

DIGITAL WEB

Silken Threads of Thought...

Between the keyboard and the mind lies the Digital Web, a Net of virtual reality spinning in an endless loop of format and creation. Fed by Quintessence and shaped by the Awakened, this unexplored Realm of living thought forms the newest frontier in the Ascension War.

Weave Tapestries of Reality

The Traditions, Nephandi and Technocracy wage a covert war for this new reality — a war hedged by the guidelines of the Realms and haunted by the threat of “whiteout.” Wise mages tread cleverly and carefully.

Digital Web is a sourcebook for **Mage: The Ascension**, covering the vast expanse of the VR Net. This book includes:

- New rules for the virtual Reality Realms, including magick ratings, formatting, combat and “whiteout,” the systems crash caused by Paradox.
- The Spy’s Demise, a BBS speakeasy where Sleepers and Cybernauts chat, conspire and plan.
- Two ready-to-run tales set in the Net Realms, plus crossover suggestions for **Werewolf** and **Vampire**.



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MAGE

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DIGITAL WEB™

How far will you go for the Truth?



by Daniel Greenberg, Harry Heckel and Darren McKeeman,
with John Cooper, Jonathan Sill, Heather Curatola and Lee Chen

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And a special hello to Brian and the folks at the Safe House, for the use of the Spy's Demise.



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Because of the mature themes involved, reader discretion is advised.



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Prelude: Passing the Buck

Sample file

By Darren McKeeman



I had just walked into the Pit of Hell. "Like my redecorating?" asked Ripbeak.

Of course, it would be prudent at this point to mention that I was in no mere simulacrum of Hell. Rather, it seemed to be a digitally enhanced perversion of that realm. The twisted shards of magnetic core memory with kinetic renderings of flames licking outward

from them made it all the more horrifying. Looking back and forth, I saw the forms of antiquated NASA computers morphing, reduced to a quagmire of slag and then reconstituting into their original forms. Giant rows of IBM System 38s went haywire as lightning and power surges destroyed their memories; when the fallout cleared, they began computing again.

"Hey ho, cowboy, welcome to Computer Hell!" exclaimed my enthusiastic host. "This is where old computers come to die!"

"Cut the crap, Ripbeak. I'm here to see what you know about some weird science." One of the things I find so infuriating about Ripbeak is his overuse of NetSpeak. He's incredibly hard to follow once you get him going.

I was rather new to the Net, just slumming around checking up for a heavy operator in one of the other Traditions. Getting the info I came to Computer Hell for was another thing entirely. If I let Ripbeak play, I could've been there for hours. Luckily for me, he made the Pit of Hell vanish, and we suddenly stood in a fair approximation of a living room. Granted, it had neon-tinged furniture and the