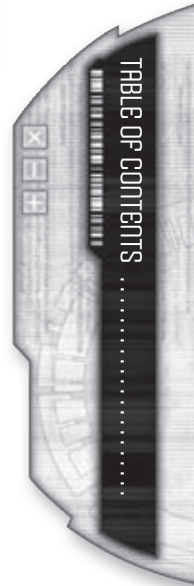


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(online Catalyst/Shadowrun orders)
<http://del.icio.us/shadowrun>
(cool links)



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>
"Life is a shipwreck but we must not forget to sing in the lifeboats."

JackPoint Stats

68 users currently active
in the network

Latest News

<032073> I'm not playing games anymore. The situation will be resolved soon. I apologize for the inconvenience. -FastJack

Personal Alerts

- * You have 12 new private messages.
- * You have 2 messages queued for anonymous re-routing.
- * You have received 2 Metalink Friends add requests.
- * You have 8 new responses to your JackPoint posts.
- * PDA: Massive pro-Ork Underground rally sponsored for today. Avoid it.
- * PDA: Two of your fixers have relocated to Denver and are wondering if you would be interested in taking on some work there.

First Degree

You are hidden from all contacts.

Your Current Rep Score: 62
(88% positive)

Current Time: March 21, 2073, 04:02

- PREFERENCES
- FEEDS
- TASKS
- LINKS
- HISTORY

Welcome back to JackPoint, omae; your last connection was severed: 16 hours, 22 minutes, 17 seconds ago

Today's Heads Up

- * Money's flowing to Bogotá, mainly in order to blow the whole city up. [Tag: [War!](#)]
- * Wildlife is evolving faster than Darwin could have imagined. Try to keep up. [Tag: [Parazoology](#)]

Incoming

- * Information is the real currency of the Sixth World, and people in Denver are paying plenty to anyone who's good at gathering it on the down-low. [Tag: [Any Games](#)]
- * Some of the most powerful people in the world are rumored to be chasing after ancient artifacts, and who knows what they'll do if they get their hands on them. [Tag: [Artifacts Unbound](#)]
- * There are planes that inspire confidence in you the moment you set foot in them. And then there are the ones that put you in full-on prayer mode until they finally come to a shuddering halt on the ground. [Tag: [Unfriendly Skies](#)]

Top News Items

- * Investigations continue into the recent death of Christy Dae, and rumors are spreading that Horizon executives know more about what happened than they're letting on. [Link](#)
- * Reports say the Kilimanjaro Mass Driver is "ahead of schedule," and corporations are working overtime to ensure that the region stays stable enough to prevent construction from being interrupted. [Link](#)
- * High Prince Larry Zincan of Tír Tairngire has restated his position that the activities of former princes are "of no concern" to him, and he says he has not been monitoring their recent activities. [Link](#)



- CHAT
- MESSAGES
- FILES
- POSTS
- NEHUS
- SEARCH

System status icons:

- Active: ✓
- Active: ✓
- Active: ✓
- On/Receiving: ⏻
- ComStar Firewall: ✓
- hackandthebox Antivirus: ✓
- ipamWitch Filter: ✓
- Commcode: ⏻
- Signal: 📶
- Hidden Mode: ✓
- LOBB! Map: 🗺️

ATTITUDE

Invited Guests
Intern, OrkCEO
Posts/Files tagged with "Attitude":

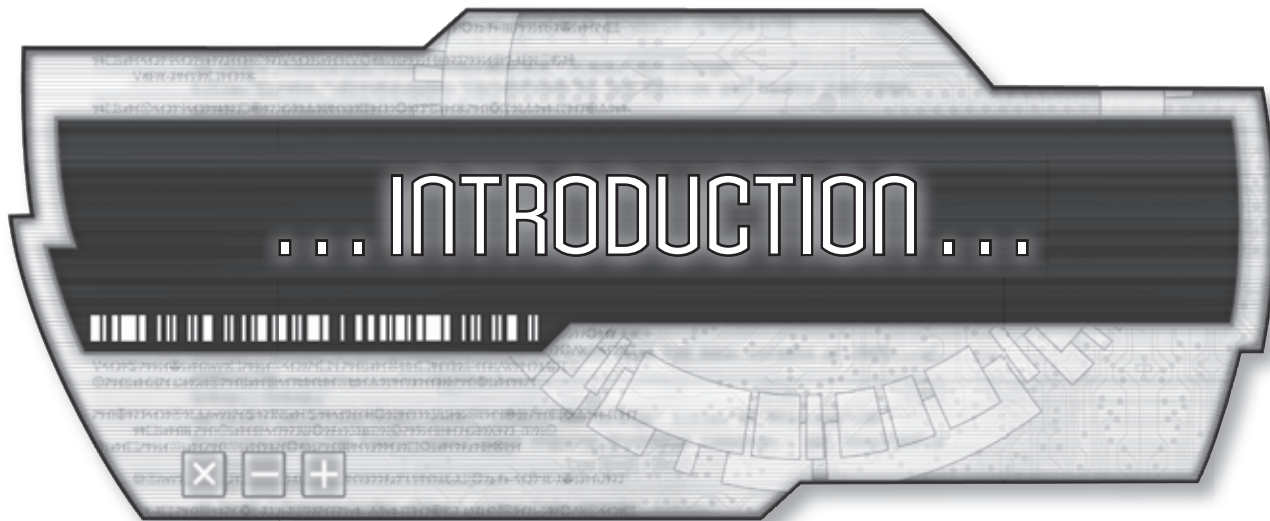
- * The Untethered Life
- * Street Life
- * It's Who You Know
- * Independent Together
- * The Music Scene

[More]

CONTINUE

ADVANCED SEARCH

SAVE



Posted by: Fastjack

We've all seen her. I don't care if you don't watch the trids that much—she's unavoidable. Her show's on all the time, she's used in AR spam that pops up everywhere, and people keep bio-sculpting themselves to look like her. She's the woman with the caution tape, the one who looks ready for a gunfight except that she has left way too much of the skin on her chest uncovered and vulnerable. I know that plenty of you have seen her because you've mocked her, said that's not what a *real* shadowrunner looks like. If you want to be professional, if you want to be respected, you don't look outlandish like that. Sure, she looks awesome, but she doesn't look *professional*.

But an interesting thing happens when an image like this gets out in public. It resonates with the public because that's what they want a shadowrunner to look like—tough, different, and brimming with attitude. And some of those people will end up getting involved in the shadows, either as runners or Johnsons, and when they do, they'll expect the runners they work with to look like her. The image of the fiction will turn itself into reality.

With that in mind, I thought it would be worthwhile to take a look at the overlap between what we do and the various media and related fields out there. There are plenty of good reasons to know about what's going on with trideos, BTLs, sports, and the like—they shape the way the people we deal with see the world, they provide possible revenue for the enterprising runner, and they're just plain fun. So we have a rundown of a lot of things we all do with our downtime here, along with some ways to turn leisure activities into cash. Since some of the articles mention the entrepreneurial side of these businesses—things like managing a musician, or producing

trids—I thought it would be good to start off with some of the basics of our profession. I recently found an interesting little account of a runner learning the ropes that might even teach the most jaded of us a thing or two about how running works today. After that I've assembled some articles from the usual suspects about who you know and how you treat them, plus some info on organizations out there that are interested in having people like us as members.

To wrap it all up, /dev/grrl and Plan 9 (yes, Plan 9—he'll explain in his interest) bring us up to date on some of the latest fashions and related gear out there. Back in the old days, when it was just me and my deck, I didn't have to worry much about what I wore, but that's changed now. We're out, all of us, in public, and some of us are even broadcasting everything we do to a public that laps it up. We have to pay some attention to how we look. (On a side note, I have to say I don't quite understand the impulse to become a famous runner, as it seems like it creates a whole lot of annoying obstacles. Kat o' Nine Tales contributed some information here that, to me, reads like a cautionary tale about runners and fame).

Once you've finished this briefing, you'll know when it's good to have a nice Tiffany dress, and when a warm, snug livingwear code will do the job. You'll be caught up on fashion trends like steampunk and holowear, and you'll hear about the latest installment in the Cree and Dido trid series. You'll know who to talk to, what to talk about, and what to wear to the conversation. Above all, you'll know how to carry yourself when you go out into the wild world, and whether you go out low-key or swathed in caution tape, you'll walk with a strut, because you know that a cocky swagger can be a runner's first line of defense.



... THE UNTETHERED LIFE ...

"Alarm off. Radio on." Reid Sabelhaus sat up in his bed and glared at his clock. The harsh blaring stopped, and a talk radio show replaced it. The chattering voices of political spokesmen escorted him as he threw off the sheets and stood up. Motion sensors tracked his progress through the condo, lowering the volume of wall-inset speakers in one room and raising them in another, so that he never walked away from the shrieking metahuman rights activists despite yawning his way down the hall and into the bathroom. The volume automatically rose to compensate for the rushing hot water of his shower, then lowered again as it stopped, and the talking heads just kept talking.

They'd cut to a commercial as he dried off. "Radio off." Reid stood in front of his fog-covered mirror for a moment, tossing his wet towel down for his Grimeburger to scoop up. He wanted to swipe a hand over the mirror to clear his reflection but knew that it would only remind him of how a cyberlimb—inhumanly perfect for so many tasks—could be perfectly inhuman for others. He hated the streaks it left, the squeak it made as his polymer and alloy hand scraped the glass, the way it sounded like setting a beer bottle on a glass coaster when his fingertips first touched the mirror. Reid didn't want to hear that again.

"Mirror," he said instead, clenching and unclenching both his gunmetal-black fists. "Defog."

He stood there for a few more heartbeats, looking at himself as he did to start every day, taking inventory. Vents built into the wall and countertop banished the steam and brought clarity, and he stared long and hard at every puckered scar on his torso, relived every bullet and blade and tooth, and chided himself for letting them hit him. His gaze lingered where his arms and legs joined his torso, where meat suddenly gave way to metal, and he dwelled on every choice he'd made to get where he was. Reid stared long and hard at the pink-smooth patch over his heart, the scar from the first work he'd paid Aman Khayyam for. He'd traded ten slap patches of opiates for a perfect circle of laser-marked skin where he'd had a tattoo removed as quickly

and harshly as the street doc could manage it. Reid Sabelhaus didn't work for Lone Star any more. He hadn't for years. They'd built him, then thrown him away when Knight Errant had invaded Seattle without firing a shot. He was glad he didn't have their company logo tattooed on his chest any more.

He made himself stare his reflection in the eyes and sent a mental command. The gunmetal-black framework built into and under his eyes flickered for an instant and his lenses snapped into place. Memory plastics formed a ballistic shield that protected his expensive ocular implants, but they served a psychological purpose, as well. They were a part of his new uniform. When the lenses blinked into place, he changed.

Reid Sabelhaus, Lone Star officer, was gone. Saber, the shadowrunner, stared him down in the mirror, all metal limbs and mirrorshade optics, scars and edge and attitude. Reid had patrolled the Seattle streets with a partner; Saber worked with crews that came and went by the juggler's whim and Mr. Johnson's budget. He used to requisition gear from a quartermaster or buy it from Weapons World with an employee discount; now he took knock-off guns from dead gangsters and traded secrets to information brokers for ammunition. He used to believe in his job, working for the world's premier law enforcement corporation to make Seattle a safer place. Now he worked for a clever man who at least admitted that he was just a weapon. He'd been surrounded by friends and coworkers; now he had contacts and business acquaintances. He used to be engaged and on the verge of buying a home. Now he rented by the hour. Reid had always arranged for Sundays off of work, but Saber was about to spend the day in Khayyam's back room, praying the junkie's hands wouldn't shake during a routine maintenance check on his artificial legs and an upgrade to his reflex/response hardware.

"I'm still alive," the street samurai said, glaring at every scar that hadn't managed to kill him. He was, it was true. But to stay that way he still had to go to work. It was the only thing Saber had in common with Reid Sabelhaus.



WHERE WE COME FROM

Posted by: Intern

- It's time for some soul-searching, people, so dig around in the deleted-files portion of your commlink, find 'em, dust 'em off, and let's get ready to talk about shadowrunners in modern society. Before we can take a long, hard, look at the world around us, let's take a glance in the mirror, huh? Winterhawk introduced me to a guy he worked with that's been doing interviews with his fellow shadowrunners on the side, collecting life stories and that sort of thing. Intern is a pretty good guy to talk about who shadowrunners are and how we find our way into this line of work, since he's been playing Captain Oral Historian for so long and collecting stories. He's got some interesting things to say, so I thought you all might want to hear them.
- FastJack

If you ask a hundred shadowrunners what got them into the business, you'll get at least a hundred different answers. I should know; I've actually asked them.

One interesting tidbit I've uncovered? There are a fair number of college-educated folks running the shadows, especially among hermetic magicians and team-tech gurus, who have attended a major university. There are an awful lot of degrees floating around the underworld, and I'm not the only guy with more than one. While my first Bachelor's may have been for Hermetic Applications from Texas AM&M, it's not the only, or the most advanced, of my degrees.

- Who cares? I thought this guy was supposed to be talking about shadowrunners, not bragging about his academic résumé.
- Riser
- Somewhat ironically, it's actually on-topic. Part of why this is being written is to take a look at how shadowrunners aren't *only* shadowrunners; most of us started as something else and have echoes of that old person following us. We have ties to those old lives, and can't always cut the apron strings. The author is, in his own way, a prime example of that. When he's not busy slinging stunbolts at corporate guards, he wraps himself in the security blanket of academia to feel comfortable. I'm betting none of his degrees were in psychology, or he'd realize this about himself.
- Kay St. Irregular

I am, however, pretty sure I'm the only one that ever got saddled with the street name "Intern." Let's just say I didn't get paid as much as I should have for my first few jobs, and the nickname stuck. I've got nothing against the crew of miscreants and criminals I currently work with, but a tiny little part of me sure can't wait till they all die in a run gone pear-shaped, so I can start telling people I've always gone by Professor. Professor's got a much nicer ring to it than Intern, and it's been a long time since I did any sort of work for free.

- Oh wow. Yeah, Kay, you're right. This tool's really got his head in the game. Fuck. I wonder if he calls his fixer the Registrar.
- Riser

It's an unusual thing, being a shadowrunner. It requires a certain level of competency, a valuable skill set, and a willingness to expose yourself to terrific danger. That said, for a variety of reasons those of us who do this sort of work either won't or can't bring that same skill set, bravery, and professionalism into mainstream society in order to—often—make just as much money.

Why is that?

It's a complicated question, and one I'm still working on answering after all these years. It turned into something of a hobby of mine after broaching the subject with a handful of my regular teammates. I like to spread around some nuyen, favors, and booze, in order to try to get other shadowrunners to open up about their latest job. I've broached the subject with people I've worked with everywhere from Seattle to New York, Los Angeles to Portland, two teams in Hong Kong, a set of guides in Australia, bounty hunters in Quebec, a dozen smugglers out of Denver, and Lakota Mafia hitmen on the Great Plains. Truth be told, I've asked everyone who's trusted me enough to engage in idle conversation. In addition to my hermetic talents I've got the Irish-American's gift of gab, so more of these folks have talked to me than you might otherwise expect.

- "Gift of gab" my foot. I gave him an interview when he asked, sure, but I had a teammate scope him out on the Astral while I was doing so. Intern might focus more on spellcasting than the other stuff, but the guy's an adept. I'm guessing he follows the Speaker's Way.
- Pistons
- Well, shit. That would explain why I felt so comfortable talking to him! What a sleaze. And he's going to brag about it, here of all places, after the fact?
- Pistons
- Aww, did someone get sweet talked so hard she forgot to change the names and dates a little?
- Black Mamba

What I've noticed is that there are a few very broad backgrounds that most (but not all) shadowrunners fit. We all learned our skills somewhere, right? We all came from somewhere, got our edge somewhere, and had a life somewhere before it turned into meetings with Johnsons and skirmishes with the corps. So here are the main categories I've put people into.

WHO RUNS THE SHADOWS?

Professionals Laid Low: These are the guys that are used to wearing a sharp suit or uniform, receiving a steady paycheck in exchange for services rendered, and benefiting from some top-notch corporate or government training. Of course, nine times out of ten, naturally, the "services" they render leave folks bleeding and insensate. These are the company men, the soldiers, the corporate commandos, the debt collectors, and the executive bodyguards that we all keep around to do violence on our behalf. Odds are we all know at least one, and odds are he's a scary motherfucker.

Despite the stereotype, not all former professionals are pure muscle. Corporate wagemages have had reason to go rogue in the past, and not every corporate IT expert is able to resist the