

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>

"Home is where you hang your lined coat." —Rikki Ratboy (RIP)

## JackPoint Stats

8 users currently active  
in the network

### Latest News

I had eggs for breakfast, but all of  
them were broken. —FastJack

### Personal Alerts

\* AUDIO SENSOR 4772 REGISTERS  
A DISTURBANCE IN PARAMETERS  
CONSISTANT WITH A SHAPED  
CHARGE  
\* Low fuel and power warning for  
vehicle, please refuel/recharge at  
the nearest station soonest  
\* CommLink very low power warning,  
please recharge immediately  
\* You have 0 new [private message](#).  
\* You have 0 new [responses](#) to your  
JackPoint posts.  
\* Twenty-seven people have  
removed you from their list of  
contacts

### First Degree

Zero members are online and in  
your area.

Your Current Rep Score: 3  
(15% positive)

Current Time: 28 Feb 2074, 1348 hrs

PREFERENCES

FEEDS

TASKS

LINKS

HISTORY

Welcome back to JackPoint, chummer  
**YOU BASTARD; your last connection  
was severed: 2 hours, 8 minutes, 57  
seconds ago.**

## Today's Heads Up

\* /dev/grll was a good student and  
did all of her homework, which is  
now posted to the rest of the class  
and up for peer review. Given what  
she accomplished in her recent exploits  
with Kane, this is something you should pay  
attention to. She worked hard on it. She gets a cookie.

## Incoming

\* Just when you thought it might be safe to climb out of the bunker somebody buys a new toy. [Tag: [Gun Haven 2](#)]  
\* People gather together for warmth, camaraderie and sometimes just for power. [Tag: [Magic Societies](#)]

## Top News Items

\* UCAS Marine Recon special forces unit discovers multiple insect-spirit affiliated terrorist cells in Toronto. Price of insecticide skyrocketed as supplies in the city plummet. [Link](#)  
\* Seattle Mariners in a major lurch after Jimmy Mackelroy's nearly successful assassination leaves them without a manager. [Link](#)  
\* MCT Safe-trix security firewall proven to be the most effective system against technomancer assaults in exhaustive independent testing at MIT&T. Product is steadily gaining popularity with the consumer market. [Link](#)



CHAT

MESSAGES

FILES

POSTS

NEXUS

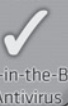
SEARCH

Active



ComStar  
Firewall

Active



Jack-in-the-Box  
Antivirus

Active



SpamWitch  
Filter

On/Receiving



Commcode

Excellent



Signal

Active



Hidden  
Mode



Local  
Map

## SAFEHOUSES

Posts/Files tagged with  
"Safehouses"

When in Rome  
Light in the Shadows  
House Party

[More]

CONTINUE

ADVANCED  
SEARCH

SAVE



# ... WHEN IN ROME ...

"I can't see a thing in this helmet," Kane complained again. His voice was only audible through an encrypted connection; his helmet carried a full cornucopia of integrated systems to make it effective in nearly any combat situation. The only problem with the thing was a complete lack of peripheral vision. The most wanted man in over seventeen countries was trying to scan the crowd for trouble while trying to blend in at the same time, and that's the kind of job for which it's nice to have a full range of vision. It helped that he was not the only person wearing this type of armor, as a dozen people or more in varying degrees of physical condition walked around in similar outfits. Of course, theirs were plastic; his was armor-grade ceramics that could stop a rifle round.

"It was designed for a science-fiction flatscreen vid a century ago, dear, not for real-life combat situations," Kat said, "And with your face, even a good nanopaste disguise wouldn't work." Kat, by contrast, could get away with the nanopaste. The disguise she was wearing had given her skin a greenish tint and ceremonial scars while adjusting her facial biometrics to get by the rotodrones that were scanning random faces in the crowd and comparing them to criminal databases. Her face had already been surgically changed since she had arrived in country, so the nanopaste served as icing on the cake. Her face's current appearance worked with what she was wearing. She had simple brown robes that were accented by a synthleather black belt holding a sword hilt with a memory blade. Kat had modified the blade to have a green tint when it was extended—Kane figured she did it just to give it a futuristic look. She carried a few other pseudo-futuristic items that had no function whatsoever, and her commlink was mixed in with them. They were simply two individuals in a crowd of people wearing armor and robes or other odd clothes, walking around in the heat of the midday sun.

San Diego had gone to hell after Aztlan had taken over the city, but the nerdfest convention allowed for lots of opportunities to move around in public without drawing undue attention as people dressed as science-fiction and fantasy characters from centuries of media in celebration of their "unique lifestyle." They got to feel special, the con got to make money, and the Aztechnology PR machine got tons of images of tourists happily visiting one of their cities.

"Can I just take this off and be noticed? Maybe kill a few of them once they notice me? I'm pretty sure that would clear up some of the crowds for us," Kane said. He fingered the century-old SMG on his hip. The gun was a clever piece of gear. It had a few add-on pieces that didn't do anything at all, but they made it look like everybody else's fake gun. It also had an exceptionally well-concealed guncam linked to the optics in the helmet. It wasn't a smartlink, but it would do. The stubby little magazine in the SMG only held a half-dozen rounds of old-style cased ammunition, with one round in the chamber. But the larger, curved

magazines held 34-rounds of death in the pouches of his belt, and he had six of those ready and waiting.

Kat chuckled and tickled Kane's helmeted chin, "You know, there's a way to live that does not involve always having people chase you or shoot at you," she said. Then she kissed his faceplate.

Kane sighed. He hated Aztlan, detested bringing Kat back here after all that had happened to her when they had both been cut off and abandoned by the officers that ordered them into the country. The thought of leaving a job with a full load of ammo and no kills made his face twitch into a scowl. It helped, a little, that many of the people who had been responsible for that betrayal were going to be publicly embarrassed by this job, possibly so much so that one might even eat her own pistol. There was some satisfaction in that, but Kane would have rather have fed it to her without bullets, and let her choke on the barrel. But Kat's plan had a larger chance of success. And Kane had seen enough of Aztlan blood in the past, and he had confidence that he would do so again some other time.

Now they just had to survive long enough to get out of the country again. They entered the hotel, walking like just another couple. Kat talked to the desk clerk in Spanish and a little bit of hushed Latin as Kane scanned the crowd. He hated that she only had that funny sword to protect herself. He had seven shots in the gun, which would mean seven dead men, but then he'd have to reload, and reloading while other people were shooting back was never a fun thing.

Finally, Kat got the keycard, and they went to a freight elevator marked "Out Of Order" in hovering words of Spanish, English, and Japanese. After making sure they were safe and not being observed, she swiped the card, and they moved to the floor labeled "Under Renovation." The walls were unfinished and unpainted. The lamps were bare, long LED bulbs, and the carpet had been ripped up. The rooms were barely serviceable, but they were rooms, and in this city, at this time, that was worth something. Kat and Kane had paid almost as much as the people in the penthouse were paying, and despite the quality of the room, they were happy to do so. They didn't have many amenities, but they were where they wanted to be. And they had access to room service.

Once they were in the room, Kane passed a few sensors to Kat from his utility belt as he slowly peeled off the bulky suit piece by piece. She took the equipment and scanned the room for bugs or transmitters.

"Clean," she said after a few moments.

He sat on the double bed, naked from the waist up. "So, what does your, um, 'order'? Is that the right word? Yeah, what does your order wear under those robes?" Kane asked. He'd heard the same lame pick-up line as they walked down the street. But in his case, the line worked.



## LIGHT IN THE SHADOWS

Posted by: /dev/grrl

- So, you're on the job. You're doing well. You've made it into someplace you're not supposed to be, and so far no one has noticed. But then, the job goes bad. We all know that can happen in a million ways, but for whatever reason, the dark corners you were trying to work in are now bathed in light. People are looking for you. Cops kicked your door in, and one of them's giving the third degree to your kaff machine while another's grilling the toaster in the bathroom. No-necked hired goons are asking pointed questions at your favorite bar and roughing up the drunks there just for kicks. No one wants to touch you with a three-meter stun baton—except for the folks trying to collect the price on your head. It's time to lay low, but even the third storm drain on the right seems like it's too obvious a hiding place.

You need a safehouse. /dev/grrl has graciously researched and written this report for us. Some of you know this stuff, some of you don't, but it's always good to have a refresher, especially for our less-experienced newcomers.

- FastJack
- "Graciously" my skinny ass! You came down on me harder for this than all my teachers, parents, and "Edu-Tainment and Employment Future Advisers" combined! I had to write this asugh, hard copy. With some torture instrument called a "number two pencil." My wrist still hurts.
- /dev/grrl
- 'Jack, what's this about "less-experienced newcomers"? We got some new blood coming in?
- Stone
- Not at the moment. Sorry, I misspoke. Anyway, /dev/grrl, here's your final grade: Pass on the research, fail on penmanship. I want 100,000 lines saying, "I will make my handwriting legible" by the end of next week.
- FastJack
- Harsh. Can't she tag some stuff instead?
- Slamm-0!
- I must be getting soft, or remembering my roots. Fine, 100,000 lines or 100 transit vehicles spray painted. No stencils, no ARO gadgets. Traditional, old-fashioned spray paint.
- FastJack
- Ew. Rough choice.
- /dev/grrl

Around two months ago, my parents had to go on an unpaid mandatory chaperoned networking and training vacation in Las Vegas at the Daniel Howling Coyote Memorial Convention Center.

INCOMING FEED.....





- If I ever needed another reason to never become a suit, this place is it. It's the only place in Vegas without a slot machine. That's like watching a BTL with a standard sim module input, for God's sake. If you're going to go there, go all the way!
- Turbo Bunny

As is usual for convention seasons the hotels were over booked, and because they don't understand the power of bribing the staff, my parents ended up being sent off to a sleazy motel well off the strip rather than the ritzy place they saved up for. They didn't get their deposit back, either.

Well, they found themselves and their "security expert" (who was just as lost outside of corpvill as they were) surrounded by gamblers, low-lives, prostitutes, and other trying to hustle their way through the city, including some people that they were sure were, gasp, blood-soaked shadowrunners (but were probably just some kids looking to catch a show at Cranial Blow). They had never been so scared in their lives, and much of their expense account that the company had "graciously" given them was dedicated to taxis helping keep them as far away from the fleabag as possible at most times.

Needless to say, I had to bite my tongue to keep myself from bursting out laughing when they told me about "how close they came to death" and "that they could see the massive amount of guns under the armor-plated trenchcoats" that the "terrorist shadowrunners" were wearing. I decided instead to share the joke with FastJack, who just nodded.

Instead of laughing, he asked a few questions about safehouses and bolt holes and other things that I have to admit I didn't know nearly enough about. So, instead of sharing a joke with the old man, I got homework instead. One I can't fob off on a custom agent program to do because he wasn't looking for things you can pick out of standard textbooks.

So I did it. It wasn't as fun as tracking down Kane but I did it. And now you get to read it.

## BOLT HOLES, SAFEHOUSES, AND GOING OFF THE GRID

When it comes to finding a place to stay out of sight while the streets are too hot, you better know what to ask for. There are a lot of jargon terms, and if you don't know the lingo you won't get what you need. In North America, there are three major ways of defining laying low: bolt holes, safehouses, and off the grid. In other areas—well, I don't know. North America is where I live, so that's what I'm covering now. Sorry.

- Well, at least you admit that there's more to the world than North America. I've had to deal with the opposite opinion far too often.
- 2XL

### Bolt Holes

Bolt holes are prearranged places that have been set up by an individual or a team for the strict purpose of disappearing off the face of the earth. They are usually set up in advance for that specific purpose; someone uses a SIN to arrange for the place, pays for it in cash, stocks it with non-perishable supplies, then never visits it again until it's needed. If someone is shadowing you for months in anticipation of hitting you, they still won't know anything about



## WEDGE'S BOLT HOLE SUPPLY LIST

- My old chummer Wedge had some time to recover from an incident with a modular infantry weapon system, and he spent it teaching himself to shoot left handed, play the harmonica, and extensively test out equipment for bolt holes. I kept the list he posted years ago, and either stripped the name-brand items he's suggested for the generic stuff you can get anywhere, or updated it with stuff that's on the market today that wasn't even thought of in the '50s. So read this, and raise a glass to Wedge if this helps you out.
- FastJack
  - One month's worth of non-perishable food (military surplus combat rations preferable)
  - Two month's worth of potable water (contained in vapor-resistant cans or bottles, such as Ares HuntMaster™ camping bottles)
  - One army- or marine-surplus cot with synthetic fabric bed holster
  - One dozen disposable sterilized sheets (Fibra-Wear™ Medico® brand)
  - One dozen disposable sheets (Fibra-Wear™ Bedmates® brand)
  - Two dozen sets of disposable clothing (Vending Machine "Flats," any brand, with extra white socks)
  - Two sets of street wear (Vacuum sealed in plastic or foil, Horizon 6 Tees)
  - One suit (vacuum sealed in plastic or foil), with hand steam press to get the wrinkles out
  - One armored jacket, slightly larger than your normal size (CAS army surplus preferable)
  - Low-grade medkit (DocWagon HomeSafe™, Crash Cart HomeCare®, Horizon Natural Healing for Awakened); dispose of perishable items within 24 hours and replace with nonperishable medicines if possible; stock extra bandages in foil wrapping (military surplus again)
  - Dynamo-powered camping light (low-light or infrared if your sight provides for that); secondary light sources to be kept within reach at all times (chemical lights suggested)
  - Loaded stainless steel revolver treated with dry lubricant (as they are better for long-term storage than an automatic), five speed-loaders with a variety of specialty rounds (keep in bed holster or on body), 60 rounds of loose ammo (hidden around bolt hole or kept on your person)
  - Combat blade or machete, stainless steel or protected by a high-quality oil-treated sheath (large Cougar Fineblade)
  - Firearm cleaning kit (Weapons World "Care-4"® series; replace gun oil with dry lubricant)
  - Industrial kitchen whetstone or steel (S-K Dragon's Choice Kitchen Products highly suggested)
  - Signal Jammer or WiFi defeating paint on the walls (MCT Radiodamp paint)
  - Various types of grenades and mono-filament for booby-traps or distractions
  - Entertainment of personal choice in large amounts
  - Sensor systems around entrances and exits set up to silent alarm (Horizon "HomeSafe"® Sensors)
    - With hacked custom software (my personal suggestion).
  - FastJack
    - Snivel Grub in small amounts with camping stove (electric or gas fuel)
    - Paper, laminated hardcopy maps of the city, erasable markers, and a hard on for revenge
- Dear Ghost, yes! Entertainment! I was stuck in a Mormon-run safehouse in—well, nevermind where. No booze, no kaff, no cigars, no women (Kat was still in Aztlan at the time), nothing but a King James Version, the Book of Mormon, and a copy of *Catcher in the Rye*. I read that last book cover-to-cover three times.
- Kane
  - How was it?
  - Aufheben
  - The trid it was based on was better.
  - Kane
  - Spirits grant me strength from the ignorant.
  - Traveler Jones

the existence of your bolt hole, because you don't go there. That's the way you want it.

Bolt holes are almost always in low-traffic areas that can be hard to get to. They often have extensive booby-traps or alarms set up to alert someone to the fact that they have been discovered. The good news is they are often places that no one knows about or can even guess you have gone to. The bad news is that if something happens to you or you are found, bad things happen. People don't know you have this place, and they won't know to look for you there. You're on your own. The best defense, then, is to make sure your place never gets found.

Everyone that has been willing to talk to me has had their own idea of what makes a good bolt hole. The only common theme is that the equipment inside has to be protected from the normal, everyday process of decay, and any security it has should be extensive and disguised as something far different. Obscurity and normalcy are the main defenses of these set-ups.

- Maintenance lockers and closets in subways and steam tunnels are very popular bolt holes. They're rarely visited, and a quick time-destroyed memo will make the person in charge of it think it's been transferred to another person or outright shut down





due to lack of funds. Just make sure you change the locks, and put a security system in place disguised as an electrical panel or something similar. There's probably something nearby that you can tap into or adapt. Just don't get caught sneaking around in those areas, since usually no one belongs there except employees and they're fairly quick to notice a stranger.

- Kay St. Irregular

## Safehouses

One of the surprises that came from my parents' trip to Vegas is that they knew the basics of what a safehouse was. They used the term in describing the motel they were in, and they knew that basically a safehouse was a place for criminals. Turns out they had learned about something in school called the "Underground Railroad," which was scrubbed from my history classes. It was apparently a system for getting escaped slaves a couple centuries ago from the USA to Canada, where they didn't have any slavery laws. They couldn't remember anything more about it, and of course they didn't have their old textchips from school anymore.

- Ah, the joys of a corporate education. Good thing you got us, huh?
- Clockwork

Safehouses are purpose-built places that are arranged by various officials for a variety of reasons; sometimes they're taken over by criminal types after they are deactivated, while other times they're scratch-built by organized crime, disorganized crime, or fixers that specialize in letting you disappear for a while. Often these people are called "Masters of the House" or "Madams of the House." They range from entire buildings specifically designed to be as obscure and hard to find as possible while allowing a good view of the entire neighborhood to hidden rooms that can only be accessed from doors that can only be opened from the inside of a building to secret basements or entire hidden floors. The infamous "non-existent" thirteenth floor is one example of a missing space that has been around forever.

- Sorry kid, but that last one has gone away. Anyone with a simple math SPU can figure out the timing on the elevator is wrong while going past a floor that's not supposed to exist. Not to mention OCD folks that will count windows and find there's an "extra floor" on the building. One guy I work with suffers from low-level AIPS that presents as a compulsion to count everything. He figured this one out for us quickly on one run. I gave him a candy bar and he was happy.
- Haze
- Elevators can be rigged to speed up past the floor to get past the time lag a math SPU can detect, but some people can naturally notice that acceleration or deceleration, or they have cybernetics that do. A balance augmenter (if you're paying attention) and accelerometers in various types of drones can sense the acceleration and deceleration even if a normal person can't.
- Clockwork

Organized and disorganized crime safehouses are almost always used by the people that built them to protect or hide persons of interest, or as staging areas for their own black operations.

- With the outright mercenary methods and tendencies some use, I'm not surprised that not all the work is outsourced. That's the dictionary term of mercenary, Picador, no offense meant to you and your crew.
- Netcat
- None taken.
- Picador

Sometimes a Johnson will have a shadowrunner team use an old or "slightly discovered" safehouse for their own planning or recovery, but these are to be used cautiously. All too often, Mr. Johnson is the person you need to hide from when you go to a safehouse, so having a safehouse whose location he knows well can work against you.

Masters and madams of the house (housemasters/housemadams for short, though the ones I talked to tended to prefer the full term unless you were on good terms with them) are specialized fixers; people who develop, build, maintain, and run safehouses designed for non-affiliated criminals and other people on the run. Knowledge about safehouses run by these fixers spreads by word of mouth, and usually only to people in good standing with whoever they are being referred by. These places cannot advertise, and they often change doorways, pass-phrases, and even locations, as well as constantly updating security. They are often fitted with various types of passive security that prevent electronic communication in or out of the rooms, if not entire buildings, except through a controlled and hardwired jackpoint.

- Let me clarify a little about the "non-affiliated" part. A lot of these places are actually set up by an organization that isn't a government or criminal enterprise. The Salvation Army Fortresses that cater to abused spouses are technically "safehouses," for example. Many policlubs also have safehouses for political refugees. And, to touch back on the Underground Railroad of old, a lot of ostracized minorities are kept safe in such places, including technomancers today on a broad basis, and Anglos when the NAN came into power or metahumans in San Francisco during the Japanese occupation on a narrower basis.
- Netcat
- I have a special name for those technomancer safehouses: "piggy banks." They're just waiting to be broken open and have everything inside them fall out.
- Clockwork
- Despite the in-roads made in accepting the Infected, a lot of safehouses are still in place for ghouls, vampires, and other people who have special needs. And, no, not all of them are run by Tamanous, either.
- Hannibelle
- Nothing personal, Hannibelle, but it doesn't help that some of the progress being made for the Infected is being pushed by groups who just want to lull humans into a false sense of security. They don't really want equality; they want tamer livestock
- Haze

