

# ALL-SHAKING THUNDER

It's been a tense couple of years (or couple of decades, if we're being accurate) in the Sixth World. Aztlan and Amazonia have been slugging it out. Great dragons have turned on each other, testing old alliances and forging new ones. Governor Kenneth Brackhaven of Seattle is facing pressure unlike ever he's ever seen, and scandals seem on the verge of overwhelming him. In Denver, a powerful dragon and an angry elf are set to butt heads in ways that will shake the whole city—and provide new opportunities for an old enemy. And on top of that, a new plague is spreading through the world, and the denizens of JackPoint aren't immune to its effects.

All this tension has been building up, and in *Storm Front*, it breaks. *Storm Front* provides background and updates on these and other plotlines changing the shape of the Sixth World. The shadows are shifting, and runners need to move fast if they want to earn a paycheck—or if they want to keep from being crushed as the powers of the world slug it out. The world is changing, but some things remain the same. Power can corrupt. Money will flow to those who already have it. And shadowrunners will scramble to make a living without selling their soul.

*Storm Front* provides plot information as well as adventure hooks that are compatible with *Shadowrun*, Fourth Edition while also laying the groundwork for the upcoming *Shadowrun*, Fifth Edition. As a bridge between the two editions, this book is useful to all Shadowrun players, setting the stage for explosive stories and memorable campaigns.

SHADOWRUN

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Sample file

# STORM FRONT™

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First Printing by Catalyst Game Labs, an imprint of InMediaRes Productions, LLC  
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# ... THINGS GO BOOM ...

**Posted by: FastJack**

Given all of the things that I'm going to share with you in this posting, what I'm about to say might sound odd, but I'm saying it anyway: All in all, we're getting off easy. We've seen the world go nuts before. The Great Ghost Dance (yeah, yeah, none of you are old enough to remember it. Shut up), VITAS, the two Crashes, and more—several times this century, the world has completely upheaved itself, erased and rewritten large parts of the map, turned powerful people into peons and peons into kings, and so on and so forth. What's happening now is plenty dramatic, and lots of people are going to lose their lives due to what's going on, but at least it doesn't feel like the world is going to end for all of us. The world economy is not going to collapse. Megacorporations are not going away. The players are changing, but the shadows are remaining in place. Work is flooding our way. Some of us will drown in that flood—a few of us have already gone down—but the rest of us will get calls from Mr. Johnson throwing money our way as long as we put our lives on the line. Just like always.

I'm not saying that nothing has changed, though. We've got a war that's tumbled to a conclusion, with a clear winner and an angry loser; a shakeup among the great dragons; including a death; a clash of powers in Denver raining chaos on the city; and political pressure mounting in Seattle. And then we have—well, we have something else.

Fortunately for most of us but unfortunately for a select few, JackPointers have been out there, seeing what's happening first hand and doing their best to come back and report to the rest of us. Most of them made it back in pretty much one piece, and I have hopes that a few others will re-appear sooner or later. For now, we have a lot of solid information that will help you navigate the changing world.

First, we take a look at the resolution of the Aztlan-Amazonia war. I can't say I'm surprised by the eventual outcome, but the war took some interesting twists and turns to reach its final endpoint, and the rubble left down Bogotá way promises to cast some interesting shadows for a good long time.

Next up is a brief recounting of the Great Dragon Civil War that sets up the epic clash that happened in GeMiTo recently,

leaving a great dragon dead. A good number of shadowrunners didn't make it back from that fight, but I know a few who made it through and came back with heavily padded bank accounts—and some incredible stories to tell.

Then we take another look at the shadowrunning capital of the world, Seattle, where the Brackhaven administration has hit a level of disarray I've never seen it accomplish before. It's to the point where I can't be sure Brackhaven will survive, and judging by the amount of money pouring into the shadows, a lot of other people feel the same way and are anxious to help grease the skids for their beloved governor.

After that we move to Denver for a look at how Ghostwalker's been operating ever since his mysterious return. It's not entirely clear what's happening in that town, but someone seems to have a serious grudge against the White Wyrms—and the balls to attempt to take him on. The city keeps exploding in chaos, and there are plenty of parties there who know how to take advantage of a good crisis.

The next area of focus is Ares. The release of their horribly malfunctioning gun, the Excalibur, was bad enough for them, but they seem to be having trouble recovering from it. It's like there are some forces actively holding them down, and Sticks has some ideas about what that might be.

Then we have some quick hits, a look at some of the people and places undergoing some interesting evolutions, including the Tir Tairngire Council of Princes, vampire hunter Martin de Vries, the big three Japanacorp, and a check in with our old friend Dodger.

The last chapter is—well, it's rather personal. I put everything I wanted to say in that chapter, so I don't need to say anything more about it right here.

This is the part where I tell you to read on and use what you learn to make some money. This time, though, I want to say this: Stay alive. We've lost some, we're going to lose more, and we need everyone we can get. We need what you know and what you're going to learn. So stay alive. For me, if you can't figure out a reason to do it for yourself.



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>

"Hard pounding, gentlemen. Let's see who pounds the longest."  
-The Duke of Wellington

## JackPoint Stats

140 users currently active  
in the network

### Latest News

\* <011875> It's all done. The maintenance is complete. Just got some emergency security measures to put in place, but ... well, more about that later. -FastJack

### Personal Alerts

\* You have 7 new [private messages](#).  
\* You have 4 [messages](#) queued for anonymous re-routing.  
\* You have received 3 new [Metalink Friends](#) add requests.  
\* 4 individuals have dropped you as [Metalink Friends](#).  
\* You have 27 [new responses](#) to your JackPoint posts.  
\* PDA: Your fixer says his headache has gotten worse, and he says everyone should stay away from him for a while.

### First Degree

You are hidden from all contacts.

Your Current Rep Score: 73  
(61% positive)

Current Time: January 18, 2075, 11:35

PREFERENCES

FEEDS

TASKS

LINKS

HISTORY

Welcome back to JackPoint, omae;  
your last connection was severed: 16  
hours, 12 minutes, 45 seconds ago.

## Today's Heads Up

- \* If Brackhaven goes down, don't you want to grease the chute? [Tag: [Dirty Tricks](#)]
- \* There are many ways to be a samurai. Most of them hurt. [Tag: [The Way of the Samurai](#)]

## Incoming

- \* History is important, especially when there are people who might shoot history in your face [Tag: [Euro Wars Antiques](#)]
- \* We finally had enough operatives return from the wild alive to put together a report on critters [Tag: [Parazoology 2](#)]

## Top News Items

- \* Media blackout from Asamando continues; Matrix interference is happening on "a level not seen since the Crash," GOD investigators say. [Link](#)
- \* Celedyr announces relocation of critical NeoNET research projects from Albuquerque to Boston. [Link](#)
- \* Aztechnology mages call reports of manmade structure allegedly discovered in Antarctica "nothing more than pure fantasy." [Link](#)



CHAT

MESSAGES

FILES

POSTS

NEXUS

SEARCH

Active

ComStar Firewall

Active

Jack-in-the-Box Antivirus

Active

SpamWitch Filter

On/Receiving

Comunicode

Excellent

Signal

Active

Hidden Mode

Local Map

## STORM FRONT

Posts/Files tagged with  
"Storm Front"

Eye of the Hurricane  
The Triumph of Aztlan  
Fall of a Dragon  
Seattle Shakes

[More]

CONTINUE

ADVANCED  
SEARCH

SAVE



# ... EYE OF THE HURRICANE ...

All the runners I've ever known—the ones still *living*, anyway—say to never go on a bender the night before a big job. You do too much boozing, chipping, whoring, whatever, and your brain's gonna be duller for the whole rest of the day after you wake up. Synapses don't fire as quickly. Slower reaction time. A nanosecond's hesitation can get even the best runner in his prime killed.

So, why in the hell do I have this Turing-cursed hangover?

First thing I notice on waking up—besides the buzzing in the back of my head and the throbbing at my temples and the base of my neck—is my left arm, just a few centimeters from my face. It's depilated, to better show off my nanotattoos, except I can't even make out the design from this close. I slide my arm away from my face to bring the rest of the world into focus. Everything sharpens except for the tattoo. The programmable nanite design is something unrecognizable. Rubbing my eyes of sleep and refocusing them doesn't help; it only accentuates the wrongness of what used to be a painstakingly crafted gold-and-red *draco occidentalis* coiling around my forearm. Now it looks like blocks of garbage code, like the 256th-level glitch from that ancient 2D game with the yellow ball that eats ghosts. The mirrored nanotattoo on my other arm is likewise wrong. Placing both arms side by side, the patterns—seemingly random at first—match each other perfectly, as though this was intentional.

Must've had too much to drink to have done something like that, because I sure as hell don't remember reconfiguring it. I close my eyes—not because I have to, but because it helps to shut out the light right now—and access the tattoo nanites' programmable function. Buffer recall easily restores the twin dragons in seconds. Should be faster, but this hangover is slowing everything down.

I don't understand this. Don't remember having *anything* to drink last night. Okay, *maybe* I had *one* drink, but that wouldn't dull me like this. In fact, I don't even remember quite what I did last night.

*Think*, Ragno. What did you do last night?

I sit up, wander into the shower. Water always seems to help jog the memory. Last night was ... the meet at Sulla Vite with Signora Rossi. Had one glass of *vino rosso* with dinner and a chocolate gelato while we reviewed the plans for tonight. Nothing that would make me feel like this.

Showers usually wash away all remnants of the night—the *vino*, the women, the entertainment—but not today. That buzzing in the back of my head is still there, but it's not the buzz I'm used to. For those of us in constant contact with the Matrix, the continuous flow of data in and out of our brains is a comforting presence. The input/output stream passes through my consciousness like a raging river when I need it, or a gentle brook when I don't. I can speed up or slow down the information as much as I want, but it's always there, even if it's just a trickle. Now, though, the brook feels ... polluted somehow. Like someone put a filter on incoming data. Or the signal-to-noise ratio is drowning out important data with random garbage.

This is not good.

As I'm getting ready for today's job, the background noise isn't getting any better. A breakfast of soykaf, a *cornetto*, and some methamphetamines pills doesn't help calm it. A quick run on the treadmill does wonders for my stiff muscles, but my brain still feels like it's lodged sideways in my cranium.

Something's wrong with my wetware. I'm sure of it. Problem is, I don't know of any street docs that would have any clue on how to treat a virtuakinet, and, besides, I *really* don't want anyone rooting around in my brainpan unless it's necessary. One wrong move and I could end up lobotomized or lose my connection to the Matrix for good. Or the *medico* could sell me out and my brain would end up in a jar in some Mitsuhama lab somewhere.

Whatever's wrong with me, it feels like my skull's home to a hundred lightning bugs all fighting to get out of a jar that's just too damn small.

Maybe it's the Dissonance creeping up on me.

Maybe I'm just getting old.

I spend most of the morning going over the plan in my head. The more familiar with it I am, the better I'll be in case this noise doesn't go away. So far, the noise is mucking with my concentration whenever I try to do anything more complicated with the Matrix than access a public node with very little security. I try to thread a complex form to take root access from the soykaf shop across the street, just to see if I can do it; it works, but almost trips an alarm. From the streams of Matrix code, I try compiling a low-rating sprite. I call it Zero-Uno. It coalesces in my AR view as this lopsided, geometric monster that again makes me think of the 256th-level glitch.

Zero-Uno works, but just barely, and the attempt nearly knocks me out. I keep the sprite cached just in case; no need to let that effort go to waste.

After another soykaf, I'm heading out the door of my flat with my Beretta 97 tucked into a shoulder holster, my dummy commlink shoved into the pocket of my jacket, and a swirl of Matrix noise rattling around in my head. I've got my jacket sleeves rolled up to my elbows, so both dragon tattoos are visible.

No one hassles me on my way down the street. The uninitiated take one look at the tats and assume I work for the great dragon Alamaïs, who seems to be dropping by every once in a while to remind us small folk that he's *capo* at the top of the food chain. These people think if they look at me wrong, I can summon the golden *bastardo* right on the spot and he'll eat them all. If people want to think that, fine; I don't do anything to discourage them, but the tattoos are for something else entirely.

A large shadow covers the street for a moment, and I flinch. A dragon—a *real* dragon—just passed in front of the sun, flying on its way to wherever. Can't tell if it's a great or a normal dragon. All I know is, from its coloring, it's not Alamaïs, and I can breathe a sigh of relief. How long ago was it that the average man on the street