

AFTER THE ASTOR

HRIS DE VALLE

MELBOURNE, 2023

Welcome to Melbourne. Once a peaceful city echoing the moods and colors of Paris or Montreal, the South-Eastern suburbs are wracked by drug strife. The close North-Western suburbs of Brunswick and Coburg were destroyed by a racial firestorm between the Turks, Greeks and Italians and Asians. Shantytowns now exist in the wreckage, sprawling hovels that are too close for comfort for the well-off. Slums and homeless line the foreshores along Port Phillip Bay, stretching down as far as Brighton and sporadically further.

Melbourne is hurting from the troubles. The Premier is siphoning off police from other suburbs to strengthen forces down in the inner-urban jungle. This weakens outer areas where roving mall-gangs and delinquent youth have greater freedom.

Prahran and St-Kilda are Free-Fire zones. The drug trade is escalating to horrendous proportions and drive-bys are even venturing up Chapel St and along the gay-bar strip of Commercial Road. There are a number of gangs peddling the shit through St Kilda and the Esplanade is a total all-out death risk. The Espy Hotel still operates with a cordon of ten beefy assorted Maori's, Fijians and Islanders, all packing the latest assault weaponry.

More drive-bys and gang warfare have spilled over to St Kilda Rd, which is patrolled heavily by police. The attrition rate for police stands at three or four per week. Multiply that by a ratio of ten for the gang side

What saves the Police Force for the moment is the Victorian gun laws and the difficulty in obtaining anything other than rifles and single-shot shotguns. Most gun shops only deal in these types of guns and the black-market charges high for anything semi- or fully-automatic. Ammo, of course, is painfully expensive as well.

Consequently the gangs are armed with cheap Polymers, sawn-off shotguns and rifles, an alarming prevalence of Molotov cocktails and home-made bombs (made easy via the 'Net.) It means they gotta have fast cars to get away and reload, so the era of the CHOOH-heads dropping burnouts and holding street drags is far from over.

People still live in these areas. The disenfranchised, street traders, social security addicts and drug addicts and the dirt-poor families who can afford the rent, exist in this volatile melting pot of cultures. The eke a living while dodging bullets, scamming money, or drugs to get by, and try to claw a way out of this horribly urban existence.

South Yarra and Toorak are ruled by Corp Security, be it Militech, Arasaka or MSS, who patrol the leafy streets and promenades in BMW 2020's, armed with Gel rounds and perhaps something more lethal in the turret guns. Gangs do not frequent these areas much, as their business is elsewhere, but this does not stop the citizens from hiring security. Altercations with gangs, though rare, will generally occur along Toorak Rd.

The Eastern and Western Suburbs continue to sprawl outwards and Mall culture grows like an insidious cancer, springing up every five suburbs into near-self-contained (not self-sufficient) units with adjoining residential areas, gyms, child-care centres and medical clinics. Many mall-bred Aussies rarely venture further than the great sliding doors that frame their environment. Even Bayswater has it's own mall and multiplex cinema, a central point for the growing 'burbs out further, Wantirna, Scoresby, Kilsyth and beyond.

THE SITUATION:

As the Victorian Police Force teeters and sways, suffering attacks from the media for their brutality and yet, also their inefficiency in dealing with the rampant crime problem in the Free-Fire Zone (which was declared in 2015 for the Police only - but seemed to be gleefully embraced by the streetgangs); it seems another solution is needed.

The Police talk of incentives proven in the United States, of fast-response teams carrying maximum firepower as an intimidation factor: Max-Tac and C-Swat. The resounding public opinion has been negative, as the Police seem to use the same brutality everywhere that they openly display in the Pranski Zone. Politicians and Human Rights groups have suggested non-lethal capture weapons. These have been trialled by the police, and tests proved inconclusive and unsatisfying.

Arasaka, who has contracts with quite a few Japanese cities and some South American cities as a privately bought Police force, would like to pick up the Melbourne contract. Currently the Premier has no plans to accept Arasaka as the City or State Police Force, and the public have not been informed of the offer. However, the tabloid trash shows and the fax-flimsies burn with rumours of secret deals and proposals.

Arasaka themselves would love the contract and are currently engaging in some illicit and highly illegal ventures to put the pressure on the Victorian Govt. and the Police Force. Arasaka Spec Ops teams are venturing into the Pranski Free Fire Zone and delivering high-grade military weapons to some of the prime 'Top Dog' gangs in the area. The Spec Ops teams are tailored for observation, reconnaissance and gang relations. Their job is to simply run the weapons in and begin liaison with viable gangs.

The characters will be members of one of these Arasaka Special Ops teams. The game begins on a Friday night, just after the players have knocked off work and are about to go out for a big night on the schnapps. The atmosphere is claustrophobic in Melbourne this time of year. It is December the 10th, holiday season and Christmas fever has hit with the full impact of 2020 commercialism.

What should happen here is that the characters will *not* be told who they are working for; only that they have to be at work at 7am on Monday for a briefing. They have a wild weekend to burn time and catch up with friends, family or their drinking time, establish their Cyberpunk in-bred hatred of Arasaka. **Possible** events during this weekend will follow.

Trimmings line the streets and Government-sponsored community messages from fresh-faced Police assure the populace that all efforts will be made to make this Christmas a safe and happy one. Interspersed in the media is a subtle Arasaka barrage, with commercials 'supposedly' aimed at corporate facets, displaying happy people and trustworthy Cherry Blossom guards keeping the streets of Osaka and Honshu safe.

'Arasaka Security - For when it's people you're worried about, not just property'.
'When safety and security is your concern, your only choice is Arasaka Security.'

Arasaka has also started buying up all the private security companies through their own shadow companies. The Chubb Security firm that guards the Toorak burbclave is one of theirs, as with 4 out of the 7 premier security providers in Victoria.

GANGS

St Kilda Reserves: Fifteen years ago, this gang was actually the Reserve squad for the St Kilda Football Club, since disbanded in 2005. Disgruntled players started the first riot and all served time in the same place – the Melbourne Remand and Correctional Centre. Upon release, a kinship had formed and the players, now versed in the ways of crime and police procedure, returned to their haunts and ensconced themselves well into St Kilda.

The romance grew. The 'footy' connection was still stressed, and the thrill of being in the 'St Kilda Reserves', albeit disbanded, served to swell the gang ranks in the first few initial years. Naturally, the drugs and cyberware followed; crime and anarchy. The Esplanade banned all St Kilda Reserves in 2014 and has since suffered a few drive-by retributions. This is why the Espy now sports the rank of large men with assault weapons out the front.

At this point in time, December the 10th, 2021, the St Kilda Reserves have swelled to over three hundred members, spread as far as Gardenvale, Ashburton, South Yarra and the CDB. Concentrated mainly in St Kilda, however, the Reserves manufacture and sell large quantities of Snapcoke, Rezzin and Blue Glass. They are about to start distribution of something new called 'Steamer'; which is a combat drug based on Militech's 'HappyKill' and 'Taz'. Currently they are keeping this development under wraps.

The Reserves are the target gang that Arasaka wishes the team to rendezvous with. Shipments and crates of assault rifles and ammunition are being readied for distribution; loaded into nondescript vans and strapped down. These are ready for Monday when the Deep Insertion team makes their first foray.

Pier Pressure: This smaller yet very lethal gang are water-bound, generally. A society of fixers supplying to the shanties and shambling cardboard homes along the St. Kilda beaches and foreshores, almost all of the Pressure own some sort of water vehicle. Trawlers, yachts, skiffs, motorboats and jetskis abound, all in a nondescript state and in need of repair. The Pressure are often seen hanging down along the St. Kilda pier, their recognised home turf. Disputes between the Reserves and Pressure are not uncommon, but as the Pressure supplies most of the Reserves ammo, the disputes are light and do not go too far.

The Pressure have many people down in Williamstown, where a quiet warehouse hides most of their stash. They regularly jet across the bay with goods for the masses. If you need something slightly blackmarket (not drugs), a Pressure Shock can probably get it for you. It is rumored they even have access to the Naval Stores down around Willy, and are able to get BIG weaponry.

None of the Pressure really pack, they will secrete their weaponry on their vehicles, able to find it in a second. Known to come quite far up the Yarra, in fact up to Southgate to annoy city 'edgers' and the mover set, the Pressure do not have too much of a beef with police because they don't start much. The Police are much more concerned with the casual violence that the Reserves and the A-boys germinate.

Pressure Shocks are everywhere; in doorways, on steps, standing outside the gun shop, outside pubs and venues. Fast-talking, persuasive, born salesmen, they'll get you imported gear, blackmarket cyber, ammo (but not many guns), software and hard-core porn stims, fresh food when they have it. The Shocks are known for their waterproofed gear, highly identifiable windbreakers and wetsuits, chunky boots and enviro-gear for bad days in the Phillip.

Albert Park Boys: Based (you guessed it) in and around Albert Park Lake, this ultra-violent streetgang formed a little while after the Grand Prix instituted its permanency, settling into the leftover structures and basically squatting. It always took about seven or eight months for the Local Council to tear down all the temporary structures after the race, and in the end, against strong public opposition they finally made the buildings permanent; grandstands, pit lane and the associated structures. This made the A-boys happy.

Of course, a vehicle-based gang, the A-boys use the pits extensively but always seem to fade when the Grand Prix rolls around. They retreat into the groundwork and enjoy the race, popping up as marshals and track officials and pit straight tyre-changers.

During the rest of the year they make Albert Park unsafe, hanging out around Punt Road, Chapel Street and Lake Drive, driving really quickly, making loud noises with their cars and bikes. These guys are mostly into Speed, Snapcoke and adrenaline-based endorphin drugs and get their shit from the Reserves and assorted scum around town. They often go up to Toorak and South Yarra for the coke, so their 'Mad Max/Low Rider/StreetRod' car styles are often seen prowling down Toorak Road and sometimes St Kilda Rd.

The A-Boys do not like Pier Pressure very much. In fact, they are too close for comfort and any Shock meeting A-boys will be a charged encounter. The Pressure are more heavily armed around their vehicles, which is near the shores and piers. The Albert Park Boys do not have much in the way of armament; as most of their 'income' goes towards the vehicles. They carry blades, chains, bats and knives.

The dispute between Pressure and A-boys is not a good one. Albert Park's reason for thumping the crap out of them is simply because the Pressure Shocks generally work alone or in pairs, and are a good target for a carload of speeding, speeding A-boys. Pier Pressure will be fielding extras soon, with extra guns. Should be interesting.

Black Saints: This Aboriginal gang has armed up and stalks the commercial streets of St Kilda like the Black Panthers of old. They seem to be a cross between the Panthers, Guardian gangs and Black Supremacists, touting the 'We were here first' spiel. Numbering around 30-40 in total, with imported polymer one-shots and mace sprays, they 'keep the streets safe' and practise mob tactics on unsuspecting skinheads, mostly innocent. The Kooris in the park; who have made it their home, try not to have a lot to do with the Saints as they think their methods are suspect.

Bok Choy Triad: (BCT): Asian streetgang with hordes of members. A veritable scourge. Homeboys, kawaii, muscleheads, gogangers, the BCT has got 'em all. All over the place. Generally inner suburbs, around Carlton, Brunswick, Richmond, and moving down through East Richmond, up Bridge Road and prevalent around the Jam Factory, where the Corp Security chases off anybody more heavily armed.

The Bok Choy Team stow much of their weapons in their cars. They suffer the same problems as the other gangs, in that hardcore weaponry is quite hard to get. Knives and chains and nunchaku are the deal, and it is the Bok Choy that get all the sick Chiba cyberware in and install it in shitty, dirty clinics with amateur ripperdocs. Occasionally something works.

The Bok Choy are really into Rezzin and speed. You'll see them in alleyways everywhere, generally wreathed in a cloud of rezzin smoke or speeding off their heads and asking 'Scuse me, mate, you wouldn't have a dollar for a taxi fare, would ya?'

A NIGHT ON THE TOWN

This should be the first half of the session or so. Use it to let the player/characters bond, and for them to get an idea of the world. In bars, the TV is always on, spewing current affairs or reality television (Cops: Pranski Free Fire Zone!!). People talk, gangs roll by, trouble brews. There are edgrunners in cyberpunk, professionals and so on, they may frequent the area – so there's fodder for any randy characters. Even the ganger girls are cute – there's opportunity for hella trouble.

Encourage them to get drunk, take drugs, look for trouble if they like that. Take a risk... have a fun weekend.

These are the details available to them: They are a cadre unit for a big Corp. Call it 'the faceless blob' and joke about it.

It's back to work on Monday, and some highly important mission is on the boards.

Their last few missions have been boring recon, no action.

Some of the hep pubs and clubs are still down Chapel St; they possess an element of danger due to the free-fire zone and the spectacles of the gangs. You just don't look at them wrong, that's all.

What's to do:

- Rocky's gotta go see his AP Boys for a few parts they've machined. He's sourced an old '89 VL Commodore that's in good condition in Geelong.
- Yama & Helena are touring, playing at the Espy
- One of Shae's old school mates is a Pressure Shock now – they will meet. Not the best of re-unions.
- Chan's gotta take some supplies to his Uncle's family, in Windsor.

Places to be seen at, places to hide in:

The Esplanade Hotel: Still going strong, perhaps a little rougher. Now with security parking!

The Duke of Windsor: Known as a neutral meeting place for all the gangs.

Chapel St North: After High St, Chapel is a gated mall, with heavy security, ending at Toorak Rd. It has also been roofed over. The High St end is nasty – lots of trouble.

Luna Park: Abandoned, apparently now home to the Reserves.

Fitzroy St: Gangland heaven.

Acland St: Still trading, although slanted towards bars, tattoo parlors, cyberclinics, gun shops.

Greville St: Some of the riskiest, edgiest cyberpunk fashion available... low rent, but booming.

Como: Stretches from Toorak rd, to the river, now a sprawling arcology – domed and secure.

The College Lawn: A hard-drinking pub nestled in Prahran, full of locals (not gangers) who take no shit.

Beacon Cove: Urban decay at its very worst.

What is the Freefire Zone really like?

Dodgy. Sure, people and services still exist there, but there are not a lot of good people about at night. The gangs have their turf, which is constantly shifting and changing. Rippervans prowl the streets – owned by black clinics, trawling for fresh corpses to take parts from and sell on.

The Black Saints move in large packs – the only way to enforce peace or safety. The gangs are always looking for trouble. Makeshift fires and gutted buildings are like broken teeth, holes in the neighborhood. Cardboard box villages and clumps of homeless try to avoid the scourge of the gangs. The rare deliveries and services that still go into the zone are heavily armed. And of course, armored buses take foreign and local tourists alike through the spectacle that is the Pranski Freefire Zone.

ONE HOT BRIEFING

We begin the missions with maybe a Recon, or Surveillance - depending on the speed of the nightlife. Stress to the team that they are all fully deniable. A 3-month contract at 10K a week guarantees this.

- Fast deniable strike

Jetski hit on some partying BCT. Acting as Pier Pressure, the team is to head up the St Kilda canal to the park inland, and take out a BCT party/gathering that is going on there. Maximum damage, maximum speed. There will be about 50 BCT members, of course not all armed with carbines, so suppression is the key.

Clear some clips and when it gets hot, bail. The team will be equipped with limited scuba gear. If their egress is blocked or denied, ditch the jetskis and gear, and swim the rest of the way – stealth mode. The rebreathers give the team half an hour of air.

GM – The jetskis are fairly loud, so perhaps a dozen Bok Choy gangers will come down to the canal to check it out. They will most probably be caught unawares – 1 or 2 of them might have a firearm. The rest are loosely gathered about some bonfires, lounging in a dilapidated gazebo or leaning on cars. As soon as the alarm is raised, most will move toward the fracas, but smarter gangers will take oblique angles to get a shot at the team from further up or down the canal. This part should be hairy, but not lethal.

The chase is the more exciting part, as the Triads take chase, and try to head off the team on every overpass. Again, the smarter ones will head straight for the last road over the canal before the bay, and be clustered there. They will have a lot of firepower, and perhaps a flamethrower.

- Delivery

Take this truck, these overalls/work clothes, get down to this warehouse. Unload the truck, stack the crates in the warehouse. Do this very early in the morning – around 5:30 or first light. Ensure no gangs see your activity. This means lethal force is sanctioned. Anyone witnessing the op who may be connected with gang activity should be eliminated. Rely on your team leaders discretion.

GM – This is a basic weapons plant, setting up for another op. The crates are full of submachineguns, assault rifles, shotguns, and even a few RPGs. Also included is a selection of body armor. Lui is equipped with a sniper rifle, silenced, and the rest are advised to keep silenced pistols handy. Depending on how you're feeling, you could have a bunch of Reserves tumble out of a back alley, drunk and rowdy, a beggar wheeling a trolley, picking through rubbish, or some young street urchin, all big eyes and dirty hair, who the players must angst about putting a bullet through. **One point** to note however, is that the warehouse is only about a block away from Lt. Noonan's own warehouse residence.

- The Meet

Set up a meet with the Captain of the SKFC Reserves and do a deal for the guns. You represent the interests of some cyberware importers with goods stolen by the BCT and Pier Pressure, and would like the gangs crippled. If significant progress is attained, more ammo will be forthcoming. How to justify this? It's cheaper to give wpns to the Reserves than it is to hire edgerunners or put pressure on the Govt. and Police to clean up this scourge. Your 'employers' have no interest in the Pranski FF Zone, just in protecting their assets. If an agreement is reached, then reveal the location of the weaponry.

GM – The meet, once set up, is laden with tension. There are a lot of Reserves, hanging around their favorite playground. The Captain is not stupid, and is wary about the deal. He may want to send the emissaries up with some of his wingers to case the joint. He may want to put them to death right now. The players should have an ace in the hole of some sort – or a lot of front.

After the deal goes down, the repercussions are felt. The Reserves hit BCT and PP, rolling firefights across the Zone, and either the sponsored kid, or Chan's Uncle's family are wounded or killed in the fracas.

- Intelligence/Backstab

Intelligence has arrived telling us that the Reserves are planning on making a hit on the Albert Park Boys HQ. Your team must be on station to observe the fight and even up the odds. When the police arrive, concentrate your assets on their removal. This must be a bloodbath.

GM – Reserves will come up from Fitzroy St and the Esplanade to move into Albert Park. They are heavily armed, about 50 of them, and APB lookouts will begin exchanging fire, before being silenced. The pit buildings and sports centre will be the APB ‘castle’ that they will fight to defend.

The police will turn up with 4 response vans loaded with 10 SOG troopers each. These guys are pretty good. It would be wise for the team to be in a position away from the firefight, ready to move in or snipe. This is a tough op. If the SOG get the picture and the team is less than effective, squads will move to engage, and the team will be in a retreating position. Stress to the team that arrest or discovery is not an option. They will be issued thermite grenades to destroy any bodies left behind. Another thing for astute characters to notice is that there is another team doing the same job as them.

- **Finisher**

Here’s how I want it. The Freefire Zone must burn. Big or small, I want fire, explosions, falling shit, lavish descriptions of rolling clouds of flame, the works. How? There are a number of possible ways:

- Having to plant explosives in a warehouse of gang contraband – BCT cyber, PP gear, or even a mission to blow up the Reserves drug-manufacturing centre. It goes wrong. The charges go off early (sabotage?), or the team underestimates the volatility of the chemicals.
- The army is finally called in, rolling in troops, tanks, APCs and emplacements to pacify and quell the gangers. Naturally, chaos ensues. Especially since the gangers have been provided with RPGs and LATGMs by other Arasaka ops teams. WAR.
- Showdown in Luna Park. The last job is to take out the Captain to redress the imbalance of gang strength. Except another gang turns up to mess with the job. Otherwise the team is going to rescue Millie, Noonans’ girl. Some idiot uses incendiary rounds in the park, and all the wood starts to burn. It spreads.
- Toxic chemicals – oil slick in the bay – the entire foreshore alight. If it feels good, do it. Piers burning. Flaming seagulls. A vast pall of smoke over Pranski.

Hooks:

- Chan’s uncle and his family (large or small) are killed/hospitalized/brutalized – depending on the mood.
- Direct selling – Mike gets a pushy but reasonable touter on the vidphone (or whatever) for World Vision. If he accepts, the next day or so, he finds out he’s sponsored a kid in the Pranski FF Zone.
- Noonan’s girlfriend Millie is a media – does investigative stuff for ACA. She’s unravelling things, and will work towards the truth. This could get dangerous – either Arasaka move for elimination, or she and her crew are captured by gangers, who must be talked down by Noonan and the crew.

The drugs

Snapcoke: Cross b/w speed and coke

Rezzin: Artificial marijuana/hash, very potent.

Blue Glass: Cross b/w PCP and acid, angry/beautiful, mood swings, intense feelings.

Steamer: Nasty combat drug. Effects as advised.

Most everything else is available in some form or another – MDMA, dexamphetamine, LSD, designer pressurized nitrous inhalers...

The Moral choices:

- Continue with the job - be found out, doublecrossed or pounced by gangs/Police
- Sell out - to the media, to rival corps, to the Police, to do in ‘sakas name in Mel for good.
- Fragment - team splits or mixes, makes separate decisions - messy but do-able.

The general idea is for this game to *escalate*. The choices get harder, the pressure mounts, the situation becomes more and more serious. The characters do not exist in a vacuum. The media, the general mood of the city, their friend’s opinions for good or bad, are pervasive.

The other teams:

Of course there are other teams operating in the area, Arasaka ops teams performing parallel missions. If our team starts to get dodgy, these teams may be sent to ‘fix things’. Play them as good or bad, doing a job, but they are as lethal as the PCs – and if they are sent to ‘clean’ our errant team, it will be nasty.

THE PLAYERS:

Arasaka Ops Manager: Ms. Bennett

PP Reps: Jase
Sharky
Chop
Trace

BCT Chapter Heads: **Pranski BCT Head:** Yixing Huan
Balaclava: Sammy Cho
Others: Hong, Tam, Jimmy, Samuel, Jun

AP Boys Chief Mechanic: Billy G

AP Gangers: Enzo
Jack
Mase
Steve
Tony
Ella
Maria

Reserves Captain: Plugger

Ruck: Davo

Wingers: Hammer
Wesh
Benno
Fraggle

Saints Head: Tommy Gulipingu

Lieutenant Mike 'Myers' Noonan, Team Leader

Mike is a Melbourne boy, born and bred - went to Caulfield Grammar, one of the bastions of inner-suburban schools. It was fun to sneak past the militant school security forces to get out for ciggies, and to cruise close to the dangerous areas of St Kilda and Prahran.

Leaving with high marks, even through all the tomfoolery, Mike joined the Australian Defense Force. Completing officer training, he stayed on another 4 years. He began to rue the army as underfunded and underpaid, fighting dirty in the Secessionist War, and scraping through numerous close calls after completing the SAS entry course.

After discharge, he moved to the private sector. Mike has a good work ethic, loves his hometown Melbourne, and now lives in a warehouse in Rosamond St Balaclava. It is outwardly decrepit but secure and well-appointed inside. He lives with his girlfriend, Millie.

Initiative: 20

REF: 12 INT: 9 TECH: 6 COOL: 10 ATTR: 7 MOVE: 10 BODY: 10 EMP: 4 LUCK: 6

DAM MOD: +2

Skillz to pay the billz:

Awareness: 16

Small Arms: 18

Heavy Wpns: 14

Stealth/Hide: 18

Athletics: 17

Swim: 16

Persuade/Fast Talk: 10

Human Perception: 9

Driving: 16

Security/Infiltration: 13

Streetwise: 13

Aikido: 17

Expert – Small Unit Tactics : 14

Gear:

Sidearm

Kawasaki Performance Motorcycle

Pack of Marlboro, Zippo

AR 4 Duster

Cyber:

AR 6 Cyberarm with grapple hand

Optic rebuild - IR, Thermo, Nictating filters

Audio rebuild - enhanced, filtered

AR 3 Skinweave

Comm implant

Neural Mount - & Vehicle Links, 2xPlugs, Booster

Corporal Shae 'Warnie' Wilson, Tech Services

Shae is a country kid from Kerrang, near Bendigo. Shae went to a tech school up there, then to a Ballarat uni for a degree in electrical engineering; while participating in the army reserves. The training enabled Shae to instantly gain employment with any number of security firms; but instead decided to make the long way to WA to help the secessionists fight their border war. Shae thought it would be a good way to see the heart of the country.

It was dirty, low-paid, risky work – setting up outposts, laying fibre-optics for long-range warning, accompanying recon teams and working the technical, detection and ECM angles for smugglers and border-runners. After 3 years fighting a scrappy war of attrition, Shae got out – back to Victoria, to Melbourne, to prospects slightly safer, and much better paid.

Shae now lives in an apartment down on Melbourne Pier, which has a great view, Arasaka Security protection, and always seems just a little bit soulless.

Shae has a brother - Trevor, who is a Constable with the Victorian Police. They often catch up for drinks with the rest of Shae's team, and some other police mates.

Initiative: 17

REF: 11 INT: 9 TECH: 9 COOL: 7 ATTR: 8 MOVE: 8 BODY: 9 EMP: 5 LUCK: 5

DAM MOD: +2

Skillz to pay the billz:

Awareness: 14

Tech Surveillance: 16

Basic Tech: 17

Small Arms: 15

Stealth/Hide: 15

Athletics: 17

Swim: 15

Human Perception: 10

Driving: 17

Security/Infiltration: 15

Remote Ops: 14

First Aid: 14

Tae Kwan Do: 15

Gear:

Sidearm

Mountain bike

AR 3 Bomber jacket

Swiss army knife

Cyber:

Tool hand re-fit

Optic rebuild - IR, Telezoom, Nictating filters

Seismic motion detector

Comm implant

AR 3 Skinweave

Neural mount; multi-link, 2xplugs, processor, booster

Pfc. Luigi 'Fly' Rocco Cirocco, Support

Lui is a Melbourne boy, born and bred, from an Italian family, living in Fitzroy. However when he was 14, Lui discovered the CERES farm establishment that has slowly been reclaiming land along the Moonee Ponds creek. CERES has slowly, necessarily become a fortress, protecting the farmlands and buildings and way of life in the alternative community. Lui did a lot of the grunt work, not only farming but security too. His second family are at CERES and he loved the lifestyle - before he got a real job.

Lazarus were happy to fast-track him through a number of training courses, Lui seemingly born to it - loving heavy weapons and big explosions. He served a 3-year 'tiger team' contract with Lazarus, before moving on to greener pastures. Sure Lazarus were good, but the risks were high, and he got stiffed on his first contract. From here on though, the future is bright.

Lui lives on the edges of the Brunswick Hole, the burnt-out shantytowns that were erected after the space wars of 2015. He's got a decent, if ancient and crumbling old terrace house, that he constantly repairs, and a meaty '76 Valiant Charger, his pride and joy, converted to grain alcohol fuel and given plenty of attention by the Albert Park Boys. It is burnt orange with black decals.

Initiative: 15

REF: 10 INT: 7 TECH: 6 COOL: 10 ATTR: 7 MOVE: 8 BODY: 12 EMP: 4 LUCK: 7

DAM MOD: +4

Skillz to pay the billz:

Awareness: 14

Small Arms: 16

Heavy Wpns: 17

Stealth/Hide: 15

Athletics: 15

Swim: 14

Demolitions: 12

Streetwise: 15

Strength Feat: 16

Driving: 17

Security/Infiltration: 11

Basic Tech: 11

Sambo: 15

Gear:

Sidearm

'76 Valiant Charger

Spawnblade

Pet cat; Tetchy

Cyber:

Cyberarm; myomer upgrade & wolvers

Muscle & Bone lacing

AR 5 Skinweave

Comm Implant

Optic rebuild; IR, Telezoom, Thermo

Neural mount; 2xplugs, booster

Pfc Anthony 'Tone' Chan, Medic

Chan was born in Springvale, still a low-rent, low class 'burb, and managed to scrape through adolescence relatively unscathed, with lofty dreams, good reflexes and a sharp mind. He watched his friends fall into gangs and think only as far as next week, or even just the next hit. Not for him, he made it to Med at Melbourne, and lived in the city. The protected, leafy old avenues of the university were a far cry from Springvale, or the sordid living north or south of the city.

Chan finished his degree and joined the Australian army, forging a fast friendship with 'Warnie' Wilson, until Warnie left the reserves to fight with Western Australian secessionists. Chan and his mate were fighting on different sides, and their chance reunion broke the ice in a shaky cease-fire, and convinced them both to get the hell out.

Chan's back in Melbourne, still a great place despite all the troubles, and is in a challenging new role, working with his old mate Warnie, and two others - 'Myers' Noonan, and Lui 'The Fly' Cirocco, both individual but hard-working and dependable.

Initiative: 15

REF: 10 INT: 9 TECH: 9 COOL: 7 ATTR: 6 MOVE: 11 BODY: 8 EMP: 6 LUCK: 6

DAM MOD: +1

Skillz to pay the billz:

Awareness: 15

Small Arms: 15

Persuasion: 13

Stealth/Hide: 14

Athletics: 15

Swim: 15

Med Tech: 17

Streetwise: 15

Human Perception: 13

Driving: 12

Pharmacology: 14

Cybertech: 15

Karate: 14

Gear:

Sidearm

First aid kit w/injector

Citycar

AR 4 Coat

Party drugs

Cyber:

Hip & leg rebuild - speed boost

Comm implant

AR 3 Skinweave

Optics - IR, Marquee, Dartgun

Neural Mount - plugs, processor, booster