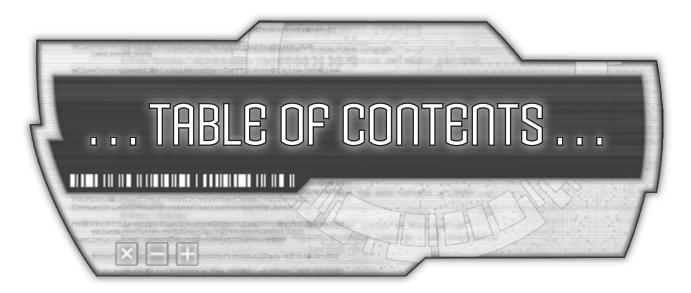


EMERGENCE



Catalyst Game Labs



Jackpoint Login	4	Adventure Frameworks	4/	Iwisted Love	/9
System Anomalies	5	Hot Property	47	Tlaloc's Pox	80
Whispers	6	Cause for Distraction	48	Adventure Ideas	81
Beyond Belief	9	The Rise and Fall of Joey D.	50	The Soul of a New Machine	82
What We Know	12	Adventure Seeds 🕜	51	Fear, Uncertainty, and Doubt	84
Game Information	15	Witch Hunt	52	Tlaloc Crisis Solutions	
A Primer on Matrix		The Hunt Is On	54	Sought	84
Anomalies	15	Breaking Novs	54	Is Aztechnology Hiding	
Where Things Stand	16	In the Crossiers	56	an AI?	84
Bringing Technomancers		News Talk Excerpt	58	Pulsar's Manifesto	85
into the Fold	18	Globaliends	59	New Horizons	86
Myths of Creation	19	Sxiss Gov Launches		It's 2070: Do You Know	
Adventure Seeds	20	Fechnomancer		Where Your Files Are?	88
Revelations	21	Control Initiative	60	Protect Yourself!	89
Digital Awakening	22	eces de Resistance	61	Police Discover Children,	
Accidental Overload		Technomancer Attacks		Robopets Leaving	
Triggered by Force		Tourists	62	Abandoned Building	90
of Will?	22	Technomancer Victim Dies		Online Psych Site a Hit	92
Miraculous Malfunction		in Panama Hospital	64	Strange Bedfellows?	93
Prevents Tragedy	22	TruthSayer Global Edition	67	The Naked Truth: The	
The Virtuakinetic		Summoning	69	AI-Technomancer	
Phenomenon	29	Maneuvers in the Dark	71	Connection	93
Student Kidnapped		Communique from		Taking the Offensive	93
from Campus	32	Citizens for a		Evo Sponsors Digital	
Children of a Different God	34	Safe Matrix	73	Intelligence Debate	94
Moving Targets and		Countdown	73	Out of the Frying Pan	94
Business Opportunities	35	Game Information	74	Brackhaven Bill Requires	
Technomancer Escapees		What's Really Going Down	74	Mandatory Techno-	
Devastate Hospital	40	How the Public Reacts	74	mancer Registration	95
Game Information	43	How the Media Reacts	75	The End Justifies the Means?	96
What's Really Going Down	43	How the Powers-That-Be		Technomancers	99
How the Public Reacts	43	React	75	Tlaloc Crisis Averted	100
How the Media Reacts	44	How the Shadows React	76	Local Politician's Son	
How the Powers-That-Be		The Secret History of AIs	76	Rescued	102
React	44	From the Darkest Depths	77	Game Information	103
How the Shadows React	45	Adventure Frameworks	78	What's Really Going	
The Hong Kong Incident	46	Two Weeks' Notice	78	Down	103





How the Public Reacts	104	
How the Media Reacts	104	
How the Powers-That-Be		
React	104	
How the Shadows React	104	
Handling AIs	105	
Adventure Frameworks	105	
Welcome to the Machine	105	
Extraction	107	
Recovery	108	
Adventure Ideas	109	
Aftermath		
All Tomorrow's Parties	112	
What Do You Know About		
Technomancers?	112	
Technomancer Players	113	
KivaNet	113	
Outreach Association	113	
Project Monad	113	
Transhuman League	113	
Paterson's Guide To	114	
Matrix Entities		
Artificial Intelligence Players	117	
Artificial Resource		
Management	117	
Consortium for Alternative		
Intelligence Research	118	
Technocrat Party	118	
Minor Leagues	119	
Game Information	120 120	
The Dust Settles		

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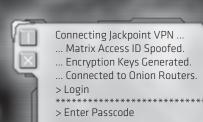
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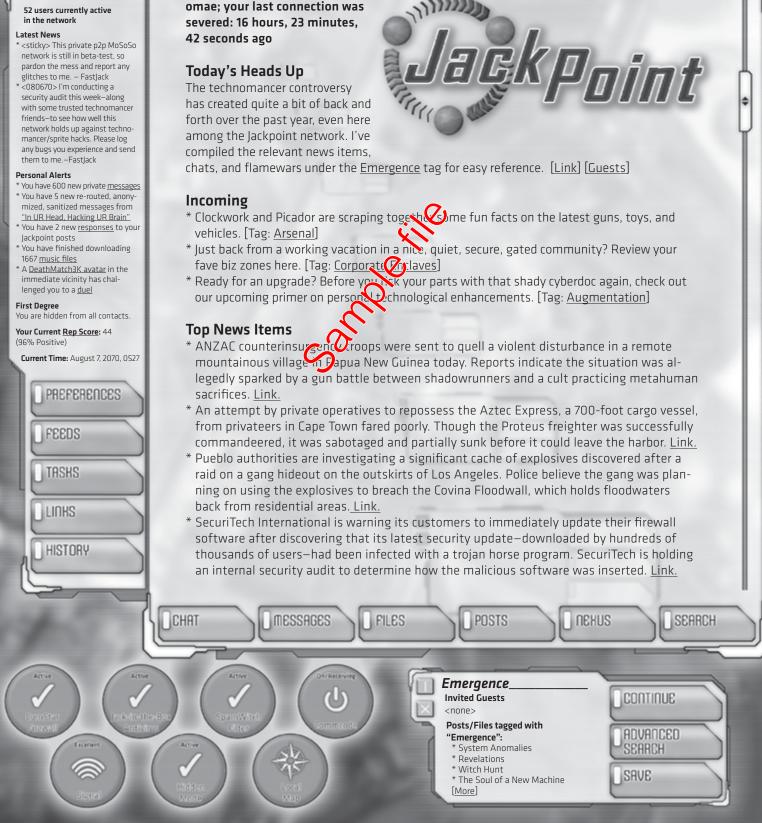
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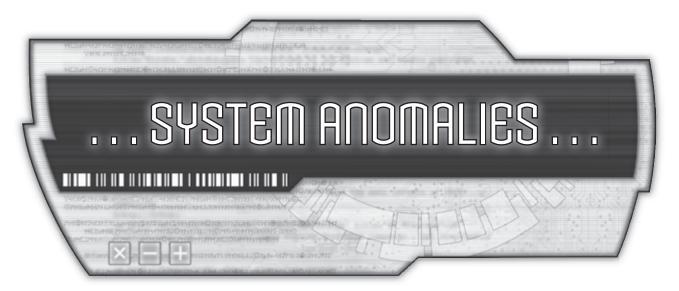
Connected to <ERROR: NODE UNKNOWN>

"Artificial intelligence is no match for natural stupidity."

lackPoint Stats

Welcome back to Jackpoint, omae; your last connection was severed: 16 hours, 23 minutes,





Sneaker's low-light revealed every crack in the hallway's worn linoleum tiling. Doors with silent, black portholes lined up to the right. Eerie red lights blinked steadily on the keypad next to each, signaling that the automatic locks were still engaged. Heavy rain pummeled the windows, and the occasional flash of lightning interfered with his night sight. *No doubt about it, this place gives me the creeps,* Sneaker thought. He signaled Shane and Walks-the-wyld to move forward toward their target, held with cell three doors down. He'd had a bad feeling about this extraction, ever since Johnson first mentions.

"The Renton mental asylum?" Duster asked, her sleek elven eyedrows rising.

"I assure you, the subject poses no danger to your team." The ohnson answered as if he had the conversation scripted.

"Yeah, right!" Duster snapped. Sneaker cut her of which look

"Why's he being kept there in the first place?" 'It isn't a penitentiary institution, so he's probably not a criminal."

"I assume in your ... line of work, you largard of Artificially Induced Psychotropic Schizophrenia?"

"You mean the guy's ridin' the 'trix-monky? He's got the Apes?" It was hard not to have heard about Artificially Induced Psychotropic Schizowhatever, aka the "Apes." People trapped online when the global network went down in '64 expressed all sorts of weird disorders—if they survived and weren't turned into vegetables, that is. The more treatments they tried on these poor souls, the fewer successes were reported.

"As I said, Mr. Sneaker, he poses no danger to you or any member of your team. Now, do we have a deal?"

"Sneak, you comin' or what?" Shane's voice over the link ripped Sneaker's attention back to his crew huddled around the cell door. "Get this—a manual keypad! Everything here's old-style! The sec-system's isolated from their main network, cameras and all—waste of time that hack was. Pickin' up wi-fi emissions, though. 'Ack, freakin' tiny wires ... got it. Boss?"

Taser in hand, Sneaker pulled the door open. Inside the padded cubic cell, a teenage ork cowered in a corner, shielding his eyes from the flashlights. "Go away."

"We're here to—" Sneaker was interrupted by Duster's sudden curse.

"GO AWAY!" The kid's voice boomed like thunder in the runners' ears, sending them reeling. *Did that just come over my link?* Sneaker wondered, doubling over in pain. Duster's fingers danced frantically over an invisible AR display as she tried to regain control of her commlink, a thin thread of blood oozing from an ear. Walks-the-wyld leaned against the doorjamb, ripping the commlink plug out of his ear.

"THE VOICES! YOU BRING THE VOICES! JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!"

Sneaker raised his hands in appeasement, "Kid, nobody's gonna hurt you, we're—"

"GO AWAY! THEY'RE CALLING ME, BUT I DON'T WANT TO GO! LEAVE ME ALONE!"

Sheer volume brought Sneaker to his knees. Waves of digital icons, and diagnostic screens flooded his vision. Swamped with nausea and vertigo, he fell to the floor, clutching his head. Too late, the safety cutout on his screeching earplugs kicked in. Deaf and disoriented, he could not hear his teammate's muffled screams.

