

THE ENDS OF THE EARTH AND BEYOND!

Dark alleys, abandoned buildings, wet streets stabbed with neon light—shadowrunners know all these places. They also know that they aren't the only places work gets done. A good shadowrunner should be open to anything, to runs that might take them anywhere. From the cold of Antarctica to the heat of the Sahara, from the life-filled dark of the deep oceans to the empty void of outer space, there is work to be had for runners brave and resourceful enough to take it. Of course, there are also dozens of new ways to die, so you should probably see if Mr. Johnson will chip in a little extra pay.

Hazard Pay takes shadowrunners into different extreme environments across the Sixth World, providing the descriptions, plot hooks, gear, and other information gamemasters and players need to use these environments in their game. From mysterious monuments under the sea to battered jalopies that just might make it into orbit without disintegrating, **Hazard Pay** presents myriad challenges for runners who are prepared for trouble and ready for anything.

Hazard Pay is for use with **Shadowrun** Twentieth Anniversary Edition.



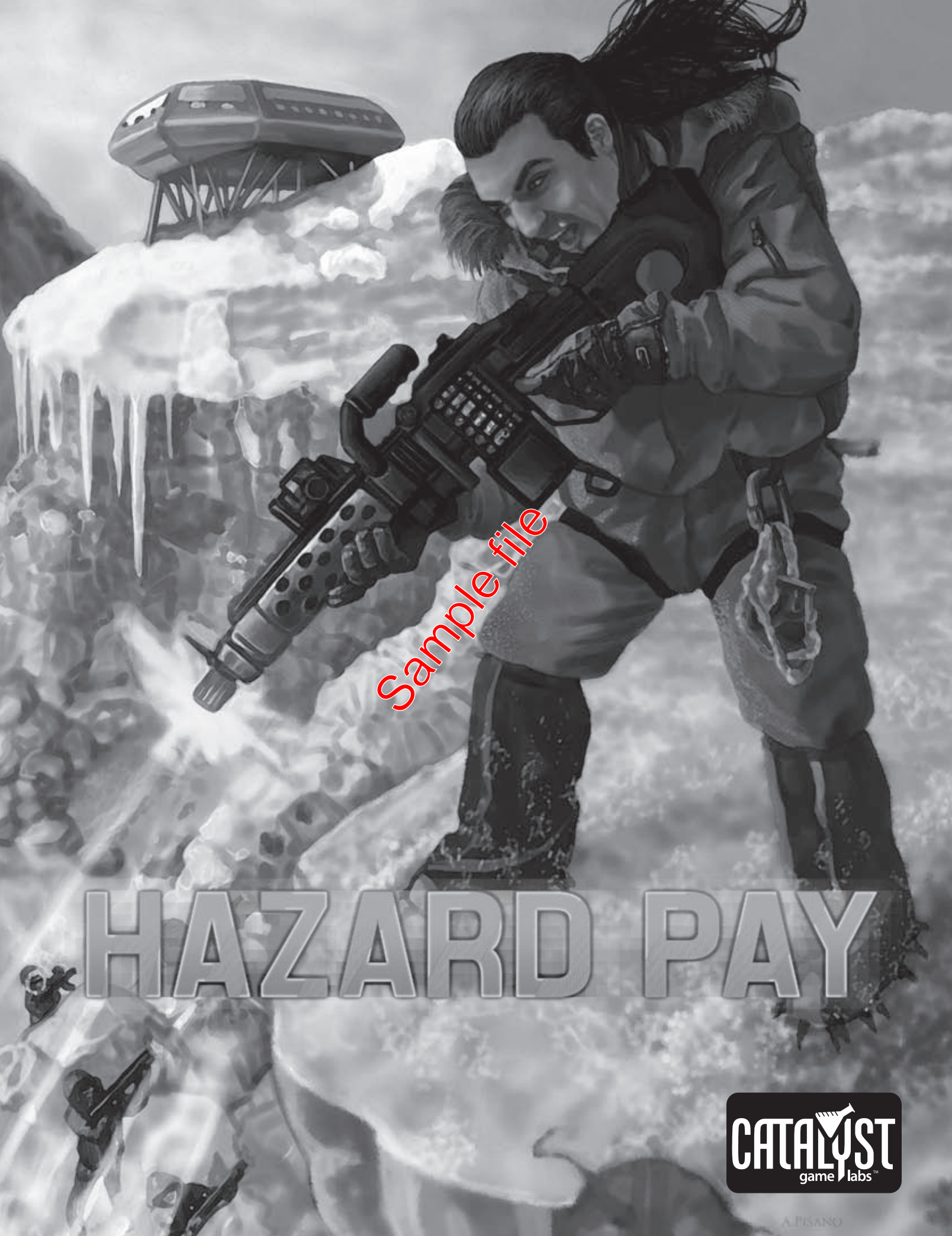
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SHADOWRUN

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Sample file

HAZARD PAY



A.PISANO



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CREDITS

Writing: David Ellenberger, Jason M. Hardy, R.J. Thomas, Michael Wich, Robert Wieland

Editing: Jason M. Hardy

Art Direction: Brent Evans

Cover Art: Echo Chernik

Cover Layout: Matt Heerdt

Interior Art: Joel Biske, Igor Kieryluk, Ian King, Jeff Laubenstein, Alessandra Pisano, Andreas "AAS" Schroth, Peter Tikos, Michael Yamada

Interior Layout: Matt Heerdt

Shadowrun Line Developer: Jason M. Hardy

Proofreading: Tanner DeLawyer, Lars Wagner Hansen, Mason Hart, James O'Laughlin, Jeremy Weyand

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PMB 202 • 303 -91st Ave. NE, E502 • Lake Stevens, WA 98258.

Find us online:

info@shadowrun4.com
(Shadowrun questions)
<http://www.shadowrun4.com>
(official Shadowrun website)
<http://www.catalystgamelabs.com>
(Catalyst website)
<http://www.battlecorps.com/catalog>
(Catalyst/Shadowrun orders)



... INTRODUCTION ...

Sometimes you have to leave home. Home is nice, home is good, home is where you'd probably want to be if you had a choice, but you don't always have a choice. Sometimes the heat's coming down on you and you have to go away, far away, to places where people wouldn't think to look for someone like you. Sometimes the jobs have dried up at home and you need to travel a little farther than you would expect to find work worth doing. And sometimes you want to test yourself, throw yourself into some of the bigger challenges that are out there and see how you come out.

We're all familiar with the fact that sometimes the world wants to kill us. We've seen storms raging through the barrens, earthquakes turning the world upside down, and volcano eruptions obliterating small towns or even cities. But those are special events, things that rage up and then subside. There are other parts of the world that are trying to kill people. Full-time, twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year. Because most of us are blessed with at least a minimum level of sanity and self-preservation, we don't wander out to these areas often, but we know they're out there, waiting for us, ready to challenge us or hide us if we need to. If you run in one of these places, you won't be comfortable, but you can at least tell yourself that the people you're after—or the people who are after you—won't be comfortable either.

It seems like the reasons to go out into these extreme environments is increasing, so I thought it was time for a rundown on what's going on out there, what you can expect to encounter if you venture into one of these areas, and what new innovations have cropped up to help you deal with these spots. I've assembled a crack team of the usual suspects, along with some special guests, to fill your heads with all sorts of knowledge. First up, Ecotope (yeah, there was no way you were going to be able to avoid him in this posting) gives us a rundown on some of the organizations out there who are trying to protect or clean up parts of the environment, as well as individuals intent on finding creative ways to introduce even more pollution into this world. Pay attention, because the organizations in the first group are often willing to put up a nice bounty to anyone who will go after people in the second group for them.

Next up, Sounder takes us into the water. Ever since we had that series of postings about jobs involving the rich and the powerful that I decided to call *Jet Set*, I've been thinking about the undersea club off the coast of Hong Kong that was making

some news. Underwater places like that are still something of a novelty, but it's not the only such facility out there—far from it. There are some much larger structures sitting in waters across the world, carrying on all sorts of activities, some of which can result in paydays for us. Water covers two-thirds of the Earth's surface, so finding a way to make money in the big blue seems like a good idea to me.

Then Traveler Jones takes us to the top and bottom of the world. Ever since organizations across the world started chasing after the Piri Reis Map, with its mysterious depiction of an ice-free Antarctic coastline, interest in what's going on in the world's southernmost continent has grown. Not to be left behind, the Arctic has plenty of weird stuff of its own going on—it's more than just oil and gold up there, but even if were only that, that would still be enough to draw some interest from people like us.

After that, for a change of pace we go off the planet. Yeah, Orbital DK is an obvious choice to write about it, but it's obvious for a reason—she knows that stuff backward and forward. Did you know that space is divided up into five or so regions? Neither did I—until I read DK's post. With new protocols in place and new security roaming around, space has become a challenging place, but we also have a mass driver and a space elevator, so there are more possible ways to get off the planet than there have ever been. You need to know the ins and outs of space, along with the possible reasons for going up there, and DK's got all that.

Finally, we go to the furnaces of the world, the deserts. I know all of you have heard some wild rumors about what happened at the end of the Metahumanity Ablaze! festival in the Mojave a couple of months ago, and you also might have heard that whole desert has been hopping with spirit activity. Am-mut will brief us on that, while also noting that it's not the only strange occurrence happening in the long stretches of sand—there are mysteriously appearing cities, Muslim-hunting hobgoblins, and a being in the Outback that might be a spirit or might not, but whatever it is, it's pissed. Add to that the Desert Wars franchises that blast their way through various dry spots, and you've got plenty of fun.

So that's the rundown. Now you don't have to listen to me anymore—pick your favorite area, dive in, and learn how you can pull a little bit of life, or at least money, out of the places that want you dead.

—FastJack



Connecting JackPoint VPN ...
... Matrix Access ID Spoofed.
... Encryption Keys Generated.
... Connected to Onion Routers.
> Login

> Enter Passcode

... Biometric Scan Confirmed.
Connected to <ERROR: NODE UNKNOWN>

"Few enterprises of great labor or hazard would be undertaken if we had not the power of magnifying the advantages we expect from them."

JackPoint Stats

77 users currently active
in the network

Latest News

* <042874> I've had it with these patchy satellite connections. Anyone that wants to pitch in and help me buy our own satellite, let me know. -FastJack

Personal Alerts

* You have 11 new [private messages](#).
* You have 3 [messages](#) queued for anonymous re-routing.
* You have received 4 new [Metalink Friends](#) add requests.
* You have 10 [new responses](#) to your JackPoint posts.
* PDA: Your mechanic is wondering just how you managed to get sand in there. So is your physician.
* PDA: The other members of your team have voted down your suggestion of naming a spacecraft *The Century Peregrine*.

First Degree

You are hidden from all contacts.

Your Current Rep Score: 33
(49% positive)

Current Time: April 28, 2074, 04:04

PREFERENCES

FEEDS

TASKS

LINKS

HISTORY

Welcome back to JackPoint, omae;
your last connection was severed: 37
hours, 59 minutes, 12 seconds ago.

Today's Heads Up

- * You only think you don't need to know about plants if you don't know where drugs come from. [Tag: [Parabotany](#)]
- * Is good car! Is good bargain! Will take you many places, yes? [Tag: [Used Car Lot](#)]

Incoming

- * Some people call us shadowrunners. Others call us criminals. To still others, we're heroes. And to a few, we're appetizers that need just a bit more [varming](#). [Tag: [The Clutch of Dragons](#)]
- * Some lizards will lose a tail to escape with their lives. What would you give up? [Tag: [Sacrificial Limb](#)]

Top News Items

- * Nicholas Whitebird issues statement on Ghostwalker: "His status is as it has always been: in charge of Denver." [Link](#)
- * Knight Errant calls reported sightings of an unidentified dragon in Seattle "completely unfounded." [Link](#)
- * Julian Sergetti sponsors presentation by Danielle de la Mar to the NEEC on the topic of Matrix controls and re-structuring. [Link](#)



CHAT

MESSAGES

FILES

POSTS

NEXUS

SEARCH

Active

TomStar
Firewall

Active

Jack-in-the-Box
Antivirus

Active

SpamWitch
Filter

On/Receiving

Commscode

Excellent

Signal

Active

Hidden
Mode



Local
Map

HAZARD PAY

Invited Guests: Coldnaught, Winter Warlock, Polaris

Posts/Files tagged with
"Hazard Pay"
Protectors and Despoilers
Deep Sea
Arctic Wastelands

[More]

CONTINUE

ADVANCED
SEARCH

SAVE

... SNOW EMERGENCY ...

"Who the hell comes up with the names for these places?"

Kane smirked as the AR window popped into view. He shifted his legs to keep them from cramping. The temperature was well below freezing, and he was at a height where the wind felt like a shotgun launched every gust. His ride was chatty and cute, so he took a moment to reply.

"Most of the time places like this have unrelated code names. But they probably figured that nobody would be dumb enough to try to hit a remote place like this. Or maybe it was a warning."

He flicked on his thermals just to keep count. Four guards on a standard patrol. Eight more inside the building. His target designator shimmered sickly green over a dwarf-sized heat blob.

"Yeah," said his ride, "but Avalanche? Isn't that like naming a desert base Heatstroke?"

Kane scanned the horizon one final time. The caches were in place. The only weapon he had on him outside of his cyberware was a ten-centimeter blade. Guns jam when they are frozen. Blood on the snow stands out like a candle in darkness. He had to take out one of the guards quickly and without opening a wound. He just had to decide which one.

The wind kicked up again. Kane saw one of the guards glance back toward the entrance. He stalked forward through the snow. Fortunately, the cold rendered the guard sluggish. The guard stampered his feet and rubbed his hands. He was thinking too much about the cold, not enough about intruders. That made him vulnerable.

Kane moved low across the blowing snow, sinking deep in the drifts. In front of him, the guard crossed his arms for warmth. That would give Kane another second at contact. He approached from behind and to the guard's left, and hit the guard low. The guard's knee buckled and thudded against the ground. Kane's arms slid around the guard's neck in a naked choke. The guard struggled for a moment before his body went slack.

"Okay," he said to his ride. "On my way in. Keep the engine running and the radio silent."

"Roger," she replied, "What's next. Knocking out a guard?"

"No. Changing into his gear without losing anything important to frostbite."



The radio cut in just as Kane secured the helmet.

"The weather's getting rough. Chen is calling us in until the storm passes."

Kane did what he could to keep the guard warm. If everything timed out, they'd find the other guard just before any major frostbite set in. He might lose a finger or two, but his corporate insurance would cover replacements. He stood up, adjusted his thermals one last time and fell in line behind the other guards heading inside.

The facility was prefab with insulated walls for the main buildings. Each small room was connected by heated hallways that made Kane think of pet-store playhouses painted over with drab colors. The lighting twitched with the wind. Though the building was heated, the system didn't seem to be up to the task. Kane was glad he was going to stay in the guard's thermal armor for the rest of the mission. While the other guards headed into the locker room and took off their heavier gear, Kane walked into the latrine and sat in one of the stalls with the doors closed.

He flicked his thermographics on again. Outside, the guards took a few moments to chat and get comfortable before leaving. Kane stowed the rifle he had taken from the guard behind the tank. Going unarmed made him nervous, but it was part of his plan. He unzipped a pocket and pulled out the one piece of equipment he brought with him when he changed clothes.

He unwrapped the device and put the wrapper back in his pocket. It was a ClickStick, a disposable camera and digital recorder. He had picked it up at the airport on his way out. The gadgets were marketed to tourists who wanted to get pictures on the beach without running the risk of dumping their commlink in the ocean. They were surprisingly hardy, but Kane's preferred use for them was as a decoy. Get caught, and they expect you to hand over the images. He'd give them the ClickStick, and they usually didn't check them closely enough to notice the camera in his eye.

The hallway leading to his objective was empty. His thermographic vision made it easy to keep track of everyone—warm bodies stand out especially well in the cold. He found the door leading to the center of the facility. He reached for the guard's commlink. Hopefully, the guard had access to the central room. If not, he'd have to fall back on one of his workarounds.

He glanced at the door and smiled. No lock. Leave it to the lowest-bid contractor to not put a lock on the room containing the reason the damn building was here in the first place. Like too many people down here, they thought that the weather would take care of most of their security for them.

The room was lit by halogen lamps; four of them shone down a hole in the ice. Kane didn't see any cameras, but that didn't mean they weren't there. He approached the hole cautiously, ClickStick in hand. He took a few pictures, and every time he pushed the button, his eye camera snapped an image as well. He walked past several pieces of industrial equipment. There were cutting lasers, space heaters, and a small desk.

Five meters down at the bottom of the ice sat a huge stone. It was embedded in the rock below the ice, like a capstone or a manhole cover. A huge gem sat in the middle of the stone. Kane checked his filters to confirm it was glowing on its own. There was an unknown script circling the gem, spiraling outward and possibly continuing into the ice.