

# DIGGING IN THE DIRT

Politics is only a dirty word when it's not working for you. For shadowrunners, politics aren't about debates and position papers—they're about taking some of the money people are throwing around. During election season, when power is up for grabs, people are willing to do just about anything to get a piece of the pie. If you can help them get what they want, they've got a job for you. It may be peeking in the windows of the rich and famous. Or finding dirt on the opposition (or making some up). Or, if things get really desperate, ensuring the other guy doesn't win because he's too busy taking a dirt nap.

How much money you take in and how dirty your fingers get is up to you and your desire to not see the stars above you when you sleep. You'll probably have to make some compromises along the way, but since when has life in the Sixth World—or politics—been any different?

*Dirty Tricks* provides details on the ins and outs of political shadowruns, as well as close-up looks at some of the electoral hotspots around the globe. From dragon attacks in the Caribbean to the long-awaited vote on making the Ork Underground an official district of Seattle, *Dirty Tricks* is full of news, updates, and game information players need to get deeper in the twisted world of *Shadowrun* politics.

*Dirty Tricks* is for use with *Shadowrun*, Twentieth Anniversary Edition.

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# DIRTY TRICKS

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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>

"Chicago ain't ready for reform." -Mathias "Paddy" Bauler

## JackPoint Stats

132 users currently active  
in the network

### Latest News

\* <110274> I know there has been a lot of maintenance lately. Get ready for more. I've been wanting to get the place absolutely ship-shape.  
-FastJack

### Personal Alerts

\* You have 5 new [private messages](#).  
\* You have 1 [message](#) queued for anonymous re-routing.  
\* You have received 8 new Metalink Friends [add requests](#).  
\* 2 individuals have dropped you as [Metalink Friends](#).  
\* You have 18 new responses to your [JackPoint posts](#).  
\* PDA: Election Day is in four days. You are currently registered to vote in 5 different locales with 3 different SINS.

### First Degree

You are hidden from all contacts.

Your Current Rep Score: 66  
(58% positive)

Current Time: November 2, 2074,  
08:22

PREFERENCES

FEEDS

TASKS

LINKS

HISTORY

Welcome back to JackPoint, omae; your last connection was severed: 8 hours, 20 minutes, 12 seconds ago.

## Today's Heads Up

- \* I miss my cyberdeck. Do you miss yours too?  
[Tag: [Shadowrun 2050](#)]
- \* Think you don't need to know about Awakened rocks? Have you never heard of orichalcum? [Tag: [Parageology](#)]

## Incoming

- \* Sammies need love too! [Tag: [The Way of the Samurai](#)]
- \* You can't light as many fuses as the world has [live](#) without getting some serious explosions. They're coming. [Tag: [Storm Front](#)]

## Top News Items

- \* Acting District Attorney Dana Oaks refuses pleas to go into seclusion. "The work I am doing is more important than my personal safety," she says. [Link](#)
- \* MCT purchases manufacturer of Matrix infrastructure equipment for a whopping 130 billion nuyen. [Link](#)
- \* In the wake of anti-Infected backlash, Queen Thema Laula of Asamando is welcoming Infected citizens of other nations to her land. "The campaign to be accepted by those who are not us was doomed from the start," she said. "We can only be truly accepted by our own." [Link](#)



CHAT

MESSAGES

FILES

POSTS

NEHUS

SEARCH

## DIRTY TRICKS

Posts/Files tagged with "Dirty Tricks"  
Anatomy of a Scandal  
Executive Entertainments  
Taking the Bullet  
Electoral Hotspots

[More]

CONTINUE

ADVANCED  
SEARCH

SAVE

Active

ComStar  
Firewall

Active

Jack-in-the-Box  
Antivirus

Active

SpamWitch  
Filter

On/Receiving

CommMode

Excellent

Signal

Active

Hidden  
Mode



Local  
Map

# ... VOTER INTIMIDATION ...

It was a panel van designed for hauling turn-of-the-century steam-cleaning supplies, not people. The back benches had been torn out decades ago, so the current crop of passengers had to squat and lean against walls, using one hand to steady themselves while their others held their guns and clubs. It didn't help that the driver was obviously used to a smaller vehicle with better handling or that they were bumping and skipping from pothole to pothole on ill-maintained Puyallup roads.

*I wish Torque was driving.* Frostbyte's headware commlink piped the whine to the muscle, the triggerman the streets called Saber. Truth be told, he wished the orkish wheelman were there for his brawn and his combat shotgun as much as his driving ability, but it seemed ... impolitic ... to say so to his team's new heavy. The scrawny hacker might have planned to mentally send something more, but a particularly sharp turn sent him windmilling one arm to stay upright.

Saber, for his part, held himself steady effortlessly. One cyberhand was braced against the bare metal interior of their ugly van, and magnetic panels did the rest of the work. A half dozen other men—mostly white, like Saber and Frostbyte, and none of them metahuman—were jostled around in the van's cargo area, but Saber somehow stood steady and calm, with an aloof air. His slicked-back hair and matte-black cyberlimbs contrasted sharply with their shared heads and white undershirts.

*Hell, I take it back. I just wish this van was new enough we could let it autopilot!* Frostbyte didn't fit in any better than Saber, but that had more to do with his skinny build than the dress code. The hacker was perfectly happy in faux-cotton, but out of sloppiness rather than conformity.

*If wishes worked, we wouldn't have a political rally to go to, the street samurai sent back. And you know as well as I do why Torque is out.*

Frostbyte almost dropped his baseball bat after they hit another pothole, and he started to open his mouth to complain. A stern glare from Saber kept him from doing so. Whether the pair were reasonably priced shadowrunner backup or not, sitting in the middle of a van full of Humanis Policlub thugs—the low-ranking and low-minded shock-troopers of the movement—wasn't a smart place to open your mouth and let something sarcastic out.

*which way u boys going 2 vote?* In the passenger seat, Jenny Q, known as Jenny Quick in breaking-and-entering circles, furiously typed away on her Hermes commlink. As an adept, she didn't have the implants the boys did, so her thumbs had to stay busy to keep in the conversation. As the van's sole female occupant, though, she also didn't have their comfort problem. She was securely seatbelted up front, her stubby little black HK submachine gun snug between her knees.

*Which time?* Frostbyte flashed a mischievous grin. Everyone knew the kid had a fake SIN for every day of the week, and probably more. He could probably cast a dozen votes if he wanted.

*I'm voting for it. Prop 23 will do good things to the Underground. If they want to be part of the system, the system should let them in.* Saber's implanted optic covers kept his features impassive, but it was easy enough to tell he meant it.

*A compelling argument!* Frostbyte gave Saber a thumbs-up, never mind the fact none of the Humanis thugs in the back of the van had any idea why. *Consider yourself having earned a vote.*

*ya rite, Jenny's thumbs danced. system sux. brackhaven makes it suck more. orks will be pissed w/ it soon enuf. they only want in b/c they dont know better.*

*Once they're in, they can work to change it.* Saber's reply was matter-of-fact, face blank as always. *They'll bring a lot of votes in. Votes Brackhaven won't have a handle on. The Underground's got a lot of people in it.*

*mostly w/o sin though. no id = no vote.* Jenny typed furiously. Frostbyte swung his head back and forth, watching the argument unfold like a tennis match.

*If they can get enough votes to pass 23, they'll get enough votes to pass other bills. The system will work, if we let it.*

*even if u r rite, it sux tho. ork underground gets law & order, the sh. lous shrink a little more. 1 less place 4 people like us 2 hide out or do* Jenny glared into the rearview to meet Saber's eyes, daring him to keep arguing.

The samurai turned his head just enough to make it clear he was looking at her reflected eyes, his optic shields still in place. For all his obvious inhumanity, though, one eyebrow quirked as he sent a headware response.

*Is that what your contact said when he offered you this assignment?*

Jenny blinked first. She had to. Looking away, she pulled on some mirrored shades before glaring out the window and riding in silence. It had been her contacts who'd put them in touch with Humanis, though. Her business acquaintances had gotten the team the job, and her friends had offered them thousands of nuyen in exchange for dozens of bullets.

Frostbyte and his Fairlight commlink went to work, ignoring the sullen silence that had replaced the team-channel banter. Their whole Humanis crew had slaved their 'links to his, letting the Matrix specialist provide overwatch and security. A quick check with a pair of agents confirmed their timetable.

*The other van's on location already. The gun crews are in place,* he sent out to Saber and Jenny, thoughts transferred to text and displayed only to them. *Right where Saber told them to set up.*

They'd have a terrific field of fire from the rooftops the former Lone Star shooter had suggested. This Humanis chapter had a bold plan and a reasonable bankroll, but their tactics had been as outdated as their hardware. A drive-by shooting would have been ugly and not really effective. With the anti-Proposition 23 funds that had been funneled their way, they'd decided to invest in professional assistance. Jenny Q and her team of consultants had proven themselves to be a wise investment.

Jenny's contacts had helped them get an assortment of black market weapons and vehicles that would never be traced to the policlub, upgrading their firepower and confidence with crates of European rifles and cutting-edge smartgoggles. Saber's tactical acumen was better than anything the Humanis chapter had, and he'd personally overseen





INCOMING FEED.....

weapons maintenance and basic firearm training in the weeks prior to the attack. Frostbyte's Matrix wizardry supplied agents to handle security cameras, surveillance drones, GridGuide, and inter-team coordination for the assault itself. What would have been a haphazard display of brutish violence had been refined into a four-pronged assault, with a pair of elevated positions laying down plunging fire in mutual support of each other. The icing was the two vans full of assault forces—including the trio of shadowrunners, who'd volunteered simply to see their plan carried out firsthand, free of charge—who would lay down a wicked crossfire and sweep up any survivors, fanning out into a gunline and then simply advancing into the killzone.

The mostly metahuman crowd milling around at the Puyallup voting center wouldn't stand a chance. Heavily orkish and dwarven or not, the would-be voters weren't going to stand up to this kind of firepower. As the team's Humanis Mr. Johnson had put it after Frostbyte had shared the plan over a flashy AR display, they would be mowed down like wheat before scythes.

It wasn't a bad plan, all things considered. They'd make up for their erstwhile companion's lack of training with sheer firepower, overcome the civilians' numbers through brutality coupled with coordination. For a shadowrunning crew still without a mage, a team who'd recently lost two members, and a team leaving another regular on the outside for this job, it was pretty impressive work.

For the shadowrunners, it would mean nuyen in the bank. For the Humanis Policlub, it would mean a righteous massacre, a glorious body

count, the envy of other chapters, and every metahuman in Seattle thinking twice before going to any polling center or political rally for a long, long, time. Everyone would win, except the dirty metas pouring out of Carbonado to try and vote. And who wanted them to win?

I never got my jollies on the rooftop jaunts, like so many of the freerunner kids and adrenaline junkie courier-types. Maybe I'd smoked too much to enjoy a run like I used to. Maybe my shoes just weren't right for it. Maybe I worried about my fedora blowing off. Maybe it was this damned rain. My elven blood meant I wasn't getting old – physically slowing down, that is – so I knew it wasn't that, but the fact remains that I'm just not a fan of this sort of thing. Me, I liked keeping my feet on the ground, or failing that on the pedals of a fast car. Clambering over low walls, sidestepping around air conditioning vents, ducking clotheslines and stepping on tar and pigeon crap? No thanks, pal. Jimmy Kincaid would rather be on the streets than high above 'em. Be that as it may, though, here I was. Doing anything for a paycheck, even monkeying around jumping between buildings like some sort of action-trid star.

Ariana loved it, the silly kid. Why shouldn't she? If I could fricking fly, I'd probably have a lot more fun up here, too. For someone who is clearly from the elemental plane of earth, so much so she shines like silver and copper and red rubies even in the muddy grey sunlight