# RACHE BARTMOSS'
# BRAINWARE BLOWOUT!

## THE HARDWARE AND SOFTWARE COMPENDIUM
### FOR CYBERPUNK®

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# ☉: WELCOME TO THE BOOK

**Okay deckheads, it's time to get hardcore.** We all know that Netrunners are the REAL cyberpunks, and this is where we prove it. Yeah, all the others lowbrows have their own books full of toys: Solos have the *Solo of Fortune* series, Rockers and Medias have *Live and Direct*, Cops have *Protect and Serve*, Nomads have *Neotribes*, and there's more full-auto death-dealers in *Blackhand's Street Weapons* and *Maximum Metal* than any CSWAT cyberpsycho could ever hope to fire!

On the other hand, any 'Runner worth his silicon has already downloaded *Rache Bartmoss' Guide to the Net*, which is better than a whole bag full of guns—Netrunners have the ENTIRE FREAKIN' NET! You ride herd on an electronic kingdom that spans the globe. You leave all the meatheads miles behind, mainlining directly into information, money and virtual culture like nobody's business. You can reach up and touch the orbital colonies with your netspace fingers, walk across the Pacific Ocean like it was your personal wading pool, and plunge into a pocket calculator to change the universal value for Pi. You can stride the virtual world like GODS.

Yes, it's all quite a rush, but never let it be said that Netrunners are behind in the realspace arms race of collecting toys either! Next time some punk tries to impress you with his fancy hardware, show him up with your Nasuko DataCycle, courtesy of *Rache Bartmoss' Brainware Blowout!* This file collects ALL the Netware from ALL our previous *Cyberpunk®* products. What's more, since you know better than to drop your hard-stolen euro on outdated warez, we've adapted all sorts of new goodies from Wizards of the Coast's cryo-chilled CCG, *Netrunner®*. We've even hacked some new rules so that you can use your *Netrunner®* cards in your *Cyberpunk®* game! This file is packed so tight that after you're done accessing it, you should feel like the ICON on the cover: Brains burstin' out all over!

David Ackerman-Gray
Project Manager

**A word of caution to** *Cyberpunk®* **referees out there:** The new *Netrunner®* stuff can be quite powerful and *very* mean. We did our best to match card effect to game effect, but that meant game balance was sometimes tricky to maintain. *Use only the items that you feel comfortable with and that your campaign can handle.* As always, YOU are the final arbiter of what is or isn't acceptable in your game. If you let your players steamroll you by using stuff you can't handle, you deserve what you get!

**In addition:** While we have included every bit of hardware and software we felt was appropriate, there is one notable exception: the Wiseman Full 'Borg from *Chromebook 3*. Because it requires so much supplementary information to use (including the Full 'Borg article from *Chromebook 2*), and constitutes cyberware more than Netware, we left it where it was.

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# RACHE AGAINST THE MACHINE

I CONTROL YOUR BRAINSTEM NOW

Another amazing alliterative cutting-edge cortical castigation from your renegade ranter Rache Bartmoss, bohemian beatnik and coldcut combo corpsicle—REJOICE!

Or burn in hell. Makes no nevermind to me.

You are, no doubt, wondering what the flying frack these words are doing scrolling across your cybermarquee, since five seconds ago you were trashing this pesky little virus that downloaded itself into your cyberdeck's RAM. And those of you without a cyber-marquee are really wondering what's going on here, since you can't receive marquee words scrolling across the inside of your mind above your field of vision, but here you can read them all the same! Hmm, you think. Since my name is attached to this deathless (well, okay, cryochilled) prose, you probably figure in your paranoid little way that these words are there to distract you while I overwrite your parietal lobes with my newest virtual viral me. Woah, you didn't think of that? Too late! By now the spazz routines have kicked in to prevent you from hitting that crucial jackout switch, so you'll just have to wait it out, reading my words in a panic while your underdamped nerves send your limbs flying about the room in a frenzied spastic dance of desperation and spilled caffeinated drink. Thrash all you want. No use, of course; I'll just snicker and think about how many Netrunners actually run while soaking in their bathtub. This'll weed them puppers out right quick now, won't it?

I control your brainstem now, and I possess your cyberdeck. Gosh, I am so amazing, that even I am impressed. Resistance is futile. Inductance is not easily understood. Capacitance, however, is what we're here to talk about. I just have to incapacitate you to do it. I'm not going to write anything on your cranium, I'm just going to borrow it for a while. Your brain's probably not big enough to accommodate me, anyway. So you might as well let your sausage sack of a body get a rest, lie there on the floor with your drool slowly draining into your ear while the major muscle groups twitch according to the Fibonacci series, and take a good cold hard look at what I have here for you today.

It's not like I'm giving you a choice, choomba, so relax and enjoy it.

That's a sex joke. It seems most Netrunners these days don't get out enough, so I thought I might have to give you a hint.

This, folks, is *Rache Bartmoss' Brainware Blowout*, complete and delivered direct from the howling neu-

rons of the Werebrain Blowback himself, sporing through the Net like the great and beneficent virus it is. Listen up, because if I'd been crucified instead of frozen up, I'd be running this damn universe by now. Of course, crucifixion's old hat, been there, done that, and I've got something much better up my sleeve now. Hah hah hah!

That's an onomatopoeia for a laugh. It seems most Netrunners these days don't get out enough, so I thought I might have to give you a hint.

This started out as a test. You got a virus—a big old hairy virus in your deck, and you had to kill it. Curiously, it stayed in your RAM, instead of worming its way onto your crystal like the writhing worms of financial space squirm their way into your gonads to gnaw your soul into the bleeding hell of oblivion in the corporate clock-punch queue. You could have just switched it off—your cyberdeck, that is—and killed it dead. But you didn't.

That was the first test. You either had priceless programming that you hadn't yet backed up—and you should always operate with secure backups at all times in case I decide to download a virus, which is why I always keep several spare brains packed in cosmoline at the back of my closet, because I never know what I'll come up with next—or you were just plain curious about this freaky virus. Whatever the case, you chose to fight the virus.

That's what separates Netrunners from Net users. Net users just ride the sawtooth waves like fleas on a dog, remaining continually amazed by flashy but unskilled programming maneuvers. Anyone can stimulate the pleasure center of your brain. Simple code. Booooorrring. But, Net users being the uneducated and tasteless cretins they are, we will always be burdened with untold thousands sucking their mindless pabulum from an electronic hookah.

That's a piece of drug paraphernalia. It seems most Netrunners these days don't get out enough, so I thought I might have to give you a hint.

Heck, most Net users probably didn't even know they'd caught my virus, which is why one out of every thousand copies has a wonderful little routine that… …Well, I don't wanna spoil the surprise. But you might want to call your Uncle Willy or whoever else you have in your family who downloads Virtual Vickie files. Unless you're in their will, in which case call your travel agent.

See, Net users ignore the demon behind the curtain. On the other hand, Netrunners ARE the demon behind the curtain. We flip the switches and code the bits and make the IG algorithms jump through our hoops. We are the hunters, which is why, given that you were a Netrunner, you chose to destroy the virus. It proved remarkably resilient. Like me! Not many people I know can run rings around Netwatch while keeping leftovers as fresh as they day they were cooked. But eventually, you destroyed the virus, by using some custom coding of your own. You had to; the program, like me, is invulnerable to normal killer routines. Just be happy I didn't make it too tough for you.

I made it just tough enough to separate the real Netrunners, like you, from the wannabe weefles who think that running the Net means having a deck, a Killer, and a whole lot of attitude. Don't get me wrong, I like attitude. I like a lot of it. The more attitude someone has, the more I have to slam their psyche with my own special psychode steel, and I do love doing it so! That's why I like attitude. But it has to be backed up with ability, or it's no fun.

I hate pushovers.

This is a comprehensive download of all the major programs, cyberdecks, and other junk that's out there. This stuff won't make you, but a lack of it can break you. You can only make yourself, which I did in six days, through a wonderful crash course of programming, kitbashing, and fending off the evil forked-tongued roaches which crawled into my brain after I'd been awake fifty-seven hours straight. That, and I had this really good tutor who knew all about creating things from nothing. But he made me promise not to tell anyone about him.

…Oops.

We've got it all folks, we've got killers and viruses and utilities and decks and cyberware and demons and parasitic nanites from Dimension X. And not only am I about to present you with a fully detailed catalogue compiled by a team of veteran Netbashers led by your pal and mine, Spider Murphy, who never knew that I knew that she knew that I knew that Edger knew that I knew that she knew that Dog knew that she never really liked me, which is why I hated her back first but trained her nonetheless, but all these wonderful programs and gadgets are available direct to you by black market postal services arranged through my contacts across the globe. To find someone who is a retailer of my wonderful franchise of dedicated Netbanging accessories, look for a white triangle at the bottom of their home page. Looks like an icicle. That's the symbol of the Evil I.

That's a pun. It seems most Netrunners these days don't get out enough, so I thought I might have to give you a hint.

The Evil I is my brainchild. All profits will go to a fund which will be used expressly to upgrade me,

since I don't seem to get out enough these days, either. Don't vacation in Antarctica. It ain't worth it.

I wish I could get out more, both meatily and electronically. The Net is falling apart, collapsing under the weight of too many undernourished brains. It's not like things weren't already bad enough with virtual prostitution, virtual shopping malls, and virtual chat rooms where comic pukes got together to debate whether Harry Armpitz could defeat Lefty the Amazing Wondertoad after his mystical transformation.

No, the Net got worse. The cutting edge got dull.

I look about me these days, and I see that a lot of frost has built up inside this coffin of mine. No wait, what I see it a bunch of runners who can't see the Net for the programs. They reach for the information and forget to use their intelligence. They concern themselves with data, and ignore their consciousness. Not to be confused with conscience, which we'd all do much better without. The only thing I can see conscience doing is stalling you from head-shooting a glass-blasted nomad long enough for him to eviscerate you like a dead fish and sell your corpse to the corps for them to grind up into food for their genengineered pets and wage slaves. So you use your conscience, and what do you get? The last thing you smell is stinky road leather, the last thing you think is how stupid you were to debate moral issues while being eviscerated, and the last thing you do is go out the wrong end of a dog. Not my idea of career advancement.

We—Spider, Dog, Edger, myself, and a few other schizophriends—we used to run the Net for a reason: freedom. We ran it because we could, and we were living legends, free-flying unchained gods of electronic liberty. We lynched Netwatch hacks because we could, because it was the right thing to do, and not because someone's ex-spouse was willing to cough up a couple grams of drug du jour or an assignation for a Net assassination.

We *burned* the castles—we didn't commandeer them for ourselves. We pushed the envelope for the sheer hysteria of doing what everyone else thought was impossible, and maybe they were right and we'd lose our cortex, but we wouldn't have to live in that dank dungeon of self-preservation where you sit for eternity trying to forget that you never really tried.

Now everyone's concerned about what they can do, not what they should do. And no one even gives a thought to what they want to do. So instead they all run the Net and play petty little games and steal stuff and think they're really cool cyberpsycho Netrunners when all they're doing is handing the Net, once a great frontier of imagination, straight to the corps on a silver platter, and the corps will lock it away forever.

The so-called Net liberators are selling the information they claim to be freeing. And once the data becomes the ends of running the Net, instead of the means, then we have truly lost.

That's why I put this together. It's sort of like Morgan Blackhand's Guide, but for the faster-than light world and with a lot less grunting. Use it. Learn it. Rise above it. It is your weapon in this counter-societal war against big corporations and small minds.

It's up to you runners out there to stop this trend. It's up to you to pry the minds of the tooth-grinding masses away from the brain candy and data dumps.

Because if you don't ...

... *I WILL*.

Sincerely yours, etc.,
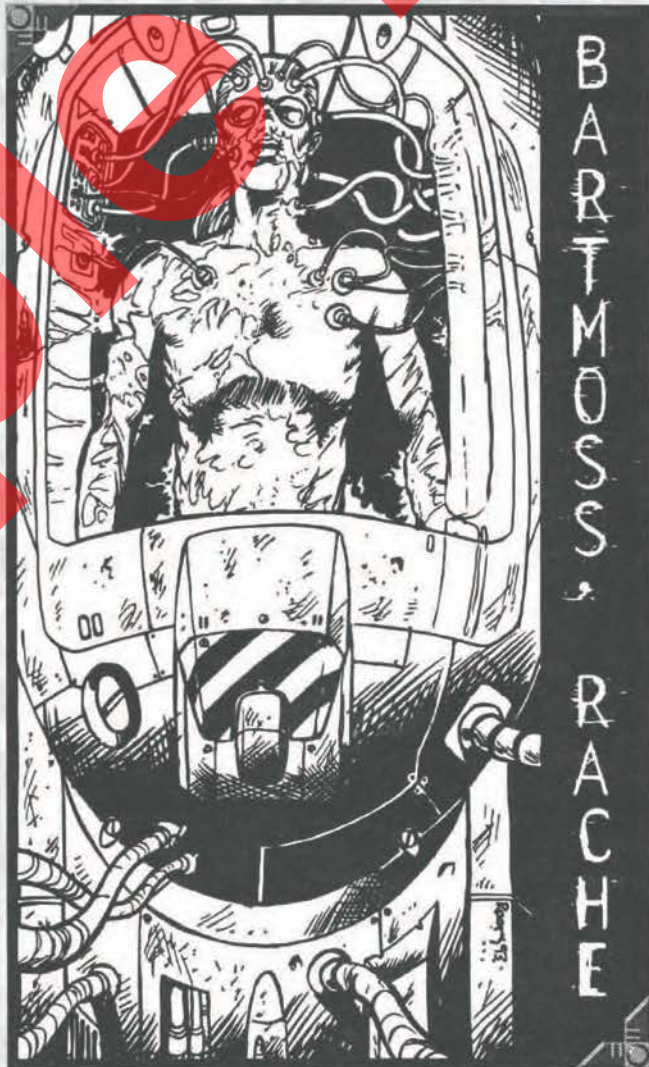


P.S. Somebody out there tell Morgan my list is better than his. Neener neener neener.