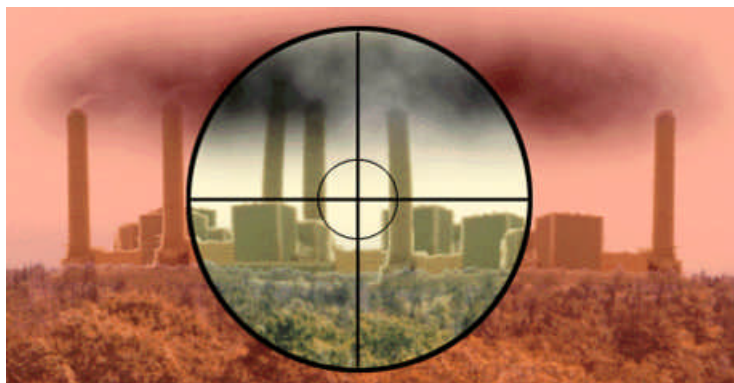


The New Pollution

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Here are a few environmentally conscious run ideas. Enjoy.

Something Smells Funny

Situation: Meltex Biochemicals has established a factory in Cascade Ork, bypassing both local and international laws by bribing, intimidating, and just plain bullying their way through the application process. The facility itself produces simple plastics, yet uses a process that is extremely environmentally detrimental to air quality.

Goal: Obtain hard evidence of two law violations: Bribery and unlawful contamination. The employer is probably an environmentally conscious nation located near Cascade Ork.

Possible Routes: Information regarding bribery may be obtained by accessing corporate files (in the unlikely event that they documented their transactions), or by tracking down the bribed individuals. Since the bribes occurred on both the local and international levels the runners may find that they are forced to contend with Ork "natural law" as well as the International Environmental Council, which may be based out of another country.

Unlawful contamination information, if it is to be solid, should probably be obtained from monitoring equipment within the factory. This equipment may have been altered to produce false reports and it may take some knowledge of electronics to get them working properly again.

Other Information: The factory is large, dirty, and is located amongst the wreckage of another factory twice this one's size. The whole scene is just a mess of low level smoke, twisted metal, and grinding machinery. The facility is guarded by a large group of poorly trained, yet heavily armed Orks. The manager of the plant, an extremely large Ork named Frog, lives in his office in the middle of the factory compound and is protected by two well trained bodyguards.

Spill

Situation: A independently ocean oil platform which has been illegally manufacturing corrosive chemicals has experienced a terrible spill. Unfortunately, any time anybody tries to get close enough to the platform to clean up the mess a barrage of gun and missile fire chases them away. The owner of the platform, a giant named Mrug Ferung, has gone completely nuts and is freaking out over his imminent arrest.

Goal: Board the platform and render its weapons systems inoperable. Mrug is NOT to be harmed, and will be arrested by conventional police forces once the weapons shut down. Everybody else might as well have a target pasted on them.

Possible Routes: Going by boat may not be a too tremendously bright idea. The corrosive chemicals floating in the water will eat away the hull of an unarmored vehicle in a few minutes, and an armored vehicle in about an hour. If the runners plan on using an marine vehicle, it should be cheap and dispensable.

Most of the weapons, however, are not able to fire into the air and it may also be possible to swim or use a sub-marine vehicle to travel under the chemicals.

Other Information: OK, time to break out the Shadowrun Companion. The harsh chemical environment has resulted in numerous mutations and a variety of the new races can be found on board the platform. Mrug, himself, is a giant and there are at least two more giants on board the platform. The “worker” population of the platform borders of 75 men and women.

The platform itself is huge, almost resembling a miniature city complete with bars, brothels, rickety apartment buildings, etc. Everything is constructed poorly and there are many, many barrels, tanks, and other containers holding all varieties of explosive and corrosive chemicals. The environment on board is psychotically festive; virtually everybody realizes that they will eventually be taken by force and have drunk themselves into a violently party-like state. Most of the weapons are controlled mechanically and are not tied into computers. The platform’s armament consists of about 10 missile launchers and 20 other hard-point quality weapons.

High

Situation: The cops noticed something was funny when the housing and streets around a barren located factory suddenly acquired a large number of new residents. It was soon discovered that this factory produced euphoric, and illegal, aerosols and has been releasing a decent quality of their drugs into the surrounding neighborhoods in order to keep everybody quiet. What they ended up with was about 1000 unpaid, yet willing guards, who would happily defend their neighbor from any risk which threatened their lovely, euphoric existence. The police want the place shut down, but the politicians don’t want to create the negative publicity which would accompany pissing off so many people.

Goal: Shut down the drug factory and frame a random, local gang for the operation.

Possible Routes: Well, the runners have to be quiet enough that they don’t draw attention to the fact that they’re runners but also have to draw enough attention to their actions to make it look like their chosen gang did the deed. The runners employers (the cops) don’t want any civilians harmed because that would create an unfortunate conflict of interest when the residents decide to call the cops.

Other Information: The factory looks rather nondescript; a simple warehouse sitting in the middle of a squatter infested lot. Inside the warehouse is nothing but a guarded spiral staircase leading into the sewers. The drug makers, led by a troll woman named Little Suzi, have taken over the sewers for several blocks, blocking off normal entrances with large, heavy, submarine hatch style doors. The runners will realize this quickly if they try to open up any manhole covers within a three block radius because they’ll all be strongly welded shut. The runners may also notice that through tiny holes in these manhole covers

leaks a strange gas.

The “factory” is almost impossible to identify because it is spaced an spread across several blocks of sewers and is interconnected by a mesmerizing array of pipes and wiring. Most of the factory is guarded by drones equipped with a barrage of stun weaponry.

The only tunnel which really goes anywhere is a long, declining shaft which leads to an outlet near a river (or ocean or whatever) and is used to actually move the drugs to a vehicle which then ships them. This shaft is barely big enough to fit a troll and climbing up it is certainly a trick.

Finally, if you feel like messing with the players’ heads, have the gang the runners are trying to frame be the crew which is currently guarding the factory.