

Shadowrun Ideas #1

Branson Hagerty (Blackjack's Shadowrun Page <http://shadowrun.html.com/users/blackjack/>) Posted April 29, 1996

Run

Johnson: "It's hitting the fan as I speak. Before they had a chance to clear out the Feds, the Cops, the Military, and just about everyone else launched a smash attack against the local Shadow Land node. There's no cash in it for you this time but if Shadow Land goes down, there might not be any cash ever. Every runner in the city is in on driving the heat out, but they're still losing bad. They need all the help they can get."

True runners follow a code. A code of honor, a code that separates the fakes from the faithful. Shadowrunning isn't just a job, it's a way of life. And when this way of life is threatened it is every runner's responsibility to take on the threat. So are you gonna run? Or are ya gonna RUN!

Songs Of Sorrow

Johnson: "I suggested she go to a lawyer but it seems that our client is determined to get back the rights to what she feels is her music the hard way. An up and coming singer known as Sophia has, apparently, stolen our client's music. She says they were college room mates or something and she just ripped her off. I personally don't know how someone like herself who, at least during our conversation, appeared to have the brains of a cow. But that doesn't matter. What matters is that she's shelling out. She wants you to find Sophia and "convince" her to give you the original written lyrics and all masters to her new album. Return them to me."

Everybody wants a piece of the pie, whether it was baked for them or not. And it is going to become very apparent that Sophia doesn't want to give hers up. Apparently this musical marvel has been taken a few martial art classes. For the last fifteen years.

Iceman

Johnson: "There may be nobler causes, but few screwier ones. The target is Med Research One's Yukon facility. You are to steal, or rescue, or whatever, a 30,000 year old ice man they dug up. And then, they had to repeat this twice, find a nice big hole in the ice to dump him into. Snow tires are recommended."

One minute you're stabbing at a wholly mammoth, next minute you're a block of ice sitting on a slab in some sub zero research facility. Not all that traumatic if you're dead, but natural cryogenics has come a long way. I believe his first words were "ug".

Nutty Buddy

Johnson: "Jack, my best friend, busted in and shot up my apartment last night. The only thing that saved me was the fact that I had passed out with my vest on. The guy always was a bit off but, Christ, nothing like this. And I just received word that he plugged his own mother the same night. I want you guys to find him before the cops do and drag his ass back to me, in one piece. And after him and I have a little talk I may require your services further."

Sure he's gonna pay the runners but it's still kind of scary having something like this happen to your own

Johnson, the guy who always hangs out behind the scene. The guy nothing bad ever happens to because he never gets his own hands dirty. Until now.

The Ten Dreams Of Miss Thelma

Johnson: "Air fare's included for this one. Turns out a certain Miss Thelma has a yearn to travel, and says her dreams have mapped out ten location to which she must go. Nice lady except for the fact that she's scared as a cattle car full of grade A on its way to the slaughter house. Her goal is ten countries in ten days. Actually, I'd be scared too if I had to eat airline food for that long.

Guard duty, is guard duty, is guard duty, is boring. But little old Miss Thelma has a few more things on her mind than just seeing the sights. Why does she keep wandering off? Why does she keep leaving those little red rocks behind? And why is that helicopter with all missile racks keep showing up?

Smoke

Johnson: "(cough) (cough) Yeah, I know it ain't good for my health but, hell, whatcha gonna do, I've been sucking carbon since I was a kid and I'll be doing it till the day I die. Besides, now a days it ain't much worse than breathing on a city street. But the new drek MacJay's tobacco plans on rolling up may addict me to the cancer stick in ways that make current withdrawal seem like a day at grandma's. What we want is all data relating to the chemical make up, marketing, and release of Brand X. There's also a bonus if you can actually snag a post production pack. You'll be getting paid through my own account. I have a lot of friends who smoke. A lot of friends."

A cigarette after a long day at work is nice. Needing a cigarette after a long day at work sucks. Needing a cigarette every second of your waking hours sucks more. Nicotine is catnip compared to what MacJay's has in store. I wonder how the runners will react when they discover everything the company is doing is perfectly legal. (cough) (cough)

Signature

Johnson: "All it took was a quick computer scan to figure out the note left by a recent suicide wasn't her own. I'll tell ya up front that the whole deal I'm about to lay out for you stinks like a lump of ghoulish crap. The whole run is subcontracted by the cops. There's a lady in the Ork Underground who specializes in hand writing, some kind of shaman. Take the note to her and find out who wrote it. That's all we need. But I don't think it'll be all that simple."

When the cops hire runners something sticky has to be brewing in the cauldron of the city. Don't the cops have their own forensic magicians? Why a place like the underground? And why does the signature on the shaman's business card look a lot like the one on the suicide note? Gee, this is the only copy of the note, isn't it....