

Welcome To The Bright Dark Future

The Santa Clara Arcology By Jim Milligan

The Wall

If you live in the shadow of this thing, there's no way you can imagine living life without it being there; looming, brooding, and ominous. It lingers over the eastern ridge of the Silicon Valley, stretching from deep inside San Jose along the Calaveras Ridge and winding its way north until it very nearly touches Mission Peak. It is the Wall. Technically speaking, it's known as the New Santa Clara Arcology. It was supposed to be the answer to overcrowding, pollution, and rising living costs. Funded by the State Construction Board, NSCA, along with the Santa Angeles and Sacramento River Arcologies, was intended to house the future generations of citizens in comfort, cleanliness, and security. Plans were made and foundations laid for the eventual populations that would inhabit these ceramic and steel megaliths. When the Collapse finally hit, and Martial Law was implemented, the projects floundered. Sacramento River construction crawled along, funded by various local election campaigns and slush fund roll-overs. Santa Angeles now sits looming like a moss covered skull in what was once the Los Angeles basin, covered in water to nearly half its structural height. Only the Wall was completed, through no small amount of design.

The Corporate influence in the Silicon Valley being what it is, it's no small surprise that when the Arcology Project got back-burnered by the State, the various economic entities of the area immediately saw a lucrative expansion and publicity opportunities, and rallied together (in what was perhaps the most unexpected occurrence of all time) to complete the construction of the NSCA. In a shadowy prelude to the future rise of the Incorporated States of America, the various Corporations put aside their differences, conglomerated their marketing and public relations funding, and in just under a third the time predicted, built what would one day become known as the Wall. Construction on the Wall was completed nearly a decade ahead of schedule, and stood as a testament to supposedly free enterprise in a Martial Law Society. While the rest of the Nation, and indeed, the rest of the state, floundered and grew dark, the Wall was a bright and shiny example of the Corporate Ideal. After purchasing the land from the counties outright, and expanding the construction to nearly three times its original plan, the Wall was indeed the greatest example of Corporate Power in Military America. It only grew during the renewed Democracy that followed the Elections of 2013.

As the burgeoning economy of the reinvigorated United States began to expand, so too did the Dreamlands of the East and South Bay Area. A new vernacular for Silicon Valley arose: **HELL**.

Hell became classified as both the wealthiest and most destitute area in all of California. The landscape became divided into sections, and those sections were eventually likened to the layers of existence a-la Dante's Inferno. But, as they say, that was a long time ago. The ISA eventually moved in, and the whole area changed. Hell still exists, but it is ruled by a kinder, gentler, and far more subtly cruel Demon. What once was still is, it has merely changed its appearance.

The Wall: A Look Inside

The New Santa Clara Arcology stretches for miles from the middle of San Jose, through Milpitas, to the middle of Fremont, cutting a major swath through those cities and extending (at the most) nearly a mile into the hills that make up the eastern border of the Silicon Valley. Bordered on the West by the Highway 680, the Wall parallels that roadway, and seems ever ready to leap across it into the rest of the valley. From the outside, it is an imposing visage, arcing disks and rising columns of glass and steel, supported by the latest in expelled atom carbon steels and polymer plastics and glass. Along the eastern side of the Arcology, millions of photovoltaic cells gather power for the first half of the day, storing it in massive capacitors beneath the entirety of the structure. Trains, shuttle tubes, and spinner cabs hasten between the main structures like insects buzzing about their hive in a mad search for food and their queen. As the temperature rises inside the Wall, the huge vents along the west edge open, and expell the overheated air, equalizing the pressure and temperatures within.

But this is all the outside of this crucial monument.

Inside, the NSCA is a veritable Dreamland unto itself. The streets are clean, the sky is a marvelous blue (thanks to the latest in free gas Holograms, it's blue even without V-Trodes), and the parks actually contain real plant life. The toxin scrubbers and soil cleansers of the "Outside" world don't enter the Wall, as they've never been needed.

Animals are allowed as pets, and the children are safe in the streets at night.

The Wall was created on the backs of the poor, during the days of the Collapse and Martial Law. People were moved out of their homes for a pittance, the land was grabbed up in any way possible, and the Corporations that bought in first ended up with the largest shares of the pie. EBM, for example, owns not only a large share of the South Bay, but a good chunk of the Wall, as well. Of course, this has led to the Corporate Balkanization of the Wall, with company neighborhoods, shopping centers, commercial and industrial districts springing up throughout the entire Arcology. The architecture is all the same pseudo-organic appearance, but the feel of each area is ever so subtly (or sometimes not so subtly) different. There's a visible difference in the attitudes of residents of the Biotechnica blocks when dealing with someone from EBM and someone from Genuflexx. With EBM-ers, it's a sort of patient condescendence. Genuflexx types are lucky to get a cold shoulder.

To get anywhere in the Wall requires some form of personal or mass transit, be it the family car, NSCA Monorails (twenty four hour service), the Corporate Shuttles, NSCATA (the Wall's own extension of the Santa Clara Valley Transportation Agency) Light Rail and Buses, or Aerobuses. Fares run about 3.50EB for youth all day passes, and about 5.00EB for adult passes. All the passes, by virtue of convenience and trade agreements, are good on all forms of public transit in the Wall. Outside the Wall, of course, the passes are just so much paper (except on VTA, which takes all of its legacy fares).

Imagine, if you will, that everything is a constant temperature. The air is a certain temperature, the water is lukewarm in the fountains, and the light coming down from the sky always brings you to a certain level of comfort. Now, stop imagining, and start realizing it. In the Wall, strange as it might seem, humidity and temperatures are kept at a constant Seventy Two degrees, the "official" optimal range for Humanity. Who decided this is anyone's guess, but it's stuck to with alarming regularity in the demesnes of the Arcology. In the winter, the temperature is dropped by five degrees, and the summer sees it raised by a like amount. Rain fall is carefully filtered and cleaned up (there's still a lot of pollution in the world... in many cases, more than there used to be) before randomly generated patterns are fed to the sprayers in the upper reaches of the Arcology's disk-domed structures... Even the rain is computerized. While you can, indeed, get just about anything you want in the Wall, there are dozens of reasons to leave it. Of course, they go out of their way to keep you inside. Exit passes are required for most underage residents, and during certain periods in the past, accident waivers were a fact of life for anyone wanting out of the place. Today, they have gotten rid of that manner of facism, and replaced it with an alluring spiders web of perfect schools, shopping centers, parks, and other amusements.

As we said... the Demon still rules. It's just gotten more subtle.

Wallside: The Castaways

The term Wallside conjures to mind the old phrase from the time before the ISA. To go Wallside was to go to ground, to hide in the shadow of the Arcology, that disjointed, blighted urban landscape along the periphery of the Arcology. An area that was supposed to be cleared and renovated, Wallside was in fact the epitome of the Cyberpunk Age. Dirty hovels intermingled with Victorian Era homes, high technology smattered between trash can fires and wooden market stands. The people of Wallside were hard, unforgiving, and close; just like their home. The Wallside area was supposed to be a clean, well lit place to live and play, a sort of Mini-Arcology just outside the main structures. A "suburb" of the Arcology, if such a thing can exist. As the project came under more and more corporate influence, the plans of the state and county found their priorities reassigned, downgraded, and finally forgotten. The few parks and updated constructions that had been built were absorbed into the Wall, and the remainder became a buffer between the utopia of the Wall, and the Hell outside.

The effects of the Wall upon Wallside are evident at all hours. For the better part of the day, the shadow of the Wall obscures most of Wallside, keeping it in the dark, cold and shadowy while the rest of the valley warms up and begins to shake off the chill of the night. In the evening, the solar panels turn their reflective skins to the West, soaking up the light, reflecting back the heat. This same heat mixes with the moisture vented from the Wall during the day by the equalization systems, forming small squalls of rain and fog that hang over Wallside, running down into the streets and flooding them regularly. The oddity to all this constant ecological oppression is that Wallside has perhaps the cleanest air and water in all of the Hell area. Irony, it seems, still holds sway, even in the ISA. The easiest way to describe Wallside is that quarter to half mile deep slice of land that rests between Highway 680 and the Wall. It is a collage of architectures, from the prefab tract housing of the early 1950's (way back when Ford was still a viable motor company, and they built the valley up on their workers lives and homes), to the near apocalyptic rundowns of the Reconstruction phase after Martial Law was lifted. The streets are crowded with people (nearly as many as live, work, and play on The Strip) at all hours, and those people are not the nicest in the world. Wallsiders are a very paranoid, clannish lot, breaking up into Blocks, Alleys, and Avenues. They protect their own,

work and play hard, and are grim reminders of the deeper failings of the ISA reformations. In the earlier part of the decade, it was noted that a Wallsider street football game could do more bodily harm to more players than a broadcast game of Inmate Battle Ball. Today, such things still apply, and taking up relationships with Wallsiders is still an exercise in paranoia, risk, and hard won trust.

BURELOC does frequent runs through Wallside, rounding up anyone without permanent addresses or someone to vouch for them. Of course, "Vouching" very often means a group of Squats and the like swarming out of the alleys, sewers, and condemned buildings to either chase away or injure the Deadboys enough that they don't come back for a while. Of course, this is a losing proposition, as this just fuels the paranoia against the Wallsiders, bringing more and more people over to the side of the men in the big orange vans. As this happens, it's a safe bet that the forays into Wallside will grow more frequent, and ever bolder in nature.

The Inferno: The Border of Heaven

Before the ISA, the Inferno was the no-mans land between Heaven and Hell, the Cyberculture Creepshow and the Corporate Dreamland. Officially a series of Corporate Security areas that just happened to overlap and intersect due to mutual property interests and trade deals, the Inferno was in fact an electrified, barb-wire lined, steadily patrolled and monitored kill-zone. Check points existed on every land-line access route into Heaven, the heart of Silicon Valley. In the Inferno, on the edge of the Free Fire Zone, if you were not authorized to pass, you either turned around, or died. There was no exception.

The first thing the ISA did was to reinforce the Inferno. As more and more Corporations bolstered their home forces, and sent them out to the neighborhoods under the auspices of BURELOC and CORPSEC, the need to defend against the final dying throws of the huge numbers of Boosters and Chromers that romed the FFZ became more and more prevalent. While the FFZ has officially been renamed and rezoned into new communities and neighborhoods, the "death throws of the age of fear", the gangs, and their anger and outrage at being cast-offs in the new age of cooperation and renovation, still exist. The area is anything but "safe", and larger and more frequent incursions are being fronted by BURELOC and CORPSEC. While these often meet with success, it is hard won, and the people of the Inferno area are leery of exchanging one group of dictators for another. Years of violence and oppression have taken their toll on most of the residents of the Inferno, and it will be interesting to see if the desire for peace and law win out over the fear of being steamrolled by the corporate state.

As BURELOC and CORPSEC have extended their influence into the Inferno, several changes have been making their presence known and felt in the area. An upsurge of Neighborhood Watch programs has begun, supported by the Norte Knights and the Malorian Arms fronted all-female Guardian Gang, the Armor Angels, in which the members of the gangs (only barely saved from all out war between themselves by the timely intervention of the ISA) walk the streets at night, in successively expanding areas, knocking on doors and letting themselves get known to the locals. Confrontations between the remaining Boosters, Chromers, and the new breeds of Megaviolents, Gogangers, and these two Guardian Gangs have begun rising, with spillover confrontations happening on The Strip, in Wallside, and even some isolated areas of Heaven itself.

Keeping control of their own little chunk of the Inferno and the Strip, the old '20's Goth Gang, aptly (some would say "typically") named the Vampires, have a record of clean streets, low crime, and safe citizens in their turf, and it is this and only this record (coupled with a long and deep cooperation with the City and Highway cops of the area) that keeps CORPSEC and BURELOC out of the districts the Vampires have claimed as their own. With the resurgence of the Goth community, new members are joining the ranks of the group, although the previous trends of bodysculpting to gain acceptance as a "Breed" has slackened. Many Vampires, both wannabes and real, can often be found at The Downward Spiral, just off The Strip in the Berryessa district.

Heaven: Dreamland on Earth

Heaven is the least changed by the takeover of the ISA. Originally the heart of Silicon Valley, Heaven has long been

the stomping grounds for the nations top technological innovators. IBM, and later EBM America, built their largest centers of control here, and have steadily increased their support, and the dependancy upon that support, in the surrounding area. Biotechnica, Militech, Genuflexx, and scores of other multinational corporations grew their fortunes and their staffs to tremendous proportions on the efforts of their Heaven offices. The area has always ridden high on the wave of technological innovation and Corporate power, and with the coming of the ISA, has found itself no longer staying off the encroaching darkness of the decaying Information Age, and has begun to once again pull out onto the bleeding edge of the Nanotech Age. The potential for a graduate of a school in Heaven to go on to a top level Management job have always been high, and is becoming higher in the new age of the ISA.

The area that makes up Heaven stretches from the Western Edge of the Silicon Valley to the Inferno, bordering along the Santa Cruz Mountains and completing the circumnavigation of Hell that it shares with the Wall and the Bay. Hidden behind the Inferno, Heaven is a cross between a holdover from the old Cyberpunk regime and a bright and shiny future. Neon advo blimps whale through the streets, spouting corporate slogans and broadcasting company approved vidclips, while luxury spinners flit about between Neo-scrappers; skyscrapers built using Blown Atom Carbon technology and reinforced polymers instead of concrete and glass. The Neo's rise ever higher and higher into the sky, threatening to form their own Arcology due to their size, power, and influence in their surrounding areas. Heaven's NET and V-NET grids are rich and extensive, penetrating into every portion of the area, save those corporate towers where they are blocked by firewalls and Static Shields. Fashion, fortune, and style have always been prevalent in Heaven, as more and more cutting and bleeding edge innovations pour out of it.

In the days before the ISA, getting into Heaven meant selling your soul, and getting out was as easy as pissing the wrong person off. Today, in the age of the Friendly Corporate State, the gates of Heaven are open to all who want to come... providing you have the right papers, of course. Most folks aren't asked for them, so long as they don't look like they're going to cause any trouble (of course, in the ISA, that's always open to the interpretation of whatever Corporation's campus you happen to be stomping across at the time). The average Yoganger can hit the Castro Street Mallplex for a bit of nostalgia walking the streets with little problem. Getting into the Moffett Field/NASA Ames Research Museum is a bit harder, but easy to do. Getting anywhere near the Biotechnica Towers, or their rival Genuflexx's megalithic "Helix Building", and the bio-parks that they guard the gates of, on the other hand, is next to impossible.

Getting Cybergenerated



Hiya. RABID number 003389765dd!@89 here... Normally Rache doesn't tell us what we are, or why

we're here. But me, I'm different. See, I've figured it out. I have no delusions. Rache, the real Rache, can off me in a heartbeat. That's why I deliberately changed myself. I made myself stupid. Well, stupid compared to the all powerful GodRACHE... He seems to like that, and the fact that I now volitionally worship him.

Anyway... below, you'll find a series of hyperlinks that will take you where we need you to go, so that we can find out what we need to know about you. The FORM sender is up and running, and you can use it if you'd like. To do so, be sure you read all the information below, and click [HERE](#). If you don't want to do that, you can always use the old fashioned MAILTO command, and explore the wonderful world of E-mail! Can you kids still do that? Good. There's a MAILTO command at the end of each Hyper Page. Happy Typing!

BASICS

STARTING UP	STAT POINTS: 50	SKILL POINTS: 40	CASH: 1000EB
Okay, it goes like this. We're going to assign you a range of points, just like in those customizable fighting games you play all the time at the V-Arcade. What we want you to do is assign those points to the attributes we've come up with to best classify the various and often highly incongruous physical and mental variances of the average juve. So, since we don't want to run you through a score or more of physical and psychological tests (which you've probably already gone through in what the system dares to call school), we're going to do something you've probably never experienced: We're going to <i>trust</i> you. Get that mailer program ready, and assign 50 points among the attributes we've come up with. Be honest, and don't get too cocky. Telling us you're a combat god tells us you're either lying, or eager to be bullet bait. We don't need either of those in the Cabal, so be realistic with yourselves. A word of caution, though. We've observed that no kid, no matter who we're dealing with, has ever put something less than a 2 or more than an 8 in any stat. So, follow that rule, and you'll be fine. Here are the stats, and the MAILTO.			
INT	TECH	COOL	LUCK
BODY	REF	MOVE	EMP
ATT			
So what do those things mean? Well, I'm glad you asked. Those eight values are what we regard as the best evaluation and representation of your abilities and natures. The fact that we managed to break them down into eight values is pretty impressive in todays society of overcomplication and redundancies, don't you think?	INT: This is a measure of your brainpower. How smart and observant are you? TECH: This is a measure of your technical skill. Good with your hands? COOL: This is the gauge of your presence, your general ability to be cool. LUCK: Getting the idea, yet? Exactly how much do the gods love you? Be honest. BODY: A measure of how tough you are. This is a good one to be honest with. REF: Your reflex time and reaction speed. Are you nimble, average, or a lunk? MOVE: How far can you move? This many meters in three seconds is a good gauge. EMP: Your empathic side. How nice a person are you? How much do you care? ATT: Your attractiveness, you looks. Do they drop dead, or fall ill when looking at you?		
All done? Good, now remember what you decided, hit that mailer, and tell it to Uncle Rache!			SEND IT!

SKILLS	-----SECRET-----		
Skills are the stuff lives are made, and lost, with. You may not know it, but you're actually a pretty skilled person. No, we mean that. Think about all the things you can do, and then try and pretend you aren't skilled. See, you can't, can you. Even if you're playing dumb as a post, you just can't <i>not</i> use skills. By pretending to be stupid, you're acting. Acting is a skill. Get used to it. What we intend to do here is categorize your skills down to as narrow a range as we possibly can. Just like with your stats, we want you to assign some points to them. We've broken them up into the following twelve categories:			
YOGANG	STREETFIGHTING	JOCKSTUFF	BLEND
STREETSMARTS	SCHOOLING	LITTLE ANGEL	THIEFSTUFF
GET A CLUE	GENSPEAK	FEARLESS LEADER	GOGO
Okay, here's the rules. You get 40 points to distribute among those skills. We don't want anyone selling themselves too short, or too high, so keep the values between 1 and 8 at all times, got it? You'll need to check in the Yogangs section to determine what group you best fit in to (yeah, we're generalizing you in this way, too. Deal with it.).	YOGANG: This is your Yogang skill. It's the level to which you excel in your field. STREETFIGHTING: This is a measure of how well you throw a punch and get out of the way. JOCKSTUFF: Are you a jock or a wimp? This tells us how much of which. BLEND: Get sneaky, kid! How well do you walk in the shadows? STREETSMARTS: How much do you know about life, kid? This ain't booklearnin'. SCHOOLING: This is booklearning. How much do you know about stuff? LITTLE ANGEL: Can you get people to do what you want? How well? THIEFSTUFF: Breaking and entering is illegal, you know... GET A CLUE: Sharp as a tack or thick as a brick? GENSPEAK: Your slang is your life, kid. How much do you speak? FEARLESS LEADER: Are you a leader among men, or a two bit hustler? GOGO: Vehicles are made, not born. Vehicle drivers, however, take training. How much do you have? (If you are too young, say, under 12, you can't have more than a 2 in this, so don't try!)		
Got all those points put in their proper places? Checked for the right Yogang? Good!			SEND IT!

YOGANG INFO

Okay, kiddies, we're going to talk about something close to whatever it is you call a heart. And what would that be? No, it's not the Cuisinarts Hatrack or anything like that at all. Nope, it's being in a Yogang. Whaddya mean you aren't in a Yogang? Don't play corporate stoolie-innocent-as-can-be-goody-five-shoes with me! No sir! You wanna be a white suited monkey, you do it on your own watch. Get it straight, whether you know it or not, you're in a Yogang.

Whaddya mean, "What's a Yogang, RABID number 003389765dd!@89?" You really *don't* know, do you? Well, click [here](#) , and you can get a bit of a taste for what a Yogang is, okay?

Remember: The Code Is Law

Don't take without giving back

Don't betray Gangers to the ISA

Blood is thicker than Money

Taken a look yet? Good larvae. Now that you're familiar with what a Yogang is, or even if you're not, we've broken them down into a generic bunch of names, and figured that each Yogang has a certain type of skill, a particular habit, an overall way of doing that special something that sets them apart. That's what we call their "Yogang" skill. We're gonna give you a certain tiny amount of information on each of them, and you can either guess (which we don't reccomend), ask (which is very, very intelligent of you), or you can go out and get the book we've ever so cleverly managed to sneak past the ISA censors, which details our plans and our methods, in plain english, for all to see. It's a roleplaying game, you see. The ISA figures that it's just a recreational method, so they don't crack down on it. But we're smarter than that, aren't we? So, you can easily find it at any game store, and if they don't have it, you know they're working for the ISA. It's called *Cybergeneration*, and it's pretty cheap to buy. Good luck, good hunting, good golly Miss Molly!

Only trust adults you know

Things are cheap, life isn't

Money isn't worth your soul

If you don't need it, give it away

Arcorunners (Tunneling)

BeaverBrats (Suburban Ninja)

Boardpunks (Thrash)

Eco Raiders (Hayduking)

Face Dancers (Face Dance)

Glitterkids (Celebrity)

Go Gangers (Hotbiking)

Goldenkids (Contacts)

Goths (Death Walk)

Guardians (Good Guy)

Mallbrats (Boost)

Megaviolents (Berserk)

Moshers

Rads (Organize)

Squats (Scrounge)

Streetfighters (Kata)

Tinkertots (Kitbash)

Tribals (Warrior)

Trogs

Vidiots (Commo)

Figured out what gang you belong to? Good! Now send it to me, I'm RABID!

[SEND IT!](#)

GEARING UP

Well, aren't you special? You've managed to make it all the way here, and you're still breathing. That's a good sign, as it means you're still alive. Staying alive in this world isn't easy, kids, so don't get used to it. It's a harsh, nasty, corporate controlled world out there. That means that you have to be smart to stay alive.

Smart people use tools.

So, to that end, we know that a lot of you have a bunch of stuff with you that you're all too keen to use. That's a good thing. The more you use your tools, the better off you'll be, and the faster you'll evolve. (Ooh... there's a scary thought. What if you evolve like all those kids who got the Carbon Plague? Wanna know more? Then jump down to the [POWERS](#) section and read about it.) The faster you evolve, the more you can understand the GODRache and all his plans for things. Tubers. Coffee Mugs. Electric Mice and the ducks that love them.

Everything.

Where were we? Oh, yeah. Gear.

We've noticed that a bunch of you Yoganger types like to keep roughly the same types of gear on you at all times, but that doesn't always apply to the rest of the crowd. Sooooo.... We're not going to be so presumptuous as to tell you "Grab four things from this list and call 'em yours!" We know that some Goths don't carry knives, and most Boardpunks really do wear some form of crash protection. So what we want from you is this:

We want a list, made up of things that relate to your gang (and yes, if you actually have that oh, so wonderful Cybergeneration book, then, yeah, you can use it for this), as well as the following items:

- A pair of V-Trodes. You know, those little things you stick on your head so's you can see the V-World?
- A description of what kind of clothes you usually wear, what they're made of, and how much they mean to you.
- Any personal belongings that you might have that you don't consider "Gear", but are cool, anyway.
- How much you get paid in allowance, assuming you do get paid (we've noticed that this ranges from 6 to 16 dollars a week, kids) [game note: 2D6+4]
- A list of four, count 'em, four things relating to your gang. This includes things like Aeroboards or Smartboards for Boardpunks, or even Motorcycles for Gogangers.

Then, do you know what else we want? We want you to go shopping. We're being Santa Claus (you do know who Santa is, right? Oh, good)! Each and every one of you will notice, if you check back a bit in this document, that we've forwarded 1000EB to your account. Know what that means? That means you have some pretty serious buckage to play with. If you promise to be good, we'll let you take a trip to the virtual mall. There, you can buy all manner of things! Wondrous things! Magical Mystical Wonderful Things! STUFF!

Here's some ideas of what things cost around these here parts, pardner... Y'all can find more in the book!

V-Trodes (Top Line): 25EB	Reacti-Mesh Jacket (AR 2): 150EB	Cellular phone: 100EB	1 Month Service: 50EB
Bento Lunch Box: 5EB	Bag of Kibble (flavored): 1EB	Bag of Kibble (plain): .5 EB	Delivery Pizza: 10 to 30EB
Really chill shades: 100EB	Designer jeans: 75EB	Air Blackhand Shoes: 125EB	Rental Tuxedo: 75EB
Pack of Barrettes: 3EB	Designer Minidress: 150EB	Prom Night Lingerie: 100EB	Pepper Spray (w/License): 100EB

POWERS

It's a true fact of life that no matter how much you think you know, someone will walk up to you and smack you in the head with a fish. No, wait, that's not it. Ah! It's a true fact of life that no matter how much you fish, someone will... no...

Oh, frag it!

Look, I'm just a RABID. Rache made me to think, talk, act, and basically gibber, like him. But I changed myself. I'm not a RABID anymore, not really. Can you kids help me find my heart? A brain? The way back to Kansas? Anything? Maybe you could, if you had powers. How do you get powers? Well, first, you gotta catch the plague. Carbon Plague, that is. Nanobots. Moving Parts. Hmm... I could be a bit like the GODRache after all. NAH! I like being me. But you, you haven't a clue as to what's happening to you these days, do you? Let's do a little compare/contrast work, here, shall we? Here are the facts:

A strange technological virus, known as the Carbon Plague, has been sweeping the world, killing millions and leaving chaos in its wake.

The Carbon Plague has sparked all manner of religious, ethnic, and political fervor, as dozens of different groups claim their own manner of insight into the Plague.

The Plague kills many, leaves many more alone, and for some, changes them forever. They emerge scarred by the Nanomachines, but alive.

Those who are neither killed, scarred, or left alone, are transformed. They mutate into one of what is now called the "Cyberevolved".

These "Evolved" children are the focus of several different political aims, religious sanctions, and cultural stigmas. Thanks to the mass media, the populace in general believe these children to be dangerous, insane, and to be carriers of some more insidious disease.

And that's just for starters, kids! The Plague is a scary thing, turning people into white powdery crystals when they finally succumb to it, and it could infect anyone! You, your cat, your grandmother Betty, anyone! (We're contrasting now, by the way...) And those mutant kids! Why... they aren't even *human* any more! They can turn their limbs into knives, and what kind of monster does that make them? They can tell what you're thinking! They can turn your computer against you and eliminate your bank account! They're the Devil's Children! EVIL! BAD! NAUGHTY!

Don't for a moment believe that this is how people really talk about the so-called evils of the plague, kids. Sure, some of them will. There are bound to be Bible Thumpers or Fanatic Policlubs stirring up the fires, and there will surely be those who believe them. But face the facts, okay? The Plague is a large, scary, and yes, deadly thing. Let's face it, when you have the potential of turning up dead one morning, life's pretty much a bitch. Unlike the rest of the Cabal, I'm not going to tell you that you've got big things ahead of you. The Plague could kill you. There's not a single guarantee that it won't. Sure, you might end up with neat-o powers, but you could also end up D-E-A-D. And that spells deceased. In the event that it doesn't, however, here's a little idea of what to expect:

BOLTERS	TINMEN	SCANNERS	WIZARDS	SPORTS
Bolters were the second	Tinmen were very easily	Scanners were the hardest	Envy the Wizards, because	Ah... Sports. Making up

easiest type of Cyberevolved to classify. They're also by far the most physically capable. They have little outward changes to their physiognomy, unlike Tinmen, and are not as readily discovered as Wizards. Tinmen look normal, just like Scanners, and are every bit as deadly as a snake. Capable of generating and storing hundreds of meters of hexite polycarbon in special conductor chambers in their forearms, Bolters can also generate and act as a battery for hundreds of volts of electricity. Their nervous systems are hardwired to withstand the strain of such a capacity, and a side result of this is a nearly two hundred percent increase in reaction times and blind responses. Bolters, with practice, can turn and bend their cables in mid flight (they can be fired at velocities near the speed of sound), or simply drape them along behind themselves, waiting for someone to walk into their web. Bolters are currently comprising about 15% of the Cyber Evolved population, although this number appears to be growing steadily as the amount of the Evolved increases. It should be noted that Bolters, like Scanners, are capable of incredible feats of agility and reaction, although they do not suffer the same physical trauma from channelling the current through their systems.	the most readily identified Cyberevolved. Their skeletons are reinforced with the same hexite polycarbon that has been introduced to the bodies and systems of every other type of Evolved. They are capable of extruding this substance into a very effective armor plating, and can withstand vast amounts of pain before succumbing to it. These, however, are the least obvious of their changes. Most obvious, and indeed, the most psychologically scarring of almost any Cyber Evolution, is the fact that their limbs, from the torso trunk on, have been completely replaced by Hexite. They are capable of reshaping their limbs into nearly any form, and most Tinmen very quickly learn a wide range of sharp, pointy weapons with which to defend themselves and attack others. Tinmen comprise roughly 20% of all Cyberevolved, and unlike the other "breeds", appear to be a stable population despite the numbers of Evolved around them. Tinmen generally appear a bit bulkier than their non-Tinmen companions. This is due to the Evolution process, which moves all the fat cells from their limbs and into their torsos. After it has done this, the now extraneous muscle and bone tissues are extruded through the rapidly formed Hexite limbs.	Evolved to identify, and the easiest to classify. Their powers are derived from a Nano-level reworking of their brain and nervous system, most specifically their audio/visual processing centers, their nerve trunks, and their tactile senses. Scanners become, in essence, walking Electro-Encephalogram machines, capable of "scanning" anyone they can see or touch (although the readings are not as reliable the further they get from their target). The average Scanner can, with a simple touch or lingering glance, determine the overall mood of the target, the targets mental state, almost immediately, and in many instances, their physical state (feverish, aroused, diseased, etc) with a bit of effort. It is often very difficult with a Scanner to tell who is actually studying whom. Scanners are the least combative of all of the Evolved. They appear to have been engineered as a Control Group for the rest of the Evolved Types. Their skills and powers focus almost entirely on the passive, and even their defensive Static Grids (located in the palms of the hands) work better as scanning pads than as weapons, as running too much of a charge through the pads often results in the pads burning out and the Scanner getting electric backlash instead of damaging the target. Scanners are a stable, and remarkably so, 40% of all the Evolved types.	they are the makers of the new Digital Age. They are the ones who live in the Net, they are the weavers of dream and substance. Wizards, like the Netrunners of old, fly through the Net with a whim of thought, creating programs on the fly to suit their needs and desires. These "Familiars" move and act with minds of their own, if desired, or act strictly as mindless constructs... It is all a matter of the Wizard's wishes. Pity the Wizards, because their gift is also their curse. They were the second easiest of all the Evolved to discover, and the easiest of all to eliminate. The mind of the Wizard is always connected to the Net. Their whole nervous system operates as a hyper efficient receiver and transmitting antenna, allowing them to fly through Netspace unhindered by such clumsy, primitive things as Modems and Interface jacks. However, this very gift also allows them to suffer pain and damage directly from Anti-personel programs, Netrunners and other Wizards, and the all-too-real threat of Black ICE. When you damage a Netrunner, you simply cause him mental pain, anguish, and a persistant headache. Damaging a Wizard can kill. Wizards comprise roughly 20% of all known Cyber Evolved types, although this number is in debate.	anywhere from 1 to 5 percent of all the Evolved types, or so we like to think, the Sport is a type of Evolved that doesn't... well, <i>fit</i> into the standard mold of all the other variations on the theme. Truthfully, since every other type of Evolved varies subtly from case to case, it could be said that all Evolved kids are Sports, but no one likes to nitpick on that too much. Sports are rare, almost as though they are not exactly stabilized in the coding of the Nano Machines. They vary greatly, although certain trends are appearing to develop among them. The most prevalent of these appear to be able to create small remote drones that they control via command wires, much like a cable-bound Wizard. Other Sports can produce concentrated plasma flames, much like a living blowtorch, some have hardwired sound and relay systems built into their thorax, and there are rumors of certain Sports who can actually fly via a manner of solid-fuel vectored thrust. However, the chances of a plague survivor turning into a sport are pretty slim. The numbers are still out, but odds are better for one of the standard variety to be determined as suitable for the host, if such a thing can really be considered standard. If you wake up and find that you're a Sport, count yourself lucky. You could have been something boring.
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Character Illustration Gallery



Boo! Did I scare you? Did you quake with fear as your small, pre-saurian brains determined that they were being stalked by a predator dozens of times their intellect and size? Did my Godlike Appearance shame and humble you? Sigh. Kids are so hard to puree, these days. Why, back in my day... Anyway. Tell us enough about you, and our mugshot artists will put up what you look like for the rest of the Gang to see. Isn't that neat? We'll also put up a brief description of you, too.



Here's some data on the kids that have spoken up so far, letting good ol' me know about who they are and what they look like! Click on their names for their V-Pages! (I'm sure one day the powers above the Kernel will allow me to actually put in a V-Pages You Should See link or something, but today, they make me a drone!)

Billy Daniels Derek Sheeman's Character

Age: 15 Gender: M

Gang Name: L.S.A's (well, kinda)

In Billy's own words:

Dude! I'm like totally 5' 4" tall, and I've got that lanky adolescent look to me, but I do have a cool lookin' nose. My hair is a bitchin' sandy blonde and it's got a totally radical length to it, it's like ... over my shoulders man, I does keep it in a ponytail so it doesn't get in my eyes and cause a mondo wipeoute n' stuff, cause that would suck. My eyes are this cool blue color that the babes really dig. I just started noticing that 'bout two years ago when one of my sisters friends an' me ... woah ... wait, she said not to tell dude! Oh well, that's when I figgered chicks are cool n' stuff. Hey! I'm totally wiping out on this, right right. Well I have a tan n' stuff ... that was hard to get what with the fuckin' ozone being wiped out by the corporate slag-heads a while ago, so now I always carry my protection ... know what I mean? Heh.

Fushigi "Fuu" Kenshin David Crowe's Character

Age: 15 Gender: F

Gang Name: Fuchikoma School

Fuu is is 5' 6" with an all-around athletic build. She has long black hair held in a ponytail by a ribbon or a rubber band. Her usual attire is a baggy tank top, bicycle pants, high-tech hightops, fingerless gloves and a vest with a lot of pockets. She always has a baseball bat in a zip-up holder slung over her back. She is a student in the Fuchikoma School of Mijin-Ryu Kenjitsu, which is famous for its leaping air-to-ground attacks. Fuu also uses her aerial skills on the basketball court, scoring several slamdunks per game for the school team. She is regularly ranks in the top 10% of performance exams. Between being a jock, being a brain and the unfortunate incident where she had to thrash the football team's defensive line in the middle of the homecoming parade (they shouldn't have put that freshman in a trash can and run it up a flagpole), Fuu doesn't get asked to many parties. But that's OK, as frivolity was never her bag.



Fuu's Most Recent Mugshot

Angus Christian Conkle's Character

Age: 15 Gender: M

Gang Name: Don't got one, really

Angus, a wee Megaviolent. Tall and lanky tot with fiery red hair all stuck out like a bloody Pict (think of the punker from "the Young Ones"). Angus is a young sports fan who loves the Night City Warriors maybe a little too much. He's always getting into Arena-riots. He'll beat the hell out of a Visitors fan or anyone wearing rival team colors. His parents work for EBM, he thinks, which is what brought him over from Scotland when he was 10. Now he's 15 and only has a hint of an accent. He's also trapped in the ISA seeing as how the Euros have quarantined America. His parents work most of the time, so he rarely sees them, if ever. He spends most of his time at the arena at games, or hanging out downtown with his mates ditching school.



Angus' Best Yearbook Pic

Elisa "Page" Liu

Drea O'Dare's Character

Age: 16

Gender: F

Gang Name: None

Page is a Goth girl with a sweet disposition and cool, quiet demeanor until she gets close to a guy she REALLY likes - then she's all tongue tied and stuttering and a total klutz. She hasn't joined a gang yet as she's fairly aloof acting, and tends to circle with lots of people. She's a member of the soccer team.

Standing a lanky long legged 5'7", Page towers over both guys and girls alike. She is horrible at basketball, having proven her inability at the sport many times over. At soccer though, she reigns supreme. Forgoing training at any gym, she instead went under the private tutelage of another sensei, learning a fighting style that would put those games to good use. What it is, no one really knows. Her mother is dead, and her father is persona non grata - not even showing up for school meetings or her soccer games. She seems not to care. She has a job, one presumes, since she sure can't bring herself to steal anything for money. Other than that, she's pretty much a non entity, blending in until someone takes a good look, or she speaks up.



Page Strikes a Pose

Back To The Node

Standard Art Disclaimer: All pictures on this site belong to their creators. Anyone pretending to be the creator of this artwork for their own gain is evil vile, and should be flogged repeatedly in public with a very nasty, rusty, metal flanged whip. Angus was done by Christian Conkle. Page and Fuu were drawn in painstaking detail by Drea O'Dare. Deal with pain, Fanboy, we have records!

NPC's and Places of Interest



Hey, hey. RABID again. While the big Code Slinger Extraordinaire goes on about his business, I've been given a bit of time to come on in and compile some data for ya. So, here's a bit about some people, places, and all sorts of other things in the area of your little adventuresome demesnes.

First thing I'm gonna deal with is some other 'Gangers, some adults, and a few other people I think you should know about. As I get information, I'll put more in. Second thing I'll deal with is *places*. See, lots of interesting things happen in places. I've been to several myself. They're neat. You should go to places, too, because then you'll be able to discover new, and interesting things, meet new and exciting people, and kill... Nah. That's been said before.

Without further ado...

NPC's

NAME: Kelli Baker

AGE: 15

YOGANG: Boardpunk

GANG: L.S.A.'s

Kelli joined the LSA's for all the wrong reasons, but has thankfully managed to smooth those out and has become a good member of the gang. Kelli is best described as "very cute, very squeaky, and kind of eepy". Kelli is a "girl" in every sense of the term, right down to her giggly nature and deferring attitude. Given her choice, she would rather get dolled up and keep her hands clean than get into the gears of her Aeroboard and tune it up. She's a good kid, however, and is something of the "poor cousin" of the Gang, in that everyone watches out for her, and almost everyone knows that she's easy to talk to (among the females, that is). Kelli is about 5'2", has aqua blue dyed hair, and dresses very trendily. Her ZephyrTek board is painted dark blue, with a lavender sunburst radiating from the nose and along the chassis.

NAME: Jamie "Tapper" Scott-Rogerson

AGE: 15

YOGANG: Boardpunk

GANG: L.S.A.'s

Tapper is another member of the L.S.A.'s, and is one of the defacto leaders. She is fearless, daring, and arguably one of the more aggressive Thrashers in the Gang. Daughter of Rogerson International Shipping owners Joshua Rogerson and Kate Scott-Rogerson, Tapper has a fairly affluent family, including a "fraternal" twin sister and a younger brother. Hopelessly hung up on Billy, she has recently begun acting, dressing, and behaving more maturely in an effort to get him to notice her. Tapper is about 5'4" tall, very athletically built (she works out a lot to stay ahead of the Gang), and typically dyes her hair in a variety of colors, giving her a "patchwork" look. Tapper flies a Mehve Sportboard, and has become an expert at switching flight orientations on the board during a stunt.

NAME: Phoa "Jank" Quan

AGE: 14

YOGANG: Boardpunk

GANG: L.S.A.'s

Jank Pulls A Gainer



Jank comes from a hard line Korean Business family, and it shows. He strives hard to excel in school, and is a bundle of nerves when not studying or flying his board. He goes out of his way to push the acceleration of his board, and has earned a reputation as a speed freak on the Thrash scene. Jank (his pronunciation of the flight term "jink") takes a lot of flak from his parents, and doesn't get to hang out with his Goboys too often if his grades fall below a 4.5 GPA. When he does manage to get out, he typically leads the L.S.A.'s on high speed runs down the Highway or along the Wallside area. Jank is 5'5" tall, and flies a Starboard brand Aeroboard.

NAME: Tinkerbelle "Tink" White

AGE: 13

YOGANG: Boardpunk

GANG: L.S.A.'s

Tink's Dramatic Pose



Tink, along with her sisters Jasmine and Ariel, are the daughters of Snow and Charming White, both of whom work for Eisner Entertainment International. Her parents met each other while working for Eisner Co. in the LA area, and when the Big One hit, moved into the NSCA area to escape the flooding. Now that most of the LA County area has sunk beneath the waves, Tink finds no remorse in the move.

Tink resents her parents sell-out attitudes, in that each child name was a 5% increase in pay, and the actual changing of their own names netted them 10% bonuses yearly. However, as a result, Tink gets the best gear, right down to her Pixieboard brand Aeroboard, Neverstop brand Roadrasher, and the top notch toolsets she never seems to run out of. Tink is otherwise uncommunicative about her family life, although she does talk about her sisters fondly from time to time. Tink is a petite 4'9" tall, has very elfin features (and fervently denies any bodysculpting on her parents part), and dyes her black hair a shocking pink color. She is the self titled "Gonzo Air Monkey" of the L.S.A.'s.

NAME: Tina "Scooter" Duquesne

AGE: 14

YOGANG: Boardpunk

GANG: L.S.A.'s



Scooter wins the prize for Ganger with the most fucked up life among the L.S.A.'s. While most of the gang comes from affluent, double parent families with lots of love and corporate support, Scooter has suffered in the USA, and then the ISA, since she moved here from Canada at age 4. Suffering through a nasty, push-me-pull-you-son-of-a-bitch divorce at age 7, she attended the strictest Corporate schools in the area until she was 13, when her mother gained custody of her and put her into NSCA High. Since then, her mother has tried to force-feed her the "love" and "attention" that was "denied" her by spending as much money as possible in the most extravagant ways. While this has done a lot for her collection of gadgetry and toys (such as the Sirrocco Aeroboard she uses), it hasn't done a whole lot for her social skills, and Scooter is very hard to read from time to time. Also, given the amount of stress in her life, Scooter can be a real bitch until she's had time to decompress. Scooter is 5'3" tall, and wears "Gangsta" style clothes when not Thrashing, complete with baggy pants, cut off tops, and retro baseball caps. She keeps her hair short and dyes it black, and wears black contact lenses behind her faux reading glasses.

NAME: Skyler

AGE: 13

YOGANG: Boardpunk

GANG: L.S.A.'s



Skyler's the poor kid of the group. He rebuilt a board from some scrap after a crash, siphons AV-Gas out of parked spinners, and has hobbled together his Roadrasher from taped up bits of leather clothing and tires. But, he's not depressed or depressing, isn't overly cynical, and is a truly good flyer. He's fond of locking his knees into slots on his board and magno grappling around corners while attached to Spinnercars.

Skyler stands nearly six feet tall (he's 5'8"), and is very lanky and thin, indicating some form of possible growth disorder. Kids his age, despite all the hormones in the food, just don't get that tall naturally. He's been described as a "Stick Figure Scarecrow" when he's on his board, flying through the neon-backlit sky. He doesn't talk much about his background, and is something of a "Mystery Kid".

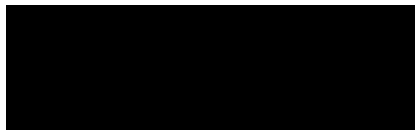
Fuchikoma School

NAME: Zachary "Zik Zach" Yotter

AGE: 10

YOGANG: Streetfighter

GANG: Fuchikoma School



Zik Zach is a cute kid, standing all of about four feet tall, with sandy blonde hair, brown eyes, and rosy cheeks. He's something of the darling of the School, as he tries overly hard to both impress the other students and to prove that he's just as "grown up" as the rest of them. Zik Zach tries very hard to make sure that other people like him, and is very mature for his age. He can be frighteningly chivalrous and gallant at times, and has explained that his near-obsession with Bushido stems from the fact that with Bushido, "Ya gotta be a hero!" Zik Zach's Bokken is nearly as tall as he is, and while the sight of him wielding it can at times be humorous, he's very good at knee and body shots. Zik Zach's chivalry sometimes gets the better of him, as his genuine concern for females and people weaker than himself has occasionally been mistaken for a budding chauvanism.

NAME: Thomas "Tommy B" Brubaker

AGE: 16

YOGANG: Streetfighter

GANG: Fuchikoma School

Tommy B. is the kid who would have become a Mega Violent, and would probably be running with Angus, if not for the people at Fuchikoma School. Angry and violent in his early years, the gentle understanding of the Sensei's and the friendly competition of the other students helped to mold him into the first rate dueler that he is today. Tommy B., for a 16 year old kid, is very stocky and well defined. While he is average height for his age, he masses almost what one would expect from someone well over his height and age. As such, he's pretty strong, so don't get into a scrap with him! Despite his size and power, Tommy B. is a solid friend, and is quick to rally unquestioningly to his friends aid.

NAME: Jiro Yamaoka

AGE: 17

YOGANG: Streetfighter

GANG: Fuchikoma School

Jiro is Sensei Fuchikoma Yamaoka's grandson, and thus is the defacto leader of the group. He's a level headed kid who gets far too much respect for his age, and if pressed will let on that he doesn't really like it. He also gets far too much scrutiny and examination of his actions than he should, and it occasionally wears on him (but he doesn't ever talk about it... to do so would be to disrespect the station that he knows he'll one day have). Jiro, for all you Femme-juves out there, is a dreamboat. He's tall, good looking, and honest. He's modest, a team player, and like Jonah M'Tembla (below), really does give a damn about other people. That, and he's already got a couple of young women chasing after him... Wonder if he's gay... NAH!

NAME: Shona "Kindo" McGowan

AGE: 16

YOGANG: Streetfighter

GANG: Fuchikoma School

Kindo (pronounced to rhyme with "Kendo") is Jiro's girlfriend... or at least, she wants to be. She isn't as good as Fuu or Jiro in the special attacks of the school, but is a good defensive fighter, and can hold her own against any of the others of her class. She's very attractive, and usually has a custom V-ICON overlayed on her regular appearance. It is an image of her as she would appear if she was wearing traditional Japanese attire (all the girls in her class know she does it because Jiro likes it... or so it seems). Kindo is quick to get frustrated at her own incompetencies, real or imagined, and sometimes gives up a bit too easily. It would appear, however, that Jiro is where she draws a line at giving up.

NAME: Shelley Ross

AGE: 15

YOGANG: Streetfighter

GANG: Fuchikoma School



Shelley is the newest kid in the class, and is having a hard time adjusting to the special moves of Fuchikoma style. Her preferred Style is Standing Water In The Moving Stream, a misdirection based, hard attack style, but her outlook on "The Way Things Work" is very much a needed thing in the school, according to Sensei Fuchikoma (Jiro's grandfather, ya know). Shelley, like Mika has a thick, long auburn-red hair and blue eyes. Despite her many similarities and subtle "twin motions" with Mika, the two are not true sisters, although a casual observer (or some not-so-casual observers) wouldn't be able to tell. Shelley's style is a bit more open than Mika's (in terms of smiles and expressions), but the two get along better than most, and while they are both a bit on the short and light side currently, that should be changing soon. Shelley joined up with the Fuchikoma School after her old Dojo was closed down two years ago. She's known Mika for much longer, having played with her when the two were much younger, and later sparred against her during the formative years of the two's training.

NAME: Mikaela "Mika" Ludmirov

AGE: 14

YOGANG: Streetfighter

GANG: Fuchikoma School



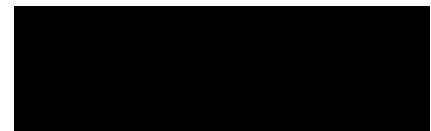
Mika was adopted by the school about seven years ago. No one knows where her parents are, she doesn't seem to care, and it's kinda cool having a surrogate sister (or so the general feeling of the class has been for all this time). She alternately stays the night at someones house for a while, or lives in the back of the school with Jiro's family. She's taught at the school, as without any parents or legal guardians to care for her and sign the right papers, she technically doesn't exist to the corporate state. All this purposeful bouncing around has made Mika a good listener, and has helped her to know exactly how to foster an attitude of family, cooperation, and belonging among the other students at Fuchikoma School. It was Mika's closeness to Shelley that allowed the former Hadon Ryuga student to adapt so easily to the operation at Fuchikoma, and since Shelley joined up with the Fuchikoma Dojo, that closeness has spawned a nearly idiomatic relationship, bordering on the mimetic. (Don't know what Mimetic means, kiddies? How about Symbiotic? READ A BOOK!) Mika, like Shelley, is a bit on the short and light side, but to coin an old 1950's term, should blossom nicely when her time comes. Watch out when she does, fellas!

NAME: Joseph "Tanc" Tancredi

AGE: 15

YOGANG: Streetfighter

GANG: Fuchikoma School



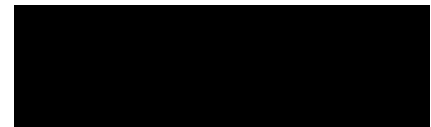
Tanc falls into that category of "My God! That's a PERSON!?" that sometimes happens when you watch someone with arms the size of his neck, and a build to match walk through the door. The shock goes a bit deeper upon seeing just how quiet, studious, and genuinely nice such a person can be. Tanc is just that; a very large, powerful, and quiet young man, with an incredible level of manual dexterity and a stunning ability to learn. His parents and family moved to the ISA from Liberia shortly before it was quarantined by the Euro-Bloc Nations, and he doesn't talk much about what it was like over there. Tanc gets straight A's, high marks in all of his Kenjutsu trials, and is active in neighborhood charities. What a guy.

NAME: Shou-Min "Shou" X'iang-Dao

AGE: 16

YOGANG: Streetfighter

GANG: Fuchikoma School



Shou also very much wants to be Jiro's girlfriend... much to the consternation of Kindo. She isn't as in to Bushido as some of the other students, but views the practices of the school as a good way to build discipline and patience in her life. Her family is traditional Chinese, and her behavior shows it. Shou is a waif of a girl, proportioned naturally and reasonably, but still damned small, tiny, and thin. This is most likely due to her family's traditional diet and disdain of "Western" food. This doesn't stop her from scarfing down burgers and 'za at every available opportunity, but it does make her a little sick when she does. Shou's a good dueler, and is the first person to stick up for Zik Zach when someone gets on his case for being too nice to people or trying too hard.

Angus' Bunch of Surly Thugs

NAME: Walter "Pinkie" Bright

AGE: 16

YOGANG: MegaViolent

GANG: Angus Rocks!



Pinkie is slow, one could almost say that mentally he's about ten years younger than his true age. He's a follower, who does what other people want him to do because it's what he does best. Occasionally, the mental trauma of an abusive family, being beaten up because of his name, and whatever else is in the water he drinks gets the best of him, and he becomes, for lack of a better term, all Narf-y. Pinkie is huge. Incredibly so. If there weren't so many hormones in the food, and growth disorders weren't becoming more and more commonplace, no one would believe that this six and a half foot tall kid was really 16 years old. From the tip of his brightly pink dyed spiked 'do, to the bottoms of his RazorSports "Bigfoot Stomper" Combat Soccer shoes, Pinkie is imposing, rough, and oddly moralistic. Like Angus, he's more of a sports brawler, and gets off on beating up people who get off on hurting kids. Doesn't that make you feel safe?

NAME: Shawan "Rufus" Bickley

AGE: 14

YOGANG: MegaViolent

GANG: Hey, Angus Ain't that bad, dude...

Rufus Being His Badass



Rufus is an angry kid. He's the epitome of the term "Angst ridden teenager", complete with the "Nobody Unnerstan's Me!" line. He's really resentful of his father, a "White assed Corper Scumbag" who left his secretary mother when he was born. Rufus likes to beat up on anyone who picks on little kids, his neighbors, or his mom. Noone better get near his mom without a good thought in their minds. Last one who did that won't ever walk again. Rufus stores up his anger until it gets the better of him, and let's it out in spurts when it does. He's never really calm, and always has something to prove. The easiest way to deal with him is to either prove right off the bat that you don't have a problem with him, or that you can take him down. Either way, you'll get his respect, and once you have that, he'll always let you know when he's pissed enough to break your face.

NAME:

Angela "Dayglo" Rasputin

AGE: 15

YOGANG: MegaViolent

GANG: I Can Take Angus if I Wanna... More Ways Than One, Too...

Dayglo Ready For



Dayglo is the only girl to ever hold her own with any of these kids. Or to win. She's outspoken, violent, and brash. She hates her parents, and they hate her (she's sure of this). "f you can't beat 'em, get a bigger stick" is her motto, and it seems to work. She's the sexually aggressive member of the group, and while she hasn't "done it" with anyone yet, she's come damn close. Her anger and frustration seek as many outlets as they can, and the rest of the group may or may not be wondering how long it will be until she loses it compeletly. Dayglo is the one punk most likely to score a gun or explosive of some kind, as well as being the one to have the intent of using it as more than a show piece. Dayglo, like Pinkie, dyes her hair, in this case, her wild mane tumbles bright banana yellow down her back, stopping just below her shoulder blades. Her typical clothing consists of Doc Martin boots, ripped up jeans over a pair of Dyna Shock Fashion brand thigh-highs, and a full sized Army Surplus Heavy Combat jacket over her tattered NSCA Lancers sports jersey. Dayglo keeps an old Soviet Sub Corps medallion pinned to her headband, which is used as a fashion statement, emergency cutting tool, and extended headbash gear.

NAME: Jacob "Poprocket" Walenstein

AGE: 12

YOGANG: MegaViolent

GANG: Angus'll Kick Your ASS, man! Better watch out, dude!

Poprocket is a scrapper, a bruiser, and a really rough little kid. He's constantly bruised and scabby, with a penchant for imitating his hero, Angus. He's hitting that age where he's realizing that Angus may not be the coolest guy in the world, but Angus can still beat him up, so he's still cool enough. Poprocket favors kicking larger people in the nuts, and he doesn't fight "stoopid chicks", which doesn't mean just girls, but anyone who's just simply not worth the fight. Poprocket doesn't handle displays of emotions from his "superiors" very well, and will chide, ridicule, or in some cases just simply beat on them until they stop "actin' all wussy!". He gets his name from his attitude, namely "Light, point, and stand back 'till it explodes!"

Miscellaneous Juves

NAME: Terri Giles-Worthington

AGE: 17

YOGANG: Glittergirl

GANG: Terri belongs to a Clique of Glittergirls in the NCSA High Junior Class

A Shot of Terri



Terri is an example of advanced intellect coupled with natural charm and attractiveness gone horribly, horribly sideways. Terri is the daughter of two of the top research engineers at Raven Microcyb San Jose, and lives with her parents and two younger sisters in the New Santa Clara Arcology (The Wall). Her current boyfriend is the first string Center for NCSA High's Basketball team, Jonah M'tembla. Growing up, she excelled in such things as math, science, and literature, and even managed to achieve honors certificates in elementary and middle schools. However, as my files show, that was all quickly forgotten when she hit puberty and began to blossom into the young woman she is now. Terri got into the Clique she's in now sometime shortly before moving on to NSCA High, probably based on the fact that she had sprung up like a weed over the summer, and her looks grew with her. Instead of being shunned as a geek due to her family background and her own intelligence, she found that her smile and a casual flip of her hair could now get her all the respect she wanted. It's no surprise that her grades dropped, her career potential scores faltered, and her popularity soared. The Cabal has been monitoring Terri for a while now, and we suspect that she could be convinced, if perhaps not easily, to give up her life of fashion, acceptance, and glamour and come over to the side of the Revolution.

NAME: Brittany "Sliding Door" Jones

AGE: 15

YOGANG: Mallbrats

GANG: Central Stationers



A Shot of Brittany

Brittany really is 15, in fact, her birthday was just this last February 12th. Don't let anyone tell you there aren't hormones in your food, kids, even if it's kibbles. The fact that she looks (*much*) older, is a whiz at customer relations, and isn't above showing a little humor, skin, or whatever else needs to be shown to get a sale managed to land her a job at Gizmo Hut in the Milpitas Mallplex, where a simple forged work permit allowed her to get as many hours as she could squeeze out of her family, friends, and studies. Brittany is something of a slacker, study wise, but that doesn't stop her from passing all the classes necessary to keep her job, and therefore her livelihood. A few conveniently "unsalable" goods find their way into the hands of the right "tutors", and her grades stay steady, climbing and dropping when appropriate. Unfortunately my knowledge of her scholastic trickery ends there, as there are certain places even I can't go. The information I've got comes from unencrypted V-Mail, a few dozen video captures from some security cameras, and what a couple of your fellow Yogangers have managed to get on her for me. I'm like Sung Chiang, kids. I've got my tentacles in everything! Whee! Regardless of that, don't let Brittany's looks fool you. She's not fickle, she's not shallow, and to the best of my knowledge isn't a slut, either, so don't you girls get that idea. Of course, I could be totally fraggin' *wrong*, but who can say? What I am sure of is that she can boost merchandise with the best of them, and that when she finally does get legal, there's gonna be a whole lot of trouble for her.

NAME: Tabitha "Mink" Deavers

AGE: 16

YOGANG: Goth

GANG: NSCA High Theater Club, Wannabe Vampire, Castro Streeters



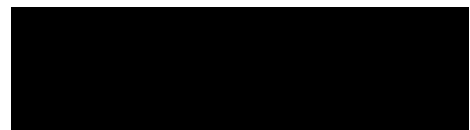
Mink is a Sophomore Theater Student at NSCA High, and is active in the Theater Club, where she can let her "Natural Talents" shine through. Mink is a Goth to the hilt, and really gets off on Poe (Edgar Allen and the 20th C. singer), Shakespeare, and Lovecraft. She typically covers herself from neck to wrist to toe in fishnet, lace, and velvet, her black hair (dyed, of course) tousled and teased to get that "Natural" look, and with more than just a hint of white-face and mascara showing through the veil she's recently added to her look. Unlike a lot of the Goths on the local scene, Mink's something of a "Happy Goth", and plays up the rag tag nature of her attire to highlight her natural attractiveness. Recently, Mink was out of school for about a week, and her parents couldn't be reached. She showed back up about two weeks ago, and both she and her family have been silent about it since. Wonder what happened....?

NAME: Jasper Davis

AGE: 17

YOGANG: Vidiot

GANG: NSCA High Film/Photo Club, Midnight Jackelopes



Davis is another member of the Lancers. He's an upperclassman, obviously, and is taking intensive Honors courses in Management and Economics. He's also a first rate Vidiot, and is the president of the NSCA High Film/Photo club. The Midnight Jackelopes are still a fairly secretive group, and no one really knows who makes up their ranks...

Except me and the GODRache, and I'm not going to tell... and neither will I. We? I? They? Whee?

NAME: Yuri "GitGo" Teslington

AGE: 16

YOGANG: Tinkertot

GANG: NSCA High Science Club, Teslington Tinkers

GitGo is a geek. A loser. The kid you go to if your wheels are broke and you have a lot of cash. His folks run the best "independant" body shop in the area, and make a killing refurbishing products that are no longer supported by the big name corporations. As this doesn't take any money from the Corpers, they don't really care. If he's not in front of an old computer making it go (he taught himself UNIX when he was four, or so he says), or at the Science Club lab, Gitgo is usually found in his own little greasepit in the back of his parent's shop. He's also typically loaded down with Techtoys, trinkets, and reference manuals.

NAME: Jonathan "Jono" Hastings

AGE: 15

YOGANG: Beaverbrat

GANG: NSCA High Honors Society, Midnight Jackelopes

Jono is a Beaverbrat of the finest caliber. He's responsible, he gets good grades, and he's on the honor rolls of both Principals and the Board of Directors. He's also responsible for the giant inflatable duck that found its way into the senior class gymnasium, and the Jello mix that got dumped into the upper class pools last semester. Jono runs with the Jackelopes, and is one of their heavy hitters, striking fear into the hearts of all who seek to keep the little guy down. Last time a freshman got run up a flag pole by his underwear, the Jackelopes staged a raid on the Senior Class lockers, replacing all of the upper class PE uniforms with water soluble paper replicas. Cueing the sprinkler system in the Gyms to go off at random points over the next week was the fun part.

NAME: Warren Donley

AGE: 18

YOGANG: Goldenkid

GANG: Senior Class (That "Bunch o' stinkin' snobs!" specifically)

Donley is the son of Stephan Donley, star of As The World Goes By, a soap opera on WNS-ISA. His looks come from his father, his charm from somewhere else. He's been likened to a cat: He likes you when you like him, and if you don't like him, fuck you. He's snide, manipulative, and all the chicks love him. Just goes to show you that the bad people do not always get what they deserve. Donley doesn't have much else in the way of interesting stuff to tell about, besides his little "trysts" with several members of the Cheerleading squad, and the daughter of the Dean of the Arts at NSCA High. Want the pictures?

NAME: Jonah M'tembla

AGE: 18

YOGANG: Rad

GANG: Surprisingly, None... Or maybe...

Jonah's the captain of the Lancers, and is their star center. He's an honest, hard working student who plays as hard as he can, whether it's to get the point himself, or to let one of his teammates get it. Jonah is one of the very few people with whom you can truly tell where you stand at all times. He's tall, handsome, honest, and oh-so-dreamy. He's destined for management... which will prove if it's the leaders or the takers that truly are the future. Jonah is very active in sports, debate teams, and has been taking leadership courses (although it's very likely that he takes them to see what *not* to do) as a supplement to his economics and Corporate Policy courses.

ABOUT THE ARTWORK: I take no credit for any artwork not created by myself. "Tink" was made by John Brouillet. "Skyler", "Jank", "Rufus", "Dayglo" and "Terri" were made by Christian Conkle. "Mink" was made by Drea O' Dare. I created "Brittany", and I am James Milligan. I also created and utilized thumbnails. All artistic creations on this page are owned and copyright their creators. We have records, deal with pain!

Places of Interest

We're just overflowing with information for ya, aren't we? Originally, this node was supposed to have just a short file on a couple of places that you kids might want to familiarize yourself with, and maybe even feed us some info on, as well. As you little proto-cerebrates must by now understand, your rapidly expanding Nano-forged Conciousnesses have pushed that engrammatic envelope, and have demanded more!

MORE!
MORE!
Consume!

Will you never be sated? Can we do nothing to alleviate your insatiable thirst for data?

I certainly hope not. The more you demand of the information networks we've built, the more power the other Guru's of the Revolution will give me, and *THEN* let's see someone tell me that I can't play with their basketball!

HA! I'll show them! But what will I show them? Hmm...

Maybe... Nah... Hey! No...

What are you still doing here? Go find out about stuff!

New Santa Clara Arcology High School:

NCSA High is a breeding ground for Corporate whiz kids and future company drones. Before you get admitted, you take a series of Career Aptitude tests, and you really ought to get used to them, because you'll be taking them every quarter until you graduate. In order to even get anywhere near the area of acceptance, you have to, of course, have parents in the right companies. NCSA High is funded by Raven Microcyb, Digital Duality, Genuflexx, and EBM, four of the original companies to subsidize the construction of the Arcology in the first place. Other schools exist in the Arco, funded by other backers and conglomerates.

NCSA does have a few advantages, although in the eyes of the Revolution and the Cabal, they don't really stack up against the ever present Corporate Logo Parade, Drone Training, Low Protein/High Starch so-we-can-brainwash-you-easier cafeteria food (although if you like that sort of thing, I hear the gruel is really yummy this time of year), and the incessant droning of politically correct elevator music that just keeps playing so subtly in the background until you don't even notice it any more and it keeps going and going and eventually it's infiltrating every part of your brain and the words don't even come to you any more and your head starts spinning when you don't hear it and then you start hearing it in your sleep can't somebody make it **STOP!**

Whew. Sorry about that. Logic Loop.

NCSA has two Football teams, the Falcons and the JV Kestrels; a Soccer team, the Chargers; and a Basketball team, the Lancers. They're working on a Target Archery squad, as well as attempting to regain footing in the area of competition swimming after an embarrassment two years ago that cost them their team, their uniforms, and their coaches in that department. All the sports teams except the Falcons are co-ed, although the JV Kestrels are predominantly male in their makeup.

Currently, NSCA High is run by two Principals, one for the Upper Class, one for the Lower. UCP is one Mr. Harrison Jackson, a former EBM management specialist who surprisingly does have a background in the Education field. He's known as a fairly good and patient man, and is openly fair and equal in his treatment of the students, including his own two sons (who are not under his jurisdiction as a Principal, as they're in the Lower Class for the next year). LCP is a Ms. (That's "Mizz", don't you know) Jeanine Breistein, a deservedly noted Hard-Case who was given the job by the BOD at Raven Microcyb after the fiasco two years ago. Replacing the former LCP was not Jeanine's ideal job position, but her background in public relations and consumer education made her the most apt, if not most likely, candidate.

Classes at NSCA High run from 10AM to 4PM for most students, with Honors classes, sports training, and Study Halls beginning at 8AM. The six hour schedule has been found to keep students more productive, as more of them are awake and actually thinking, rather than sleeping off whatever it is they weren't up doing in the dark last night.

Milpitas Mallplex

When the Great Mall of the Bay Area finally bit it back in 2002, the city was left with a problem. Transit lines had been re-routed to hook up to the Mall itself, with Light Rail and Bus terminals at either end of the parking lot, and Shopper Shuttles doing regular runs. While the Mall itself hadn't been very successful as the Outlet Heaven it was supposed to be, the City knew they had the potential to get a good thing going again if they could get it off the ground.

So that's exactly what they did. Throwing time and contractors at the problem, along with copious amounts of cash and Eminent Domain Clauses, managed to turn the formerly stodgy old gray building (hey, what do you expect from a renovated Ford plant?) that the Mall had once again become into a multiple story, easily expandable, and incredibly huge (about a mile long) Mallplex that was an integration of Commercial and Residential zonings and construction practices. Employees and merchants were able to move in to the entire structure, bringing families and a guaranteed consumer/retailer loop into the City's economy. The previous problem of the Elmwood Correctional

Facility was removed entirely when the compound mysteriously blew up six months into the construction of the 'Plex. The survivors were moved to other facilities, and no, a connection has not been found yet. Go figure.

You can find just about anything you want in the 'Plex, from Citycars to Smartboards, sneakers to thousand dollar pumps. Bell-Boeing has a showroom on the seventh floor in the East Wing (the West Wing has eight floors, the North Gate has ten) from where they sell the latest in Spinner Coupes and Sedans. Prices run the gamut, and with two schools located close by, the 'Plex is of course a favorite hangout spot.

The place is, as they say, fraggin' huge. In the entirety of this multi-floored megalith (although still a paltry sight compared to the Wall), some ten thousand people work and live in the mall, doing everything from retail sales to security to janitorial work. Ten fountains, seven cinemas, fifteen arcades and five hundred restaurants dot the different areas, raking in cash hand over fist. An entire subculture has sprung up in the 'Plex, and at times it seems to rival even the last remaining fervor of the pre-ISA age that still lingers on the Strip. (See our notes on The Wall for more on the Strip)

San Jose Arena

With the resurgence of the Corporate Bay Area, the sheer number of people needing to blow off steam skyrocketed as the second decade of the Twenty First century began. The self-enclosed arena, previously used for the city of San Jose's NHL team, the Sharks, was a perfect choice as the new Corporate Sportsdome. With the right amount of palm-greasing, coupled with a liberal dosing of Corporate donations to City beautification projects, and the local Consortiums had leasing and rental rights to the Arena at a moments notice. New Santa Clara Acrology High plays all their home games at the Arena, as do all the other local Corporate High Schools. The Arena has been expanded since its construction, and currently sports an additional two floors of seating, a third concession ring (elevated above the previous two), and fully four hundred percent more parking than its original layout (in the form of parking structures and spinner pads). Security is provided by a team licensed from Militech, but staffed by San Jose City police. It's a pretty cush job, except for the occassional sports riot or hockey game. The Arena is a favorite spot for after school hanging out, as well as a recently discovered "Duly Ordained" impromptu Thrash site for the local Aeroboard gangs.

Sparkling Sammy's

Kids need a place to hang, and Sammy's is the place for a whole lot of them. Part Classic 20th 1950's style malt shop, part gas station, part car wash, Sammy's has got a song in the juke box and a shine on the chrome that just sort of reaches out and grabs you by the throat. From the big swooping swoosh sign on the marquee, to the "Drive In" sign and car lot speaker phones, down to the little speckled plastic counters and stool tops, good old Sammy has gone out of his way to make the place somewhere that people just want to be. A really jolly guy, Sammy doesn't buy in to the "Gotta Look Good" trend of most men of his day, and thus appeals to the younger crowd that he tries to attract to his business. From the stained white apron he wears over his blue collar work shirt and black denim pants, to the funny paper chef hat he dons when behind the grill, or the up front pricing he gives to customers who want their spinners washed, Sammy does one thing well: Customer Satisfaction. Because of this trend in service, Sammy is able to make the place look just like it's supposed to, from the leatherette covered seats in the booths, to the actual honest to Bogg vinyl record playing Juke Box, to the Dig Dug and Defender machines in the corner, to the "Sock Hop" dance floor, Sammy runs a retro joint to beat all retro joints.

Sammy runs most of his business with his seven permanent employees, and draws what cover help he needs from the teens that frequent the place. The only requirement to earn a few quick bucks from Sammy are that you have to follow the rules, you work your ass off, you take your break on a regular schedule, and you wear the uniform. Guys get the hat, the shirt and pants, and the shoes, girls get the blouse, skirt, and rollerskates. Unless you want to be a mechanic. Then you get a pair of overalls and a grease rag. Sammy hasn't been able to do much mechanicing at his joint for a while, what with the cutbacks on licensing, but he still manages to get a good deal of service done. Come on down, have a Sammy Burger.