

FULL METAL CYBERPUNK

INTERFACE

ZERO

THE NEW YORK RECLAMATION ZONE



walt

THE NEW YORK RECLAMATION ZONE

WARNING! MATURE AUDIENCES ONLY!

Interface Zero 2.0 is a cyberpunk game with adult themes. We're going to use language some people might not be comfortable with. We're going to talk politics, and we're going to talk religion. We use the races and cultures in *Interface Zero* as an abstraction of the evils of racial intolerance in the real world. We don't apologize for this. The Cyberpunk genre isn't politically correct. It doesn't care if you like the word "fuck" or not. It doesn't concern itself with your belief system, or your slant on politics. To water this book down is to do a great disservice to the genre as a whole. We hope you keep on reading, but will understand if you don't.

Interface Zero 2.0 is created by Peter J. Wacks, David Jarvis, Hal Maclean, Matt Conklin Jr., and Patrick Smith

DEVELOPMENT TEAM
DAVID JARVIS, THOMAS SHOOK

WRITING
JOSH VOGT

ART COORDINATOR
DAVID JARVIS

GRAPHIC DESIGN
ALIDA SAXON

LAYOUT
DAVID JARVIS/THOMAS SHOOK

PROJECT MANAGER
DAVID JARVIS

ART
ALEX DRUMMOND, CARLOS HERRERA, JASON WALTON

MAPS
JASON WALTON

EDITING AND PROOFREADING
DAVID JARVIS, ROBERT EMERSON

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INTRODUCTION

"A hundred times have I thought New York is a catastrophe, and fifty times: It is a beautiful catastrophe."

- Le Corbusier

New York City. Let that name drip off your tongue, ami. Newwww Yorrrrk Citaaaay. Spin a little jazzy growl in there and you've got a mood that'll settle in thick and keep you company for the whole night. That's right. A little bit of smooth, a little bit of love, a splashdash of the neon burn behind the eyeballs, and a whole lotta chrome crazy.

For the Big Soggy—as the wavescape's known now—it's the last part that matters most. The crazy. Doesn't matter what you toss into the pot so long as you got plenty of crazy to go around. That's what I've always loved about the place. It takes in everything. Doesn't play favorites. Just opens its scarred, tatted, and scaly arms and accepts whatever you've got to give.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Scarred? Fine. Tatted? Cool. Scaly? Now I'm checking for the exit.

#Cweed_n_Grass: Aw, wassamatta, Billy? I've got scales. Don't want a hug?

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Hey, to each their own, but that is definitely not my own.

#Cweed_n_Grass: /pouts

Of course, just because it "takes" doesn't guarantee it's going to give anything back...or, if it does, in any shape worth looking at. Sometimes it chews you up and spits you back out. Sometimes you squeak through the cracks and just get the tip of your tail chopped off and get to show the scar the rest of your life like you're proud of surviving or something. Sometimes the city swallows you whole and you become one more bloated corpse bobbing on the waves.

Want to flick your tail past that fate, ami? Then get ready to learn from the best and dump the rest.

Call me Sal. Started out Saul, sure, but now its short for Salamander, what with the gills on my neck and the webbing on my hands and feet. Original, neh? Got it from my first dive crew. They thought it was real cute, but they're all fish pellets and shark chum, so what do their chuckles matter? It's my name. Respect it and you and my harpoon won't have no grudge to settle.

#Cweed_n_Grass: Hi, Sally!

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

#Cweed_n_Grass: Wasn't talking to you.

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

#Cweed_n_Grass: Uh...

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

New York City. I've been here since the beginning. Since before the walls. Before the waters rushed in. Before the world forgot this place existed and way before the corps realized they might've made a big mistake letting us old-timers make a home of a disaster zone. I've dived the deepest subway channels and climbed the highest skyscrapers. I've faced down synthsharks in the Swirls and rotted away months plugged into the Deep, trying to escape reality—this version of it, at least. But the Big Soggy always dragged me back down.

And now everyone's so eager-beaver to move back in and pretend these swamped city blocks have been their turf all along. Talk about presumptuous.

That's right. Old Sal knows a few big words. I just use them in dribbles and drops. Always been a bit wary of people who go around showing off how highfalutin they are. Know who does that most? The suits. All those folks with their pretty faces who like to sit up on high and lord it over everyone, afraid of getting so much as a drop of scummy water on their shiny shoes.

Want another big word?

Reclamation. That's what the suits are calling it, this anti-exodus. The Reclamation. Such a holy name, like it's some second coming of God. More like Hell flooded, froze over, then thawed out again, leaving one big mess for the Devil himself to try and lick dry—except he couldn't be bothered, so he brought in the corps to do his dirty work.

Not like we didn't already have enough demons to deal with.

Did you ever think maybe we didn't want to be rescued? We don't need to be reclaimed. So what if the corporations have brought in all their fancy gear and all those soldiers lined up like trained seals? So what if they think they're doing us a favor, pumping in funds and forces? This mess is too big to be cleaned up with a few mops and sponges and bullets. The city has always been too big for anyone.

#Myownskinimin: Especially when we have to share it with inhuman freaks.

#FE4LIFE: Oh. I see someone's already starting to beat the hate drum!

#Batter_Up: Wait. FE? You from Newark?

#FE4LIFE: Yah. So?

#Batter_Up: Ironbound?

#FE4LIFE: So what?

#Batter_Up: So you invented the hate drum, man.

#FE4LIFE: Don't call me man. I am beyond man.

Fact is, New York City is a city of survivors. With or without the corps, we would've kept paddling along until the end of the world—and I'm of a mind that's arriving a whole lot sooner than most are brave enough to admit.

Are you a survivor? Lots of people think so until they get tossed into the deep end—not to mention the Deep itself—and thrash and splash until they drown. You all come in with a swagger, pretending like you're Jesus Christ himself about to calm the storm and walk across the waves. And I'm one of the rare few who'll give a damn when you go down spluttering.

Why do I even care? Maybe care isn't the right word. More like I pay proper attention to who slips beneath the surface around here because they might take something of value with them. Then it's my job to find their clammy corpses and fish up whatever's worth keeping. Ya know what one of the perks of people going around with upgraded arms and legs and heads and whole bodies? All those metal implants make

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the flesh sink faster and help anchor them so the currents don't sweep them off too quick. So long as I get to them fast enough, I make a tidy turnaround on the chopper market.

Don't think of it as scavenging. Think of it as professional concern. It's my own way of surviving. Some call folks like me bottom feeders and worse, but hey, often enough those same people wind up drifting to the bottom and paying the way to my next meal. It's all one big food chain, from the muddy drifts to the mossy glass and steel cliffs. That's all a city is, whether it's a concrete jungle or swamped with seawater, and NYC is survival of the fittest at its finest.

And while we're all busy living mud-to-mouth, the corp bosses come in and act like the whole place is some sort of amusement park for their private entertainment.

In a way, I guess they're right. That's what the Big Soggy is now. One big water park. Your ticket's been punched and you're just waiting in line. So what ride are you taking? The high dive? The slip-n-slide? The wave pool? The dunk tank?

No, running isn't an option, ami. You're in the deep end and it's time to see if you sink or swim.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: *I can dig this. He's realistic, at least.*

#Water_Cowboy: *True dat. Anybody gotta admit it's rough or they's just in De Nile Rivah!*

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: *Hey.*

#Cweed_n_Grass: *Is this gonna be a thing?*

LIFE IN NYC

"New York was a city where you could be frozen to death in the midst of a busy street and nobody would notice."

-Bob Dylan

Minnie "Minnow" Adso slunk along the shattered skytower's waterside perimeter, duckin' and dodgin' the NAC search spotlights rovin' over the chop, not a dozen yards from her. They turned the black waters a brief dazzling platinum, and she knew if she got caught in one for so much as half of a rat tail twitch, her blood would have its own low tide as auto-turrets turned her to so much fish feed.

She ducked behind a rusting mound that might've been an office desk once upon a time, moments before the whole place lit up like daytime—though she remained a minnow in a pool of precious shadow. As she eased her panting, hoping none of the NACKers had strong enough IR to pick her outta the pulp, she tried to figure her options.

Right. So, Minny m'dear, what's the score? They knew she was there. They must know she had the datacore, but hell if she knew what was on it. She just ran the planks like a good lil' sewer rat, taking what she was told here and there, taking whatever creds they tossed her in return until she could save up enough to plug back into the VR tanks for a few days...forget about life in the Big Soggy until the owner yanked her out and tossed her back in with a splash.

She scanned the ancient office space, helpfully lit up by the wavecutters outside. This floor was just another above where the city waters lapped against the building's barnacle-covered side. She'd scurried through this building before. Knew the lower levels were gillman territory and worse. Above? Who knew? Could be a scabber den, could be a way out...could be nothing at all.

Across the floor, littered with glass and concrete and rusting metal, she spotted a door with an old manual latch. Above it, a cracked panel read EX.

Ex-what? External? Exit? Ex-life for little sneaks who didn't know when to drop their treasure deep before the NACKers found her?

Outside, another wavecutter buzzed by. The spotlight swam away, plunging the office back into darkness black as squid ink.

Couldn't go down. Had to be up. Minny's teeth chattered as a salty breeze washed over her. Like any plank runner, she liked to stay low. All the city newcomers, they liked to get up

high, away from the chop, where they could look down on the water-soaked skyline and pretend it was still an empire. Yet they got so high they often overlooked all the water bugs skimming around below.

Clamping her jaw, Minny sprinted to the door. The latch resisted the squeeze of her grubby fist. After a couple more times, she looked around. Spotted a chunk of concrete. Perfect.

She grabbed it and hammered down on the latch, not caring for the clatter it made. At last, something snapped inside the latch. Hoping she hadn't broken it beyond hope, she tried again, found it loose, and yanked with all her might.

The door squealed open, obviously unused in years. Beyond it, a crumbling flight of stairs notched up into the darkness.

Just as she started to step through, another search beam clipped the area. The bare edge of it caught her arm as she tossed the chunk aside. Bullets puffed up the floor and wall but, miraculously, none hit her before she slipped through and up.

The sound of revving motors caught her ears and she knew the NACKers would be circling in for the kill.

The upper floors better offer a way out beyond the good ol' high dive, else she'd just made herself a rat in a trap.



I'm no tour guide, ami, and I wouldn't trust any of them as far as I can piss off a ledge. Here's the thing; tour guides are a funny lot, always making a spectacle of things no matter how unimportant they really are. And what happens when you make a spectacle? You put yourself straight into the sights of whoever might be aiming your way. Besides, for every up-n-honest tour guide you find who actually knows anything worth knowing, you've got fifty ready to lure you down dark channels and straight into whatever crab trap they and their friends have set up. Tourists in these parts these days have another name: victims. So unless you're one of those slickers who can afford one of those operations that shows you the whole city by skyway rather than waterway, just listen to ol' Sal and maybe you'll learn enough to glide by.

#Chompah_Chips: *Who wants to glide? I want to survive on my own terms.*

- #Kelpunk:** You some sort of bigshot shark then?
- #Chompah_Chips:** Me? I'm just a boat vendor. But it's my boat. My food. My credits.
- #Kelpunk:** Haven't gangs been targeting you guys a lot lately?
- #Chompah_Chips:** I'm not afraid.

CULTURE

Can't expect a place called the Big Apple to become the Big Soggy without some major changes hitting up its people and places. Once was, New York City was center of the world, where you went for all the hottest shows, the biggest business, the fastest lifestyle. A place that crushed a million dreams and raised a million more to the heights.

Let me tell you, ami, that old glamour is gone. Washed right out as the waves swept in. In its place stood a skeleton of steel and glass and rot, where fish and birds and rats had a better chance of surviving than the people who once strode the streets like they owned them. Now, a certain glamour might come back someday. There's plenty of people pretending it never went away, like the party crews and cruises in the High Dive District. The corporations sure are trying their hardest, but until then there's one central thing you got to know. There's a bunch of us now stuck in the middle between the real bottom feeders and those now playing god up in their towers.

We kept our pride. The same NYC pride that made us so sure nowhere else could compare...we still got it. The same pride that made us give a big middle finger to the world when President Davis told us to get the fuck out...we still got it. The same pride that made us brace against the spray as the waves came crashing...you get where I'm going with this.

#Glory_to_the_Highest: Pride goeth before the fall. Proverbs 16:18

#Bloodsoil93: I gotta turn my anti-religious bullshit filter on, don't I?

#Glory_to_the_Highest: If a blind man leads a blind man, both will fall into a pit. Matthew 15:14

#Bloodsoil93: Andddd...on. Blessed peace.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Blessed?

#Bloodsoil93: Shut up, damn you.

Sometimes that pride gives us more trouble than it's worth. Look at the tensions going on between the landlovers and waterscum. Because as much as I talk about the chop, there's still a bit of dirt clinging to places like Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Staten Island. Those of us who prefer the dribble, we sometimes give the stink eye to those too snooty to get wet—and they give it right back.

And sometimes that pride gives out. Some have sold out. Some have taken the high dive. Others have lost their minds to Slipscum or endless dry-n-high Sims in the VR pits. When that happened, they stopped being one of us.

Because at our core, the pride remains that we're still here and still giving and taking hits as hard as they come. You respect that pride. Even the lowliest rope runner and window cleaner has it. You disrespect them, you disrespect the city... and you do not want to piss off a whole city, capisce?

You got enough pride to become one of us? I'd like to see you prove it.

- #FE4LIFE:** I got enough pride to take on the whole city!
- #Batter_Up:** Come on up to the Bronx and prove it.
- #FE4LIFE:** Come on down to Newark and I'll show you.
- #Batter_Up:** I think we're at an impasse here.
- #Hey_Hey_Hey00:** Hey.

SURVIVAL

Now, after all that chatter about how we think we're all so high and mighty, none of us is so stupid to let our pride get ourselves killed if we can help it. There's a difference between beating on your chest and letting a guy stick a dagger in it because you're too dumb to back down. Everyone from the tunnel rats to the midway scroungers to the shopknocks to the big fish in their tanks up top—we're all trying to survive. We all have to use whatever we've got to make it happen. Some of us got smarts. Some of us got speed. Some of us got big guns. Some of us got lots and lots of creds.

Whatever you've got, ami, use it well, otherwise it and everything else will get snatched from you quick enough. Loyalty is pretty rare around here, and it's usually to yourself alone. Everyone is, in a big and often literal way, just another resource for everyone else. What you've got to do is protect that resource...make it valuable...but not so valuable people become murderously desperate to have it. It's a fine balance, proving that you're worth more alive than dead in a city that tends to think otherwise.

#Water_Cowboy: I dunno. Some folks actually better dead n' alive. Bounties and all that.

#Myownskinimin: You in the bounty business?

#Water_Cowboy: somethin' like that.

#Myownskinimin: Can I give you names?

#Water_Cowboy: u got creds?

But you got to do what you got to do, ami. Sure, go run with the corps if you want. Jump into a merc group and hire out to the highest bidder. Smuggle in from Newark or try to make your way in Brooklyn. Toss in with the River Rats or race your way to glory on the Bridge track. Just whatever you do...do it well.

FOOD

Like a lot of the world, NYC had taken to gulping down as much vat goo as we could afford, because after a while only the rich could afford anything else. Used to be you could find anything around here, and plenty of cultural mash-ups beyond what you could imagine. A full-on feeding frenzy of organic, non-organic, vegetarian, vegan, cannibal...whatever your taste buds desired.

I'm afraid people don't come here much for the food anymore. Not unless you have a huge hankering for...Seafood! Those of us who'd gotten mighty tired of vat-brewed meals actually saw the sea coming in as manna from heaven. Once the waters settled—as much as they ever will—we got our own underwater ecosystem in place. Plenty of trawling and fishing had been going on around the island and off the coast even before then, but now we had it all right in our own backyards. So nowadays you've got shops like Fins-n-Things, Netter's, McCain's, Artie's, or Blubba Gumps. All the fish, shrimp, lobster, octopus, and turtle soup you can stomach. Even shark and

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dolphin, if you know the right kitchen. Whale, too, but it is a rare and dangerous delicacy. Hell, why not just grab a fishing pole or harpoon and go grab dinner yourself.

#Chompah_Chips: *I know a great recipe for dolphin.*

#Olaphu56: *You are a monster*

#Chompah_Chips: *Monster and master of the grill, you mean.*

#Olaphu56: *I will hunt you down*

#Chompah_Chips: *You can try, my friend!*

The corporations, of course, have brought in their favorite food supplies. Lots of their grub is employee-only cafeteria style, but a few fine entrepreneurs have renewed franchises like Fat Sally's, Chubby Chew, and Goldy's. Won't find most of those outside of Brooklyn though, and then only in the higher stacks in uptown. Some of the finer corporate supplies also get "offloaded" and sold to the lower folk if you know what channels to buy through (hint: check out Yankee Stadium).

But, since we're so chummy, I'll let you in on a little secret. There's a small but growing line of private vendors trying to bring back some of the old favorites...the giant pretzels, the hot dogs, the corner pizza. The iconic stuff. They've got a flotilla of chuggers they bum around on, selling to anyone with a cred or two. Got to say, I've tried their stuff and it ain't half bad. Just got to be lucky enough to find one of their vendor boats before they sell out.

ARCHITECTURE

So sometime long ago, some bloke took a look at this soggy mess of an island and said, hey, let's build some of the tallest buildings in the world on there! Can't nothing go wrong with that. That takes balls, ami. Anyways, architects, being the engineering geniuses they like to claim to be, have continued to prove they can overcome gravity for centuries.

Now, you just have to look at the city to know, we like it big and tall. After all, if you only got so much space to spread out, ya gotta go up after a while. The style used to be a lot of pomp and stomp. Lots of glass and stone and steel. Y'know, stuff to make the big people feel big and the little people feel like they're about to be crushed. Plenty of that's still there—the gargoyles, the steeples, the thousand-window sky rises, the apartment complexes built to look like fucking palaces.

#SharkMinnow: *Did you know the gargoyles are alive?*

#Billy_Black_Eyes: *What? Like...uh. Actually, I don't even know what to compare that to. What do you mean?*

#SharkMinnow: *I mean alive! Watching. Listening. Shifting when we aren't watching. Look up, don't blink, and you'll see them shift.*

#Billy_Black_Eyes: *Uh...huh.*

Thing is, it's all been taken down a notch. It's not that it isn't impressive anymore, it just is in a different way. It's all equalized by grime, rust, peeling paint, graffiti, and mold. Those stone towers now look more like granite cliffs plucked straight from the mountains themselves, all covered in dangling moss and trees. Steel scrapers are now rearing pillars of rust, creaking ominously in the right wind. Plenty of windows have been shattered; now either boarded up or gaping like empty eye sockets.



Sure some rebuilding is underway. Desperate efforts to save the island from going under for good because—I probably don't have to tell you—saltwater is none too friendly to anything humanity builds. In the territory claimed by the Skyline Corporation, you'll find towers and other above-water buildings having their foundations shored up, sprayed with all manner of anti-salt coatings, and a network of well-built bridges where old roads used to be. That's the best they've done so far. Will it last? Find me a coin so I can flip it.

Beyond the island itself, some sections of the failed seawall still remain intact, used as corp outposts or colonies for those barnacles who like clinging to life on the edge of danger. Then you've got the Brooklyn sprawl, which is where a lot of rebuilding has been ramped up, seeing as it's got the land to grow on. A few new skyscrapers are rearing their heads, but the huge press of people and often-violent conditions are slowing the efforts. Some are trying to call it New Manhattan, but don't you dare say that near where anyone from Manhattan can hear, otherwise you'll be sucking seawater quicker than you can blink.

#Kelpunk: Is it really that bad?

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

#Cweed_n_Grass: It can be if someone's drunk enough. Not a rare thing around here.

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

And don't even get me started on what's left of the Bronx. Sure it survived mostly intact, but if you called that Zero Zone shithole home before the fun began, I'd question your sanity.

BUSINESS

If you're wanting creds around here, ami, you pretty much have to go deep or go high. There's precious little ground around for much of it to be called middle these days. Not saying there isn't plenty of opportunity, but you tend to find it in one of two main places: either by selling your soul to the corps or one of their mercenary underlings or by helping the small fish keep from getting swallowed by the big fish. Corporation employees have it, well, not easy, but at least they have more secure compounds and resources to fend off the masses scabbling at their doorsteps. They don't go hungry, they've got decent tech, and the guns to back up their agendas. Some people think they'll be city saviors, but I think they've got a long way to go to gain that reputation.

Fortunately, when you've got a lot of otherwise desperate people, it can be easier to find jobs worth your mind or muscle. Gangs who want a particular territory cleared out, smugglers who want a particular prize brought in through the Newark tunnels, a would-be-businessman who wants his new venture protected; there's plenty of ways to make a visit worth your time. If you don't take to the watery ways so well, Brooklyn is close enough to what we have to an operational "city" hereabouts, and has enough of a functioning economy to be worth a peek.

#SharkMinnow: They don't have gargoyles in Brooklyn, do they?

#Myownskinimin: Why don't you visit and find out?

#SharkMinnow: No, no, no. Can't leave my office. They'll see.

Want to get in good with the corps? I'll pick on them in a few, so be patient. They're where you go if you want more

steady creds, but a lot of the rest of business done around the Big Soggy is in barter, trades, and favors-owed. Survival gear and food is as valuable as anything; so if you can get your hands on some, payday!

There's also Newark sitting off our border with its Wards, courts, drugstore judges, and whatnot. They're ready and willing to take advantage of our disadvantage, and they run steady business with everything from operational hospitals to sim centers to gene splicing to black code and dub labs.

#FE4LIFE: Ooh, New Yorkers talking smack about Jersey. That's new!

#Chompah_Chips: I don't see you stepping over here to talk back.

#FE4LIFE: As if I'd bother. All aren't worth a spit of Newark mud.

#Chompah_Chips: Nope, but who wants mud like you?

FASHION

You're talking to a guy who wears goggles, flippers, and a wetsuit just about 24/7 and you're asking him about fashion? You've got some bubbles on your brain, that's for sure. Look, ami, on the slick side, New York City has always been and will always be a fashion center. Thing is, the world doesn't pay attention to our trends the way it used to. On the foamy side, when your main thoughts are all about survival, you wear what you've got to wear and you don't care whether the color clash. I'm just lucky black goes good with about everything. Fine. Here's a few trends I've spotted around, though I can't claim to know whether they're to taste or not.

- **Golden Age Retro:** Trench coats, fedoras, spit-n-polish loafers, pocket watches...the whole retro fad is ridiculous. Which is why you tend to see it mostly with the corporate folk who don't have to worry much about getting their nice suits drenched. It's been taken up a bit over in Gangland, though, with at least one group, the Coney's, having taken a shine to it. They like the big coats to hide the massive guns they love to use.

- **Skinny Dipping:** There are a few nudist colonies around town who claim that since Mother Nature claimed the city, it's only right to claim her back, by going around totally stark naked all the time. I can get behind this one a little bit, especially since some of their members don't look too shabby in the buff. Of course, there are a couple clubs down in the Party Pond and over in Brooklyn that have claimed this statement, since it appeals to their clientele. Maybe those are just normal strip clubs and titty bars? I can't quite tell.

#Bloodsoil93: I'll go and figure it out for you.

#Cweed_n_Grass: Perv.

#Bloodsoil93: As if. It's human nature.

#Glory_to_the_Highest: Everyone who looks at a woman with lustful intent has already committed adultery with her in his heart. Matthew 5:28

#Bloodsoil93: Hello adultery!

- **Racing Gear:** It's pretty flashy stuff, but you really shouldn't try wearing it unless you're part of an actual gang. They like to go as rip-roaring as possible, clothes all decked out with spikes and flames and chrome threading that

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makes them hard to look at in direct sunlight. The more outlandish, the better.

- **DigiDuds:** I've seen it, but I don't get it. Maybe because I'm no hashtagger or Deep diver. But these folks love to wear clothes that are basically walking screens for the latest news on the Global DataNet. They project trending tag topics, have holo-displays for new headline photos, or have animated telefeeds gleaming on their torsos at all times.
- **From the Sea:** Sea creatures aren't just good for food, you know. They've got plenty of parts that can be converted to clothing and accessories. Now, those folks on the lower levels do this out of necessity at times. It's a little different if you're a ganger sporting a dolphin leather jacket, capisce? I might just have to take that personally. Fishbone earrings and nose spikes make for fashionable jewelry these days too, not to mention shark teeth.

#Myownskinimin: Don't go around wearing that much or you'll make yourself a target for Murray's Morays.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Who?

#Myownskinimin: Aquatics-only gang. Nasty peeps. Like most freaks.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Interesting. Gotta dig up more on them.

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

TECHNOLOGY

Just because the world forgot about us for a while doesn't mean we went back to the Stone Age. Survival is the mother of invention, haven't you heard? And boy, have we invented. Here's the thing, though. Lots of traditional tech doesn't take too well to getting wet. Something about power cells plus water equals explosions, and all that. Of course, if you're going with more biotech style, then you might be good. But if you're a tin man, roid, or have any sort of cybertech implants or upgrades, you best get that shit waterproofed and sealed up tight. Too many times I've seen some poor bloke dragging a cyber-arm around, its joints rusted up beyond all hope, or another girl screaming because her optical implant has grown rust tendrils straight into her brain. Makes me glad all my upgrades are genetic.

#Water_Cowboy: Truth. Cyber & sea just don't mix.

#Chompah_Chips: Cheap-ass. Get a waterproofing package. Should've had that included from the start.

- **Aquatech:** This is a lot of your traditional tech revamped so it works in and around water. Power suits that are submersible, personal waterskimmer transports, water pistols, and everything that lets you breathe below the surface—the tanks, the rebreathers, the liquid-lung gels. Been a regular run on the market for all this sort of stuff when the corps rolled into town. We'd patched together a lot of it ourselves before then, but they've refined it for their own uses with corporate submarines and subdomes. And yes, this includes plenty of water-based warfare tech that just goes to show how we'll bring battle to any arena.
- **Reclatech:** Rather than adapt to the water, other tech branches have been exploring just how well they can stave off the sea and its effects. The corporations are heavily invested here, inventing sprays to protect buildings from saltwater, prototype hydrophobic technology to push the



water back, and plenty of mega-pumping systems to try and drain whole neighborhoods dry. A lot of this is funded by the same companies responsible for building the old seawalls in the first place and we can see how well most of that ended up. I still think it's easier to accept and adapt rather than fight an uphill battle. Look at New Zealand!

#SharkMinnow: I worked there for a while once. Corporate gig. Wish it could've lasted, but they bought out our contract and kicked us out of the archipelago.

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

#SharkMinnow: Hey to you! Wassup, man?

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

#Kelpunk: Oh god, don't encourage him!

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

- **Dub Tech:** The Big Soggy is a dangerous place, even if you're not getting shot at or stripped for parts. One wrong step might find you twenty feet deep in cold black water getting sucked into a rip-zone with no way out. To help counter this, some forward-thinking fixers have teamed up with techies and bioformers to bring dub tech to New York. For the right price, you can get your mind dubbed and uploaded into a body just in case you shed that mortal coil.
- **Hybrids:** Come to New York City and you'll think all hybrids in the world were nothing but the aquatic sort. Makes

sense though, doesn't it? What other sort of hybrid is going to thrive in these environs? You really don't want to see any hybrids with fur in these parts. Ever catch a whiff of wet cat, rat, or dog? Now multiply that by a thousand. It'll haunt you for years. Anyways, there are plenty of amphibious hybrids (like myself), spliced with frogs, salamanders, and newts. Then you've got octopus, sharks, fish, eels, crabs, and whatever else lurks below. Some of them never come to the surface and have formed entire aqua-hybrid communities.

- **Algae Power:** The corporations figured they had all this water at hand, why not put some of it to good use and build biomass generators based on algae. It's generally worked well, so far. Let's them keep the lights on, more often than not. Problem is it causes some riotous algae blooms when it gets out of control, and those can turn massively toxic faster than you'd believe. One bloom engulfed a whole tower down in the old financial district and ate up the people living inside it too, if rumors can be believed.
#SharkMinnow: The world isn't going to end in grey goo. It's gonna be green!
#Kelpunk: Why you gotta be so doom and gloom?
#SharkMinnow: I'm...a...realist?
#Kelpunk: Are realists always pessimists?
#Billy_Black_Eyes: Some days I wonder.

ENTERTAINMENT

When you live from day to day, wondering whether you've got a next meal coming, you've got to have something to take your mind off the drudgery. Otherwise, you'll go foam-crazy and find yourself in The Swirls before you know it. Just like old LA, Hollywood, or Chicago, New York City once claimed fame as one of the biggest players in all things swinging, singing, dancing, and drinking. Now that last one's always been going strong, but the others have taken a little time to catch back on.

MUSIC

- **Jazz:** While it never fully went away, it's made a definite comeback the past few years. Something about singing soulful, crooning tunes just rings true to most folks around here. Bubble's club down in the Party Pond is a great place if you want to relax and let a canary sing sweet to your ears for a few hours while you pound down cheap whiskey. There's also a bloke over in Brooklyn, Jerry Manfred, who's been making a name for himself on the trumpet and his quartet—though some have claimed he's backed by a few dubious Tancredo types for some reason. Long way for them to be reaching.
- **Whalesong:** It's...hm...It's something of an a Capella music trend, if you get my drift. No instruments allowed other than the throat, tongue, and your vocal chords. It's meant to simulate actual whale song, creating gorgeous, wordless arias and other stirring music from the depths, arranged by a human mind. Trust me when I say its best heard when underwater. Above the waves just takes away the depth of the music. Also, trust me when I say some of the best performers are hybrids, like Ulala, or the five-man group, Depths of Glory.

- **#Chompah_Chips:** Saw this...er...heard this last week. Fucking beautiful. I'm not a guy to cry, either, but I was bawlin'.
- **#FE4LIFE:** Pussy.
- **#Hey_Hey_Hey00:** Hey.
- **#SharkMinnow:** Yeah, hey. Back off. The man has emotions. If you don't, you're just a cold-blooded machine.
- **#FE4LIFE:** Yes, I am.

- **Floating Orchestras:** If you're ever hanging around a tower, letting your boots dry, and you start hearing a full-on band playing Symphony No. 5, don't worry. You aren't going crazy, and you haven't been hacked by any sort of music meme (most likely). There's a few groups around that usually play for the corporate cruises but also do a little play on the side. They've acquired motored platforms and spend their free time floating around the boroughs, bringing music to the masses. Not even the gangs will touch them.
- **Corporate Sponsored Stars:** As part of a PR effort, the corporations brought more than just bring funds and supplies to the reclamation. They've also brought in the occasional show star to entertain the crowds, everywhere from the ShineTown in Brooklyn to Times Square itself. Not sure if it does anything much to help since it just serves as a reminder of all the expendable income the corps have to sling around, but—Hey!—free show! Though the last one I went to was a bit disappointing, since it was just one of those holo-star shows projected from Japan. Some prancing anime doll called Yumi Yumi, or some babble like that.

THEATER & FILMS

- **Radio City:** While it's lower floors got swamped, sure enough, Radio City Music Hall still does its best to bring entertainment to folks across the city. They've built smaller stages higher up where all sorts of shows go on pretty much day and night. Doesn't cost much to get in either, whether you boat up or swim your way in. A bunch of Rockette sim-dolls keep their legs kicking, and the upper floors have swapped out old radio stations for new Deep feed production centers that do some damn fine dramas, comedies, and horrors.
#Cweed_n_Grass: Has anyone been listening to All's Fallen and Won't Rise Up? I can't get enough of that soap.
#Bloodsoil93: Is that the one about the lovers who find out they're both deep cover agents for the Venusians and end up destroying the world?
#Cweed_n_Grass: No, no. It's the one about the sentient sea sponges who go on a trek of unimaginable fathoms.
#Bloodsoil93: Oh. Right. That one.
- **Broadway:** Most of the old theaters are sunk, sadly. But the show must go on! Several ragtag acting troupes have banded together on floating stages in the area where they perform weekly classics like Wicked or Phantom of the Opera, as well as some new hits like Deep Down or a water-based version of The Lion King called The Ocean Lord.

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- **Movies on the Shattered Walls:** Have a fondness for old flicks? Of course, anyone with the most basic optical overlay can tap in and pull up whatever video feed they want, but there's an odd charm to boating or bobbing over to old Flatiron and watch old black-and-whites projected onto the wall of the nearby skyscrapers. Such events can draw five thousand strong. I think people just like the excuse to get together; though there are always claims that the films are being used to broadcast memes straight into our skulls or some other form of mind control.

GAMES & SPORTS

- **Bridge Racing:** With the Brooklyn Bridge being the last bridge standing from around the island, it only made sense to turn it into a massive racing circuit—complete with deadly traps, ambushes, and explosives planted to pick off drivers. Spectators from all walks of life and society levels come to witness the sheer spectacle of the last-driver-standing affair, which is currently overseen by the Zone Razors. An annual race, the Gypsy Cab 500, determines what driving team gets control of the bridge. Races include every possible modded motor vehicle, all the way from cycles to golemmechs.

#FE4LIFE: Posers.

#Batter_Up: Like anyone in Newark could hold a glowstick to those guys.

#FE4LIFE: Don't need to race to prove myself. I know I'm superior.

- **Water-based Adaptations:** Everything from baseball to volleyball now has a watery version, often played by hybrids and froggers. There are no official leagues or anything of the sort, but there's certainly a few longtime teams and unofficial tallies. The current team to beat in underwater baseball is a group of dolphin hybrids called The Snorks, while a group of alligator and other amphibious hybrids called Lashers play some mean water polo.

- **Tower Run:** It's a simple enough game. Pick a point in Manhattan as your starting gate. Then you pick another point any distance away, agreed upon by the teams in play. At the starting signal, the teams must make their way from start to finish, but the catch is they must do so without touching the water in any fashion. No boats. No swimming. No riding piggyback on a dolphin. Capiisce? First team with a member to make it to the end wins. The runners are often watched by motorboats or drone riggers to enforce the rules.

- **Hold Your Breath:** Exactly what it sounds like, ami. How long can you hold it, au natural? No gills, no tanks, no rebreathers allowed. You and your competitors go down and the last to come up wins. All bets taken. And anything is allowed once you and the other players are underwater, so if you're the first and last to come up, you still win.

#Water_Cowboy: This sounds fun! I'm gonna start practicing

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

#Cweed_n_Grass: Is there a bot-flushing routine I can run, anyone?

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

#Water_Cowboy: Sounds like you should start practicing patience.

- **Boat Races:** Just like the motor races on the Brooklyn Bridge, Manhattan's watery channels have become the field for a deadly series of monthly boating competitions called Chop Maestro 3k. All manner of watercraft are allowed and the course changes each time. Last month's champion was, shockingly, a tiny hand-built waterskimmer called Byddie Bye, owned by an old-timer named Cratchshaft. One of the main dangers to teams, aside from one another, is accidentally crossing the path of a NAC or Atlantican patrol, which will often view the speedsters as potential threats and gun down participant if they don't slow to be boarded and searched.

ART

- **Graffiti:** Graffiti has been at the heart of the city ever since it was founded, though it took plenty of years for it to achieve any legitimate notice as an art form. Nowadays, graffiti hasn't quite reached the heights of what it was before the Big Soggy, but there are a few decent spraymasters here and there. They like to challenge each other to see who can get their splash on the highest parts of the towers. Another game they like to play is sneaking into corporate territory and spraying obscene art all over their shiny windows.

- **Biosculpting:** Biosculpting is a relatively newer art form borne from the gene labs and vat tanks. While some see Sims and synths as simply functional, others believe that true art is found in the process of gene-tweaking. The Bronx Zoo is now the Big Soggy's center of biosculpting culture, catering to a rather exclusive clientele. The warped, twisted, and impossible forms biosculptors come up with can be both inhumanly beautiful and hideously deformed, depending on your visual tastes. It's unconfirmed, but a splicer known as Hollace Eckes, who works for C-7 supposedly, is one of the premier biosculptors in existence.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: This stuff gives me the shivers. I mean, I've seen freaky. But this is...freaky.

#Myownskinimin: Right there with you, Billy! Down with the freaks!

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Don't be reading your anti-hybrid and whatever agenda into my words. I'm talking biosculptures and nothing more.

#Myownskinimin: But Billy, we baselines got to stick together, otherwise we're lost.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: /sigh

- **Museum Scuba Tours:** Remember what I said about tour guides? Keep that in mind. Still, there's a few legit operators out there who'll take a stack of credits and take you sight-seeing beneath the waves. Sunken portions of MOMA, the Museum of Natural History, Sea, Air, and Space Museum, and others.

Warning: The New York Hall of Science is said to be entirely sealed off, with windows blacked out while submersibles occasionally emerge from a hidden entrance. I'd suggest saving your money and dredging up a few tour Sims from the Global DataNet to see the places in their former glory. Cheaper, safer, and far less likely to get you ambushed by a bunch of bloodthirsty shark hybrids. But hey, your credits, your life, ami.

- **Sunken Art:** This is an oddity. An artist piles together a bunch of crap, shapes it into whatever sculpture they want, and then go out into the middle of the waves and drop

it deep. Then they ping and hashtag its location over the Deep and dare anyone to go look. I know for a fact lots of folks who do go look don't come back. Talked to one of the gals who does this sort of thing and she went off about it being a metaphysical representation of inevitability and other existential crap.

CRIME

One thing sure didn't change as we started going the way of the waves, the crime. In fact, the nearer we came to when the first seawalls collapsing, the worse it got. The Bronx Food Riots of 2031 are a good example. 30% of the police force got wiped out and things went pretty rampant after that—especially when President Davis gave the Manhattan Evacuation order that October. Everyone who refused to leave didn't play very nice with the military sent in to enforce the evacuation. Plenty of mobs, looters, and others took advantage of the chaos.

#Bloodsoil93: Chaos is such an understatement.

#MarcoSec88: How do you know? You there?

#Bloodsoil93: Actually, I was.

#MarcoSec88: Fuck, man. How old are you?

#Bloodsoil93: Why assume I'm a man?

That said, we had a brief reprieve during the initial wash-up because most gangs dumb enough to stay weren't smart enough to survive. That left a huge underground power gap that plenty have flooded in to fill since. Coney Island itself, one of the rare places to survive relatively intact, is now known as Gangland, for Pisces' sake.

Truth is, though, crime all depends on the laws being enforced. These days, the island has been lawless for so long, plenty of folks started making their own laws and aren't taking none too kindly to the corporations trying to lay down their own brand. Comes down to who has the most muscle and bigger guns, most times. For me, I've been making my own way for a while and it's been working just fine. Anyone wants to come along and tell me what I'm doing is wrong, we're gonna have a good old argument until one of us sees reason or sinks.

- **Zone Razors:** These are the blokes who've laid claim to the Brooklyn Bridge and now treat it like their own mini-kingdom. They're a bloodthirsty bunch who'll do anything to win whatever race they participate in, from sabotaging opponents' cars to offing opponents themselves. The mercs tend to leave them alone because the bridge hasn't proven too strategically important yet—plus the corporations have seen how popular the bridge racing is and have kept the wolves in check. Don't wander the bridge without a really good reason, at least not without a can of fuel or roll of drugs as tribute.

#Chompah_Chips: Those races are beyond awezizzom.

#Kelpunk: Please don't do that to words. It hurts.

#Chompah_Chips: I'm just saying, it's beyond awesome.

#Kelpunk: Then you could've just said that.

#Chompah_Chips: You're an assizohole.

- **Spitting Fish:** Haven't run into these guys myself, and hope I never do, to be honest. Not that I'm afraid, I'm just not eager to test the rumor. Dark currents whisper that this gang is run by an ex-soldier type who was an elite sniper for one of the major merc groups. Everyone in this gang is trained to be a deadly sharpshooter in almost any condition. No one knows their particular colors or if they even have a uniform, but it is widely believed they've chosen turf up by The Swirls, for some reason.
- **River Rats:** This gang is made of two major parts. The first sticks close to the Coney Island Gangland grounds, doing a lot of small-time crime for whatever credits they can get their paws on. Hit-n-runs, smash and steals, alley thugging, that sort of thing. Unlike a lot of other gangers, they like to brawl in close, with blades or metal claws they strap to their hands. Word is they've got a rat hybrid or two on the roster. The other portion of their gang runs a boatside smuggling operation, doing deals with cruisers and anyone who can be reached by waterway. They all go around barefoot, wearing tight black jackets and striped bandanas like they're pirates or something.

#Water_Cowboy: these kids is god's own blessing to anyone who knows enough

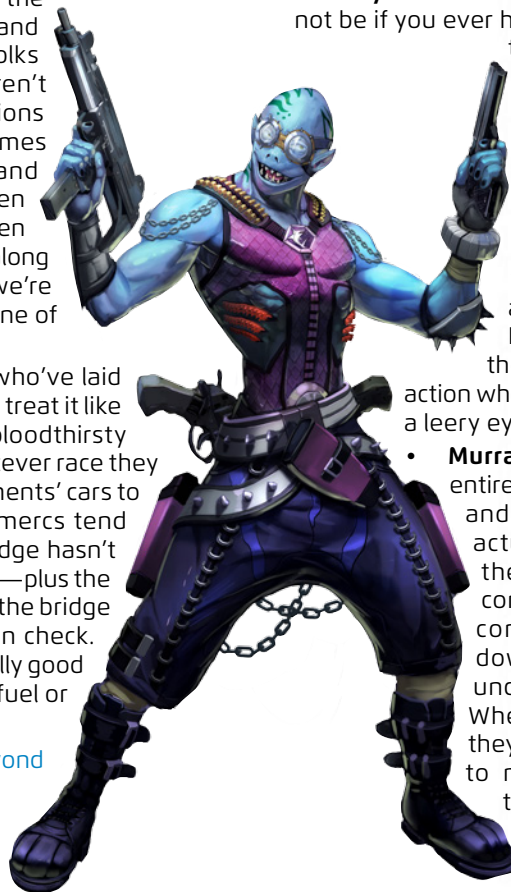
#Glory_to_the_Highest: Let the little children come to me, and do not hinder them, for the kingdom of heaven belongs to such as these. Matthew 19:14

#Water_Cowboy: preach it

- **The Keys:** You like baseball? Old Yankees fan? You might not be if you ever have a run in with this gang. The Keys take their inspiration from the Yankees, adopting pinstripe uniforms and collecting old baseball memorabilia that they used to reward members when a job's gone well. Their main turf is Yankee Stadium, which now holds the area's largest open air market. If the Keys ever off anyone, you'll know because they leave an actual key in the deader's mouth. The Keys are just powerful enough that the smaller gangs want a piece of their action while the corporations are starting to turn a leery eye their way.

- **Murray's Morays:** This gang is made up entirely of aquatic hybrids, both amphibious and total underwavers. While they're actually well-liked around Manhattan, they have this unfortunate habit of committing eco-terrorism acts against corporate establishments—tearing down reconstruction efforts, planting underwater bombs, that sort of thing. When they're not doing that, though, they're often providing food and supplies to more down and out communities throughout Plank Town. You'll recognize them by the eel tattoos they all sport.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Pegged these guys, finally. Ooh, yeah. Nasty bunch. They've been small time for a while but they've



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been slowly trying bigger stunts. Betting they'll get real dangerous soon.

#Kelpunk: Word is they already are enough to be a nuisance.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Did I say nuisance? Nuisance is a kidnapping every now and then. Graffiti. A few stolen creds. Dangerous is...buildings falling on your head. B-Bombs wiping out a city hood.

#Kelpunk: Oh.

- **Deep Six:** This is a group of smugglers primarily operating between Newark and the New York boroughs. They've gained control of some of the rare operational train routes as thoroughfares, but they keep their travel pretty low tech to keep the syndicate eyes off them. Rather than getting the trains going, they've got a herd of genetically engineered animals and some heavily mod'd under-the-radar motors they use to transport people, guns, food, and anything else people pay them to back and forth. If you need to contact them, visit the #[REDACTED] feed and post a note. No contact info, though. They'll find you and you don't want to give yourself away like that.
- **The Tancredo Family:** Two crime families—one Mexican, one Italian—merged after their numbers were diminished during the Death, forming the Tancredos. Based in Newark's North Ward, the Tancredos stayed put while plenty of other crime organizations looked for greener pastures. Worked out well for them, because with less competition the family has taken advantage of the area's burgeoning wealth, performing shady deals for politicians and corporate goons who don't want any blood on their hands. They're ruthless in protecting their area and will come down hard on anyone trying to pull a job there without their permission. They've taken to a retro mobster style, and their black fedoras always get a tip of respect in return.
- **The Ironbound:** If you're a baseline human, aka a "meatboy," then try steer clear of the Ironbound if you're ever in Newark's East Ward. This gang is comprised entirely of Human 2.0 and Sims who've taken a harsh disliking towards average skinbags. Used to be they were responsible for hundreds of murders a year, though this has lessened as their popularity and public position has increased. Their sign is a reversed F attached at the line to an E, tattooed on their bodies.

#FE4LIFE: Represent!

#Bloodsoil93: Represent what? That you can take one or two guys with ten?

#FE4LIFE: Fuck you.

#Bloodsoil93: Represent your inability to write F the right way?

#FE4LIFE: FUCK YOU!

#Bloodsoil93: Represent your general lack of vocabulary?

MEGACORPORATIONS

I know I give the corps a lot of flak and I wouldn't be shy about sticking my harpoon up the ass of plenty of them suits but...aw hell, ami, I hate saying they've done some good. So, let me hedge and say they haven't brought the city down on our heads. Yet. On the slick side, they've definitely pumped

plenty of creds into the reclamation operation and given a few folks a new lease on life. On the foamy side, it's them that's brought in even more troops and militech that seem determined to blow up the bits that have survived so far.

Seems like half of them might actually be dedicated to rebuilding this area, all the way from the Bronx to Staten Island. The other half act like dogs that see this place as a big slab of meat they want to wolf down. My guess is the truth lies somewhere in the middle. Might be a few bleeding hearts in their ranks wanting to do right by the people.

Might be a few loonies coming in to see if there's anything worth grabbing before they blow the place to scrap wood on the drifts. Me, I just keep an eye on them, stay out of their path and don't sit in their wake too long. That's kept me alive so far, though I'm hardly as swimming in credits as some of my old mates who signed up on their roster.

#SharkMinnow: It's a good gig, true, but it's so tiring. So tiring.

#Olaphu56: you should sleep

#SharkMinnow: I wish I could! Lol!

#Olaphu56: sleep forever

#Cweed_n_Grass: Hey, um, Olaphu? Where are you tagging in from?

C-7

These are the bigwigs who started it all, ami. This is an alliance of the seven biggest global corporations who've decided they're going to play nice with each other in public, play footsies under the table, and then wipe each other out when the time is right. After both NAC and Atlantica had gained footholds in the area and started pretending they had it all secure, C-7 approached Atlantica and struck a mighty fine deal. It was all over the feeds. Once Atlantica shoved NAC out of their way long enough to establish their Juliet Foxtrot Kilo Base, it took them mere days to get in bed with the corps. In exchange for tax cuts and lucrative contracts, C-7 got permission to send in whoever and whatever they wanted to Manhattan and begin the Reclamation effort.

C-7 now has established its headquarters in the rebuilt One World Trade Center, and the tower has been divvied up so each corporation has a floor all to its own. They haven't moved in en masse yet, but that's just a matter of time. Guess they figure the tower will let them look like a beacon of hope for the Reclamation Zone. They've already got a nickname too. The building is known as OWTC, so any corporate types or anyone who works for those in the tower are called "owtsies." Just one syllable away from "outsiders," don't you think? Gives you a sense of public opinion for those on the rafters, riverboats, and lower down.

#SharkMinnow: Got to admit, it kind of hurts my feelings to be called that.

#Batter_Up: D'aww. Corp boy thinks he's got feelings!

#SharkMinnow: Hey, quit it!

#Batter_Up: Do you also pretend you have a soul?

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

#Batter_Up: Oh for fuck's sake.

C-7 spearheads a majority of the reclamation efforts and partners with smaller entities who take subcontracts throughout the island and in the boroughs. Any official

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company that wants to do business in the area now has to go through them, which is probably why so many still do business off the books. Who wants the corporations cutting in on the action?

SKYLINE CORPORATION

Skyline Corporation is a C-7-approved company that has focused most of its efforts so far on the architectural reconstruction and resurrection of the island infrastructure. Their board appears to be made up of a bunch of French, British, and German architects who look at the island as one big puzzle to be solved. Their projects tend to involve as much reclatech as they can get their hands on, and they treat the sea as a disease to be cured, in a lot of ways. Anti-salt sprays, anti-water force fields, dissolving rays, and plenty of other reclatech is constantly being used by their crews. This doesn't please a lot of the aquatic hybrids or sims who are being forced out of areas by the disruptive nature of this technology. However, Skyline Corporation has succeeded in firming up a couple smaller neighborhoods, grounded toppling skyscrapers, restoring rusted foundations, and more.

Their local board is headed up by Kraline Julius, a seemingly eternally young woman who is rumored to dub into a fresh bioroid body every five years.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Holy hell. Her? There? I thought she was in Chicago just yesterday.

#Myownskinimin: Maybe your feeds were wrong?

#Billy_Black_Eyes: As if that ever happens. My current theory is multi-dubbing.

#Myownskinimin: Illegal.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: No shit. But there's no way she could be popping up this much without that sort of thing going on. Either that or cloning.

#Myownskinimin: Or just body doubles, Billy.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Too simple.

#Myownskinimin: Occam's razor.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Last I heard, Occam slit his own wrists with it.

BOMBS ON BROADWAY

Wherever any other corporation goes, so it seems Bombs on Broadway follows. They don't ever seem to show up first, which lends thinking about who their real customers are. Any glance in the Malmart catalog shows clearly enough why. Their main lines are all about high-end clothing, armored suits, and bulletproof dresses, elegant affairs that few hardscabble survivors would be caught dead or alive in. It's all fancy shit for the corporate type heading to the war room. But since the corps are here now, perhaps sir and madam would like to sample their wares? Of course, they've set up a small HQ on old Broadway itself and are trying to act like they've reclaimed some God-given birthright. We'll see how long that'll last.

SYNTHSYSTEMS

If there's any corporation the river rats and webrunners have been actually excited to see move into town, it's SynthSystems. The self-acclaimed "Leader in Hyper Entertainment" has cornered the market when it comes to TAP-driven Hyperreal brain candy. Hyper Concerts, Hyperreal Role-play, Hyperreal FPS, you want more than real, you go straight to them. A good portion of their dealings could already be accessed through the Deep, but there's sure been a surge of exclusive access, direct-to-port jammers, crammers, and spammers, not to mention lots of youngsters running around with juiced-up implants and buzzed-out brains. I don't mind a good Deepvid or HR game to enjoy between jobs, but I have to wonder if SynthSystems is part of any effort to distract as much of the populace as possible while the other corporations try and slip their projects by with as little notice as possible.

HOSTILE MERGER

These folks are similar to Bombs on Broadway, in that they tend to cater to the corporates who would prefer not to be taken down by a sniper in the middle of an acquisition meeting.



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Three-piece suits that a mining laser couldn't cut through, briefcases that turn into machine guns, and all that jazz. However, I have noticed they're beginning to spread a few lower-level lines to the masses, promising the same quality at lower prices and lower fashion. I wonder if they see the whole Reclamation affair as a "merger" in itself that's going to turn even more hostile than it already has. If they ever offer an armored wetsuit on the cheap, I might be convinced to give it a try.

WAVELENGTH

You know why they're called Wavelength? Has nothing to do with sound or any of that spectrum stuff. It means they claim to own everything under the whole length of the waves. Some gall, huh? When the rest of the corporations kept their eyes turned to dry land and clear skies, Wavelength dove deep. Figured if the other corporations were so focused on everything above surface, it gave them plenty of opportunity to figure out what to do with the below. And they were right. Sure, the other corporations have their underwater bases and labs, but Wavelength has a hefty presence there that's going to be hard to beat. They've hired lots of hybrids and have plenty of dive gear at hand, so you rarely see one of their reps surfacing except for meetings with other corporations.

#Kelpunk: Word says they're in with Murray's Morays and other Eco terror gangs.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Got any hard proof? I'm delving these guys but I need more hard data.

#Kelpunk: They're as slippery as they sound, sorry.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Guess I keep diving then.

What are they up to? They're not telling, specifically. They give vague talks about seeking to recover the resources the water has taken from us. I've bumped into a few of their crews every now and then, often having setup bases in submerged buildings and in flooded sub-basements. They tend to dissuade much in the way of close inspection. My guess is they're a bunch of treasure hunters in corporate disguise, trying to scavenge as much as they possibly can from the muck.

The public figure for Wavelength is a middle-aged woman named Gosla who looks a bit like an eel hybrid, what with the speckled skin and teeth. But word tells that the real power behind the corp is a mythical whale hybrid who lives in the depths off the coast. As if anyone would believe that sorta spit and dribble.

THE GOVERNMENT

Let's get one thing straight, ami. The government fucked us over. They gave up on us. We gave up on them. That's it. Nothing more to say.

...
...

Fine. President Davis may have thought he had no choice back in 2031, when he gave the Manhattan Evacuation Order. They'd tried for years to make it work. The whole seawall effort was gargantuan to begin with, but why did Newark's seawall go up so easily while NYC's had stumbles and missteps and total fuck-ups along the way? Plenty of conspiracy theories about that, which I'll leave that debate to the Net-loonies who have too much time on their hands.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: I resent this.

#MarcoSec88: Why? Does it resemble the guy in the mirror?

#Billy_Black_Eyes: No. It just assumes we deal with conspiracies because we're lazy or have nothing better to do.

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: I swear, man, if I could reach through this screen...

So the walls go up. Five years go by, and suddenly it's every man, woman, 'brid, and sim for themselves! I mean, yes, there were riots. There were mobs. But in the larger scope, the turnaround happened so very quickly it is suspicious to even the casual eye.

Whatever. I don't care anymore because the government stopped caring about us. They gave us six months and then decided to say we no longer existed. They even tried to kick us out and killed those who dared refuse. And now NAC is trying to pretend like they still own the place? Hell, no.

POWER STRUCTURE

It doesn't exist, except where the corporations and mercenaries are concerned—though I guess in plenty of places around the global, they've become the government now, huh? The reality is, political authority is pretty fluid when your whole island was written off as a Zero Zone years ago. Anarchy ran hot in plenty of places and that's hard as hell to root out once people get used to it. They chafe at the chains of authority, except for the ones that they've put in place themselves.

On Manhattan, authority is split three ways between C-7, Atlantica, and the NAC. They're three dogs snarling over the same bone. C-7 and Atlantica tend to work pretty well together, considering they put together the initial treaty to re-enter the skyline hand-in-hand, but you know how those relationships tend to fray around the edges after a while.

#Chompah_Chips: How about doomed from the start?

#Olaphu56: doomed

#Chompah_Chips: Gotta love your supportive attitude, Olaf.

For now, the Bronx belongs to the gangs and they're not going to let anyone tell them otherwise. The Queens is so much flotsam and jetsam that there's precious little to fight over. However, Atlantica now controls JFK International Airport, calling it Juliet Foxtrot Kilo Base, and run all their major operations out of there.

Down on Staten Island, the North American Coalition's word is practically law, though they've got their little fires to put out every now and again. They're definitely mustering for stronger forays into the island, determined to not let C-7 and Atlantica get the better of them. I've seen a couple of their minor outposts in Manhattan for myself and they've got plenty of patrols still active through the flooded sections.

Brooklyn is practically a city unto itself now. There's no centralized authority structure there. All security is run by private firms, gang-run territory, or citizen soldiers. That place is just a hotbed waiting to go up in flames, I swear on my flippers.

Life in NYC: Military & Mercenary Presence

And Newark? There's a reason I live in the anarchy, ami. Right now, Newark's best version of bureaucracy is a guy called The Boss, of all things. He meets with a coalition called the Five Stars, who all oversee a widespread network of "drugstore judges," men and women who hold court in shop fronts. This tradition was started by a police captain named Nathan Judd who began hearing citizens plead their cases in shops around town and eventually got official permission from The Boss to continue and train other judges in his stead. It's a ramshackle affair of justice, though plenty of people claim it's as fair as you're going to get these days.

#FE4LIFE: I went through a judge and got a fair ruling. Respect them.

#Batter_Up: You mean the verdict went your way, right? Bet the other guy didn't think it was so fair.

#FE4LIFE: I will face you in any court, any day. Name the time and date.

#Batter_Up: I know how they rig those. Not coming anywhere near you idiots.

EXTERNAL RELATIONS

It's Newark. That's pretty much the only outside element we all bother with these days, and the only one that bothers with the rest of the place. Why am I talking about Newark like it's an external factor? Because it is. It's all high and dry behind its still-functioning seawall. Used to be the days New Yorkers got little laughs about those living in Old Jersey, but now the tides have turned and its Newark that gets to feel all superior. Newark is the best way in and out of the Reclamation Zone and anyone who wants to traffic with C-7 forces in the area pretty much goes that route—though Atlantica does get the occasional foreign fly-in over at JFK.

#SharkMinnow: We had a big dignitary shindig in OWTC last month. Very fancy. Many pretty and powerful people.

#Cweed_n_Grass: Was it fun?

#SharkMinnow: I don't know. I was too busy to go.

#Cweed_n_Grass: Oh hun...

The Reclamation gets foreign mercenaries. The corporations get foreign funding and employees. But there's no "one entity" of NYC and the boroughs to have any substantial presence to deal with foreign entities with any real weight.

Not yet, at least. Whoever wins the prize of claiming NYC and the surrounding areas as its own may be able to open up more diplomatic relations and try to resurrect the city's reputation as an international force, but my guess is that time's a long ways off yet.

#Chompah_Chips: Try "never."

#Olaphu56: never

#Chompah_Chips: Thanks, friend! I hate to be a downer, but I don't see it happening in my lifetime.

#Olaphu56: never. We will make sure.

MILITARY & MERCENARY PRESENCE

Time for a quiz, ami. Where do you think corporate power comes from? Credits? Well, you're close. Data? Closer yet. Both

are fine forms of power. But at their core, they would have neither of those without security. What good are credits if the next bully in line can just take them from you? What good are secrets and other data if any flapper off the street can pry them from your lips, snatch them from your cold, blood-covered fist, or download them from your cracked skull?

No, ami. It is security and the corporations' ability to wield it that keeps them on top of this entire pile of seagull shit. In the Deep, where the hashtaggers and datacore-divers swim, the corporations have whole armies of AIs and coders and hackers and as many digi-devils as their cyber-wizards can conjure. While I'm certainly TAPped into the Net like most of the world, I'm not one to tread anywhere near their firewalls. I can't pretend to have any sway in that realm, nor can I comprehend how to swim through those dark waters of black code. I tread on the Deep's surface, content with my newsfeeds and HR entertainment suites courtesy of SynthSystems.

But, ami, I understand flesh and blood well enough. I understand bullets and blades, as well as the last gasp of a man, woman, or child whose end has come much sooner than they expected. We are in a war for both mind and body, and the corporations are well-honed in both. After all, even they didn't tread into this region without striking a bargain with Atlantica. They knew they needed muscle and guns, power armor and golemmechs in order to gain and hold their power here; so far they have succeeded. We've spoken much of the major players, but let's hold them up to closer inspection so we can know the stink of their blood as well as our own—that way, when it muddies the waters, we know whether to flee the carnage or add our own teeth to it.

ATLANTICA

No one quite saw them coming. Just a couple years ago, and everything was status quo with only the drop of the occasional body into the flow to send out ripples. Then the Atlantican force marched on Queens, claimed JFK, and the world changed around us. Atlantica itself is a political and military coalition formed by Boston, Portland, Hartford, New Haven, Albany, and Syracuse. They've been at odds with everyone from NAC to the Great Lakes Union, even a few foreign powers over the years, but NAC remains their main nemesis. Atlantica considers itself the true inheritor of the old United States' legacy, all the patriotism and rah-rah, touting freedom, liberty, democracy, and commercial opportunity for all.

#Bloodsoil93: Why does he have to couch it so doubtfully? They do a fine job.

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

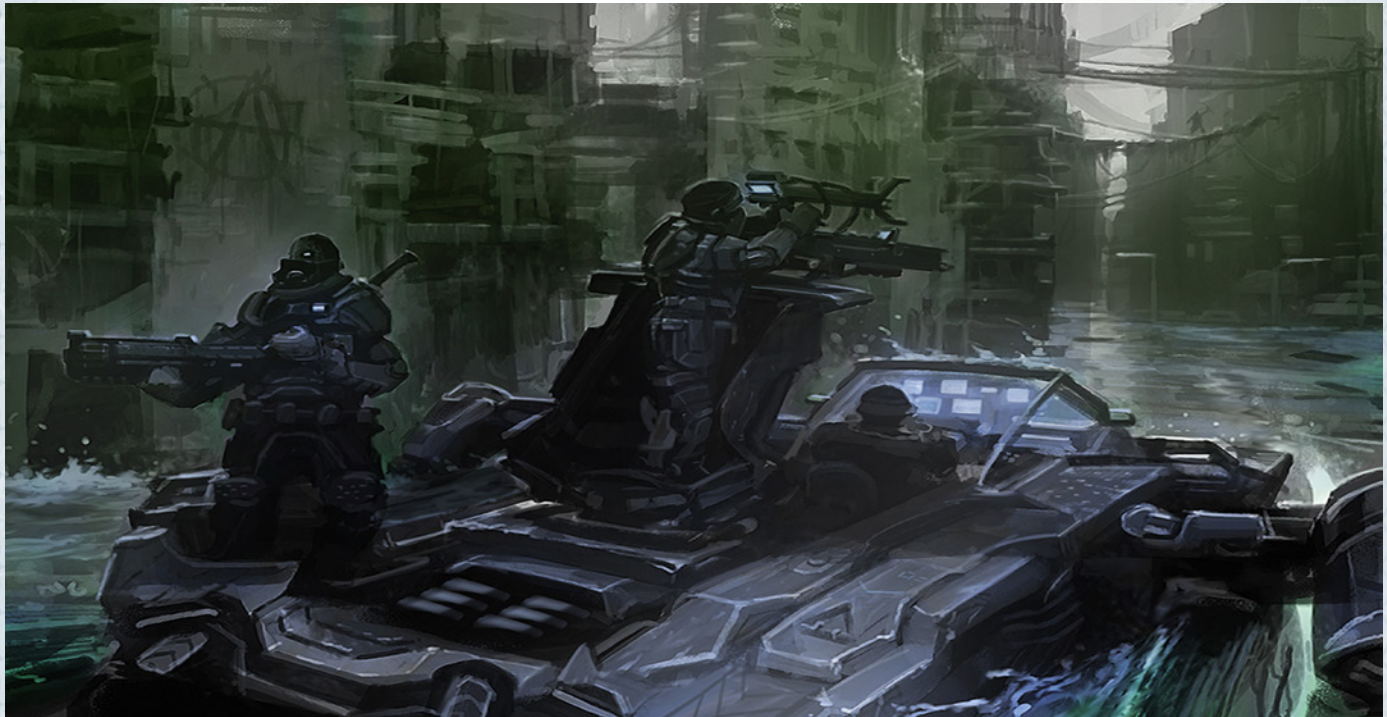
#Kelpunk: Oh, look. Someone's finally showing her true colors.

#Bloodsoil93: I've never been afraid to show them.

I wonder if that's why they came back. I wonder if someone in their upper ranks got a guilty soul about seeing poor old NYC left out in the lurch? Did that old capitalistic flame still burn bright and they saw in us an untapped well of potential credits? You'll find plenty to argue either way and I'm too old to argue on issues that don't really matter in the end.

The main Atlantican military operates out in a base called Bastion, close to Albany. They wield a wide range of shock troops, power troops, aircraft, and golemmechs, but were also apparently developing a hefty water-based military

The New York Reclamation Zone



without many taking notice—as evidenced by their sudden appearance in the area.

With their official stance aligning with C-7, Atlantica has so far stayed true to the terms they struck and are zealous about patrolling the channels and boroughs alike in “clean-up” and “peace-keeping” operations. They’re relatively neutral toward city natives, unless you make too big a splash or defy an outright order to leave the apartment complex you’ve called home the past thirty years within 24 hours. Then they’re quite willing to employ force with all due prejudice.

#Bloodsoil93: *But only when it’s a last resort!*

#Kelpunk: *Yeah right.*

#Bloodsoil93: *I was moved from my home by them quite peacefully and well-compensated. I respect their methods.*

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: *Hey.*

NORTH AMERICAN COALITION (NAC)

And on the other side of this Devil’s penny, you’ve got the North American Coalition. The NAC is formed of Denver, CO, Philadelphia, Atlanta, St. Louis, Orlando, New Miami, East Texarkana, and Oklahoma City. They were plenty caught off-guard when Atlantica showed up, and rushed in making a big fuss about protecting “their territory” and calling Atlantica “invaders.” Honestly, I figure if Atlantica had never made a move, we’d never have seen NAC around these parts neither.

#Glory_to_the_Highest: *Vengeance is mine, I will repay, says the Lord. Romans 12:19*

#Cweed_n_Grass: *Is this, like, your shtick?*

#Glory_to_the_Highest: *Punish them with the rod and save them from death. Prov 23:14*

First thing you gotta know about the NAC is most of them are real religious folks. I mean real religious. That Old Glory they love to fly might as well be the banner of God himself. Which

means their political and military leaders have near a divine mandate in everything they do—and, ami, in my experience any army that starts taking its orders from heaven tends to wind up employing the wrath side of that bargain instead of any mercy or grace.

Just like Atlantica, they claim to be the true reformed United States. However, they’ve almost completely dropped the pretense in believing anything about “justice for all.” Now it’s justice for whoever they deem to be truly human, and there are a lot of powerful factions within NAC that don’t consider hybrids, sims, synths, even Human 2.0s to be human anymore. That makes them fair game for divine judgment. Makes me a downright heathen cause I got gills and fins, neh?

#Myownskinimin: *Burn in hell, filth freak!*

#Bloodsoil93: *Whoa, c’mon. At least try to be rational about this.*

#Glory_to_the_Highest: *Their place will be in the fiery lake of burning sulfur. Rev 21:8*

#Bloodsoil93: *You’re not helping.*

Their whole government is based out of Denver, while a ton of their military runs ops out of St. Louis. They don’t get along too well with...hmm...just about everybody. In their eyes, anyone who doesn’t accept their religious jurisdiction is giving God a swirl.

Despite having no official part of the C-7/Atlantica contract, NAC still keeps its presence in Manhattan, patrolling the waters and chasing down pirates. They’re trying their darnedest to act like NYC’s saviors, but take the job title too damn seriously. Right now, they’re heavily aligned with Newark and have taken Staten Island as their center for Reclamation operations, sending out air and water patrols from the Newwards base, watching over New York Harbor.

Life in NYC: Military & Mercenary Presence

POSEIDON'S TRIDENT

This is an international security firm that specializes in water-based operations. From what I've dug up, they've done everything from coastal to deep sea work across the globe for just about every country, corporation, and coalition you can think of. From boats to frogmen, submersibles and aquatic hybrids, their teams are prepped for anything the sea can throw at them. Tough to match on their terms, and they rarely get caught in a fight on anything but their terms.

Easily identified—if you ever even spot them—by the golden trident emblazoned on either shoulder and sometimes on the front of their headgear. Gotta say, I can respect those who respect the water, and if I ever swim past one of them I'll salute and go on my way.

BENOIT MACROSEC

This mercenary group got the luxurious job of janitor duty for C-7. They started with the One World Trade Center, kicking out any slummers or scavengers across all its floors and then protecting the clean-up crews who refurbished the place until it got operational again. They've remained in this position ever since, with teams sent to clear out any buildings and the surrounding area of squatters before a reclamation operation gets underway. Let's just say that Benoit MacroSec doesn't have a great reputation with the locals. Thing is, they hardly even do the work themselves! They contract out their work to smaller units of freelancers because they're either too lazy or too scared to scuff their boots or pull a trigger. This kind of fracturing within their ranks makes it hard to know if anyone is working for them or not, but their main logo is a simple BMS over a red cross and black orb.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Where's the Macro dude? I know he's lurkin'.

#MarcoSec88: Yo?

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Got anything to say about that? You all don't do any of the real work?

#MarcoSec88: Uh, hey, if we can get paid to let others do the heavy lifting, why not?

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Never take a PR position, kid.

GOLEMMECH DIVISION ONE

This band is an independent offshoot of the infamous War Pigs brigade based in Denver. They're now set in Queens. Whatever contracts they have with NAC apparently don't apply here because they haven't been seen operating for any one entity yet, though they've been given plenty of opportunity to do so. Golemmechs in the Big Soggy? You betcha. Surprising what a few mods can do to keep a golemmech from sinking like a stone and giving them all sorts of funky water navigation abilities. Saw one of them convert to a hovercraft mode and another is definitely a submersible model. Others are good at climbing the towers and clinging above like huge, mechanical gargoyles.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Sharky, this what you were talking about the gargoyles being alive?

#SharkMinnow: No. Not that at all. I'm talking gargoyle bioforms! An invasive species that's taking over the buildings.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: How long since you've last slept?

#SharkMinnow: I...don't remember.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Okay, how many fingers am I holding up?

#Cweed_n_Grass: Stop tormenting him, Billy.

Something tells me though a few of Division One aren't so sure what they're doing out here either. I think they're waiting to see which side starts winning and then see if they can hitch a ride. In the meantime, check out the Brooklyn Bridge racing sometime. You might get lucky and see one of them joining in the golemmech division!

RAVENLOCKE SECURITIES

Some folks were pretty leery of Ravenlocke when they were spotted in the area, as they've been known to have heavy contracts with NAC. But true to form, Ravenlocke's security teams hire out to all callers, so it's a toss-up if they splash down in your area whether they're working for NAC, Atlantica, or a local thug who got a few credits to spend. They even gone into business for themselves with a local HQ that hires out for bounties and other odd jobs.

Plus, they've got their own line of security and self-defense gear up on Malmart. I'll admit, I think I've taken on a gig or two for them, though it was through middlemen hook-ups, so I can't quite be sure. They paid decently, at least. Marcus Raven is their CEO.

THE CHURN

You know those groups that everyone whispers about nobody has actually seen? All sorts of horror stories are attributed to them, every possible wrong done in the dark, but it's all second-cousin-from-the-Party-Pool or my-aunt-down-in-Planktown kinda buzz? They're the boogeyman, the Devil, and ghosts all wrapped up in one. That's these guys. Supposedly they're C-7 black ops, sent in to navigate the murkiest waters around. They're responsible for everything from corporate espionage to whole rafter communities disappearing overnight (ignoring the fact those rafters had been last spotted near The Swirls). Nobody can identify anything solid about them, but they must exist because who else would be committing all these nefarious and mysterious acts? Know what, ami? Sometimes things just happen. Why we gotta frighten ourselves any more than we already are? Not that I'm frightened. But I'll wait until even the first scrap of evidence bobs to the surface about these guys before I start checking over my shoulder for them—and even then, it doesn't sound like that would do much good if they actually came for me.

#Kelpunk: At least this is one theory we know is too nutzo for anyone intelligent to believe. Right, Billy?

#Billy_Black_Eyes: It has its logic.

#NAME: Aw, Billy. You too?

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Hush. I'm deep in the feeds and I don't need distractions.

FLOOR 33

These guys put Benoit MacroSec to shame when it comes to buzzing up and down towers. They use a combination of water, ground, and air force to get whatever job they're hired for done. Just a hint that they're coming can send any Big Soggy residents screaming and diving into the waves,

The New York Reclamation Zone

no matter how far below they are. Some suspect they're actually a firm shaped out of recruits from Manhattan and the boroughs themselves. The badge on their armor has a silver skyscraper on it that looks suspiciously like the Empire State Building, and why would anyone else but locals pick that sort of icon to represent their creed? They're ruthless, and often people don't even know what they're after. They appear out of nowhere, hit a tower, and leave blood in their wake. One of their favorite tactics is having a squad of choppers start at the lowest level and shred up with auto turrets one floor at a time while boot troopers dispatch from boats and follow up to flush out anyone who survived the first volley. Lovely fish, these, neh?

#MarcoSec88: Saw one of these in action up in Rec Zone 2. Brutal. Over in minutes. No survivors.

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

#Chompah_Chips: Maybe if you did your fucking job, they wouldn't get called in!

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

#MarcoSec88: Don't you dare blame us for this. We have nothing to do with them.

MAJOR LOCATIONS

"The true New Yorker secretly believes that people living anywhere else have to be, in some sense, kidding."

-John Updike

"See 'ere? Dis...dis be a problem, dont'cha think, Hodgers?"

Hodgers looked over from his perch on the edge of the Brooklyn Bridge, where he dangled a fishing pole over the waters. Not that he had any line or hook or bait. He just liked to dangle pole and legs and let his thoughts drift. Gave him something to do until he got his next B-Cloud tab to spike him upside down.

"Whuzzat, Royal Z?" he asked.

Royal Z stood leaning against one of the bridge's mossy towers where their crew had camped out for the day. He was all done up in his Zone Razor duds—a slash-dash jacket with chrome-studded elbow spurs to match the silver spikes along Royal Z's skull. The crew leader pointed up toward the Brooklyn end.

Hodges leaned back to look, peering through cables and along the roadway. By night, the place would be lit up like a digi-hooker on Afterburn, all holo-dazzle and neon frazzle. The lights would illuminate the stretch of bridge that had been converted

In the day, though, the place looked little more than a mishmash of asphalt, rusty barricades, steel spikes, and the corpses of burnt-out motormods.

He didn't spot what Royal Z mentioned for another minute, when a flicker of motion snagged his eyes. Looked like two...no three punks shuffling from behind one barricade to the next. They were dingy clothes, like they was ashamed of being seen. Which meant they didn't belong, no way. Zone Razors went all flash and flying their flags high because this was their kingdom, bought true by blood and glory.

Hodgers frowned, muddled thoughts churning. None of the bridge burner races were going on until tomorrow night. Who'd be dumb enough to try and slip through Zone Razor territory? Wouldn't be no trouble if they just marched up and paid the toll. But naw, these scum were sure enough making their way all creepsy-like. Royal Z must be TAPped into his network of pigeon drones and cable spiders, keeping a close eye on the stretch they'd been given the honor of guarding.

"Huh," said Hodgers. About as eloquent as he got without his tabs.

"That's right," said Royal Z. He sucked through his teeth and then spat a brown wad over the side. "Know what I's t'inkin'?"

"Huh?"

"I's t'inkin' we's got ourselves a couple'a Chrome Tops comin' in for revenge."

A smile oozed across Hodgers' face. Yeah, sure did. Those brake-stompers had been dumb enough to accept a pre-race gift from the Zone Razors the previous week—a couple of tit-synths rigged to blow once the boys snuggled up tight. Whole driving team dead, and the Zone Razors declared winners by default. Just another way to play the game.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," said Royal Z. "I's knew I'd seen one a dem before. Looks like ol' Penny Pony's lil' brudda comin' to settle de score." Another spit showed what he thought of that.

Hodgers tossed his fishing pole to the side, where it clattered on the rails. Standing, he joined Royal Z. Flame tattoos streaked the crew leader's cheeks, and the wavered as he chewed a lip in thought. Finally, Royal Z snapped fingers and pointed at him.

"Get the crew up n' hoppin'. Any of 'em sleepin', you kick 'em ovuh duh side, hear?" He slapped a tab into Hodgers' puffy hand. "'n get y'self buzzin'. Don't need you droolin' when de party goes inna high gear."

Hodgers licked his lips as he turned to find the crew, who'd be strung out in what shade they could find along the walkway, sleeping off this buzz or that, guns and blades dangling from shaky hands. Already his hands shook and his whole body broke out in sweat as he prepared to pop the tab.

Maybe there weren't no races going on, but they were sure gonna burn the tracks today and add a few more potholes.



MANHATTAN

The old Manhattan skyline has been engrained in cultural memory and it's never not gonna be. Even though the sea tried to wash it away like high tide on a sand castle, enough of it still stands that you can see the shades of what it once was. And thanks to all the holo-pics, HR models, and Deep-dived sims available to the world, most of them try to remember New York City—this centerpiece portion of it—as it once was.

Major Locations: Manhattan

Truth is, the truth hurts. It's like seeing an old friend after a few decades and realizing how hard and haggard the years have turned them, with their hair all grey and their gut all sagging and half their teeth missing. But, if you look at them sidewise, in the right light, they've still got a little bit of that old glint, that old charm, that old mystique that lets you know their soul is the same, deep down.

It's the Big Soggy now, ami. Should you ever splash into the area, ask around Planktown for Sal and I'll be sure to give you a right-n-true runaround our island of islands. But before we go, I'll ask you turn off all HR tags or Net sim overlays, because you've got to see the lady for what she's really become.

#Batter_Up: She's a whore now, Sal. Just admit it. She's sold herself to the Man.

#FE4LIFE: While Newark remains untouched by your filthy hands.

#Batter_Up: That's what you think. We've got our prints all over your shiny town. You just don't know it yet.

#FE4LIFE: Bullshit. The Tancredos wouldn't give you an inch.

#Batter_Up: If they knew we were there.

PLANKTOWN

Most people who head into Manhattan through channels both official and unofficial wind up with Planktown as their first stop. It stretches down over most of what folks back in the day thought of as Clinton and Hell's Kitchen, where a good swath of the commuter tunnels over from Jersey cut across the Hudson. Well, ain't no Hudson no more. Just water until you hit the first Planktown piers. Planktown is as its name suggests, a huge community that fills up any building left above water and then stretches between them on floating platforms and bridges of varying sizes. Whole place is constantly swaying and bobbing, but you get used to that.

#Water_Cowboy: the hell you do! everytime i come inna planktown, i'm spewing everywhere

#Batter_Up: Damn, man. Pick up a sickpack from the nearest pillpusher. It'll set you right.

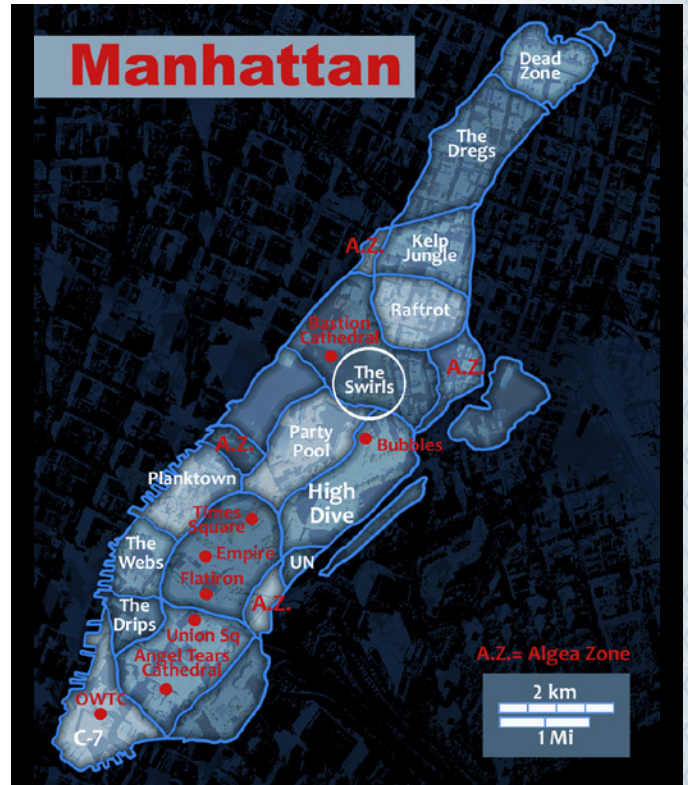
#Bloodsoil93: Wait. Come into town? Where are you going and coming from?

#Water_Cowboy: none of your business!

It's a raucous place, sure enough, crammed full of everyone from River Rat runners to organ meat markets, the freshest batch of dry-behind-the-ears immigrants to the smugglers who brought them over. You can find just about anything in Planktown, so long as you aren't worried about where it came from, including black code smoke dens, implant parlors with upgrades still bloody from the bodies they were cut from, dub shops, and even a few hacked-together VR units that kill half the people that use them due to overloads. Corporate folk don't come here much, not that they have much reason to, and because they know the instant they step sideways from their cyborg guards, they're gonna get a shark tooth shiv through the gut.

Planktown doesn't have any sort of rule or law. Closest you'll find is Miggsy, the old River Rat who knows everyone and is respected by them all in return. Good luck finding her.

Skulk south through Planktown and the rusting, rotting bridges start giving way to triple-twined rope and steel cording, and soon enough there's only a few crisscrossing



lines between you and the slop. There's a whole skyway and byway of rope bridges and runs that's called The Webs down through the old Chelsea area, and it's mostly used by couriers, River Rats, and those with a keen sense of balance. Most folks use it as an escape route if they ever cause enough trouble in Planktown to know they're not welcome for a while. Below The Webs are The Drips, another pop-up spot for smugglers with sub-aquatic gear or gills. Plenty of goods get brought in here, though it's a toss-up whether they'll get sold to the people or snatched by the OWTC patrols that have started churning up the area.

C-7 REC ZONES

The One World Trade Center is the hottest HQ for C-7 and all its cronies, and there's few days where the locals don't glance that way and spit in the suds. Though a few are coming around to the Rec effort now that they've actually got a few zones cordoned off.

OWTC itself has a floor for every major corp in town and is a city unto itself by this point. Heavily guarded, near-impenetrable, it makes the whole southern tip a hive of corporate activity, with boats and choppers and VTOL buzzing in and out at all hours, spotlights stabbing up and around everywhere. There's a string of Atlantican sentry posts and buoys along the channels just north of there that push back anyone who doesn't have the proper authorization.

#Chompah_Chips: Hey, Minnow. Think you could get me an all-access pass to OWTC so I can sell lunch down there?

#SharkMinnow: Uh, no, I don't think so.

#Chompah_Chips: Then what good are you?

#SharkMinnow: Uh, I am very punctual.

They've got Rec Zone #1 going over in old Alphabet City and the Lower East Side, partly because the folks who used to live

The New York Reclamation Zone

there were easiest to kick out or kill away without too much public scrutiny. Now it's all experimental force fields, steam zones, and refab buildings growing like coral on the old ones.

Between there and The Drips is territory claimed by Angel Tears, a religious gang run by an old salt named Zed McCurtle who, you wouldn't guess, is an old Chinaman from the lost Chinatown itself. The gang works in and around the bitty bit of the cathedral down there. Zed is considered by most to be a zeek, as are a goodly number of his gang, though he claims he gets his visions and powers from the angels themselves. Not the most violent sort, but they must have some force behind their faith to keep the owties from pushing them clear so far.

#Myownskinimin: Great. Zeeks in the Big Soggy? What's next? Aliens?

#Kelpunk: It's not a disease. How could it be if it's popping up here after decades of relative isolation? The whole world started going zeek at the same time.

EMPEROR CHANNELS

This area engulfs everything from the waters lapping around the Flatiron Building all the way up to the toilet bowl that is now Times Square. It's one of the main thoroughfare areas, but you're just as like to get caught in a crossfire between NAC and Atlantica or run across Murray's Morays slipping through the chop. That gang has set up their hidey-holes in plenty of underwater shops in the area and flee there after their latest act of terrorism against the Reclamationist forces. Word is they've claimed the lower levels of the Empire State Building, practically daring the authorities to come and bomb them out of that landmark—knowing they won't dare because it'd make the attackers pariahs in the eyes of everyone around here.

The Empire State Building survived relatively intact, its middle floors now crammed-packed with families, grungy little restaurants, and dives. It's one huge rat trap, full of megaroaches, and ferals. The top thirty floors are dominated by a group called Spiroulete that somehow got access to top-end cyber upgrades, and they will defend their territory with both brute and precision force.

Times Square isn't much good for anything, except that you can catch floating stage shows off the side channels. The real problems start when a mob cruises down from the Party Pool high on B-Cloud and Slipscum. Always ends up with one or a dozen half-crazed lunatics firing off and before you know it everyone's gone chum crazy and then you've got corpses floating there for days. That happens almost every week now.

The people of Radio City Music Hall went to higher ground inside their own building, keeping the feeds live to entertain the masses.

#RCMH4LIFE: This is where you can go to slip into the current favorite streams. But I've caught wind from some hashtagger saying their feed's been hacked lately and that half their Deep broadcasts are stuffed full of memes and virii.

#Cweed_n_Grass: Don't say it's true! Don't make me stop watching! I can't bear it without my feeds.

#Olaphu56: Then die.

#Cweed_n_Grass: You never did say where you're from.

#Olaphu56: The dark.

#Cweed_n_Grass: Ok. Someone bring back the Hey guy. I'll take him over this weirdo any day.



Major Locations: Manhattan

THE PARTY POOL

If you want to live in denial about what's happened to the Big Soggy, be my guest. Just don't make a show about it. Problem is, people from over in the High Dive District love to live in denial and in deviance. They swim out in droves day and night to turn what used to be Central Park into the world's largest Party Pool, and they've got it dancing, jumping, and drowning at all hours. It's all raft-to-boat-to-platform-to-boat throughout the whole place, but they make it work. Every bobbing place has its own services and pleasures to sell. Floating brothels like Silver Fin or drug tanks like Murkle's. Bubble's is where you go to get so tipsy you're like to walk off the edge and into the froth on your own. Some droid-lady named Ferla Olstrum even rigged up a trawler full of VR units so good it's been on everyone's lips. And the aquatic hybrids have their own craziness going on below the surface. After all, with everyone dropping so much drink and drugs into the froth, all anyone with gills has to do is swim by to get a righteous buzz.

#Water_Cowboy: truth. want a free high? go for a dip in the party pool.

#Bloodsoil93: And never come up again.

#Water_Cowboy: so? that way u die happi

#Kelpunk: Guys, please. The spelling.

Every so often—actually, pretty frequently—a party devolves into a riot, leaving people face sinking and boats burning and smoke rising. But the Party Pool keeps floating, even when boats get too close to The Swirls up north and a few hundred folks get sucked down.

If there's anyone wealthy left in the city, they're over in High Dive, the closest you come to a gated community around here. They've welcomed the Reclamation and have already started beefing up their personal security, run by a local peacekeeping company that's based in what was once the United Nations headquarters. It's run by a grizzled commander named Ahab Haddleston, everyone just calls him Captain Ahab now.

Reclamation Zone #2 is to the west of the Party Pool, though the efforts there are more spread out and vulnerable to attack. Its bottom borders on a huge toxic algae bloom that cuts it off from Planktown.

#MarcoSec88: I've been seeing reports on these. How many are there?

#Myownskinimin: Nobody has an official count.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Seriously? They could just do a flyby.

#Myownskinimin: They've tried. The number fluctuates almost every week. No telling when one will shrivel up and when another will grow.

THE SWIRLS

Heard plenty mention of The Swirls, I bet. This stretch of water almost splits the city in half, north and south. Some days the waters are as still as can be, barely a ripple in sight. Other days, thousands of huge whirlpools appear out of nowhere, blocking off whole channels. On yet other days, the stretch turns into one huge maelstrom that can drag down anyone remotely in the area. There's no telling when it happens or why. You can guess why folks are leery of the place. Some think it's all caused by a bunch of charbydis that've settled in the area, or one enormous mutant charbydis sunk down in the

depths. Maybe it's both. Most aquatics who go in to check it out don't return, or are too shaken to report anything clearly.

#Bloodsoil93: And this is why you also stay away from the Party Pool.

#Cweed_n_Grass: That is so boring. You don't sound any fun.

#Bloodsoil93: I'm alive. Fun enough for me.

#Cweed_n_Grass: /yawn

The one anchored spot there is an old cathedral that's been taken over by a cult called Everlasting Saints. The cathedral's called Bastion now. The self-proclaimed High Priestess, Lauren Guthrie, condemns the whirlpools as the act of demons. Of course, for whatever faith she claims, whenever the waters start churning, all her people head for high ground all the same.

Hard to cut around The Swirls on either side without fully leaving the city. The east side has the biggest algae bloom yet, all the way up to Raftrot.

RAFTROT

If you make it beyond The Swirls, don't expect a warm welcome. Raftrot is a widespread community that doesn't take well to outsiders and outright hates owsies. It's a regular swarm of floating homes that only locals have any idea how to make any sense of them. They're permanently surly, quick to violence, and always looking for an excuse. One big faction there that calls themselves Raw Fish has stripped themselves of all implants, augments, and permanently turned off their TAPs. If they get the opportunity to do so, they'll force the same on those they get their hands on, even if it kills the victim.

#Kelpunk: Had this happen to a bud of mine. They sent him back with barely a pint of blood left in him.

#SharkMinnow: Did they use anesthetic?

#Kelpunk: Did they...kid, how young are you?

#SharkMinnow: 23?

#Cweed_n_Grass: I just wanna snuggle you so I can smell what innocence smells like.

#SharkMinnow: Thanks?

Beyond Raftrot, the whole area has turned into a clogged kelp jungle. Rumors are a corporation seeded the area with fast-growing kelp in hopes of farming it for a profit. Great aquatic hunting grounds, but hell for boats and other watercraft trying to get through without getting engines stuck. Not that you want to go much further.

THE DREGS

The Dregs is a popular stretch of water for pirates, who cut out around the sides to attack the city below. Biggest pirate fleet up there is crewed by full-on synths and Sims who've taken to the full-on pirate act with robotic parrots, peg legs that double as submachine gun barrels, and a ship that has a mast but turbo-turbine engines below water.

#MarcoSec88: He's kidding. Tell me he's kidding.

#Myownskinimin: He's not. Saw them raiding up in Raftrot a few months ago. I only got away because they were already busy burning a few platforms over.

#MarcoSec88: What were you doing in Raftrot?

The New York Reclamation Zone

#Myownskinimin: Besides spending time with humans who appreciate their natural states of being?

THE DEAD ZONE

Lastly, there's the Dead Zone. And yes, it means what it means. The northernmost tip of what used to be NYC is a toxic span of water that's instantly deadly to anyone and anything that enters it. No one knows why. Some believe there was a secret lab up there that's been spewing deadly toxins after it got flooded. Others say it's just cursed. Why not go and find out for yourself?

OTHER POINTS OF INTEREST

- **Barnacle Bays:** A few segments of the broken seawall are still around the island, some big enough to support communities that now go by the name of Barnacle Bays. The clingers-on there are a pretty insular sort, fishing for meals and not doing much else for a living. In fact, many have devolved into a pretty tribal way of living, and it's a toss-up on visiting one whether they're the hospitable sort or the headhunting sort. You can find some decent fishbone artwork there though which is proving popular with the corporate types who want to feel authentic.

#Water_Cowboy: i like them.

#Batter_Up: Which? The hospitable or headhunters?

#Water_Cowboy: they are all nice to me

#Batter_Up: Why? What're you bringing them?

#Water_Cowboy: nothing

#Batter_Up: You know, somehow I don't believe you.

- **The Algae Tower:** Among all the blooms sprouting around the island, one tower down in Angel Tears territory has been entirely engulfed by the growth—which also looks to have eaten up anyone who resided in the tower as well. One day to the next it was normal and then nothing but a glistening pillar of slime.
- **The Subways:** For any sub-surface folks or hybrids, the old NYC subways have become a regular set of highways and hideouts. Few know what's down there and none have mapped it out. Those who've tried have disappeared quick enough. A few believe there's a regular aquatic empire down there, overseen by a council of Deep Ones who worship old sea gods. Those that say that, I tell them they've been watching too many Aquaman cartoon reruns.

#Myownskinimin: They're down there plotting our demise. I just know it. Everyone knows it.

#Cweed_n_Grass: I don't know it.

#Olaphu56: yes

#Cweed_n_Grass: Yes what, Olaf? Yes that's what they're doing or yes I don't know it?

#Olaphu56: yes

BROOKLYN

Most of those who did flee NYC back in 2031 went west into Jersey. The rest headed for Brooklyn, thinking maybe its seawall held a better chance than Manhattan's. Lucky them for being right. Brooklyn barely got touched by the floods and is now a mini-metropolis in its own rights. Issue is, it

has its own special form of chaos and crazy. So many people crammed on land together...rub enough hard heads against each other and eventually you'll get a fire going.

See, you've got everything in Brooklyn. Rich, poor, thugs, freaks, zeeks, heavies, and toughs. All want to make a name for themselves or at least pawn off enough credits to eat for another day. Everyone is everyone else's enemy here, which means you've got to hole up tight with your crew and keep anyone else from edging in on any operation you've got going. That leads to a lot of snarling and pissing contests, which eventually turn into real tooth-and-claw dragouts. And the people who have it made? Up in their secure penthouses and all? They get educated every so often that the largest mob is quite capable of overcoming even the best security system and private defense force.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE

The Brooklyn Bridge exists for only one thing these days: The Track. It might as well be the center of the hotrod racing world for how people treat it. Massive races going on almost every night, with bigger events weekly and monthly. Plus, the annual Gypsy Cab 500 to determine what racing crew gets to call themselves Bridge royalty. The Zone Razors currently lord it over that territory and are quick to run off, or stamp out, anyone who defies them. It's a good show, for sure, and it draws spectators from all over, especially those who want to make a big bet on the winners and losers. Death racing at its finest, and you're pretty much guaranteed to see a dozen vehicles go up in flames or over the edge of the bridge every time—luckier if you see one of the edge-divers crash straight into a spectator boat below.

#Chompah_Chips: I saw this happen! It was—

#Kelpunk: Don't say it! Don't you dare say awsize or supafuntastic or any of your stupid made-up words!

#Chompah_Chips: I wasn't going to. But yes. It was those...BTW How did you edit my last post?

#Kelpunk: /headdesk

The Dumbo area off the east end of the bridge is race gang central, with old warehouses being turned into massive garages where they chop, weld, and scuffle. They tend to keep their turf wars in the area and most of them are so busy trying to tune their modrods, that the violence isn't as terrible as you'd think.

THE BOROUGH

This is the mainstay of sprawling apartment complexes, so crowded that you can't help but swapping sweat with your neighbors. Dozens of people to single rooms, and damn if the cooling units don't breakdown every other week. If you don't know exactly who you're looking for and where they are when you head into this district, chances are you'll be searching for weeks. One big-bellied, black-bearded landlord, Hugh Lou, owns the largest span of buildings, but he lives over in Grandstand, of course. He sends a group of cyber-limbed toughs over every month to thrash any layabout who haven't transferred their rent credits yet.

GRANDSTAND

On the opposite side of Prospect Cemetery is where you find the higher end penthouse towers and suites. Gated communities galore, plus plenty of private mercs patrolling

Major Locations: Brooklyn

the streets to try and scare off the riffraff. The one point it has in its favor is being non-discriminatory. Here, credits are credits, be you baseline human, hybrid, Human 2.0, droid, roid, or anything in-between and beyond. Equal opportunity is all well and good, but that means they're also equal targets for the poor and grumbling masses who'd like to teach those upper snuff a real lesson.

Grand Metro is the big shopping district on the channel. There the fine denizens of Grandstand can indulge in their tastes for fine clothes, fine foods, fine company, and anything else they consider fine. Mercy Plaza has the best international cuisine available, while the Tower Luminous is a steel-clad pinnacle of artwork and jewelry.

CONEY ISLAND

A.K.A. Gangland. Visiting here means getting to see the amazing Wonder Wheel still standing and all lit up, plus other wonders of yesteryear. Amazing how this place went entirely untouched. Strolling the boardwalk, you can almost pretend nothing has changed. That is, if you ignore the gangs swarming the area. The good thing is that Gangland is officially neutral ground. You're relatively safer there than over in The Flops, for instance. The gangs take care of their own, ensuring no one causes too much trouble. It's not even a secret that a ruling council of gangs meets there. Called the Coffin Nails, they consider themselves the true rulers of Brooklyn. Their leader, Montijo Riavero, leads the Five-Niners, who take their job policing the Borough quite seriously. They even wear suits, though they go for the retro look.

If you belong to an outsider gang, know that you're going to need sponsorship from a local group to be allowed into Gangland. Otherwise you're considered fair game.

#Batter_Up: I make a point to get down there every so often. Nice place. You want to join me sometime, FE? I'll sponsor you.

#FE4LIFE: I'd rather die.

#Batter_Up: I can ensure that happens if you'd like. See? I'm a considerate host.

PROSPECT PARK CEMETERY

With all the dead piling up over the decades, Old Prospect Park got blended with the stretch of cemeteries off to the east. Now it's one huge morbid band of grungy earth that swallowed up roads and apartments alike. There's been talk of building atop it all, considering the prime space it offers, but no one's been able to gather enough unified support to push that initiative through. Too many superstitious folks these days, I guess. Certain groups, like the Matrons of the Hospital of Bleeding Bandages, volunteer to keep the grounds somewhat tended. At the same time, thousands of people have claimed the area as a ramshackle home, with portions of the cemetery converted into hut and tent towns among the graves. Several cults have definitely sprung up in there, though they've laid low so far.

I shudder to think what would happen if flood waters did ever reach the area, particularly that stretch of ground. Think of the massive amounts of long-rotting flesh that would suddenly be swept up.

#MarcoSec88: Ugh. I shouldn't have been gulping vat-goop when I read that.



#Chompah_Chips: No wonder you MacroSec give the jobs out. All got weak stomachs.

#MarcoSec88: Not true. I just don't normally read about rotting flesh while eating.

MINI-ATLANTICA

When Atlantica marched into Queens and set up shop over in JFK, a hefty portion of Brooklyn raised their voices and fists in support of the move. Now firmly allied, they took a big chunk of east Brooklyn and turned it into Atlantan Loyalist territory. Atlantica officials themselves haven't made any public statements about it, but citizens in that area have been seen sporting weapons and armor that looks suspiciously military-grade. Anyone even remotely associated with NAC who comes into the area is pounded down quick. Check stations have been established to form a rough border to monitor those coming and going, and the whole place is kept locked down tight in, what most figure, is a preparation for all-out war—which they see as inevitable.

So long as you're pro-Atlantica, it's a stable place to be, though there are almost daily demonstrations and mob gatherings to rouse the public into a patriotic fervor. Rarely, these will spill over into Grand Metro or Empire Rises, attempting to grab some of the wealth there for Atlantan purposes.

EMPIRE RISES

When you want to live the high life in Brooklyn, you head to Empire Rises. This strip has all the major entertainment centers for the Borough, giving those who can afford it all the gambling, dance clubs, drink dens, VR vistas, code swimming, and jump-juice they can handle, and more beside. The lights here shine so bright, it's easy to overlook the muscle standing in the dark corners, keeping an eye out to ensure nobody causes trouble.

The New York Reclamation Zone

The Juice Bar is a favorite here, where you can go in and order any combination of any chemicals imaginable and they'll whip it up for you in seconds. Rag-E is a keen dance club, and a well-known spot for picking up a pricey companion to take home for the evening. Its owner is a feline hybrid named Phyllis who goes around dressed in throwback Victorian dresses. Be careful about Brass Cymbulls. They've got some of the best knock-off Sims and code trips you can find, but they've also got a steady string of clients who've been sent to Prospect Park after having their brains melted.

Many Brooklyn gangs have clubs and dens they claim as their own here, and if you're getting nasty looks on stepping into a place without permission, best to step right back on out.

FOAMDANCE & FLOTSAM

If you can't quite afford Empire Rises, Foamdance and Flotsam is another red-light district, far cheaper and seedier. The dealers here barely make any attempt to hide their cheating, and if you do have any winnings, you're likely to get mugged the moment you step outside. Since this area borders the bay, it's a favorite of aquatic types. Fluke'um's is particularly known to cater to the gill folk, though they say if any hybrid is caught making too much trouble, there's a room of burning sand in the basement that they're tossed into until they stop flopping.

#Myownskinimin: I would pay to see that!

#FE4LIFE: As would I.

#Myownskinimin: It's a date!

#Bloodsoil93: And here I thought you two couldn't get any worse.

THE FLOPS

If you thought the Borough was bad, wait until you get stuck in The Flops. This is where the worst of the worst end up, too drug-addled or stim-crazed to do much more than sit in the corner and babble to themselves. Considered the heaphole of Brooklyn, it more than lives up to its reputation. Gangers and corpse-crunchers prowl the area, turning bodies and pieces of them into scrap heap that'll earn a credit or two, and there's a hefty stream of young girls and boys who are snatched to be carted off and prettified for the sex trade elsewhere. The main reason the people here haven't caused much trouble for the surrounding neighborhoods, yet, is they're too busy scrabbling over whatever scraps they can snatch and too brain-drained to give much rational thought to rebellion—a fact the clientele of Empire Rises is forever grateful for.

REDPOINT

This area isn't much to look at, at first. Until you know what to look for. Then you might see some of the highly organized militia training going on in certain local sports building. You might notice certain officious figures meeting in back corners of the bars and clubs. You might see how most folks go around armed—not an uncommon thing anywhere, but these weapons are new and shiny. It's believed that a number of NAC undercover agents have been slowly converting the population, preparing them to fight against Atlantica should the time arise. Anyone who has gotten too loud about this though has either been discredited or disappeared.

#Kelpunk: There is no truth to these rumors. Just more propaganda.

#Cweed_n_Grass: Says the NACKer. Puh-leeze.

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

#Kelpunk: I'm no NACKer. I just choose to not believe everything I hear.

#Cweed_n_Grass: Sounds like you don't believe anything at all.

QUEENS

For a place named after royalty, irony isn't enough for how far the place has fallen. When the walls fell, the sea swept in hungry for the land here. Almost like it targeted the place and had just been waiting for the opportunity. Hundreds of thousands died, especially since many had fled here from Manhattan, thinking—like with Brooklyn—that they stood a better chance of survival here. To this day, fragmented portions of the seawall and backup levees continue to crumble and collapse, letting in even more water to what little land remains. The landscape here is constantly reshaped as the tides sweep in and out.

The only ones to benefit from the sudden ocean influx were the aquatic hybrids. Those who didn't already live in the area swept in by the thousands, seeing an opportunity to claim the land now beneath the waves and act as if the lost neighborhoods had been theirs all along. Yet the aquatics have fractured even among themselves, with numerous communities dividing and setting up boundaries, while hybrid gangs prowl the swamps and waters, both enforcing territory and offering protection to those who abide by their rule within it.

#Myownskinimin: They're going to turn us all into their slaves unless we start stopping them now.

#SharkMinnow: I think you are a very bitter person.

#Chompah_Chips: Burn! Sharkyboy scores a burn!

#SharkMinnow: Thank you?

#Chompah_Chips: Next lesson, Sharky. Don't be nice after a good burn.

#SharkMinnow: Ok?

The other major development—the event that kicked off the whole Reclamation effort, in fact—was the arrival of Atlantica in Queens. Through a combination of water and air transports, Atlantica entered the half-sunken JFK airport ruins. While fending off NAC, they rebuilt the seawall around JFK, restored functionality to the place, and renamed it Juliet Foxtrot Kilo Base. This is now their official presence in the area and their stronghold.

JULIET FOXTROT KILO BASE

JFK is an enormous base that has been converted for all manner of military purposes. From here, Atlantica sends out air and water patrols to keep an eye on things in Manhattan while also having the occasional spat with NAC. The base is presided over by General Ernest Quince, who holds monthly Deep conferences, freely inviting all NYC citizens to an open forum of question and debate about Atlantica's purposes and presence.

#Kelpunk: Hah! Open. Hah! Debate. Hah!

#Olaphu56: hah

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

Major Locations: Queens

#Olaphu56: hah

#Kelpunk: Oh, god. They're breeding.

Because of the Atlantica-C-7 alliance, JFK has also served as an ingress for international figures who are interested in seeing what is happening with the Reclamation while considering investments in the project. Atlantica houses a number of corporate officials as well, mainly those who don't want to risk staying in Manhattan itself or see Newark as likely to fall under total NAC rule any day.

As a sign of good faith, Atlantic also uses JFK troops to patrol what's left of Queens and try to keep the peace with the growing aquatic unrest. They have iffy relationships with the GD1 base to their west, but have most certainly been funding developments in Brooklyn's Mini-Atlantic district.

#Bloodsoil93: Nothing certain about it. People are allowed to choose sides. Doesn't automatically make them patsies.

#Kelpunk: For once, I agree with you.

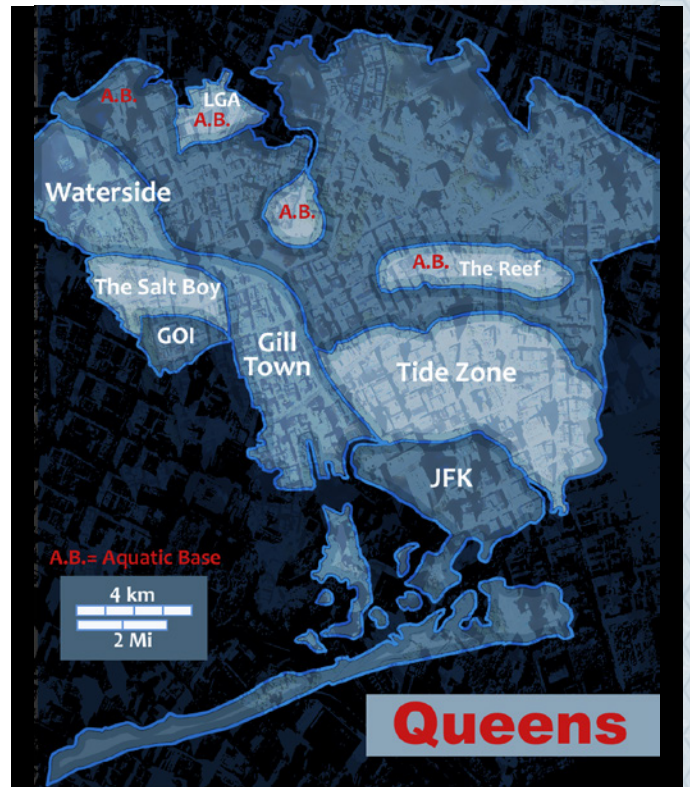
#Bloodsoil93: Well! Can we keep the trend alive?

#Kelpunk: Doubtful.

GD1 BASE

Golemmech Division One is an independent arm of a unit out of Denver called the War Pigs, known for their impressive feats in battles across the country. Many consider the War Pigs to be NAC loyalists, but the reality is they're not so tightly tied. GD1 itself has no official sanctioning by the NAC and no known communication with them. In fact, there are reports that the two groups have come to blows during NAC incursions into Queens.

GD1 has heavily modified their golemmechs for deployment in the marshy or underwater terrain. In fact, they seem to do just as well below the waves as above. They've lent support to the locals and put down a few gangs that got too uppity, but otherwise have remained relatively quiet. No one is quite sure



as to the purpose of their presence beyond taking advantage of a military situation for profit.

GILLTOWN

This is the biggest above-wave aquatic hybrid community in Queens, currently, stretching between JFK and GD1. Baseline humans and other non-aquatics live here too, but for once they're in the minority. The aquatics stand the non-swimmers



Major Locations: THE BRONX

#Bloodsoil93: I thought I turned my faith-filter on.

YANKEE STADIUM

The center of the Keys' kingdom, this old baseball sports center has become one enormous open air marketplace. Practically nothing goes in or out of the Bronx without passing through here under the gang's watchful eyes. The market is so popular people come all the way from Brooklyn on a regular basis to pick through the wares. Here you'll find everything from fresh fruit and mystery meats to death code and stims that'll keep you thrumming for days and crashing for weeks. There's an entry fee of fifty credits for non-Bronxians, but many find it's worth it.

#Cweed_n_Grass: I sure did. I'll be going back next month!

#Batter_Up: And we thank you for the donation.

The larger neighborhood surrounding the Stadium is known as Morrisania and is the most peaceful area you're apt to find in the borough. Whoever is currently heading up the Keys, whether male, female, or whatever, traditionally takes on the honorary name "Morris" in order to preside over this kingdom.

THE FORD

North of Morrisania is The Ford, a contested area owned and operated by a gang known as Lupious Supremus. Fully baseline human to the last member, they have an agenda against hybrids and love hunting them down and wearing their pelts, scalps, or other animalistic scraps as identifying badges of honor. They're in almost constant battle with the Keys and surrounding gangs, but have proven quite relentless. They're led by a teenage girl named Granny who is said to be the most bloodthirsty of them all.

The Ford also contains the Bronx Zoo and NY Botanical Gardens, both of which have surprisingly remained standing. This may be because the Bronx Zoo is an island unto itself in terms of profitability and security. The original animal displays have been replaced by a bevy of bio-sculptured lifeforms which are shown off to wealthy clients who might wish for a unique specimen as a decoration or servant. Other biosculptures act as deterrents to intruders, fiercely loyal to the Zoo Masters.

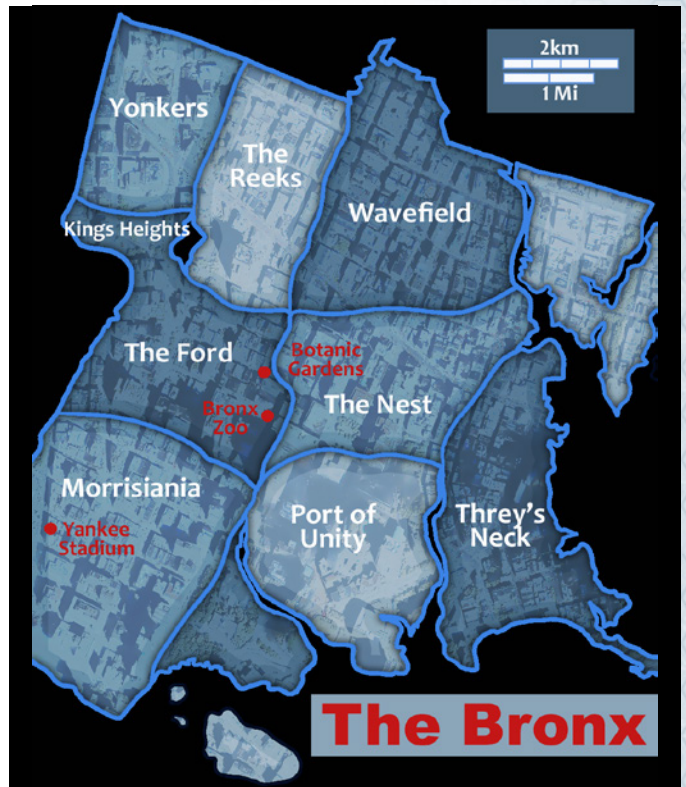
#Chompah_Chips: Anyone been to the Zoo? Is it as freaky as they say?

#Batter_Up: Worse. You would not believe the cover charge. It nearly drove me insane.

#Chompah_Chips: ...

THE NEST

It is believed that a few errant or discarded biosculptures have resulted in the Nest, a burnt-out warren filled with hideously strange and violent creatures that go far beyond just being twisted mutants. There is little in this region that could be considered human, and only the most desperate will enter here if being chased or trying to otherwise hide. The creatures seem content to cluster in the Nest for now, almost as if being kept there by a greater influence than their own. Aerial surveys have indicated some mutant creatures act according to herd or hive instincts, but no central structures or creatures have been spotted.



#SharkMinnow: Holy fuck, what is this now? Aliens?

#Cweed_n_Grass: No one said aliens. Hush now.

#SharkMinnow: First gargoyles, now aliens?!!

#Kelpunk: Calm down! Damn, pop some Z-tabs and call us in the morning.

PORT OF UNITY

Once tired of constant gang warfare, the civilians of the Port of Unity rose up against them and drove them out. What began as a hopeful attempt at peace quickly crumbled, though, as factions arose among the survivors as to how they might establish official order within themselves. The place is now divided into at least three distinct groups who fly different flags and wear different colors, but are practically indistinguishable in the violence they now visit upon each other. They are now considered quite the joke among the rest of the boroughs. The Keys are content to let them fight it out until they're weary enough to be taken back as territory.

#Bloodsoil93: Just another sad show of basic human nature.

#Batter_Up: Like we're supposed to go around cleaning up the entire Bronx?

#Bloodsoil93: Never said that. I just wish something, you know, good and lasting had come out of it all. Could've given people some real hope.

#Batter_Up: Aight. I hear you on that.

THOG'S NECK

If you're going in here, you better have a big gun or plenty of big friends with big guns. This free-for-all zone is a testing

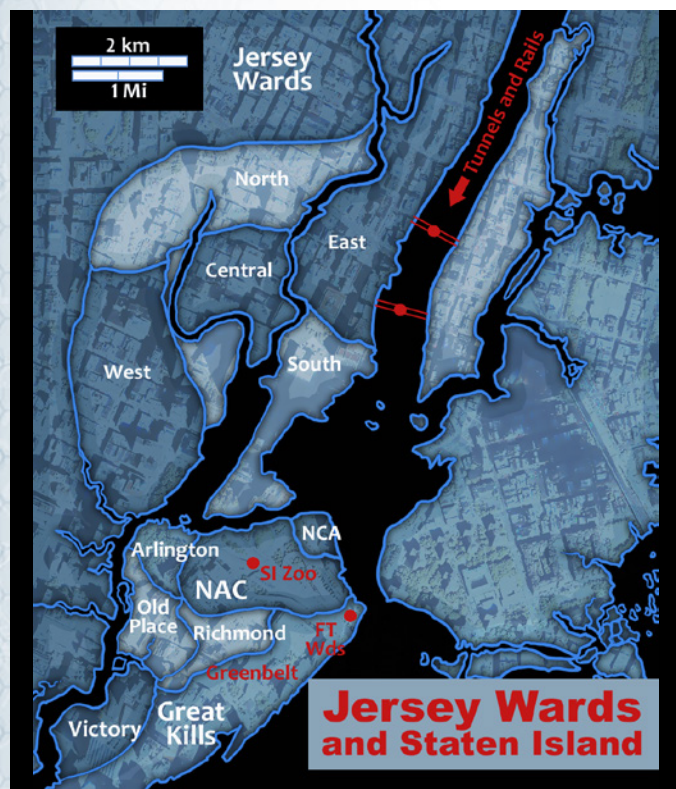
The New York Reclamation Zone

ground for would-be gang members. Many gangs—the Keys excluded—use it as an initiation test. Should someone wish to join their crew, they must survive a week within Thog’s Neck, where anything and everything is permissible. To gain even higher respect, an aspiring member should aim to bring back at least one pair of thumbs from a victim. Of course, many game this by looking for the already-dead. Preserved thumbs are a bit of a fashion statement throughout the Borough, though the Keys do not allow anyone to visibly wear them or sell them within their territory.

STATEN ISLAND

Out of all the boroughs, only Staten Island went without getting so much as an extra drop on it. So, of course, there’s where NAC went straightaways after their first tussles with Atlantica. If you’re on Staten Island these days, you’re NAC and there’s no question of it. Anyone found trying to sneak into, out of, or through the area is either forcibly recruited or dispatched. Right now, the only people who even want to get on the island are Atlantica agents or freelancers looking to gather intel on the NAC presence. The main civilian population is formed of old NYC refugees over in the Arlington, Victory, and Old Place settlements.

The Coalition established New Wadsworth Base as their operations center for everything in the area, and it’s where they send out endless patrols up into Manhattan and the waters along the surrounding boroughs. Newads is heavily defended, with one side butting up against the Newark seawall itself. Newads overlooks New York Harbor, a little ways north of Old Fort Wadsworth and the tumbled-down Verrazano-Narrows bridge. For anyone who wants to take a look, the Old Fort Wadsworth is kept open and maintained by NAC in an attempt to look like a group that goes to great lengths to preserve American history and heritage.



#Bloodsoil93: If you want to preserve it, don’t go around killing the people who make it up.

#SharkMinnow: Um, they say those they kill aren’t true Americans in the end.

#Cweed_n_Grass: Oh, I absolutely adore how you buy into that!

NEW WADSWORTH BASE

Newads is commanded by General Jonas Watson, though he’s rarely seen in public and spits out little Deep feed broadcasts that are little more than your average NAC rhetoric. Lieutenant Commander Ruth Bain is a more public figure for NAC, leading daily prayer feeds for the devout while also giving a warm voice and softer face to the military. Conspiracy theorists believe she is actually an A.I. construct designed specifically to build trust in the Coalition, as no one can confirm her physical presence at any one time.

#Kelpunk: I could say that about anyone I haven’t met. How do I know any of you all are real, for that matter?

#Bloodsoil93: Well? How do you?

#Kelpunk: I’m not asking for a philosophy lesson here, I’m...forget it.

Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

Newads is forever active with military maneuvers, boats zipping out and back or VTOL craft flying over to do business in Newark. It is believed a NAC submarine patrols the Harbor, and that NAC is also trying to establish a wholly underwater base along or inside Manhattan itself.

Within the main NAC perimeter, you’ll find the Staten Island Zoo. Unlike the Bronx Zoo, the animals here are wholly natural, considering the NAC inclination against mutations and hybrids. NAC has kept the place funded and staffed, the animals healthy and well-fed, inviting the public to visit free of charge, any time.

GREAT KILLS

A dark rumor surrounds a few of the NAC higher-ups, even General Watson himself. According to some, the swath of land south of the Greenbelt has been turned into a hunting zone exclusive to NAC officials and their associated troops. Hunting what? People. Heretics, specifically.

Nicknamed the “Great Kills,” it is believed that officers who don’t take too kindly to those with anti-religious views have no trouble setting prisoners loose in the area, maybe with some clothes and a weapon if they’re lucky. Then they’re given a chance to run while the officer and soldiers hunt them down like wild beasts. A hideous practice, if true, but so far unconfirmed since NAC keeps the whole island in a tight fist. Hashtaggers are constantly popping up names and dates, trying to correlate disappearances with military activity in that area and all that, but the threads remain too loose to tie any of them together.

#Kelpunk: That’s because there’s no connection. Another make-believe.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: There’s a reason behind every story, punk.

#Kelpunk: Is there any theory you don’t believe in, Billy?

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Time travel.

#Kelpunk: Really?

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Mostly.

GREENBELT

Once a beloved stretch of natural land with plenty of hiking, camping, and likewise, with Richmond near the center, the Greenbelt's now become a wild No Man's Land. No one knows what triggered the change, but it definitely happened before NAC ever set foot on the island, despite what anti-NACKers like to claim. The forested area has become an overgrown jungle infested with countless, ravenous beasts that devour anyone they encounter.

The people who used to live in Richmond have been lost within, with nary a survivor heard from in years. Most think it's a corporate experiment gone wrong or a rogue lab that let a few bio-horrors escape, though the latter doesn't explain the change in the geography and fauna. The NAC tried to tame the area when they first arrived, sending in flame-throwing golemmechs and other troops to quell the nasties. However, they lost every person and vehicle that entered the vegetative wall and has since ceased efforts. So long as whatever's in there remains there, then good riddance to the whole of it.

NEWARK

Newark and New York City have always had a special sort of rivalry. When the sea waters claimed Manhattan, it seemed like Newark might have won in the end, since its seawall stayed solid and has in the decades since. Why did Newark's wall not crumble like NYC's? Plenty of theories, some crazier than others, but the truth is nobody knows. The reality is, Newark has continued to flourish and thrive on their side, while NYC is now just getting a new lease on life—whether it wants it or not.

Now Newark continues to profit from the whole situation. Corporate presence is turning the area even more flush than it already is, and giving Newark citizens a chance to find jobs and credits where none were before. Many in Newark, like the rest of the world, considered the Big Soggy a lost cause, and so have been surprised by the fact that we've stuck to existence for so long, despite the odds.

The one downside to the arrangement is that Newark is slowly coming under the heel of the NAC down in Staten Island. The Coalition could use plenty of the power and funds in Newark to fuel their building war machine, but Newark is scrambling to stay neutral for as long as possible so they can play both sides. The city and its Wards are overseen by two main authority structures: The Boss and his Five Stars...and then the gangs that try to rule each Ward in their own way.

SMUGGLER TUNNELS

Newark was once connected to NYC by a half-a-dozen commuter subway tunnels, built up over the old train rails. These went defunct and forgotten by most after the flooding, as there seemed no purpose in keeping them up. However, they were used consistently over the years as smuggling routes by a group known as Deep Six. That's one of the main ways NYC managed to stay mostly technologically in-touch with the rest of the world, getting TAPs, cybernetic limbs, Hyper Reality, and all the other fun toys over the decades.

#Bloodsoil93: Look! It's our cowboy's home range!

#Water_Cowboy: don't know what ur talking about

#Bloodsoil93: Uh huh.

#Water_Cowboy: serious

Today, Deep Six is still in operation, and more so than before now that demand for business has gone up on both sides. For those who want to immigrate (or flee) into the city, it can be done at a price. There's a steady stream of ill-gotten goods and supplies being funneled into Manhattan, mostly into Planktown or The Drips. In order to stay on the down-low and not attract so much attention they get shut down, Deep Six has a unique way of operating. Rather than get the subways running at full power, they genetically engineered a herd of amphibious pack animals that are able to make the journey at quite remarkable speeds.

The current leader of Deep Six is a Newark-born Human 2.0 named Leroy V. It is believed the Tancredo Family has some investments in the operation, which wouldn't surprise anyone who knows them.

CENTRAL WARD

The Central Ward is the closest you're going to get to the very original Newark, with ancient architecture and stodgy buildings all decked out with Holo-feeds and HyperReal projections to make them look taller and grander than they really are. Newark is proud of its heritage and has refused to tear out the heart of its city to make way for skyscrapers or other industrial centers.

This is where you'll find Vroom Alley, the heart of Newark's law system. Yes, Newark is listed as a free city and it keeps to that reputation for the most part. But city leaders realized that unless they wanted to descend into anarchy, they needed some way to establish order and peace. The Five Stars is a board made up of each Ward's main leaders, and the whole affair is overseen by a figure known only as The Boss. Rumors peg the current Boss as a baseline human, Olga Reinstein. Whether this is true or not, the Central Ward has at least kept up its reputation as a bastion of industry and justice.

Beneath the Five Stars, a fluid network of "drugstore judges" keep the peace by holding court in shop fronts along Vroom Alley and throughout the rest of the Wards. A current favorite judge is His Honorable Mooney Ephraim, who, after a plaintiff offered him a bribe, beat him senseless with his own fists.

NORTH WARD

The North Ward is where you go to find Newark's wealthy and elite. When the corporations originally got a foothold in the area, they transformed this place into high-rise condos, mansions, and penthouse towers. Most of the security in the area is handled by private firms, and the citizens there are thankful for the peace of mind this affords—though they look leery at the NAC presence down south.

Forest Hill is the absolute center of rich heritage in the area with homes dating all the way back to WWII, and families there are descended from the powerful of society. Corporate CEOs, celebrities, war heroes, and more have all called Forest Hill home, and there are constant social affairs where people come together to celebrate their ongoing good fortune.

The Tancredo Family makes its home in Forest Hill, as well as throughout much of the North Ward, overseeing their sprawling crime syndicate through far-flung agents while consolidating power in the area. It's known that they're the strong arm behind the North Ward's security firms, and they're quick to oust anyone trying to stir up funny business on their turf. The current head of the Family is Ignazio Hernandez, a

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bull hybrid with a penchant for cracking corny jokes at which everyone laughs uproariously.

SOUTH WARD

The South Ward contributes to Newark's prosperity by being the intellectual center of the city, earning it the name "The Academic Sector." It is practically frothing with research centers, corporate labs, hospitals, and schools. It's where the wealthy of the North Ward send their spawn for a proper career track. It is credited as being the source of the geniuses behind Newark's seawall project and heralded as holding the future of the city in the palm of its hand.

The Helios Complex is the best-known R&D center in the area, and is now heavily involved in both ongoing reclatech and aquatech production and refinement. They hold numerous contracts with C-7, which is why they remain worried about NAC taking over control of the area. The Complex is headed up by a team of scientists, the most famous of which is Dr. Laurence Earhart, a professor of genetics who is also believed to be a supremely talented biosculptor in his own rights.

Yet behind the bright minds lies a darker heart. The area is rife with black labs and splicers who have no moral qualms about dicing and pureeing whatever specimens they purchase from any source whatsoever. Countless aquatic hybrids (among any other type) have disappeared into the surgeries here, and the vats are open to private clients who can order

any make and model, no matter how illegal. At least one worldwide computer virus, Ubiquity, had its origins here, and there are constant think tanks of black code developers at work within the offices.

EAST WARD

The East Ward is the most metropolitan of them all, having been a strong immigrant community long ago and now sporting a thoroughly mixed demographic of Human 2.0, hybrids, synths, and any other breed and build, though baseline humans are a stark minority. There is an active underground railroad to bring runaway sims, roids, and other artificials to safety through the area. To betray any of these back to their pursuing owner is a sure way to get exiled from the Ward.

The main gang in the East Ward is the Ironbound, mostly simulacra and Human 2.0. They despise baseline humans and make a brutal example of them whenever they cross paths. Many of the tattooed members of the gang enjoy body modifications to an extreme degree and are forever swapping out parts and pieces as fancy catches them.

If you're looking for a good time in the East Ward, look no further than the Dow Neck Saloon. Used to be Down Neck (like the neighborhood it sits in) but the N in the sign fell off during the Ivy Hill Riots. The fallen N now acts as the refurbished bar's doorway. The saloon is overseen by a Human 2.0 bartender, Smithy Withers, who has an amazing memory for patrons and their preferred drinks. If you're looking for a drugstore judge, or want to find freelance work, there's no better place to find them than here.

WEST WARD

When the Evacuation Order was given, those who complied and rushed out of Manhattan into Jersey mostly ended up in the West Ward (nicknamed "Dubya"). This caused severe issues right away as people settled into the Ivy Hill Immigrant Camps and Newark officials tried to deal with the sudden influx of desperate people who'd just lost their home. Add to that the forced mixing of so many different cultures, genetic make-ups, and dispositions, and the West Ward was just bound for trouble.

Trouble began with the Ivy Hill Riots, which nearly wrecked the entire ward and spilled out into the others for a few days before being contained. The West Ward is still a shell of its former self, and now hosts descendants of those original refugees plus a host of shady characters looking to profit off their need. It's a good place to go if you need anyone willing to do anything for a quick credit. The Deep Six operate out of here for that reason, alongside access to the smuggler tunnels.

Wrecked Neck Records is a splinter of the SynthSystems Corporation and developed the Boom Boom Boom club in the area in conjunction with a Tancredo Family associate, the Ivy Hill Gang, who provide security. Triple B is the one bright spot in Dubya, a source of the latest acts and hottest gigs that people will pay premium to get into. It's a known fact that Boom Boom Boom is a front for criminal activity, from drugs and prostitution and hiding corpses, but nobody really cares so long as they're drunk or high enough.

#Batter_Up: I've heard of this place. Sounds fun.

#FE4LIFE: I'll put your name on the guest list.

#Batter_Up: Aw, shucks. I'll bring my baseball bat. We'll make a romantic evening of it.



CHARACTER INFORMATION

"If you want to become a real New Yorker, there's only one rule: You have to believe New York is, has been, and always will be the greatest city on earth. The center of the universe."

-Ellen R. Shapiro

From the NAC frogger's perspective, just a bubble above the waves, a practical fleet of Atlantican made their way down the channel. No patrol, this, no sir. Patrols zoomed around hot and heavy, guns bristling, spotlights scanning waters and dripping walls for threats to pop off.

No. Their intel had been right. The Atlanticans were coming in quiet, gliding along like eels. The hulls of their gunboats were dark and the troops onboard ducked and hushed. To anyone else's eyes, they might've been near-invisible—even had anti-radar, anti-IR, anti-whatever. The frogger's goggled eyes, though, didn't bother scanning on any spectrum but the water itself. Any frogger, NAC or freelance or otherwise, quickly learned...you swam with the water alone or you were chum. In the Big Soggy, the water was the only constant, and only it told you true. He'd seen the boats approaching in a ripple here, a surge there, an eddy of froth there. Ten of them decked out for full-blown battle and heading toward the central NAC post along the channel.

At another shift in the current, the frogger frowned behind his rebreather mask. Looked like the fleet was going to split, one half going east and the other west. Going to try and come up a few back channels, then? Hit the outpost on the downsweep sides? Hm. If they even knew those routes existed, it meant someone was spilling filth to the Atlanticans, selling NAC data.

But not a problem to be solved then.

He swirled a hand below the surface. The slightest rippled below his flippered feet told him the signal was seen, his partner in motion to the east.

The frogger submerged fully and propelled himself west, legs kicking with gene-hacked strength so he zipped along so fast he could've been riding a foam rocket. Even if the Atlanticans had sub-surface scanners, he'd prove too small a target to pick up until it was too late.

Harpoon in hand, barnacle bombs and hull-snipes on his belt, the frogger shot between pillions and girders, through the washed-out guts of the scrapers. Did the surface folk realize how many of the buildings they fought over were just one tiny tidal wave shy of collapsing? Far below, old roads lay cracked and twisted, sunken cars and ships and crumbling buildings forming a brick and steel maze that might become its own coral reef in a century or two. Old parks swept by, grass and trees replaced by algae and seaweed forests.

It was a world only the froggers and fish could claim. Beautiful in its own fluidic way. Yet this was not time to linger on such things. His mind locked on the mission as he neared the closest boat.

Then he spotted the secondary fleet. Not mechanical submersibles. He would've detected them just as easily. No, the sleek forms following below the boats might've been froggers themselves except for the dorsal fins, the vertical tails, and the maws gaping with rows of gleaming, titanium teeth.

And just as he spotted them, so they returned the favor. As one, four synthsharks darted his way, altered brains letting them move with even more uncanny intelligence than your average shark.

The frogger grinned and gripped his harpoon tighter. Soon as he dispatched these beasts, he'd have to move even faster. No doubt their biosigns were being tracked as an early warning method for the boats above.

He took aim as the synthsharks came into range...



Even if it is the Big Soggy instead of the Big Apple, it's still got plenty of opportunity for the opportunistic. You might just have to look a little harder to find it, maybe compromise a bit more than you're comfortable with to get in with the right credit payout. But remember, even though America cast us aside before, we're still founded on those capitalistic principles...now with a heavy dash of anarchy thrown into the mix.

Where's there's chaos, though, ami, there's credits to be made. And with all the mud and silt slapped around here, you can bet there's a few glinting pretty preciouses at the bottom of the channel that someone hasn't dug up yet. Don't got the guts for the island? Maybe you'll find yourself more at home in one of the boroughs, or better yet, riding out the wealth in Newark. Pitch your lot in with the corps or one of the military units, if you don't mind putting that pretty body of yours on the line. It's all up to you.

#FE4LIFE: Try and make it out here. None of you would last a week.

#Bloodsoil93: I'm going to laugh so hard when NAC finally comes in and owns all you pretty boys.

#FE4LIFE: They wouldn't dare. They're too afraid.

#Bloodsoil93: Yes, you convince yourself of that when a mech is about to stomp you to squelch.

ARCHETYPES

The following archetypes are examples of the types of characters you'll find in the Reclamation Zone.

AQUATIST

"See, everyone around here is scrambling so hard to stay high and dry. It's kinda pathetic, yah? All this water around, be a shame to let it go to waste. Even if you aren't born with gills, there's plenty of ways to get them or get the next best thing. Because when you're below the surface, all the stupid chaos and petty politics on the airside just fades away. Of course, we got our own dirty jobs; blood to shed and pickings to find. But I'd do it down below a thousand times before bothering with all you land lovers and dirt suckers."

#Shellblood, Freelance Aquatist Unit, For Hire

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Aquatists are also often heard described as frogmen, froggers, saltsuckers, or gillmen. Whatever you want to call them, their domain is the sea, with its infinite dark channels and mysterious chambers. Oh, they've been around before in special ops units and the like, but even before the corps and military moved into the Big Soggy, plenty of natives had gone sub-surface and found they loved it there. Some have keen senses that have adapted to let them pick out clear detail in the murkiest conditions, often have implants or hybridizations that let them swim faster, stay under longer (if not indefinitely), and survive depths and toxic water conditions that other divers would flee. Regardless, they're found working for almost everyone, as well as themselves.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d8
Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Stealth d6, Survival d4, Swimming d10
Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6;
Firewall: 4; **Strain:** 0; **Street Cred:** 4
Hindrances: Secret (Major: Agent), two Minor
Edges: Barnacles, Reputation
Occupation: Diver
Contacts: Choose two

DRUGSTORE JUDGE

"Now listen here. You are in my court, and in my court, what I say is law. Now you came here to have your matter settled, I assume, rather than to behave in such a ridiculous manner. You can strut and threaten all you want, but my verdict is clear, whether you like it or not. Going to another judge isn't going to change the matter, so don't even bother. Now you can leave here one of two ways: peacefully and alive, or...I hope you're intelligent enough to figure out the alternative."

#Her Honorable Meredith Lakely, Newark Drugstore Judge in the East Ward

Overseen by The Boss and Five Stars coalition, drugstore judges are an odd yet earnest organization of legal representatives who bring justice straight to the citizens. They still hold court in whatever available shopfront is nearest when approached by a plaintiff, using nearby citizens as witnesses (and possible enforcers) of the verdict. The thing is, drugstore judges truly believe they're performing an important duty and they put their keen minds to the task. It's actually quite rare to find a corrupt judge. Most, if ever approached by a bribe attempt to sway their opinion, will kick the plaintiff out and ban them from the entire system for life.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d6
Skills: Fighting d6, Intimidation d8, Knowledge (Law) d6, Notice d6, Persuasion d8, Streetwise d8
Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5;
Firewall: 4; **Strain:** 0; **Street Cred:** 3
Hindrances: Shell Shock (Major), Code of Honor (Minor), One Minor
Edges: Shopfront Justice, Choose one
Occupation: Vendor
Contacts: Choose two

HOTROD

"This here is my prettiest piece. The prize of my pen. Sweet Jenny Dash. You do not touch Sweet Jenny Dash. Not unless you wanna lose a finger, gettit? You look. Don't touch. Check

out the mods, but from a distance. Them's tires I stripped from gutted tank treads. Them afterburners could launch you into space. Steering wheel's made of whalebone and the plating can take a rocket hit right on. Paint and wax job's by Gilroy's down the street. Hey! I said you do not touch, scumbucket!"

#Queen Sparkles, Fuel Junkies Racing Squad

The hotrod lives to mod motors and race them. Of course, around the Big Soggy, that's mostly happening over on the Brooklyn Bridge, where the races are more deathtraps and there's often one survivor to cross the finish line. But the fame, the glory, the jizz-in-your-pants adrenaline rush makes it all worth it. Hotrods are part driving fiend, part road warrior, and all-out speed fiends. Even if Manhattan's roads are underwater, there's plenty round these parts to still be conquered.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d6
Skills: Driving d10, Fighting d6, Knowledge (Local Area) d8, Notice d6, Persuasion d6
Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 5;
Firewall: 4; **Strain:** 0; **Street Cred:** 2
Hindrances: Debt (Major), two minor
Edges: Big Soggy Native, Like the Back of my Hand
Occupation: Layabout
Contacts: Choose two

RECLAMATIONIST

"This poor city needs our help. I can't believe the state of it compared to the old photos. The maligned skyscrapers. The



Character Information: Archetypes

roads no one will ever walk again. The priceless treasures of art lost beneath the waves. The dazzling skyline. The rumbling subways. Oh, and the people. Yes. Absolutely. They must be cared for, but for that to happen they need a real home again. Not this dripping, dank hovel. We'll see it happen or die trying."

#Bennett Govelton, C-7 Reclatech Development Lab Scientist

Reclamationists have been considered everything from bleeding heart do-gooders to worthless treasure hunters. They're often involved in some capacity with trying to restore the city to its former glory (and dry conditions) or, at the very least, to make it livable for current and future citizens. Of course, the definition of "livable" is up for debate. Reclamationists go to great lengths to try and preserve, restore, and improve the old infrastructure, and most see people who oppose these efforts as backwards Luddites, at best, or vermin needing extermination, at worst.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Drive d4, Fighting d6, Knowledge (Demolitions) d8, Lockpicking d6, Notice d8, Repair d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6;

Firewall: 4; **Strain:** 0; **Street Cred:** 2

Hindrances: One Major, two minor

Edges: McGyver, Reclamationist

Occupation: Construction Worker

Contacts: Choose two

REFUGEE

"You don't understand. I have to get into the Big Soggy. I don't care what stories they tell about it. I have to! The people after

me are...not nice. No, I don't owe them money. Let's just leave it that there's some bad blood between us. So are you going to help me get across the rails or not? I've already paid your security fee. What do you mean it just doubled? Damn you, I... fine. You'll get it. Just get me over there so I have a chance at a peaceful life for once. Why are you laughing?"

#Unnamed, Overheard at a known smuggler's pit

Beyond the corporations, all manner of desperate people are flocking to New York City and its surroundings. Let's face it, anyone so bad off they think NYC offers them a better shot at good fortune has got to have something terrible behind them they're fleeing. Newark has acknowledged this rush of refugees and raised their transport fees to exorbitant levels, often forcing the worst-off to seek out coyotes to smuggle them across. Many of them disappear as soon as they set foot in Planktown, which tends to act as the main landing zone on the other side.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d4, Hacking d6, Investigation d8, Lockpicking d6, Notice d4, Shooting d6, Stealth d4, Streetwise d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5;

Firewall: 4; **Strain:** 0; **Street Cred:** 2

Hindrances: One Major, Blacklisted (Minor), Debt (Minor)

Edges: Refugee, Investigator

Occupation: Info Broker

Contacts: Choose two

RIVER RAT

"Getcha whereya wanna go. Get whatcha got whereya wannit to go. Getcha down, getcha up, getcha allaround. That's me job and don't deny it, else I slits yah throat and dumpya deep. Getcha in and getcha out, getcha lost, getcha found. Getcha sniff and getcha- snort, getcha rum and getcha port. Getcha girls and getcha boys, getcha lots of pretty, broken toys. Getit?"

#"My name? Fuck you, mistah", Ragtown Rudes

River rats are a ragged association based mostly out of Manhattan, though their numbers have been seen riding the tiniest tendrils of water into other boroughs or slipping in and out of their dens. They're often spotted by their notched ears, though they tend to wear their hair long to hide this. They're known for their stealth, their knowledge of secret routes throughout the city, and all sorts of nifty secrets that the corporations and their mercs don't know yet; all the better for working any manner of deed they're hired for without getting spotted.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Stealth d10, Streetwise d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6;

Firewall: 4; **Strain:** 0; **Street Cred:** 2

Hindrances: One Major, Bad Reputation (Minor), Giri (Minor)

Edges: Vendor Hook-Up

Occupation: Ganglander

Contacts: Choose two

WAVE RIDER

"Man, there's nothing better than being out skimming on the waves. Think surfing the coast is a big deal? You haven't lived until you've carved you way down a channel with steel towers



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on either side and a few mutant crabs snipping at your ride. It's totally epic. And the best way to get around, let me tell you that. You going to watch the boat races next month? You keep your eye peeled for me. I'm taking first for sure. Been practicing for it my whole life."

#Bonjoy Tapps, The Clippers Courier Service

Wave riders are a strange cultural transplant syndrome, copping plenty from the West Coast surfer dude stereotype, yet seeming to be entirely authentic about their enthusiasm. They tend to ride lighter watercraft, from waterskimmers down to jet-propelled surfboards, and their skill at navigating the waterways has been marked by everyone. They often serve as scouts and couriers, or just cut loose and go for the thrill-seeking of finding the biggest wave as a storm wind howls down the skyscraper wind tunnels.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Boating d10, Fighting d8, Knowledge (Local Area) d4, Notice d6, Repair d4, Shooting d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6;

Firewall: 4; **Strain:** 0; **Street Cred:** 2

Hindrances: One Major, two minor

Edges: Sea Legs, Chromed

Occupation: Boat Driver

Contacts: Choose two

OCCUPATIONS

Even if you came swaggering into town with a boatload of credits drizzling from your pockets, you might find it doesn't actually matter much. Sure, you'd find places to spend them, but you might actually find the people around you prefer to work on the old barter system, trading goods, services, and favors rather than creds. There are jobs enough to be had at all levels of this waterlogged society and economy. It just matters where you want to try and fit in.

BIOSCULPTOR

Nicknames: DNA dancer, Fleshfingers, Mad scientist, Flesh artist, Bioweaver, Corpse carver

"Some people swear by the Code. The Code is life. The Deep is divine. All that blather. Now they are correct in one way...the Code. But in all others, I fear they're quite the fools. The only code that matters is the one contained in our DNA. That contains true potential to be shaped into anything and everything, so long as we learn to sift it properly. Make it dance to our symphonies. And such symphonies and life I have written..."

Bonus credits: 7,500 each Advance

Requisites: Genetic Genius

Perks: Your character belongs to a unique community, as biosculpting is not for simple minds and weak hearts. They have an additional contact due to their productivity in the community.

BOAT DRIVER

Nicknames: Wave wheeler, Motorboater, Sea taxi, Wave whipper, Sea jockey, Surf cabbie

"Yo Mack, whereya need to get to today? Sure, sure. Surf's a little choppy, but I bet I can shave half a minute off my previous time. You strapped in back there? Whoeeee! Hey,

hope you don't mind a little spray on the suit. Now, I heard some Netchatter that there's a NAC blockade over off 39th, so we'll be cutting round that, but don't worry. I know me a shortcut that'll take us just outside of shooting range. Why you looking so pale? If you need to spew, the side's over there. Don't get it in the bottom of my boat, buddy."

Bonus credits: 3,000 plus (1d4x100) each Advance

Requisites: Sea Legs

Perks: Boat drivers know where to go, where to avoid, and how calm the boss down if things went a little sideways. Your character receives a +2 to Streetwise rolls that seek to identify dangerous or interesting spots. They also have access to a company speedboat that they have to pay the upkeep and token fees on (1,250 due at each Rank).

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Nicknames: Fabricator, Reclamist, Duster, Hackbacks, Brickers

"This tower's one of those fifty-fifty deals. You've got half a chance that if you go in there and start trying to straighten the place out it'll all come crashing down on your heads. Other half a chance that it'll stay up and you'll get a hefty survival bonus at the end of the job. I've worked worse odds. What I really hate is when we get those squatters, or no-good Gaia-lovers, who go on yelling about how Mother Nature has reclaimed the city and now it's all sacred ground; blah blah blah. C'mon, man. I'm just trying to feed my family."

Bonus credits: 2,250 each Advance

Requisites: McGyver

Perks: Your character prefers to put things up, however if you're skilled at putting things up it's because you know how things can fall down. They have a +2 bonus to Knowledge (Demolitions) rolls regarding structural integrity. They also know a guy who knows someone, and have a +2 to Streetwise rolls made to secure explosives.

COURT CRONY

Nicknames: Eye spy, Witness, Vulture, Case faker, Jury jacker

"All I'm saying is I'm doing society just as much of a favor as the judges themselves. So what if people think I'm gaming the system? It's a service. Look, the courts need citizen witnesses, right? Not every citizen enjoys having a drugstore judge commandeer their day just to listen to some bloke bitch about how he got hustle. So I save them the time. Just because I get paid like any other witness, just because I follow judges around all day, waiting for them to launch a case doesn't make it any less legit. It's a living."

Bonus credits: 500 plus (Persuasion roll + Charisma)x300 at each Advance

Requisites: Knowledge (Law) d4+, Notice d6+, Streetwise d6+

Perks: Court Cronies know all the signs of an impending case. At the start of each session, your character may make a Notice roll. If successful, they gain 250 credits or a free favor from a contact for that session.

DIVER

Nicknames: Water doggie, Shellback, Saltsucker, Mudchurner, Bubbler

"I guess...well, I dunno. I guess it's the mystery of it that keeps me going back under. I'm no frogger, sad to say. Still got to have a rebreather or—worse—a tank strapped to my

Character Information: Occupations

back, but at least I can still go under. And every time it's like slipping into a whole other world. I guess in some ways it is another world now. I used to feel like a tourist down there, gawking at everything. Now...now it feels like home, y'know? I think I'd keep going back even if I didn't get paid for it. But don't tell my clients that."

Bonus credits: 2,000 each Advance

Requisites: Harpoonist

Perks: Divers tend to be perceptive and detail oriented. Your character has a +1 to all Notice rolls.

GRAFFITI ARTIST

Nicknames: *Spraymaster, Tagger, City Angels, Bomber, Huffer, Rookster*

"Step back, boyo. Ya don't wanna breathe in any of this stuff. It doesn't just spray paint on the wall, it actually embeds it straight into the stone. Guess what that would do to your lungs? That's why I'm wearing the mask. Just a few more lines and...ah there. What do you think, boyo? Glorious, isn't it? Think I'll call it...MegaCorp MegaShits. Classy, I know."

Bonus credits: None

Requisites: Message for the Masses, Notice d6+, Stealth d8+, Streetwise d6+

Perks: Your character is a master of the chromatic mists and indelible sprays that bring color to an otherwise gray urban landscape. They will always find a way to express themselves, whether they are flush in credits or flushed of them. Your character gains a +1 to their Charisma. They can also make a Persuasion roll at the start of each session. If successful they either gain a +1 to one trait roll made that session or they receive (Persuasion roll + Charisma)x100 credits.

TOUR GUIDE

Nicknames: *Sea sherpa, Excursionist, Voyagist, Tour shark, Cruiser*

"Ladies and gentlemen, we're now emerging into the infamous expanse of Times Square. You'll note how many of the old billboards have actually kept up in decent repair, despite the unfortunate graffiti and a few claimed by electric fires. We'll idle here for a moment, so you can take whatever optipics and vids you wish. But as I say, you can never quite understand the grandeur of the place unless you see it in person. Now if you'll all ensure your limbs are inside, as I'll begin conversion for the submersible portion of our tour, coming up next."

Bonus credits: 1,000 plus (Knowledge (Local Area) die + Charisma)x100 each Advance

Requisites: Debt (Major or Minor), Boating d6+, Knowledge (Local Area) d4+, Persuasion d6+

Perks: Your character owns a modified watercraft worth a total of 25,000 credits. This is connected to a Debt that you own, however it does not replace the credits that you gain with the hinderance.

VENDOR

Nicknames: *Bread boater, Food floater, Foodie, Corner cook, Piedaddies, Snack slinger*

"I know what you got a hankerin' for, buddy. Been, what? Almost three months? Now you've been hittin' me up for

the good stuff? Gotta know ol' Joe will keep you supplied. It's funny, ain't it, how some people just keep comin' back for more, no matter how many times they try and get it outta their system? Heard some folks sayin' we must be dosin' the goods, they're so delish. Ain't no secret to it. Just happy to serve up whatever people are droolin' for most. So what'll it be? Lemme guess, I think I got you figgered now. Spicy sausage, no relish, double heapin' of sauerkraut, and a bun just a tad black around the edges. There yah go!"

Bonus credits: 1,800 at each Advance

Requisites: Knowledge (Local Area) d6+, Persuasion d6+

Perks: Your character is one of the legions of food vendors who ply their skill to sale their products all across the Big Soggy. They are fixtures of the cityscape, be it curbside or moorage, and witness activities throughout the city. At the start of each session a vendor can make a Knowledge (Local Area) roll to see if they learned anything useful about the city. If successful they can add a +1 bonus to any two trait rolls that they make that session.

WINDOW WASHER

Nicknames: *Squeegee slut, Shineboys, Scaffold junkies, Treefrogs, Droppers*

"They said the corporations were going to start bringing some jobs back into the area, and look. They did! Course, some chuckle at the thought of us washing windows on a skyrise while the rest of the city looks like a toilet bowl; but, hey, I'm getting paid. Fortunately, I'm not afraid of heights either. So as long as the suits want to keep the credits flowing my way, I'm happy to keep their windows spit-and-polish clean, so they can keep gazing out over the city they want to own."

Bonus credits: 2,500 each Advance

Requisites: Climbing d6+, Notice d8+, Streetwise d6+

Perks: Your character is a member of the unique community of window washers in and around the Big Soggy. It is a community that has an uncanny admixture of competition and comradery. Your character is intimately familiar with climbing gear, which grants you a +2 on Climbing rolls and they have access to a wide variety of climbing equipment.

ZOOKEEPER

Nicknames: *Herder, Straw boss, Ranger, Groundskeeper*

"The Bronx Zoo is, of course, where I keep mainly employed, however you might be surprised how many private menageries are kept in the area and need a tending hand. You aren't? Oh, of course. I should've expected guests such as yourselves to be kept up on such things. Zoos these days are not the tawdry affairs of yesteryear. They are spectacles, sure, but of the refined form, the streamlined and sculpted biomass rather than the half-starved and forever prowling beasts these cages once held. Now would you like to see the starchildren or Deep Ones first?"

Bonus credits: 3,500 each Advance

Requisites: Keys to the Zoo

Perks: Your character has free access to several facilities around the Big Soggy which are used for the care and management of biological creatures, be they augmented, natural, or sculpted. In exchange for your character's services, the patrons of these facilities often overlook personal usage, be it for overt or covert reasons. Once per session, your character can make use

NEW EQUIPMENT

"I love New York City; I've got a gun."

-Charles Barkley

See this harpoon? You'll take it from me when you pry it from my cold, clammy, dead hands. This is my harpoon. My harpoon is my best friend. I love this harpoon. There are many like it, but this one is mine. Need I go on, ami? It's the equipment we choose to master that makes us all the more capable of survival in the wild and wet world of the Big Soggy, and beyond. But not all gear is fit for everyone or every place. You might be surprised how many of the NAC and Atlantican soldiers who trooped out to defend their fleck of the foam were caught off-guard by their armor and weapons rusting far more rapidly than usual. Even modern metals aren't entirely salt-resistant, especially when in a coastal environment 24/7; both factions were suddenly operating in unfamiliar territory and needed to adapt.

If there's one thing you can count on, though, it's the corporations scrambling fin over flipper to fill any niche in any market. They've had plenty of experience selling to other water-bound and coastal communities, and so it's no surprise that they've suddenly had an influx of Malmart offerings aimed squarely our way; now that people here have access and credits to pay for the stuff. Of course, we've been cobbling together our own augments, upgrades, implants, weapons, and any vehicle that can gun it on surf or turf for decades, and we've gotten damn good at it. However, the corporations are all too eager to remind us how much finer quality their products are than the home-brewed gear.

#Hey_Hey_Hey00: Hey.

#Cweed_n_Grass: Wait. Did he just start a conversation? I thought bots were reactive.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Still not convinced he's a bot.

In the end, it doesn't matter much whether you go the barter and trade route or buy straight from the digi-catalog. It's all got one point to it: keeping you alive in the day-to-day. Hopefully it also means your enemies wind up dead, but so long as you swim away to fight another day, that's what matters most. Of course, the reality is you can be picky and only choose the best gear, but that's going to cost you a bucket load of credits. Or you can go the cheap route and hope your shiny little implant doesn't glitch on you at just the wrong moment. Everything has its cost. How much are you willing to pay for your life?

ARMOR

I'm the first to admit I'm well-aware of how fragile my skin is when I'm down in the currents. Even though it's a little thicker than normal, given my natural insulation and toughness, it's still hardly enough to stop a well-placed harpoon. I've been sniffing around for a good armored wetsuit option for a while, and I might've actually found one worth trying. Good fit, doesn't disrupt any motion, supposed to be able to stop a synthshark bite—though I'm not eager to test out that last claim. Wherever you're heading, ami, unless you're part of

one of those skinny dipping communities, you're likely going to want something better than your birthday wetsuit. I dug up some decent offerings.

WAVELENGTH ARMORED WETSUIT

For the diver and gillman in all of us, this new wetsuit edition is a step above the rest; or should we say, a step below? Do you think fish swim around with all those hard scales because they just want to look pretty? Think sharks and dolphins have that hard, rubbery skin because they just like feeling so sleek? It's because they know sooner or later bubble will come to bite, and we want you to be as prepared as they are when you slip under the waves. This armored wetsuit is made of pure shark leather, so it remains as supple as you are. Then we weave in titano-threading and add extra plating in those extra-sensitive areas. Guaranteed for up to 1,000m depth and 4 degrees Celsius. The suit provides +2 to Vigor rolls resisting pressure and cold.

SKYLINE CORPORATION RUST AWAY ARMOR

Have you noticed rust eating away at the functionality of your body armor? Worried that a latch or plate might prove as rotted through as a piece of paper when it comes time to put it to the true test? Have no fear! Our basic combat body armor has been specially treated with our proprietary Rust-Away compound, guaranteed to keep salty breezes, saltwater, and other eroding factors from eating away at suit integrity. Note: Guarantee is only good up for the first year of use. Rust-Away reapplication gels must be purchased at additional cost of 20% of base suit price.

BOMBS ON BROADWAY RACING ARMOR

Maybe you've thought about those corporate types up in their tower, but realized the road's the only office that will ever contain your true awesome. Are you determined to become royalty on NYC's own Brooklyn Bridge raceway? Are you prepared to defy death for the glory that is rightly yours? Laugh in the face of other drivers when they take a potshot at you, only to have it absorbed by our reinforced racing suit. Lightweight enough that it'll add nothing at all to your vehicle load and flexing to react to your lightning fast driving reflexes, this suit is sure to keep you at the front of the pack!

C-7 EMERGI-PLUNGE ARMOR

In the face of the ongoing instabilities within the Reclamation effort, it's a known danger that a shift in rubble, a construction operation gone awry, or an ill-formed attack by anti-Reclamation forces could send one tumbling into the drink at a moment's notice. Be prepared with our emergency water survival suit, easily worn under your normal work clothes. Built to auto-detect falls and water proximity, you'll be sealed within an environmentally protected, water-filtering unit that will keep you safe until rescue arrives.

#Chompah_Chips: This saved my life once! Total truth!

#NAME: You actually own one of these? On a food vendor budget?

New Equipment: Special Gear

CYBERNETICS

AUGMENTATION PACKAGES	STRAIN	NOTES
Gillman	5	See description
Treefrog	4	See description
Ultimate Racer	8	See description
Apex Predator	6	See description
AUGMENT LIST		
Rebreather	1	Semi-Aquatic
Sonar	1	Halves Aquatic Lighting Penalties
Sharkteeth	1	Cyberweapon: Str+d4
CYBERLIMB MODULES		
LOCATION	NOTES	
Webbing and Fins	Arms, Legs, Back; see description	+1 Swimming Pace, +2 Swimming, Razor Fins. Takes up 2 slots
Octopus Tentacles	Torso and arms	One extra non-movement action per limb with no multi-action penalty.
Crab Pincers	Hands	Cyberweapon: Str+d4, AP 2, +2 bonus to disarm attempts.

SPECIAL GEAR

SPECIAL GEAR	COST	WEIGHT	NOTES
WL Fishing Gear	140	5	+1 to Survival rolls when fishing
WL Scuba Gear	750	3	10 hours breathing time
WL Water Filter	200	—	+1 to resist Poison or Disease

CYBERLIMB MODULES

WEBBING AND FINS

With flex-net webbing implanted between fingers and toes, plus razor-sharp fins along arms, legs, and back, you'll be able to out-swim and outmaneuver practically anyone and anything you encounter out in open water. Increase swimming Pace by 1" and add +2 to all Swimming rolls.

- Weapon: Str+d4.

Note: Gills or rebreather not included.

OCTOPUS TENTACLES

Installed at custom-fixed points across your torso and arms, these tentacles perfectly mimic the famed limbs of octopi, including gripping and suction action. Fully articulate, you'll think they were made from your own flesh. A mental module is included to allow your brain to handle the extra sensory input, as well as the fine-tuned control these tentacles require. And when you're not in the water, think how extra handy you'll be at work or home! Flesh sheathes and custom paint jobs available.

#MarcoSec88: Brother of mine got this and couldn't coordinate for a month, even with the ment-mod.

#Batter_Up: Is he an idiot?

#MarcoSec88: No! He got them working, it just took way longer than they said it would. He uses them now to DJ down at the Blue-L-L.

#Kelpunk: So you're saying he's an eight-armed idiot now.

CRAB PINCERS

Get a single pincer or go for the whole pair! These are strength rated to cut through sheet metal with ease, and can be fitted with either razor edging, serration, or high-traction clamps depending on the intended use.

- Weapon: Damage Str+d4; AP 2, +2 bonus to disarm attempts.

SPECIAL GEAR

WAVELENGTH FISHING GEAR

Don't want to shell out credits for food or rely on the corporate goop that's being piped in by the ton? Rely on your



The New York Reclamation Zone

MELEE WEAPONS

TYPE	DAMAGE	WEIGHT	COST	NOTES
WL Ice Blade	Str+d4	2	200	AP -1. Lasts 2 rounds. See description.
WL Webbed Claws	Str+d4	1	600	AP 1
WL Diving Knife	Str+d4	2	35	
WL Sharktooth Machete	Str+d8	5	250	AP 2. Applies Ugly Hindrance. See description
WT Yankees Baseball Bat	Str+d4	2	35	Improvised weapon

PISTOLS

PISTOLS	RANGE	DAMAGE	ROF	COST	WEIGHT	SHOTS	MIN. STR	NOTES
HRZ Driver's Delight	12/24/48	2d6	1	500	5	9	d6	AP4, Semi-Auto; See description
WL Underwater Pistol	10/20/40	2d6	1	300	4	5	d6	AP2, Revolver, Propriety ammunition: See description

own hunting savvy and snag yourself a few fresh fish today! With our triple-twined reinforced rod, unbreakable hooks, and monosteel lines, you'll be hauling in a daily catch in no time.

WAVELENGTH SCUBA GEAR

If you'd like to go for a swim but don't want to cough up the credits for a rebreather, gills, or other augments, go with our premier scuba line! This sleek design lightens the traditional load to practically nil while expanded oxygen provision by 1,000%!

#Kelpunk: False advertising. The scuba gear is good, but 1000%? No Way, man.

WAVELENGTH WATER FILTER

Ever find yourself just the teensy bit thirsty but don't have your favorite drink on hand? This rechargeable, customized water filter can turn any water source, no matter how salinized, into the drink of your choice! Flavor tablets last up to three months, and the filter is rated to remove most major toxins.

WEAPONS

MELEE

WAVELENGTH ICE BLADE

Opponents think you're weaponless? Think again. Just dip the rod in any water source up to the hilt. The subzero conductor will whip away the heat, letting you draw out a razor sharp blade of pure ice. The ice sheath lasts for two rounds, then must be immersed in water again. This is due to the blade losing its fine edge. It is possible to taint the water used for an ice blade with brown water or poison and inflict them on a target.

WAVELENGTH WEBBED CLAWS

Turn those hands into something useful, and deadly. These synthweave gloves slip over your hands and produce retractable razor claw tips that can be used to slash and gash both on land and in the sea. For those of you with webbed hands already, the tips can be purchased separately.

WAVELENGTH DIVING KNIFE

Never be caught off guard, even if just out for a relaxing swim. This corrosive resistant, folding blade tucks easily into any swimsuit, even a bikini, and whips out in moments to give your foe pause.

WAVELENGTH SHARKTOOTH MACHETTE

Add a bit of flash to your slash! This machete doesn't leave a clean cut. Instead, the jagged sharkteeth cemented to every edge will scar them for life. Assuming you let them survive at all, that is. If the victim is Incapacitated as a result of damage from this weapon, she gains the Ugly Hindrance. If the character already has the Ugly Hindrance, her Charisma lowers by an additional 2 points. Characters can remove the Hindrance as normal (See *Savage Worlds*) by spending an advance to get medical attention as well as 500 credits for the surgery.



New Equipment: Weapons

SUBMACHINE GUNS

SUBMACHINE GUNS	RANGE	DAMAGE	ROF	COST	WEIGHT	SHOTS	MIN. STR	NOTES
HM Paint the Town	12/24/48	2d6	3	750	4	120	—	AP 3, Auto
HRZ RodPod SMG	12/24/48	2d6	3	750	5	90	d6	AP 2, Auto, 3RB
WT Gangland Special	12/24/48	2d6+1	3	1000	3	30	d8	AP 2, Auto

SHOTGUNS

SHOTGUNS	RANGE	DAMAGE	ROF	COST	WEIGHT	SHOTS	MIN. STR	NOTES
WT Blowhole	12/24/48	1-3d6	1	400	6	4	d6	AP 2
WT Big Bloody	5/10/20	2d10	3	800	5	6	d8	AP 1, 3RB, Slugs only

RIFLES

RIFLES	RANGE	DAMAGE	ROF	COST	WEIGHT	SHOTS	MIN. STR	NOTES
HM Skyspy	30/60/120	2d10	1	800	5	4	d8	AP 2; See description, Snapfire
BOB Lady Liberty	24/48/96	2d8	1	400	2	1	—	AP 1, Snapfire, +2 to Stealth to Conceal

HEAVY WEAPONS

HEAVY WEAPONS	RANGE	DAMAGE	ROF	COST	WEIGHT	SHOTS	MIN. STR	NOTES
SC Hullpuncher	50/100/200	3d6+1	1	Corporate/ Military exclusive	10	5	—	AP3, HW, Snapfire
HM Room Sweeper	50/100/200	2d10	3	Corporate/ Military exclusive	35	200	d8	Auto, Special

WASTELAND TRADERS YANKEES BASEBALL BAT

Oh, we know how much some of you out there love the Yanks! Well now's your chance to get a certified replica of the official New York Yankees Baseball Bat. It's great for popping the ball around or popping off a poor sport's head. Specific player signature engravings available at extra cost.

PISTOLS

HOOD RATZ DRIVER'S DELIGHT

That berk getting a little too close to your tail? With this handy piece, you'll be able to peg the tires, crack the windshield, or even nail your opponent square between the eyes! Dampeners reduce interference by engine vibrations at high speeds. Unstable platform penalties are reduced by 1.

WAVELENGTH UNDERWATER PISTOL

Miss the shot with your harpoon? Snag this beauty off your diving belt and plug away without having to worry about recoil or misfires, thanks to the hydrophobic bullet. The ammunition is proprietary, and can only be purchased through the manufacturer (Wasteland Traders), or on the black market.

Ammunition Cost: 200 credits for a case of 100, or 2 credits per bullet. Reduce costs by 50% if sold on the Black Market. A Streetwise roll or the appropriate contact is required to find a black market dealer.

SUBMACHINE GUNS

HOSTILE MERGER PAINT THE TOWN

After a busy day in the office, sometimes all you want to do is hit the town and let off steam. What's better than knocking down a deal or two? Knocking down a dozen corporate competitors you happen to stroll into on the street. Enjoy your off-hours.

HOOD RATZ RODPOD SMG

Whether you use it in the hand or use the hood clamps, this triple-barrel beauty will turn the chassis ahead of you into a burning corpse on the sidelines. Auto-trigger function included.

WASTELAND TRADERS GANGLAND SPECIAL

Your gang is your family, and your turf is all that matters. Are you ready to protect it at all costs? With this large caliber piece, you might even claim a few new footholds.

SHOTGUNS

WASTELAND TRADERS BLOWHOLE

Have them sucking air from a few new holes after a single shot from this powerful blastmaster. The weapon allows for four salvos before reloading. It takes 1 round to reload.

WASTELAND TRADERS BIG BLOODY

Hit 'em front or back, it doesn't matter. What does is you'll flip 'em over and send 'em splashing, turning those waters red as they bob away on the tide.

RIFLES

HOSTILE MERGER SKYSPY

Don't want to meet your competitor across town for negotiation talks? Send your apologies straight through their skull from a mile away. The 100x scope on this sniper automatically adjust lighting levels so as to reduce the glare off the skyscrapers.

Note: Optics reduce penalties due to lighting and glare by half, and gains a +2 bonus to Shooting rolls at medium range and higher as per the Scope rules in *Savage Worlds*.

The New York Reclamation Zone

SPECIAL WEAPONS

SPECIAL WEAPONS	RANGE	DAMAGE	ROF	COST	WEIGHT	SHOTS	MIN. STR	NOTES
WL Water Cannon	10/20/40	2d6	1	1000	85	—	—	MBT, Must be on tripod or mounted
WL Phosphorous Projector	15/30/60	3d6	1	5000	75	5	d8	SBT. Ignores all unsealed armor. Sets fire to flammable materials.

MISSILE LAUNCHERS

MISSILE LAUNCHERS	RANGE	DAMAGE	ROF	COST	WEIGHT	SHOTS	MIN. STR	NOTES
WL Portable Torpedo Launcher	50/100/200	4d10	1	50k	30	1	D6	AP 4, HW, Snapfire
WT Pirate Cannon	30/60/120	3d8	1	10k	60	1	d8	Cone Template AP 2, HW,

BOMBS ON BROADWAY LADY LIBERTY

You just enjoyed a great show and are stepping out to catch your ride, yet some thug starts causing trouble. This unfolding, one-shot rifle is the perfect way to continue your evening uninterrupted.

HEAVY WEAPONS

SKYLINE CORPORATION HULLPUNCHER

The next time a few would-be pirates drift into your path, this water-worthy railgun will leave them sinking in your wake. Its lightweight design keeps it from being any trouble for boat maneuverability, and allows for rapid deployment.

HOSTILE MERGER ROOM SWEEPER

Squatters giving you trouble? This thundering heavy machine gun will take care of the people while leaving the structure intact. Can be hand-operated or bolted to a VTOL-heli.

Note: Weapon uses frangible rounds, which are not designed to penetrate hardened surfaces like concrete or metal. Double all armor values.

SPECIAL WEAPONS

WAVELENGTH WATER CANNON

Wield the water itself as your weapon! As water is pumped up through the unspooled tube, its compressed and forced out at enough speed and force to flense flesh from bone. Note: Weapon is an indirect fire weapon that uses the Medium Burst Template to disperse damage to targets within area of effect.

WAVELENGTH PHOSPHOROUS PROJECTOR

The super-concentrated phosphorous in this streaming weapon will make water burn for hours. Activated by bio-sealed thumbprint and pre-programmed patterns available.

MISSILE LAUNCHERS

WAVELENGTH PORTABLE TORPEDO LAUNCHER

Consider this your own personal torpedo! Able to lock on to even the slickest submersible within seconds, this launcher has minimal kickback to keep you oriented in case any survives the wreckage.

WASTELAND TRADERS PIRATE CANNON

Ahoy! Go old-school and plunder the Big Soggy seas with this genuine cannon, minus the gunpowder, of course. The cannonball is launched along a spiraling magno-rail at the touch of an authorized user.

Note: Weapon must be mounted or on a tripod. Fires in a Cone Template.



The New York Reclamation Zone

- **The Survival Skill:** A successful Survival rolls allows for the character (or characters) to know that they have come in contact with man-eating barnacles and that they should seek medical attention. A success with a raise allows for a character (or characters) to notice the barnacles before they become attached.
- **Recovery:** Each day of treatment of treatment removes a Fatigue level. Once all Fatigue levels are removed, a character can then treat their wounds. It is possible to treat an incapacitated character up to one week after they become incapacitated. The condition is treated by abrasive removal of skin layers while applying a dermal treatment that inhibits regrowth of barnacles.
- **Incapacitation:** Those who are incapacitated by a man-eating barnacle die within two weeks of being incapacitated. Their body is hollowed out by the barnacle and is now home to hundreds of larvae seeking new hosts and/or open water.

#MarcoSec88: So if we've got one of these nearby, is there, like, pest control we can call?

#FE4LIFE: Yeah. Check out the #YOURFUCKED board.

#Kelpunk: It's "you're."

VIOLENT SEA LIFE

Anyone who's ever been around the ocean for any amount of time can tell you one thing for sure: it's a killer. Yeah, it's pretty and shit, and gives a decent sunset. In the end, though, that big expanse of water couldn't care less whether you sink or swim in it. And the creatures that swim through it? They're just as merciless. Some of them even got a taste for blood. Ever go to the beach and wonder why all those little fishies were nipping at your toes? They weren't playing, they were trying to fucking eat you, ami! Now consider some of the other toothed and tentacled beasties who might want to play for keeps.

#Cweed_n_Grass: That's a pretty bleak look at it.

#Kelpunk: Just now is when you think it's bleak? Really?

CARNIVOROUS DOLPHINS

Used to be dolphins were considered playful little puppies. But a couple decades ago, that started to change. Now there are known pods that have upgraded from chomping fish to eating human. They can knock a person unconscious quick enough, and their snouts have evolved to have more shark-like teeth.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d8 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d12, Swimming d12

Pace: —; **Parry:** 6 **Toughness:** 7 (1)

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 12
- **Armor +1:** Rubbery, blubbery dermal layers.
- **Bite:** Str+d6. Carnivorous Dolphins have teeth similar to those of sharks.
- **Creative Cunning:** Carnivorous Dolphins are highly evolved animals with an intelligence that is impressive. They use

tactics in combat, Intimidate and Taunt foes, perform Called Shots, and aim for vulnerable areas on an opponent.

- **Echolocation:** Due to a sonar-like perceptive sense, carnivorous dolphins ignore penalties due to lighting.
- **Pack Hunter:** If a member of the pod is hunting or at war, the pod is hunting or at war. On the average, 1d6+1 carnivorous dolphins hunt together or if there is a threat to the pod at large a warpod averages about 3d4+3. They can and will gang-up on foes, as needed. Specially to face threats larger than any one dolphin can handle.
- **Ramming:** As per the Brawler combat edge, carnivorous dolphins are skilled at ramming with the whole of their head. This ramming does Str +2 damage.
- **Size +1:** Carnivorous dolphins are larger than their fish eating relatives. Roughly 7'-10' long and weighing 550-700 lbs..
- **Weakness (Pack Mentality):** If a member of the pod is scared then the pod is scared. If a member of the pod is Intimidated by a foe, with a raise, then the pod is Shaken.

MORAY EEL

Ever been hunted by a pack of wolves? Moray eels do the same thing, recruiting other eels to help them hound down their prey. And while their bite is pretty savage in itself, once it strikes and clamps on, it cannot make itself let go until it either bites through or is pried off.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Swimming d6

Pace: —; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 7

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 6.
- **Bite:** Str+d6.
- **Locking Jaw:** An eel scoring a raise on Fighting automatically locks on to its prey. The eel cannot let go until it bites through or is forcibly remove requiring an opposed Strength roll. Each round attached the eel automatically deals bite damage to the target.
- **Size +1:** Moray eels are 9' long, but thin.

SHARKS

These are often thought of as the apex predators of the ocean. They're able to sense you by blood, and even by the natural electrical discharge off your skin. They never stop moving, never sleep, and are constantly growing and regrowing their teeth just to make sure they're forever sharp.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d12, Swimming d10

Pace: —; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 5

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 10.
- **Bite:** Str+d6.

STINGRAY

You might look at a stingray and think it's just a big underwater bat, kind of cute in its own way. Maybe. If bats had enormous venomous stingers that they could stick straight

into your internal organs! Think about that the next time one of these swims your way.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d8, Strength d4, Vigor d4

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d10, Swimming d10

Pace: —; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 3

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 5
- **Poison - Venomous [-1]:** On a successful attack with a raise, a stingray releases a venomous poison into its foe. A successful Vigor roll results in 1 wound and Exhaustion. Failure causes death in 2d6 minutes.
- **Sightless Hunter:** Stingrays hunt by smell and sensing electrical fields underwater. Stingrays do not suffer penalties due to lighting conditions.
- **Size -1:** Stingrays are wide, yet shallow animals roughly the size of a dog.
- **Sting:** Str.

MUTANTS & BIOFORMS

People are quick to say that it's not any final, ultimate war among the nations or any globe-sweeping natural disaster that's going to end up wiping out the human race. No, we're already creating—both inadvertently and purposefully—enough horrific creatures that will be all too happy to hunt us down into oblivion themselves. Whether mutated by the strange brews we keep dumping into the environment or escaping from a blackout lab and starting to breed, there are enough little nightmares here to keep you awake and clutching a rifle in sweaty palms by your front door all night. Nice thing is, you don't even have to go looking for these guys. They'll tend to find you well enough all on their own.

#Cweed_n_Grass: [Someone keep Sharky away from this part when he gets back.](#)

#Billy_Black_Eyes: [Boy needs to grow up someday.](#)

I fear the world is changing far faster than any of us are ever going to get used to, ami. I tell you, I've seen things both above and below the waves that I would've found impossible to imagine before they were there in the stark contrast of reality in front of me. I know some are born of our infernal tinkering with everything around us. We just can't seem to let things be, can we? Others though...who the hell knows where they came from? The main question is: what are they going to do with us now that they're here?

BIOLUMINESCENT BATS

Someone got the wise idea of splicing bioluminescence genes into bats. Why? Who knows. Makes for a pretty spectacle when they stream out of the towers at night. Problem is, the bats seem to be driven rather crazed by their spliced nature, and whole flocks have gone off-course, slamming into people, and whirring through communities in dangerously large numbers that make them a hazard. Worse yet, they are reproducing.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4 (A), Spirit d4, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d8, Stealth d6

Pace: —; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 3

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str+d4
- **Cluster:** Bioluminescent Bats travel in clusters of 1d8+2.
- **Confusion:** Due to the rapid movement of bioluminescent bats, as well as the variations in color and intensity of their light, it can be confusing when they are suddenly confronted. Immediately at the start of the first round only, targets within one yard of a group of bats must succeed at a Smarts check or be Shaken.
- **Flight:** Bioluminescent Bats have a Flying Pace of 10", with a Climb of 2.
- **Slam:** When a cluster of bioluminescent bats fly through an occupied space they initiate an opposed roll with their Fight against the target's Agility. If the target loses it suffers Str+d4 damage.
- **Size -2:** Bioluminescent Bats are about the size of large rats, especially with their wings fully outstretched.
- **Sonar:** Ignores all penalties for poor lighting.
- **Weakness (Blind):** Bioluminescent Bats are blinded by their spliced nature. They rely upon their sonar for hearing and sight. It is loud noises that cause them to fly about dangerously without concern for any in their way as they flee the source of the loudness.

BIOSCULPTURES

Whatever vision the biosculptor had for this cobbled-together mass of body parts, animal features, and violent flailing, it's quite obvious it didn't quite make the transition from mind to canvas. Put it out of its misery.



Threats: Biosculptures

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 11(1)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** Garbage Men are comprised of hodgepodge pieces some of which are quite durable and sturdy.
- **Engulf:** On successful Fighting roll with a raise, an opposed Strength roll is triggered. If the target does not overcome the garbage man, they are engulfed and take Str+d4 damage after three rounds of being engulfed, and at the end of each three rounds thereafter. Each round a target may attempt an Opposed Strength roll, if they are successful then they break free from being engulfed. Garbage Men can only engulf one (1) average size target, or two smaller targets.
- **Slam:** Str. Garbage Men throw their weight around in combat.
- **Size +2:** Garbage Men are large, dense amalgams of refuse that are normally two to three times the size of an average person.

GARGOYLES

It is widely believed, though unconfirmed, that various medium and small sized gargoyle statues across NYC have been replaced with lab-formed creatures that perfectly mimic their predecessors while being able to survey an area and report back to their unknown masters. Ability or tendency to attack is unknown.

MEDIUM-SIZED

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8



Skills: Climbing d8, Fighting d8, Intimidate d8, Notice d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8(2)

Special Abilities:

Armor +2: The skin of a gargoyle can easily pass for dense marble, even though it is surprisingly supple.

Claw: Str+d6. By hand or foot, gargoyles have swift claws used for their defense.

Flight: Pace 8 with climb of 2. Medium-sized gargoyles are stout aerialists.

Low-Light: Gargoyles suffer no penalties due to dim or dark lighting, as they see as well during the night as most can during the day.

Weakness (Sunlight): Gargoyles suffer an intense sleep paralysis when in direct sunlight. In order to continue to operate while in sunlight (natural or artificial), a gargoyle must succeed at a Vigor roll with a -2 penalty. If successful a gargoyle can continue to function for up to an hour, but all rolls by them suffer a -2 penalty. However, if the successful Vigor roll has a raise then the gargoyle is able to function for up to an hour without the penalty.

SMALL-SIZED

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Intimidate d6, Notice d10, Stealth d10

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6(1)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +1:** The skin of a gargoyle can easily pass for dense granite, even though it is surprisingly supple.
- **Claw:** Str+d4. By hand or foot, gargoyles have swift claws used for their defense.
- **Flight:** Pace 10 with climb of 3. Small-sized gargoyles are nimble aerialists.
- **Low-Light:** Gargoyles suffer no penalties due to dim or dark lighting, as they see as well during the night as most can during the day.
- **Size -1:** Smaller gargoyles are about the size of a small person or large child.
- **Weakness (Sunlight):** Gargoyles suffer an intense sleep paralysis when in direct sunlight. In order to continue to operate while in sunlight (natural or artificial), a gargoyle must succeed at a Vigor roll with a -2 penalty. If successful a gargoyle can continue to function for up to an hour, but all rolls by them suffer a -2 penalty. However, if the successful Vigor roll has a raise then the gargoyle is able to function for up to an hour without the penalty.

#SharkMinnow: I told you! I told you! I told you!

#Cweed_n_Grass: Holy...sorry I doubted you.

#Bloodsoil93: This in no way proves they exist. It's unconfirmed, just like Sal says.

#SharkMinnow: I told you! See! See?

#Chompah_Chips: Gotta chill, boy. Even if they're real, not like one's going to be squatting on OWTC. It's too new.

#SharkMinnow: You think so?

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#Cweed_n_Grass: He's right. Nothing would come near you. You're safe.

#SharkMinnow: So...I can sleep now?

#Cweed_n_Grass: Yes, hun. You go do that. We'll be here when you get back.

#SharkMinnow: Ok.

[USER #SharkMinnow HAS DISCONNECTED]

MEGAROACHES

Take your average roach and pump him up to the size of the family dog. Then give it a predilection for flesh. Now wonder where the dog has gotten to lately, and what's that loud skittering noise is behind you.

Some believe roaches are destined to become the last species on the planet, given their ability to survive anything thrown their way. Well, with them crawling and scuttling all around NYC, now as big as or bigger than dogs and small children, they've taken a definite step in that direction. Reports claim they've proven carnivorous, if no other food sources are available.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d6, Stealth d10

Pace: 4; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7(2)

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str+d6. MegaRoaches have powerful mandibles that pinch and rend flesh and bone.
- **Armor +2:** MegaRoaches shells are composed of several layers of dense chitin.
- **Size -1:** MegaRoaches are the size of a small human or large dog.
- **Skimmer:** MegaRoaches are capable skimmers and can move at their normal pace across the surface of the water. This is due to the hydrophobia hairs on their legs.

#Billy_Black_Eyes: I'm suddenly quite glad I don't live anywhere near there.

#Bloodsoil93: Where do you live, Billy?

#Billy_Black_Eyes: Chi-town. Why?

#Bloodsoil93: Figured if I ever drop into town, we could grab drinks or something. Coffee? Stronger?

#Billy_Black_Eyes: I, uh, don't get out much, sorry.

MUTANT CRABS

And you thought crab hybrids were nasty? Several of these gargantuan carapace-armored beasts have been known to scuttle whole troop transport craft all on their own. You're going to need a huge hammer to crack these wide.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d8, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Stealth d10, Swimming d8

Pace: 8; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 10(3)

Special Abilities:

- **Armor +3:** Giant crabs have thick shells.
- **Claws:** Str+d6.
- **Improved Frenzy:** Giant crabs can attack with both pincers without suffering penalties.

- **Size +1:** These creatures weigh over 400 pounds.

#Kelpunk: I've...I've never heard of these. How have I never heard of these?

#Water_Cowboy: i have. im smarter than you!

#Bloodsoil93: Maybe Cowboy just lives in filthier places than you, punk.

#Water_Cowboy: Hey!

NEWSIES

These strangely pathetic creatures are thought to be biosculptures...but those creatures normally don't replicate. Newsies have begun appearing in increasing number; tiny, mewling creatures that look like malformed, hairless children. They approach people holding scraps and rags, asking if they'd like to "buy a paper?" If the person refuses, the Newsie turns violent and will attack until killed. Fortunately, they seem relatively weak and easily dispatched.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Stealth d8

Pace: 5; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 4

Special Abilities:

- **Shiv:** Str+1. Newsies used crude razor-like weapons.
- **Size -1:** Newsies are around 3' tall.

#Cweed_n_Grass: I pray I never run into any of these. It'd give me nightmares for weeks!

#Olaphu56: i am your nightmare

#Cweed_n_Grass: Sorry. These just beat you out, like, forever,

#Olaphu56: i am your nightmare forever

SYNTH SHARKS

Why not take bloodthirsty killers and ramp them up a few notches? Increased speed, intelligence, titanium teeth, and other lovely upgrades have turned your average shark into an even more guided and capable weapon. Just don't stick lasers on their heads, yet, okay?

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d12, Swimming d10

Pace: —; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8(2)

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 12. Synth Sharks are remarkably quick aquatic foes.
- **Armor +2:** Synth Sharks have a more durable hide with reinforced meshed in their dermal layers.
- **Bite:** Str+d8. Synth Sharks have an immense bite for their size.

MOTHER NATURE

It's not enough that there are enemy soldiers actively looking to introduce you to the business end of their heat-seeking missiles. Nor that tons—literal and figurative—of biohorrors, violent hybrids, malfunctioning synths, and other artificial nasties are hungry enough to consider you a tasty snack. At times it might feel like the whole world is out to get you; in which case, you are quite correct. If she's not being entirely

oblivious to your fate, Mother Nature is otherwise displaying a brutal sense of humor in the latest terrors she whips up. The environment itself is slowly turning ever-more hazardous to human habitation, and it may not be too long before we have to stop fighting each other in order to protect ourselves from the local fauna and flora. Not that we'll be wise enough to do so until it's too late.

THE FERALS

While many stayed in NYC before the flooding, many fled as well, leaving behind almost everything—including the family pets. Cats, dogs, and other critters have managed to survive in the nooks and crannies of the city, and there are rumors that they've even begun to evolve gills and fins.

AMPHIBIOUS CAT

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d10, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Swimming d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 3; **Toughness:** 3

Special Abilities:

- **Acrobatics:** +2 to Agility rolls when performing acrobatic maneuvers. Additionally, if unencumbered +1 to Parry.
- **Aquatic:** Pace 4. Unlike other cats, amphibious cats are comfortable in and under water.
- **Bite:** Str.
- **Claw:** Str.
- **Low Light Vision:** Amphibious Cats ignore penalties for dim or dark lighting.
- **Size -2:** Amphibious cats are slightly larger than normal cats, but still only a foot or so high.
- **Small:** Those attacking amphibious cats suffer a -2 penalty to their attack rolls.

GIANT RATS

The flooding drove NYCs constant rat population upward into the skyscrapers where they've continued to scabble in the walls. In a new, more competitive environment, only the largest and nastiest have survived...with some of the largest clearing four feet long, not including tail.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d8, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Swimming d6

Pace: 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6

Special Abilities:

- **Bite:** Str+d6. Giant Rats have vicious biting attacks.
- **Necrotic Bite:** Necrotic bites cause rapid deterioration of flesh, bone and even internal organs. See the new disease section for more information.
- **Tail Slam:** Giant rats can attack opponents with their massive tails. The attack does Str+d6 damage, and on a raise the victim must make an Agility roll or become Prone.

PLAGUE SQUIRRELS

Squirrels all around the Big Soggy have been confirmed to be carrying an unknown virus that is extremely (and painfully) deadly to humans. Over the decades, they've also become

increasingly aggressive and have been known to attack humans without warning.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6(A), Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Notice d8, Stealth d6

Pace: 5; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 3

Special Abilities:

- **Acrobatics:** +2 to Agility rolls when performing acrobatic maneuvers. Additionally, if unencumbered +1 to Parry.
- **Bite:** Str.+d4
- **Plague:** When an attack roll is successful with a raise, the character attacked must make a Vigor roll immediately. If successful, the plague did not infect the character. Failure causes death within 2d6 hours, if untreated. The character is highly contagious during this period, as well as prone to violence outburst. Treat successful attacks raises the same as for the plague squirrel.
- **Size -2:** Amphibious cats are slightly larger than normal cats, but still only a foot or so high.
- **Small:** Those attacking amphibious cats suffer a -2 penalty to their attack rolls.



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SUPAPIGEONS

Pigeons the size of eagles now being the apex aviary predator in the region? You better believe it. When these dive-bomb you, it doesn't just leave a little smear of white shit on your shoulder. It could leave you smeared entirely, if not being carried off in their talons.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4(A), Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8

Pace: 2; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 4

Special Abilities:

- **Beak:** Str+d4.
- **Cracker:** On a successful Fighting roll with a raise, a SupaPigeon can deal Str+d8 in damage as it power dived at the target to crack it on the head.
- **Flight:** Pace 10, Climb of 3. SupaPigeons are quick in the air.
- **Hop:** SupaPigeons are hoppers on the ground, and ungainly. Their Pace is 2, and they cannot run.
- **Size -1:** SupaPigeons are roughly the size of a dog.

NEW SIMULACRA MODELS

Sometimes life doesn't adapt fast enough. Despite all the hybrids and human ingenuity on display throughout the Big Soggy, there are plenty of labs that have vats churning out all sorts of new simulacra to fill in the ecological and commercial niches they require. These range from the generic water-adapted sims to the disturbingly specific.

AMPHIBISYNTH

Amphibious hybrids are all well and good, but they express a little too much independence for some people's tastes. But it'd be oh-so-helpful to own a person who could make any underwater treks necessary. Amphibisynths can often pass as hybrids, depending on the vat production quality, with gills, fins, webbed hands and feet, and filmy eyes or other such features. The one genetic quirk most show, that hybrids haven't expressed, is an extreme discomfort when completely out of the water. Most who possess an amphibisynth tend to have tanks where they're stored until needed next, so their gurgles of pain don't become too annoying.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Survival d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 7(1); **Firewall:** 4, Strain: 0

Hindrances: Lame (Major, when out of water)

Edges: Built to Work

Gear: reinforced wetsuit (+1), dive knife (Str+d4), pry bar (Str+d6)

ROCKETTESYNTH

When people learned that the Rockettes performing on the new Radio City Music Hall were actually vat-produced sims funded by an anonymous donor, there was an initial rush on the model. Everyone from gang lords in the Bronx to wealthy private clients in Newark wanted their own private Rockette to perform both in public and in private. While demand for them today is not as high, they remain a party pleasing unit. It's

rumored an unnoted number of discarded sims have formed a secret community, both in Queens as well as Manhattan, but no hard evidence of such a conclave has been made public.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d4, Vigor d6

Skills: Knowledge (Performance) d6, Persuasion d8, Taunt d6

Charisma: +4; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 5; **Firewall:** 4, Strain: 0

Hindrances: Owned (Major), Pacifist

Edges: Attractive, Charismatic

Gear: Rockette finery, casual clothes, high qualities shoes (high heels), athletics shoes

SIFTER SYNTH

Whatever you want to call froggers, these are the real bottom feeders. They can't survive out of the water, and many of them look like enormous fish of various species, including catfish, carp, and flatfish. Their initial purpose was to endlessly trawl the new ocean bed beneath Manhattan, seeking items of value for the prospectors who controlled them. Others have been adapted as spies that pass undetected, or weaponized to surprise divers who pass too close.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Repair d6, Stealth d6, Swimming d10

Charisma: -1; **Pace:** 5 (only in water); **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8; **Firewall:** 4, Strain: 0

Hindrances: Borrowed Time (minor), Outsider

Edges: Solid, Troubleshooter

Gear: Modified wetsuit (+2, attachment point for gear), aquatic chain knife (Str+d6), dive helmet (Comscience SCT built in), CES Nanotherm Gel

SUBMERSYNTH

The best description for these are living submarines. They can range in size from little pods no bigger than a fist to bloated monstrosities that act as living transport units for private or corporate parties. Some act as explorative units, equipped with bioluminescence and a variety of sensory organs in order to work their way through the channels and open sea, seeking whatever it is their operators set them out to find. Others become little more than glorified buoys, marking territory or acting as sentry units. While most are able to operate independently, there have been reports of submersynths that have brains capable of digital awareness transference. In other words, someone doesn't want to actually dive down deep themselves? Just strap themselves in to a VR chamber, or straight into a neural interface unit, and they can take over the submersynth, operating it as if it was their own body.

Attributes: Agility d4, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d10, Vigor d10

Skills: Notice d10, Survival d8, Tracking d8

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6 (water only); **Parry:** 2; **Toughness:** 9; **Firewall:** 4, Strain: 0

Threats: NAC vs. Atlantica

Hindrances: Illiterate (Major), No Arms, No Legs, Owned (Major), Shellshock

Edges: Built to Work, Outsider, Wastelander

Gear: Armored wet suit (+2), forward looking infrared dive helmet (negates lighting penalties), emergency beacon (radio and strobe)

#Chompah_Chips: Saw one of these once. Saddest thing ever. Bumped up right against my boat looking like it wanted me to kill it?

#Myownskinimin: Why didn't you?

#Chompah_Chips: Because I left my big-enough-to-sink-a-living-submarine gun at home, of course. And maybe because I'm not a murderous bitch like you?

NAC VS. ATLANTICA

If you're in NYC and haven't joined up with either the NAC or Atlantican forces, consider yourself stuck between two huge boulders smashing against each other. If you aren't for them, you're against them, and neither side is against dealing any amount of collateral damage to ensure they win whatever engagement has popped up. There haven't been too many direct conflicts yet, but you don't want to be the lucky one caught in the crossfire when it does kick in.

ATLANTICA MARKSMAN

Atlanticans are highly protective of what they consider their city and their people. Anything and anyone who goes against corporate policy, threatens a Reclamation project, or shows heavy NAC leanings is apt to get put in their sights.

Attributes: Agility d10, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Swimming d8, Throwing d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 8(2); **Firewall:** 4; **Strain:** 3

Hindrances: Various

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Counterattack, Iron Lungs

Cyberware: Anti-Salt Applicant, Cyberlimbs (arms and legs), Gecko Hands, Kangaroo System

Gear: Wavelength Armored Wetsuit (+2), Hostile Merger Skyspy (Range 30/60/120; Damage 2d8+1; RoF 2; Shots 4; AP 2), Foley Arms Watchdog Pistol (Range 12/24/48; Damage 2d8; Shots 12; AP 2; Semi-Auto), Wavelength Diving Knife (Damage Str+d4)

NAC TROOPER

These self-righteous fighters believe they're doing God's will when going into battle, and damn anyone who tells them otherwise. Their faith gives them a bull-headed quality that makes it difficult for them to listen to any reasoning that doesn't coincide with their preconceptions.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d10

Skills: Fighting d6, Notice d6, Shooting d10, Throwing d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 11(4); **Firewall:** 6; **Strain:** 4

Hindrances: Various

Edges: Combat Reflexes, Counterattack, Killer Instinct, Marksman, No Mercy

Cyberware: Bone Reinforcement (+1 Toughness), Muscle Augmentation (Strength increased by 1 die)

Gear: Ravenlocke Beachhead First Responder Armor (+4), Assault Rifle (Range 24/48/96; Damage 2d8; RoF 3; Shots 30; AP 2; Auto, 3RB), Combat Knife (Str+d4)

FORCED RECLAMATION

Funny how the Reclamation is supposed to be about rebuilding a broken society and helping the people who've languished in this watery hell for too many years. Yet, did they ever stop to ask what the people think about it? Do the corporations ever bother to ask permission or poll public opinion? Their policy has forever been to act first and never bother about any apology later. When it comes to their Reclamation agenda, heaven forbid they receive any opposition to kicking people out of their homes so they can make it into a high-price skysrise complex. Well, what else can you do if the people try to halt progress? Maybe reconsider another route? Naw, just bulldoze right on over them and keep those budgets in the black.

BRAINWASHED RECLAMATIONIST

The corporations have sometime taken certain outspoken individual who decry the Reclamation and "convert" them to their cause through aggressive mental therapy and whatever drug and TAP manipulation they can conjure. These people can sometimes turn violent as the two beliefs war it out in their brain.

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d4, Spirit d4, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Notice d8, Swimming d8

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 5; **Toughness:** 6; **Firewall:** 4; **Strain:** 0

Hindrances: Various

Edges: Alertness, No Mercy

Gear: Secure Trench Coat (+2), Club (Str+d4)

#MarcoSec88: I've seen this. We plucked a guy out of a protest crowd. Two weeks later, he's on the other side of the line, frothing at the mouth, looking ready to kill any anti-Reccers who got too close.

UNDERWATER WAR

The battle for New York City's future isn't just being waged from skyscraper to skyscraper or boat to boat. No, siree. There's plenty going on down below that many folks aren't even aware of. The military has a long history of sub-surface warfare, and they're not about to let that go to waste. At the same time, some of the natural and unnatural inhabitants of the ocean waters aren't too keen on anyone coming in and mucking up their habitats. There's now an arms race of a whole other sort going on...or fin race, if you want to get technical.

CRAB HYBRID

With carapaces tough enough to turn aside bullets, and pincers that can sheer through some metal plating, these bastards are all-out warriors for whatever cause they've

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aligned with. They do have a tendency to walk sideways, though.

Race: Aquatic Hybrid

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d4, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d8, Notice d8, Stealth d10, Swimming d8

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 7; **Toughness:** 9(3); **Firewall:** —; **Strain:** 0

Hindrances: Outsider, Ugly

Edges: Alertness, Block

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 6
- **Amphibious:** A crab hybrid can operate underwater five times longer than an unmodified human.
- **Armor +3:** Chitin overlay
- **Claws:** Str+d4
- **Dehydration:** A crab hybrid must immerse itself in water one hour out of every 24 or become automatically Fatigued each day until it is Incapacitated; the day after that, it perishes.
- **Stalked Eyes:** A crab hybrid has eyes upon stalks, which gives it 360° vision all around itself.

SHARK HYBRID

Even if their dull grey eyes and dorsal fins didn't give these hybrids away, as soon as they opened their mouths, going from the little smile to the big smile, you're likely to get the clue right in the neck. They don't tend to sleep much either, making them excellent sentries.

Race: Aquatic Hybrid

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d4, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d8, Notice d8, Stealth d8, Swimming d8

Charisma: -2; **Pace:** 4; **Parry:** 6; **Toughness:** 6(1); **Firewall:** —; **Strain:** 0

Hindrances: Mean, Unplugged

Edges: Combat Reflexes

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 8.
- **Armor +1:** Thick Hide
- **Bite:** Str+d6
- **Dehydration:** A shark hybrid must immerse itself in water one hour out of every 24 or become automatically Fatigued each day until it is Incapacitated; the day after that, it perishes.
- **Feeding Frenzy:** Shark hybrids go into a feeding frenzy in the presence of blood in the water (typically one wound). Frenzied hybrids add +2 to their attacks and damage for the rest of the fight.
- **Heightened Smell:** Shark hybrids gain +2 to Notice involving smell.
- **Infravision:** Halves penalties for poor light vs. warm targets.
- **Resist Cold:** +4 to Vigor tests to resist cold temperatures.

GANGLAND & CO.

Gangs have forever been a part of NYC's rich history. After all, if they don't keep the blackmail, drug-running, smuggling, prostitution, gambling, and general thuggery industries

active, how else is the economy going to recovery? When the Big Soggy fell into relative lawlessness, gangs flourished throughout the boroughs. Now that the military has tromped in, they've dug their heels in all the more, refusing to give up an inch of turf without a fight. In some areas, they act like local government. In others, they're just a bunch of kids playing war games. Doesn't make either kind any less deadly when the street wars start, though.

KEYS GOON

The masters of Yankee Stadium and its massive marketplace, any Keys member is easily identified by their Yankees baseball outfit and the associated memorabilia. But they're not playing any games when it comes to eliminating any opposition.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d6

Skills: Fighting d8, Intimidation d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6, Throwing d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 10; **Toughness:** 8(3); **Firewall:** 4; **Strain:** 5

Hindrances: Arrogant (Major), Delusional (Minor – descended from Yankee who had no children), Greedy
Edges: Berserk, Block

Cyberware: Muscle Augmentation (Strength increased by a die type), Subdermal Armor (+1), Wireless Reflexes I (+1 Parry, ranged attacks at -1 to hit)

Gear: Keys Official Uniform (+2), Hostile Takeover HT-9 (Range 12/24/48; Damage 2d6; Shots 5; AP 1; Semi-Auto), Wasteland Traders Yankees Baseball Bat (Str+d4)

TANCREDO MEMBER

A remnant of the Italian and Mexican organized crime in the area, your typical Tancredo family goon is far better-dressed and well-equipped to handle any violent situation thanks to the gang's immense and growing wealth.

Attributes: Agility d8, Smarts d8, Spirit d6, Strength d8, Vigor d8

Skills: Fighting d10, Intimidation d6, Notice d8, Shooting d8, Throwing d6

Charisma: 2; **Pace:** 4; **Parry:** 8; **Toughness:** 6; **Firewall:** 8(3); **Strain:** 5

Hindrances: Lame (Major), Cautious, Loyal

Edges: Attractive, Block

Cyberware: Cyber Eyes II, Enhanced Vision, Night Vision Optics, Cyberlimb I (arm), Recoil Compensation, Advanced Smartgun System (Wild Die is d10, extras d6)

Gear: Executive Decision Entourage Suit (+3), Act of God Cyberchromium Rat .75 (12/24/48; Damage 2d10; RoF 1; Shots 5; AP 4; Semi-Auto), Ravenlock Jointlock Stun Gloves