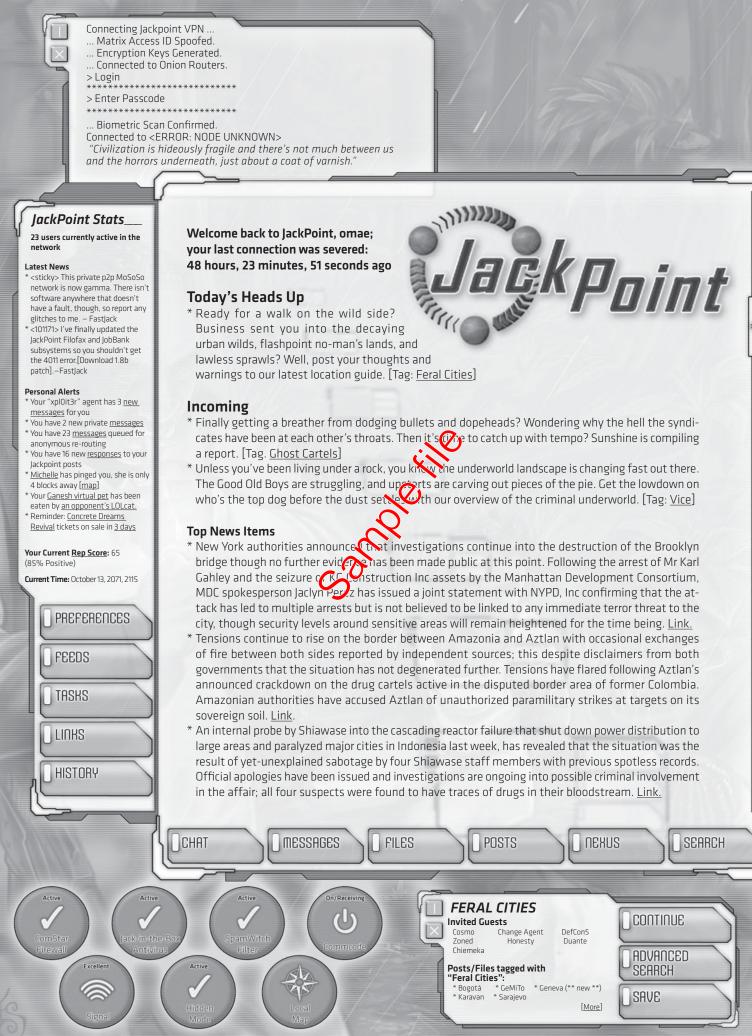


ALKPUINI LUGIN	4	LAGUS	58
		The Dark Heart of Africa	60
CHICAGO	5	History	6
No Place Like Home	6	The Faces of Darkness	6
A First Taste of The Future	6	Religion in Lagos	6
Armageddon Come Early	8	Languages	6
No Rest for the Wicked	9.	he Geology and Ecology of a Swamp	6
Ground Zero Today	10	Pollution	6
Econopocalypse	11	Not so friendly neighbors	6
Means of Exchange	(1/2)	The Kingdoms of Nigeria	6
The Commodities	12	African Politics	7
The Markets	16	Surrounding Nations	7
Mutants, Madmen and More	17	Lagos	7
The Zone Lords	17	Surviving the Sprawl	7
The Corridor Communes	20	The Informal Economy	7
Chicagoland Players	23	Factions	8
Fallout Zones	2 6	Pirate Groups	8
The Corridor	27	Corporate Interests	8
The Zone (CZ, CeeZee)	30	Divided we fall	9
Chicagoland	33	Lagos Island	9
Locusts And Honey	35	Арара	9
Climate and Conditions	35	Surulere	9
Flora	36	Badagry	9
Paraflora	36	Ikeja Division	10
Fauna	37	Ikorodu and Epe	10
Parafauna	39	A Walk on the Dark Side	10
The River	41	Bars, Clubs, and other places to lose your mind	
The NooseNet	42	(and money)	10
The Infected	42	Places to Stay and Shop	10
Insect Spirits	43	Dark Magic	11
Hot Spots	45		
Where to Meet	45	URBAN WILDS	11
Where to Work	47	Bogotá	11-
Where to DIY	51	Bogotá Today	11
Where to Beware	53	Zona Norte	11
Let Sleeping Bugs Lie	56	Zona Oeste	11
The Hidden Hives	56	Zona Centrico	11
		GeMiTo	11
		Genoa	11
		Milan	11



Turin	118	CREDITS: FERAL CITIES
The Fiere	118	Chicago: Robert Derie and Tobias Wolter
Corporate Hideaways	118	Lagos: Jennifer Harding
Geneva	119	Urban Wilds: Lars Blumenstein, Mark Edwards, Jennife
The Technomancer Issue	119	Harding, Aaron Pavao, Tobias Wolter
Spreading the disease	119	
Living under siege	120	Game Information: Robert Derie, Mark Edwards, Jennife
Quo vadis Geneva	121	Harding, Tobias Wolter
Karavan	121	Editing: Jason Hardy, Joanna Hurley, Peter Taylor
The Evolution of a City	121	Development: Peter Taylor
Silk Road 2.0	122	Art Direction: Randall Bills
City of Nomads	122	Interior Layout: Adam Jury, Ted Pertzborn, Jason Vargas
The Kurultai and the Yassa	122	Cover Art: Marc Sasso
Road Trip	122	Cover Layout: Adam Jury
The Shadows of Karavan	123	Illustration: Peter Bergting, Larry MacDougall,
Sarajevo	123	Chad Sergesketter, Klaus Scherwinski, Florian Stitz
Life on the Hellmouth	124	Maps: Øystein Tvedten
Sarajevo Roses	125	Inspiration: Reading—the <i>Bug City</i> sourcebook, China
Concrete Opportunities	125	Mieville's New Crobuzon cycle, Ian MacDonald's Brasyl
GAME INFORMATION	126	Vertigo's DMZ; Viewing—Cidade de Deus/City of God
Truly Off the Grid	128	Listening—The Dark Knight OST.
Doing Without	128	Shout-Outs: Rob Boyle for the support and finally taking u
Alternative Powers	128	to Africa. Adam Jury for always going above and beyond
Feral Economies	128	Bobby, Jenn, Tobias, and John for the extra help yet again.
Why Go?	128	O_{λ}
A Word of Caution	129	Copyright 2008 WizKids Inc. All Rights Reserved. Shadowrun
	129 129	Ferancities, Matrix, and WK Games are registered trademarks and
Chicago Adventures		or trademarks of WizKids, Inc. in the United States and/or othe
Ares Dragon Down	129	contries. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a re
Rien ne vas Plus	130	
Adventure Seeds	131	reval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, withou
Lagos Adventures	132	he prior permission in writing of the Copyright Owner, nor be oth
Tropical vacation	136	erwise circulated in any form other than that in which it is published
A shot in the dark		Catalyst Game Labs and the Catalyst Game Labs logo are trademark
Adventure seeds		of InMediaRes Productions, LLC. Printed in Canada.
SIDEBARS (CHICAGO)		First Dringing by Catalyat Cama Labo
The Universal Brotherhood	8	First Printing by Catalyst Game Labs,
Downtown Do's & Don'ts	10	an imprint of InMediaRes Productions, LLC
Getting Lost	27	PMB 202 • 303 - 91st Ave. NE, G-701
The Elevated and The Underground	31	Lake Stevens, WA 98258.
Adverse Possession	32	
Lake Michigan-Huron	39	Find us online:
The Calumet Swamp	41	info@shadowrun4.com
CIDEDADS (LACOS)		(Shadowrun questions)
SIDEBARS (LAGOS)		http://www.shadowrun4.com
Duante's Guide Getting by in Lagos	61	(official Shadowrun website)
Lagos Timeline:	62	http://www.catalystgamelabs.com
Fast Facts	65	(Catalyst Game Labs website)
African Nations Update	72	http://www.wizkidsgames.com
Hawala Networks	79	
Prices in Lagos	80	(WizKids website)
Lagos Council Members	82	http://www.battlecorps.com/catalog
Oil Today	91	(online Catalyst Game Labs/Shadowrun orders)
Victoria Island Tourist Guide	96	http://delicious.com/shadowrun
Eyewitness Matrix Hot Spots: Festac Town	101	(cool links)
Awakened Flora and Fauna of Lagos	111	http://forums.dumpshock.com (Shadowrun fan forum)
		,







The dogs stopped chasing me when we hit the CZ. It wasn't like they ran into an invisible wall or anything, but I knew the hellhound wouldn't budge an inch past the gap in the wall. The rest of the pack followed her and turned around. I slowed down and checked that the vial in my pocket hadn't cracked. There was the buzzing of bees and far away the noise of bikes, but I didn't see a soul. The asphalt on Stevenson crumbled with every step, and tall, dry grows poked up. The signs had been torn down a long time ago, so I started counting exits.

Graffiti announced Cermak in faded orange paint on a slaw of ferroconcrete; I took a sec to fetch the dosimeter out of my pocket and clip it to my shirt. I willed down a shadowed street hidden with dirt and dead leaves. Gang tags covered every building as high as a troll could reach.

The ring of dry corpses told me I was getting less. Zoned said some sniper had gone up to the highest building near the blast zone and picked of anybody that came close until she starved or ran out of ammo.

Illinois hemp rose tall as an elf; rediction gigantism. I was getting a couple greys but nothing too serious. The shadows seared on the remaining walls were nothing metahuman...but they might have been, once.

I almost fell into the crater. They never tell you that the bomb went off below street level – some sort of basement or something. Half-slid down toward the hole in the center of the blast zone. There were flies there, and spotty black mold that made the broken concrete slippery. On the edge of the pit, fear or something like it clenched at my guts. The flies were practically swarming now.

I braced myself to look over the edge. It was black, and what felt like a warm breeze hit my face. There was water down there, just like they said. I thumbed the vial in my hand. All I needed was a sample and I get paid. The edges were fused and glassy, and the water's surface moved where the flies touched it. I pulled out my flimsy telescoping pole and attached the vial, and then I leaned down into the pit. It wasn't quite long enough. I had to lay down on the edge, one cheek in the slime and one arm dangling over the edge. I glanced at the docimeter, and the film was black, solid black. That was bad.

Something landed on my cheek; I slapped at it without thinking, and my hand came away with something that had four wings and the wrong number of legs. Then I looked up at the sky, where the sun should have been...and something looked at me. A million compound eyes carried on black wings saw me and spoke to me in a buzzing voice like the beating of ten thousand wings, a voice that wasn't metahuman, but might have been once.

