

DRAGON

TM

— — — — —



FASA CORPORATION
1991

DRAGON HUNT

Writing

Michael Lee

Development

Sam Lewis

Playtesting

Kelly Wallace
Mark Perneta
Kenneth J. Hlavac

Editorial Staff

Senior Editor

Donna Ippolito

Assistant Editor

Sharon Turner Mulvihill

Production Staff

Art Director

Dana Knutson

Cover Art

John Zeleznik

Cover Design

Jim Nelson

Joel Biske

Illustration

Jim Nelson

Jeff Laubenstein

Joel Biske

Rick Harris

Maps

Dana Knutson

Layout

Tara Gallagher

SHADOWRUN, MATRIX and Dragon Hunt are trademarks of
FASA Corporation. Copyright © 1991 FASA Corporation.
All Rights Reserved. Printed in the United States of America

Published by
FASA Corporation
P.O. Box 6930
Chicago, IL 60680

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ON THE LOOSE: A Prologue	4
INTRODUCTION	7
Gamemastering Notes	7
How To Use This Book	7
Plot Synopsis	8
Roleplaying Suggestions	11
Starting Off	11
THE ADVENTURE	
Flowers For Mr. Johnson	12
Crashing The Party	15
The Mad Scientist	18
Silent Approach	19
The Persuaders	26
Meeting Marie	31
Mr. Ares, I Presume?	33
Through The Back Door	34
So Close	40
The Rescue	42
Another Rescue?	45
PICKING UP THE PIECES	51
Tell It To Them Straight	51
Behind The Scenes	51
Awarding Karma	52
After The Run	52
LEGWORK	53
CAST OF SHADOWS	57
Colnspinner	57
David Childers	58
Ellohann	58
PLAYER HANDOUTS	60

ON THE LOOSE: A Prologue

The Shaikujin led them across the crowded lobby to the elevators, then summoned a car. With his back to the heavily armed shadowrunners, he stood smoothing his thinning brown hair and trying to ignore the scene of carnage around him.

Medics dashed back and forth between the broken bodies of six security guards. Blood gleamed on the marble floor, a red trail leading from where the guards had been dragged off the elevators. One of the guards, a young Elf, moaned pitifully as a medic pressed burn and trauma patches against his chest. The downed boy didn't look as though he'd make it. Three bodies were already covered with plastic sheets.

The Shaikujin turned to face them. "I, ah...I take it we are agreed on your price, then." He fidgeted with his tie, and his eyes seemed to look everywhere but at the bodies on the floor. "I assume you'll want this in nuyen?"

Blackwing regarded the man with narrowed eyes. He did not know the little man's name, for it had not been offered. The Shaikujin evidently felt that his tailored suit and his salary set him above the people on the street. And, evidently, above responsibility for his company's failures.

The Elven samurai glanced at the rest of his team for their reactions. Render, the Troll, stood staring into space, lost in some reverie. John Whitefeather looked sidelong at his huge, misshapen friend, and shrugged his massive shoulders. Rhiannon, Blackwing's mate, stood a little to one side, absorbed in the plight of the young Elf.

The samurai regarded the Shaikujin coldly.

"Ten K each, plus any medical costs, will be sufficient. You will have the money waiting for us at the conclusion of the operation."

The Shaikujin smiled, spreading his hands. "Well, that depends on how fast you kill the animal."

The Elf gave him a withering look and the laughter died in the man's throat. A chime sounded, followed by the elevator doors opening. The Shaikujin stood aside, and Blackwing stepped in. The car reeked of charred flesh. Render followed, moving to the back of the elevator. Rhiannon stood outside a moment longer, then turned her head away and hurried inside.

The Shaikujin looked suddenly relieved, a plastic smile spreading across his face. He darted his hand inside the car and pressed the fourth-floor button. "Thanks again for taking this job on such—"

Blackwing waited until the man's hand was almost out of the elevator. The Shaikujin was weasel-fast, but the Elf seemed to pluck the hand from the air. The elevator started to close on the man's arm.

"I don't understand," the samurai said, not concealing the disgust from his voice. "Aren't you coming with us? Don't you want to supervise the elimination of the test subject?"

The elevator closed on the man's arm. The Shaikujin yelped and began to struggle wildly. The doors opened again, and the Elf let him go.

The Shaikujin was livid. "Get up there," he hissed. "Kill the animal any way you can, then take your money and get out of my sight."

"Fool of a man," Blackwing said coldly, meeting the Shaikujin's contemptuous stare. "Are you still so arrogant to believe that it is a mere animal up there, killing well-armed security men?" The Elf smiled. "How could an animal, locked in a cage, stage a stock takeover on its captors?"

The elevator doors began to close. "Wise up, Mister Shaikujin. That's not an animal you people have been experimenting on. It's a Dragon. There's a big difference. Ask your guards. If any are still alive."

The doors closed. The samurai's keen ears heard the Shaikujin's whispered snarl: *street trash*. Blackwing's fist flashed out, the cyberlimb denting the steel door at face level.

Rhiannon laid a hand gently on her lover's shoulder. Whitefeather laughed his maniac's laugh. "Hoo-ee, that was beautiful, fearless leader! Better count the money real careful when we get back! That guy was desperate. We could've held out for more yen if you hadn't made him mad." Render grunted agreement.

The samurai turned to Rhiannon, ignoring the Indian's words. "That fool! I warned him and the others about the risks they were taking, experimenting with such a creature. They should at least have kept the Dragon sedated, rather than letting it observe and learn. It was probably just biding its time until it got what it wanted. Being kept in that steel cage must have given it plenty of amusement.

"They wouldn't listen then, and now that the whole thing has blown up in their faces, they send the expendable assets to manage the situation."

"Hush," Rhiannon said, placing a gloved finger on the samurai's lips. "Enough words over what can't be helped. Let's do the job and get out of here."

"Yeah, listen to the Elf-lady, man," said Whitefeather. "Who cares about a Dragon? We have enough firepower to handle it. No problem." The Indian shrugged and flashed a manic grin. "You ever eat fried lizard, man? Good stuff."

"Whitefeather, have you any idea what we're up against?" The samurai stared at the Indian, then the Troll. "Render, do you?"

The Troll shrugged. "Big lizard. Big deal."

The elevator stopped on the fourth floor. Blackwing hit the stop switch. An alarm howled. "O.K., get this, and for the Bright Lady's sake, think about it. This company has been experimenting on this Dragon for about six months. The creature's very young,

ON THE LOOSE: A Prologue

but it's stronger than Render and probably smarter than all of us put together. It could have escaped *any time it wanted to*, but it didn't. Instead, it somehow took over the company while staying right in its cage. It understood the nature of the experiments, and wanted them to continue under its control. And never forget that the only thing that interests a Dragon is whatever makes it more powerful."

"Someone in the corp discovered what was happening, almost too late," Rhiannon said. "They tried to kill the so-called beast immediately, but the Dragon taught them a brutal lesson about why it is the most feared of all awakened creatures."

"What makes you think it's not already too late?" Whitefeather said.

"Because the Dragon's still here," Blackwing said. "It hasn't left yet or brought the building down around us. There is something in here that it still wants, and that's occupying most of its attention right now. It's the only advantage we have. If we don't make use of it, we're as good as dead."

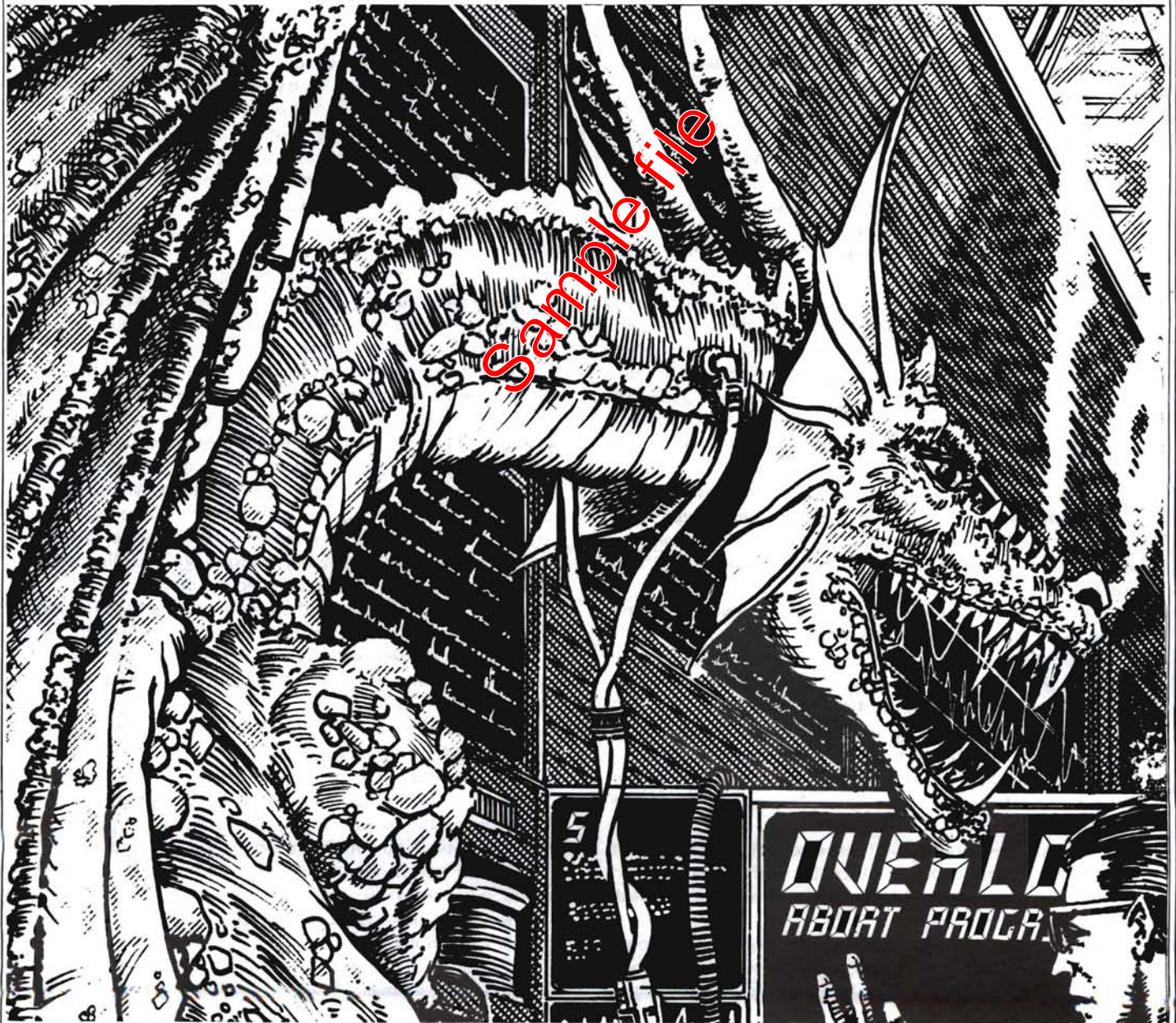
"You seem to know a lot about Dragons, 'Wing,'" Whitefeather said craftily. "You and Rhiannon do this kind of thing a lot in the Tir?"

The samurai stiffened slightly. "Not a topic for discussion, Indian." He hit the stop switch. The elevator started upward once more.

"All right," the Elf said as the doors opened. "Let's do it."

The fourth-floor landing was darkness and smoke, slashed eerily by white emergency lighting. The stench of fear and death hung in the air. A security guard in heavy armor stood to one side of a room, gripping an assault rifle. The four shadowrunners entered the room quietly, stepping over the bodies of men the medics had considered it pointless to evacuate.

Blackwing stepped up to the guard. The others took up positions in the room and started to check their weapons. Rhiannon began making mystic passes in the air. "What's up, chummer?" the Elf whispered.



The guard looked at him with wide, shell-shocked eyes. The Elf could see scorch marks covering the man's armor. "It...it's knocked out most of the lights on the floor," the guard said raggedly. "I think it has fallen back to the research areas on the other side of the building. When I last saw it, it was dragging a technician along with it. I think the guy is still alive." The guard peered around the corner, down the darkened hallway. "I still hear him scream, every now and then."

"Where are the others?"

"Setting up on the roof, like you wanted."

The Elf nodded and jerked his thumb toward the open elevator door. "Get up to the roof with the others."

The guard bolted for the elevators. Blackwing turned to the others. Whitefeather carried an Ares GPMG, barrel pointed at the ceiling. Render wielded a Panther assault cannon, which looked like a mere rifle in the Troll's huge hands.

"Let's rock!" Whitefeather whispered.

"O.K., you know the drill," the samurai said. "When we find the Dragon, we hit him hard and fast. Whitefeather and Render go left and cut loose; Rhiannon goes right and hits the magic. I go right down its throat."

"What are you gonna hit it with?" The Troll asked.

The Elf just loosened his katana in its scabbard.

A look of wonder crept across the Indian's face. "It was nice knowing you, man."

The samurai shrugged. "Like I said, the Dragon's very young. I'm hoping if we hit it hard enough and from all angles, it will panic and react instinctively. If that doesn't work, we're probably all dead anyway. Let's go. Whitefeather, take point."

"Yeah, yeah, as always." The Indian turned the corner, moving in a crouch. Render followed, then Blackwing and Rhiannon.

They followed the long hall until it turned right, Whitefeather peering around the corner, listening intently, then moving on. The hall continued for another few meters, then opened into a room. Inside the room, faint green light flickered off to the left.

They halted just outside the doorway. The room appeared to be an observation area, with doors and windows opening onto larger test areas beyond. To their left and out of sight, faint movement could be heard.

"This is it," the samurai whispered. "The Dragon is probably in the room beyond this one. Go in, then to the left. There should be a door, probably open. Get in and cut loose. Rhiannon, you go next and take a right. Hit the Dragon with the biggest blast that you can."

"Hey," said Whitefeather, "what about that techie the Dragon's supposed to have with him?"

"Forget him," the Elf said. "It's his bad luck. If we pull any punches, the worm will tear us apart. Now go!"

Whitefeather rushed forward into the room, then broke left. Render followed. Blackwing took a deep breath, found his center, then he too rushed forward.

A shattered observation window and a door were open on the left wall. Without hesitating, the Elf leaped through the window.

The room beyond was filled with electronic equipment that defied easy identification. In the center of the room, nestled against a large machine was the Dragon. Its armored green back was to the shadowrunners.

As Blackwing landed in the room, the world seemed to go in slow motion. Seeing the Dragon, his throat went dry. Two long

cables stretched from the machine to jacks in the Dragon's head. It reminded the Elf of nothing so much as a decker and his deck.

Beside the Dragon, a trembling technician threw a switch. The machine began to hum, and the Dragon crooned softly and then screamed.

Blackwing shouted. Render and Whitefeather opened fire. The GPMG made a stuttering roar, the first burst tracing a line across the floor and up the Dragon's flank. Some of the rounds struck sparks as they ricocheted off the Dragon's armored hide. The technician screamed and fell, arms flung wide. Other bullets struck home. With a thump more felt than heard, the assault cannon fired. The Dragon's "deck" exploded in a shower of sparks and shrapnel.

The Dragon screamed, a high-pitched roar that cut through the stutter of the gunfire. Blackwing leaped again, his enhanced strength carrying him to the Dragon's other side. Just as he landed, the Dragon turned with a savage jerk of its head, tearing the cables free, and sending a burst of flame back the way the Elf had come. Blackwing heard Render scream.

With a savage *kiai*, the samurai made an *iaido* drawcut. The razor-edged blade skated a few centimeters along the beast's armored neck, then sank deeply, drawing a long gash. Faster than thought, the Dragon's head whipped around, teeth sinking into the samurai's right arm. With no apparent effort, the Dragon yanked the cyberlimb off at the elbow.

Blackwing fell back, cursing and fighting off shock. As he did, bluish energy from Rhiannon's powerbolts burned across the Dragon's back. The GPMG hammered again, striking the beast's flank and passing over it. Windows shattered, revealing the Seattle skyline.

Confused and hurt, the Dragon spun about, trying to face all its opponents at once. Desperate, its eyes flicked toward the night sky showing through the window. The next instant, it leaped over the Elven samurai and into the air.

The Dragon was barely clear of the building when the security team on the roof fired the first missile. The small antiaircraft missile tracked the Dragon's heat signature and exploded a meter above it, showering the creature with shrapnel, and sending it tumbling earthward. The Dragon recovered just short of the ground as the second launcher fired. While the fiery missile sped to its target, the Dragon breathed a gout of flame at its path. The missile exploded in a shower of flaming fragments and fuel. Dangerously low to the ground, the Dragon turned down a narrow alley and sped out of sight.

Blackwing staggered to the window as Rhiannon reached him. "Did we get it?" she asked, taking a look at his arm.

"No," the Elf replied grimly. "It managed to recover before we could hit it with the other missile. But we must have hurt it badly. How are the others?"

"Render is very bad. But I stabilized him with a spell. He will live. Whitefeather has some burns, but is still functional."

"Good." Blackwing said, rubbing the stump of his cyberlimb. "Let's get some medics up here. Things happened about the way I figured they would. It got away, but it won't get far. All we have to do is go out after it and run it to the ground."

The Elf turned and paused for a moment, looking at the machine the Dragon had been jacked into.

Jacked in, he thought. *Bright Lady, what have these corporate idiots done?*

Whatever happened next, though, Blackwing knew the hunt was far from over.