RISE CITY

Before World War III ravaged the earth, Rise City had been a thriving technocratic beacon of unfettered ambition. Indeed in its glory, Rise City was a modern metropolis swollen with commerce and carnality. That was two long years ago now; before unimaginable conflict, devastating bombs, and global strife changed this place forever. Rise City now festers as a concrete carcass, its decaying skyscrapers piercing like ribs through the sky. Once a prime example of digital revolution, Rise City is now just another carrion field of broken machinery; destroyed electronics and deleted dreams.

Yet like greedy maggots thriving upon such a carcass, Rise City is not without its wiggling denizens. Survivors have found ways to persist amongst the rubble. Trade is the de facto employment; be it in edibles, weapons, meds, pre-war tech, or even indentured flesh. Tribalism is the new world order, with chieftains having the means to pay for such rare goods and services. Because although nations were obliterated, their satellites weren’t, and the SpaceNet continues to operate. Thus the universal monetary system remains intact as a result. All glory to CryptoCredits.

RISE CITY : INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT

Once a bustling sector of factories, construction equipment, and engineering firms, Rise City’s Industrial District now mirrors the fate of the rest of the city; destroyed. Yet for core runners the Industrial District is an ossuary of opportunity. Core runners find and sell the charged power cores that once filled modern machinery and data centers with electrical exuberance. The resident NeoDyne tribe’s chieftess is presently paying a premium on charged power cores; she’s requested at least five be delivered to her ASAP. You don’t know why she wants that particular number of charged cores specifically, nor why it must be so soon. No matter, what you want is the unusually high quantity of CryptoCredits she’s offering as payment. Now you’ve made your way to Rise City’s Industrial District, to find five cores before another runner does. This is a very dangerous zone to scavenge; that’s why charged power cores still exist here.

After reading the Rule Book, setting up the Tracking Sheet, and having read the information above, you are now ready for the Run. Good luck core runner!
Discarded shards of scrap metal litter the cracked concrete loading dock before you. Bits of decrepit paint crumble as you ascend safety stairs to examine the area. You then notice a hulking mass slumped towards the rear of the dock. Upon closer inspection you find a Class 2 Liftbody that has certainly seen better years. This humanoid form labor-bot is likely twelve feet tall when standing erect. The mechanical wonder would be able to raise two tons of freight above its head. If it were online anyway. Presently the only thing this offline Liftbody is raising above its head are flakes of rust. Still, it’s certainly possible a charged power core is resting in this old labor-bot’s cracked chassis. You decide to pry inside and see.


**Bad:** While fumbling around inside the chassis, you accidentally short a control wire. The jolt makes the Liftbody convulsively lurch. Its left arm swings around slamming hard against your right shoulder. Sadly that action used up the last bit of power in its core. You leave the malfunctioned wreck while rubbing the pain away. (Health -2)

**Neutral:** You carefully pry the Liftbody’s chest chassis open, and indeed find a power core nestled inside. Unfortunately this core was drained of its power long ago, making it useless for your mission. Strangely enough inside the chassis you find a tucked away zip baggy. Thorough investigation reveals what appears to be an illegal substance. Apparently someone was once using this labor-bot as a glorified drug mule.

**Good:** As you start working the chassis, you notice blinking LEDs inside. This power core must still be active. With years of skill behind your fingers, you carefully disconnect the control initiators. Then you pry loose the inductor pins, and collapse the release springs into neutral position. Finally you liberate the still charged power core from this old workhorse. (Core +1)

**Wild:** When you touch the Liftbody it abruptly activates. Standing in a wobbly fashion, the labor-bot begins to try to walk forward. Unfortunately its corroded circuitry works against the effort, and the Liftbody does more of an improvised breakdance instead. This absurd scene ends with the labor-bot wobbling off the loading dock in an absolutely klutzy fashion. Despite that act using up the last bit of power in its core, you still couldn’t help laughing at the Liftbody’s antics. (DiceMod +1)
“Bark the Dogs”

You are traveling down a trash strewn side street, when suddenly the sound of dogs barking erupts. The cacophony seems to emanate from a nearby darkened alleyway. Fearing the ruckus, your stride hesitates as you grab hold of a nearby glow pole. Leaning forward your pulse quickens as you realize these clamorous canines are indeed headed in your direction. Roving gangs of vicious strays have been known to eviscerate unlucky explorers of the Industrial District. Outrunning dogs on foot is likely impossible; fight may be the only option at this point. While hoping their fervor has nothing to do with yourself, you quickly observe your surroundings for a defensive position. You reach into your pocket to grab your trusty spritzer of face mace. You curse your own negligence when you realize you’ve forgotten it. A result of being in such a hurry to take on this high paying run.


**Bad:** Sure enough the howling beasts are on your scent. Four large mutts burst out of the alleyway turning viciously in your direction. Before you can even react they are snarling at your ankles. Unexpectedly the glow pole you were leaning against snaps, making a terrible clanging racket as it crashes into the sidewalk. The startled dogs yelp off in retreat, but you took a painful fall in the process. *(Health -1)*

**Neutral:** Unexpectedly you hear the revved up canines start to bark in the opposite direction. You wonder if they were even howling at you to begin with. “Here’s your damn dinner you ornery bastards!” You hear a man yell from the same general vicinity. It would seem those curs were merely excited for their supper.

**Good:** The loudly barking beasts quickly vault forth from the alleyway. They turn towards you and snarl a few more times, but then one starts wagging its tail. Soon enough the rest of the pack are wagging theirs as well. Apparently these mongrels have decided you remind them of someone they like. They decide to leave you in peace and return to their den. *(DiceMod -2)*

**Wild:** The loudness of the barking intensifies until finally it reaches the edge of the alleyway. Expecting to see a slobbering pack of vicious beasts, instead a service drone hovers forth. It stops in midair for a moment to reorient its navigational system. The spherical drone then swoops away from you, with more imitated barking and snarling noises emitting as it flies. You wonder if this free roaming drone is some tech-kiddie’s idea of a practical joke.
“Manxome Eddie”

A crackled glass door swings away from you as amber dusk rays gleam from its chrome push plate. Stepping inside what appears to be an automotive repair shop, you see flickering holograph ads of labor-bots working on service vehicles. You grin hoping those self-same bots are still on the premises... easy core pickings. “Shop’s closed shitsucka, get outta the wabe.” The spry voice startles you, as you swivel in reverse to confront a wiry man. He’s wearing a forehead to toe sparkle skin suit, it glitters constantly in waves of neon colored explosions. “I mean it rectum sprinkle, don’t make me get uffish.” His shiny thumb gestures to the glass entry door, as his other gloved hand caresses his hot-pink bristled hair. You feel an air of extreme hostility emanating from whoever this is. Then you realize this flamboyant jerk must be a rival core runner.


**Bad:** “This jabberwock don’t like the cut of yer jib.” As soon as he finishes those words, you immediately catch a hardfiber fashion boot into your skull. A white hot flash of pain blinds your eyes as you crumple like narcoleptic jelly. You wake up shortly after, vaguely recalling the fastest roundhouse you’ve never seen. The foul-mouthed rainbow death kicker has thankfully left. *(Core -1)*

**Neutral:** “You slink like a runner, but Eddie was already ready.” He brandishes a charged power core as he strolls towards the glass door. Suddenly his glittery body suit flickers into waves of increasing transparency. “You ain’t a real bandersnatch!”, shouts a pink haired shimmer in the air. The fringe of floating tuft erratically wanders off disappearing into a side street.

**Good:** Before you can even react, the man lunges towards you menacingly. He then stops just as quickly, grabbing at his buzzed hair in shocked disgust. “My precious pink ass!” His hand comes away covered in noxious oil, apparently leaking down from the second floor of the service station. He stammers outside muttering something about needing shampoo like a Jubjub needs a vorpal blade. *(DiceMod *2)*

**Wild:** He shows you his gloved knuckles via clenched fists. “I’m the frumious Eddie Jeckle, bitches I will wreckle!” As you stare in confusion he continues, “I’m just burblin’ ya slithy tove, look at my feelings.” You leave the building as Eddie suggestively gyrates against a filthy water cooler. Outside the service station you notice a CryptoCredit cube near a pile of rubbish. *(CryptoCredits +3)*
You’ve reached the outskirts of an exceptionally large parking lot. Charred remains of various vehicles are strewn about the scorched pavement. Nearby you hear the electric hum of a vehicle apparently not out of commission. Soon a rickety looking forklift is driving a short distance in front of you. The forks of the truck hold up a pallet with a rusted metal crate teetering on top of it. The operator notices you, waves, and starts rolling in your direction. He stops about five feet away, “You in the mood to spend some credits friend?” Noticing the clearly loaded volt-pistol on his side, you take the “friend” part facetiously. “Hurry up and check my stuff if you want, this thing don’t run on free.” You decide it wouldn’t hurt to take a peek at the wares on offer...

**Shop Item / Gained Player Effect / CryptoCredit Cost:**

- Cricket & Algae Trail Mix | *(Health +2)* | *(CryptoCredits -2)*
- Electrofried Squid Jerky | *(Health +2)* | *(CryptoCredits -2)*
- Protein Printed Steak Fries | *(Health +3)* | *(CryptoCredits -5)*
- NanoMed Tissue Repair Injection | *(Health +6)* | *(CryptoCredits -8)*
- Conform Gel Shoe Inserts | *(DiceMod -1)* | *(CryptoCredits -2)*
- Humorous Animanga | *(DiceMod +1)* | *(CryptoCredits -2)*
- Flittering Gyrospinner | *(DiceMod +2)* | *(CryptoCredits -2)*
- Hologram Pocket Kitten | *(DiceMod +3)* | *(CryptoCredits -3)*
- Lucky 8-ball Lighter | *(DiceMod /2)* | *(CryptoCredits -3)*
- Charged Power Core | *(Core +1)* | *(CryptoCredits -7)*

**Reminder:** You may return to use this Shop again. So do not mark off this Event Number from its Tracking Sheet Sector. Instead write an “S” next to Shop Event Numbers so you’ll know they are a Shop. While shopping, you may buy as many items as you have the required CryptoCredits for. Each item in a given Shop is a one-time purchase from that Shop; strike it out from the related Shop Item list once bought.
(15) “Bridge to Nowhere”

You see a small access bridge arched between two long offline air scrubber towers. Hoping for an informative vantage point, you clamber up a maintenance ladder to reach the elevated service path. Stepping off the access ladder onto the bridge reveals it’s not in the best condition. Yet standing at the bridge’s center, you’ve now got a twenty foot high view of your surroundings. Abruptly you hear the screech of rusted bolts shearing as the dilapidated bridge begins to fall beneath your feet.


**Bad:** You land hard on a trash pile filled with cardboard and metal. (Health -2)

**Neutral:** The bridge breaks only enough to lean; you safely climb down the ladder.

**Good:** The bridge’s secondary support clamps activate, saving you. (DiceMod RE)

**Wild:** You leap off the bridge sliding painfully down a scrub tower’s side. (Health -1)

(16) “Service Charge”

You come upon the remains of a CryptoCredit ATM, still standing despite its crumbling concrete siding. These machines were used to transfer CryptoCredits to offline CryptoCredit Cubes for personal storage. Hoping there could still be a charged power core inside, you begin to pry the CC-ATM open. This is no easy task, but a length of rebar nearby acts as an excellent crowbar to pry with. Weakened concrete seams soon burst wide and the techno-guts of the CC-ATM are laid bare.


**Bad:** While fumbling around inside the mish-mash of circuits, you catch a nasty shock from a disagreeable capacitor. (Health -2)

**Neutral:** You find a mummified rat which gotten trapped inside, you apologize for disturbing its tomb and close the CC-ATM again.

**Good:** The core was depleted, but you found a CryptoCredit Cube. (CryptoCredits +5)

**Wild:** While digging within the violated machine, you accidentally slice your hand on a jagged metal seam. (Health -1)
“Skin Deep”

Climbing your way over piles of deteriorating junk, you trace your eyes about searching for intact machinery. “No! Please don’t, it hurts!” Out of nowhere you hear a woman’s urgent scream nearby. Cautiously you peek your head around a nearby alley, spying two scruffy looking older men and a young naked woman within. The two men appear to be violently raping her as she cries out. “No! Please don’t, it hurts!” Strangely the woman repeats the exact same phrase as before, with perfectly matched tone and cadence. That’s when you realize she’s a pleasure-bot. Some decker must have illegally hacked this android’s brainware to make it portray itself as a sex crime victim. Deciding you’d rather not risk life and limb to rescue a modded carnal toy, you start backing away from the scene. Unfortunately you are noticed; “We got ourselves a peepin’ pervert Riktor!”


**Bad:** You start running in the opposite direction of the alley. Glancing behind as you retreat, you see both of the randy men in pursuit. Distracted by the ridiculous sight of their erect penises bouncing as they give chase, you fail to notice a lone tire in your path. Your foot catches the dry rotted donut, causing you to face plant onto a concrete curb. The men seeing your bad luck stop to laugh heartily, then return to their acts of debauchery. *(Health -2)*

**Neutral:** “Who cares Jamie, let them watch.” Apparently these two scoundrels enjoy the fact that you’re witnessing their robo-sodomy. One stares directly into your eyes and licks his lips. “Wanna join in?” You shake your head, and slowly back away from the alley leaving these two lewdmongers to their misdeeds.

**Good:** “Damn it Jamie, you said nobody’d be around here!” Both men pull their pants up and disappear down the alley’s other side. You jog up to the pleasure-bot, a convincingly - if not disturbingly realistic - looking sexual assault victim. Pushing a recessed switch behind its left ear, you power the machine off, then extract its charged power core. Hopefully this electro-puppet will rest in peace now, free from the tyranny of malicious abuse. *(Core +1)*

**Wild:** Before the other man can respond, the pleasure-bot begins to vibrate fiercely. “P-P-P-Please no hurts, P-P-P-P-Please it don’t! No!” The surprised men step back from the machine as its gyrations evolve into seizure-like behavior. Without further warning the bot viciously explodes, fatally perforating both men with chunks of metal and synthetic organics. You surmise the hacked brainware glitched, somehow causing the pleasure-bot’s power core to implode in a teal colored blaze.
"Syndie's Sepulchre"

As you are making your way along a crater filled road, you notice a gaping hole in the foundation of an old factory building. Scorched and broken bricks adorn the large cavity as it recesses into absolute darkness. Staring deep inside the pitch black tunnel, you observe what appears to be faintly blinking LEDs. Knowing this could indicate operable machinery, you carefully start making your way into the manmade cavern. As you creep along ducking slightly to avoid the low ceiling, you notice the air becomes noticeably cooler. You seem to hear the sound of faint whispering coming from an indeterminable direction. Worse yet the LEDs you thought you saw no longer appear in the distance. Struggling to turn around in the cramped space, you are unnerved by the feeling of cold fingers brushing against your skin. The atmosphere of this broken burrow has taken on a sinister and unearthly edge. A panicked surge of adrenalin floods into your veins urging for escape.


**Bad:** The whispering grows louder, becoming clearer to your senses. “I want to show you.” You distinctly hear those few icy words, sounding as if they are molded from a hundred echoes. Not wishing to be shown anything down here, you race out of the stale hole as fast as possible. Unfortunately something fell out of your pocket in the scrambled dash. **(Lose a DiceMod of your choice.)**

**Neutral:** The sensation of freezing hands suddenly wraps around your neck. You begin to feel your throat being squeezed. Instinctively you lunge backward, and the feeling quickly evaporates. You madly tear out of the makeshift cave, without a single glance back. Whatever was going on down there you don’t want to know.

**Good:** Fighting your instinctive flight response, you decide to press further inward. Eventually you reach the tunnel’s end, just as the LED lights return to glowing. They appear to be three artificial candles, lackadaisically flickering above a hand carved gravestone. Seeing one “candle” lays upon its side, you straighten it right-side up. A warm feeling of calmness permeates the air as you make your way out of the unexpected tomb. **(Health +2)**

**Wild:** Deciding this has to be nonsense, you force yourself forward. The LED lights’ glow returns once more, just as you reach them. The blinking turns out to be a CryptoCredit Cube with a low battery, half buried in the dirt floor. How it got down here in this hole, you have no idea. Crawling back out from the dank descent you swear you hear someone whisper “Blood Money.” **(CryptoCredits +5)**
On the outskirts of a derelict marine cannery, you come across a very rare site; an operable food roller. These mobile consumables dispensers were once common around Rise City’s Industrial District. While these machines are completely autonomous, unfortunately they’re not juiced by traditional power cores. This food truck’s HMI is currently responsive however, perhaps ordering food is still possible. Hoping the ingredient vats’ contents remain edible, you give the menu a glance.

Shop Item / Gained Player Effect / CryptoCredit Cost:

**Injection Molded Insect Pattie** | *(Health +2)* | *(CryptoCredits -1)*

**Fungi Fun Bites** | *(Health +2)* | *(CryptoCredits -1)*

**Baked Algae Cubes** | *(Health +3)* | *(CryptoCredits -2)*

**Synthesized “Chicken” Fingers** | *(Health +4)* | *(CryptoCredits -3)*

**Captain Petri’s Mystery Meat** | *(Health +5)* | *(CryptoCredits -4)*

Rounding the corner of a defunct smartbus, you are surprised to find a large aerial drone lying on the ground. It appears to have been used for weather monitoring, given the sensor array on its aft. This drone is in surprisingly good condition, even the fins of its cowled lift turbines are immaculate. You break a half-smile when you see a blinking status indicator. Time to pop this circuit bird open and see if it’s got the electrical egg you desire inside.


**Bad:** As soon as you touch the drone, it vaults high into the air, bouncing hard against your head in doing so. *(Health -1)*

**Neutral:** The drone’s defensive radar detects your presence within its safety perimeter, and quickly retreats into the sky.

**Good:** Carefully you pry open the drone and remove its charged power core. *(Core +1)*

**Wild:** As you near the drone its intruder defense system comes online; “This turkey don’t worky!” declares the aerial AI as it self-destructs indignantly.
You’ve discovered the remnants of an organ production facility. Making your way inside to the assemblage area, you find a molecular fusing array crafted of glimmering steel. Here is where plasma beams would compel organoids from base cellular gelatinous cubes. Hoping a charged power core could still be inside this machinery, you start to pry open a maintenance access door. You notice a security warning near the handle; “Unauthorized entry will be forcefully deterred!”


**Bad:** Pulling on the handle sets off an alarm, suddenly an offensive laser blasts you, but only clipping your shoulder. *(Health -1)*

**Neutral:** The access door opens easily enough, yet unfortunately whatever power core was here is now long gone.

**Good:** Passed the access door, nestled beneath tetranet cables and status LEDs, you retrieve a charged power core. *(Core +1)*

**Wild:** Inside one gelatinous cube you see a cybernetic fetus, its dark eyes raise to meet your gaze, the thing starts smiling as security lasers begin charging, you painfully stumble while running haphazardly away. *(Health -2)*

**Walter’s Wallet**

Searching near the entrance of gravel storage building, you spy a black faux-leather object on the ground. Picking it up and dusting it off, you realize it’s someone’s wallet. Looking inside you see a long-expired employee RFID card with the name “Clint Thornton”. Digging further reveals a holographic projection card slipped into one of the wallet’s recesses. You tap the worn holocard a few times, hoping it will still activate...


**Bad:** The card short circuits and its capacitor bursts, burning your hand. *(Health -1)*

**Neutral:** A three dimensional image of a happy looking golden retriever glows forth.

**Good:** The card turns out to a corporate CryptoCurrency holder. *(CryptoCredits +3)*

**Wild:** The card sparkles and glitters as a projected image of a well grown eggplant wearing a g-string is displayed. *(DiceMod /2)*
The clang of your footsteps echoes off aluminum-alloy stairs, as you descend into the remains of a city excavation site. The access stairs lead to a haphazard patchwork of support lattices, grid-worked together as de facto bridges spanning dangerous gaps. The prize your eyes seek is the large excavator sitting at the bottom of this pit which you so carefully navigate. Gargantuan machinery have multiple power cores, raising the chance of finding a charged one within. Finally you reach the bottom of the earthen ravine and your feet sink in the soggy mud. You slog your way across broken bits of concrete and chunky granite fragments. The excavator is even larger than you thought it’d be, having three independent shovel arms. As you climb over its worn treads, you finally see an accessible service hatch. Suddenly a glint of steel hits your eye; twilight rays bounce off an object half buried in the pit’s center. For a moment you wonder if this abandoned excavation site had anything to do with infrastructure construction at all.


**Bad:** Walking across the excavator’s treads with muddy shoes ends up being a bad idea. The muck makes your foot slide like its greased, tumbling you painfully off the machine. You land viciously on a rock predestined since time immemorial to abuse your ribs. Howling in agony you lurch up and clench your side. The painful climb back out of this manmade ravine isn’t a pleasant one. *(Health -2)*

**Neutral:** The excavator’s service hatch opens with surprising ease. Alas where power cores used to be, only empty metallic cavities remain. Some other runner must have gotten here first. You slam the hatch closed in a disappointed huff. The climb back out of the pit proves uneventful, sans the beauty of dusk’s glow crowning the rim’s crater like a circlet of amber fire.

**Good:** After removing its safety clips, the service hatch easily slides open. Immediately you spy three power cores nestled sequentially. Two are obviously drained, but the third’s status indicator shows charge capacity is nearly full. Hastily you dislodge the core away from its brethren. Aside from seeing a bird nest made from bits of circuit wire, the hike back out of the dig site is uneventful. *(Core +1)*

**Wild:** Try as you might, you simply cannot get the excavator’s service hatch to open. Defeated and annoyed, you scamper off the indignant machine in disgrace. That’s when you realize the object in this crater’s center is some sort of vault. Rushing over reveals a steel security enclosure cracked wide some time ago. Careful rifling within nets a lone CryptoCredit Cube, which you immediately pocket. *(CryptoCredits +5)*
(32) “Dredger Dregs”

The sound of splashing water catches your attention as you walk near a drainage canal. Peering down into the waterway, you see four thuggish looking tribals holding something in the water. They strain to pull the object out of the murky flow, and it is finally revealed as makeshift netting. One of them holds a scanning device, waving it across the thickly clumped muck caught in the screen. The techno-tool eventually starts beeping loudly, and the tribals begin shouting to each other excitedly.


Bad: Fearing discovery, you run, but drop a CryptoCredit Cube. (CryptoCredits -2)

Neutral: Unfortunately what the men discovered was a wartime shredder mine, which explodes upon surfacing, obliterating them all into crimson confetti.

Good: The bald man with a glowing face tattoo pulls a robopup out of the muck, it emits a wet gargled bark and they all start laughing. (DiceMod RE)

Wild: The item in the muck turns out to be a vintage eReader, full of poetic literature, which the men take turns reading aloud as they sit in a circle on the bank of the canal.

(33) “Strictly Business”

While climbing over the mangled remains of a warehouse, you are surprised to feel an electric tingle pierce your leg. “Give me your cores and I won’t slit your throat.” The demand emanating from yards away by what appears to be a rival Core Runner, who must have been shadowing you. You feel your leg becoming unresponsively numb, and begin to weigh your options. “I won’t ask again”, says a slender girl gripping a carbon-flex blowgun, as she protrudes a ceramic blade from beneath her left sleeve.


Bad: Due to your temporarily paralyzed leg, you have no choice. (Core -1)

Neutral: The sound of nearby gunfire diverts her attention, and she runs away.

Good: As she clambers towards you, she slips on some rubble, accidentally impaling her throat on jagged rebar. (Core +1)

Wild: “Damned IBS!” She grimaces and runs off holding her stomach. (DiceMod *2)
An acrid haze has settled over the area, irritating your nostrils as you weave between flipped vehicles in the street. The sight of skyward gleaming steel columns catches your eyes, as you walk by a crushed Hydronik Watt sedan. The metal columns stand as spires from the ceiling of a rock crushing facility. A faded sign outside the building reads; ‘Harper & Sons Mineral Extraction’. You enter the building through ornate granite archways, methodically searching for plausible machinery to plunder. Eventually you approach the center of the building, seeing that the steel columns are actually humongous hydraulic battering rams. Just as you decide to find the power source for these oversized hammers, you hear the sound of scraping metal. Another core runner has beaten you to the prey. In his scavenging fervor however, he hasn’t noticed you standing there observing his actions. “Finally!” the man exclaims as he successfully pries off a panel covering.


**Bad:** As the runner scrounges within the exposed circuitry, you notice a high amp phase whip on his side. One smack from that could easily stop your heart. So when he triumphantly extracts a charged core, you decide jumping him for the bounty isn’t worth the risk. Carefully you slink back into the shadows, ducking behind a bin filled with pulverized rocks. The happy runner pockets the core and disappears through a nearby exit. *(Lose a DiceMod of your choice.)*

**Neutral:** The rival runner pulls out a few cores from the machinery, all depleted. “Fuck me in my precious pink ass!” he cries out in aggravation. The disappointed plunderer slinks off and leaves the premises. The man failed to notice you standing off to the shadows nearby. You leave as well, knowing his loss has kept you from wasting valuable time repeating that same vain effort.

**Good:** “Damned shit, I can’t reach it!” the man yells in aggravation. He repositions himself directly beneath one of the steel columns to improve his distance. “Ah ha, finally got you!” his jubilance revealed as he rips out a charged core. Just then his eyes meet yours, and his face enrages. But his glare is soon squashed into meat paste, since he inadvertently shorted out the hydraulic press’ safety limit switch. *(Core +1)*

**Wild:** As the scavenger is rummaging in the exposed electronics, he accidentally shorts out a circuit. This causes one of the hydraulic hammers nearby to slam down viciously. It smashes into piles of rocks beneath it, sending shards flying in every direction. A large chunk catapults with such ferocity that it decapitates the rival runner. Thankfully you were far enough away that only a small piece grazed your temple. *(Health -1)*
“Pssst, hey, hey you,” the coarse voice emanates from a nearby trash bin. Intrigued, you cautiously approach the dilapidated dumpster. A filthy man wearing a disgusting green hoodie pokes his head out from beneath the lid. “You want some good stuff cuz? I’ve got that good shit right here.” Apparently this crotchety vagrant intends to sell you a selection of reclaimed refuse.

**Shop Item / Gained Player Effect / CryptoCredit Cost:**

- **Mildly Chewed Dog Toy | (DiceMod +3) | (CryptoCredits -1)**
- **Double Sided Duct Tape | (DiceMod -3) | (CryptoCredits -2)**
- **Dried Spaghetti Statue | (DiceMod +3) | (CryptoCredits -3)**
- **Talking Toenail Clippers | (DiceMod RE) | (CryptoCredits -4)**
- **Mister Colostomy Bag 3000 | (DiceMod RS) | (CryptoCredits -5)**

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**(36) “Bit Flippin’ Justice“**

You come across a smartbus stop with an embedded digital slot machine. The gambling device has a western theme, and surprisingly is still operable thanks to its solar powered system. You can’t help but wonder if this credit cowboy might still have some loot residing within. You put a CryptoCredit cube in the slot machine, and draw your CodeCorroder to its USB-Z port. Powering up the illegal hacking device, you attempt to beat the odds.


**Bad:** “I don’t think so partner,” the machine exclaims as you receive a nasty shock. **(Health -1)**

**Neutral:** “It’s high noon in dead man’s gulch,” says the machine as it shuts down and refuses to power back up.

**Good:** “Hang ‘em high,” declares the machine as lucky 7s fill its screen. **(CryptoCredits +5)**

**Wild:** “There ain’t room for two of us in this saloon,” threatens the machine as it abruptly fries your CryptoCredit cube. **(CryptoCredits -3)**
The flicker of a neon spark catches your eye towards the ground. The twinkling light emits from an exposed forearm infused with a glow tat. Said forearm belongs to a junkie sprawled out on the crumbling sidewalk. Her forearm is slowly turning purple from the surgical tubing wrapped around it, with a dingy hypo-needle lying nearby. Apparently she was shooting up with “jolt juice”, a nanotech infused intravenous drug.


**Bad:** You try to step around, but the addict projectile vomits on your leg. *(Health -1)*

**Neutral:** You cross to the other side of the street, avoiding the wild eyed fiend.

**Good:** You pull the tubing off, she gurgles something incoherent. *(DiceMod -3)*

**Wild:** You crush the hypo-needle, because that’s enough of that. *(DiceMod RE)*

“Oh god, please no it’s, oh goddd… arrggghhh!” The sound of horrific anguish rings out into the dusk filled air. You witness a rival core runner being cleaved in halve by a malfunctioning multi-jointed lift claw. The poor bastard had climbed halfway up the elaborate crane, apparently trying to rob a core from its central power distributor. He must have glitched out the control matrix, causing the machine to retract in on itself with him in the middle.


**Bad:** You walk over to investigate the grisly scene, but then a piece of his intestines splats onto your head. *(Lose a DiceMod of your choice.)*

**Neutral:** You make your way to the fleshwrecked mess and see no core in reach, just the dead man’s agonized eyes staring into your own.

**Good:** His death grip releases and a charged core falls, which you liberate from a pool of bloody bits beneath his mangled corpse. *(Core +1)*

**Wild:** You stride over to the accident scene hoping for dropped loot, unfortunately one of the man’s legs drops on your skull instead. *(Health -2)*
**(43) “Lair of the Smutlord” (SHOP)**

Rounding the corner of a scorched black street, you come upon the remains of a convenience store. Peering into the cracked and stained front windows, you are surprised to see a clerk. You creep inside the decrepit shop, and observe a haggard man sitting behind the counter. An archaic shotgun lies upon his lap, his glasses are blacked out, yet light glows from behind them. Suddenly the lenses become clear and the man sighs; “You better buy something after interrupting my porn.”

*Shop Item / Gained Player Effect / CryptoCredit Cost:*

Freeze Dried Larva Rolls | *(Health +2)* | *(CryptoCredits -2)*

Protein Powder Filled Seaweed Pods | *(Health +2)* | *(CryptoCredits -2)*

Canned Creamed Mushrooms & Maggots | *(Health +4)* | *(CryptoCredits -3)*

LED Glow Chopsticks | *(DiceMod RE)* | *(CryptoCredits -4)*

Lucky Gecko Passcode Keeper | *(DiceMod RS)* | *(CryptoCredits -4)*

**(44) “Sick Burn”**

The radiance of a holographic display illuminates from a nearby brick wall. Approaching the scene, you find a MediServe kiosk which is somehow still operational. The machine is too low level to house a power core, but perhaps a few CryptoCredits or medicinal aid could be extracted. You gingerly attach your CodeCorroder to the MediServe’s USB-Z port. Methodically you begin to initiate a bootstrap sequence and hope for the best.


**Bad:** A sudden burst of electricity pulses down the CodeCorroder’s cable and scorches your hand. *(Health -1)*

**Neutral:** “Sorry, we’re out of sweet and sour prophylactics,” says the machine as your hack clearly fails.

**Good:** Looks like your hacking skills are as good as ever. *(CryptoCredits +4)*

**Wild:** “This should fix your dating issues,” says the machine as it spits out a pack of anti-gas chewing gum. *(Health +1)*
“Alley Ambush”

The smell of burning oil permeates the air as you enter a blind alley full of loose bricks and various refuse. You take this secluded passage hoping for a shortcut to a more industrious area full of potential machinery. “Hand ‘em over or I’ll split your spine.” You spin backwards to see a rival runner menacing an arc-knife towards your direction. “I won’t ask twice,” he says as electric sparks dance across the blade.


Bad: Being a fan of your cohesive vertebrae, you give up what he wants. (Core -1)

Neutral: Suddenly the knife over amps and arc-shocks his fingers painfully, after dropping the malfunctioned weapon he runs off sheepishly.

Good: He swings the knife towards your throat, but you duck and retaliate with an uppercut to his jaw, leaving the would-be robber knocked out cold. (Core +1)

Wild: You decide discretion is the better part of valor, but unfortunately twist your ankle on a loose brick during the tactical retreat. (Health -2)

“Ghost Token”

An eerie pink glow illuminates a nearby decrepit toll booth. You carefully make your way to the area, hoping for salvageable machinery inside. Instead you find a hologram of a female pole dancer gyrating and grinding, despite the lack of any music. The hologram itself projects from a small crystal disc on the booth’s floor, which deactivates as soon as you pick it up. The translucent disc turns out to be a souvenir from a long gone night club named “The Siren Pit”.


Bad: “Leave my lady alone!” are the angry words you hear just before being knocked unconscious by an unseen foe. (Health -2)

Neutral: You toss the chip back to the floor, and the erotic dance show begins anew.

Good: You touch the crystal chip to your CryptoCredit cube, and as you hoped the chip wirelessly deposits currency to the cube. (CryptoCredits +3)

Wild: The back of the poker chip reads, “Place me on your crotch for a lap dance,” you admire its versatility but toss the micro projector. (DiceMod -2)
“Lickety Spit” (SHOP)

“Hey runner! Hey!” The insistent voice startles you from your current mission of simply walking down the road. “Yeah I heard there were core runners all up in this shithole today, figured I’d make some easy credits.” The excitable woman produces a faux-leather pouch from beneath her nanocarbon jacket. She opens the pouch to reveal small vials of liquids in varieties of colors. “These are neurostimulant infusers, just swish ‘em around in your mouth and spit. Don’t drink them! Oh, I’ve got a core too.”

**Shop Item / Gained Player Effect / CryptoCredit Cost:**

- **Teal Tree Flavor | (Health +1) | (CryptoCredits -1)**
- **Lavender Lagoon Flavor | (Health +2) | (CryptoCredits -2)**
- **Voltage Volcano Flavor | (DiceMod -1) | (CryptoCredits -2)**
- **Scarlet Sky Flavor | (DiceMod +1) | (CryptoCredits -2)**
- **Charged Power Core | (Core +1) | (CryptoCredits -8)**

(52) “Hung Out To Dry”

The putrid odor of rotting flesh assaults your nostrils, as you clamber over piles of burnt cars. You find the source of the stench; skeletal mummified remains of an unfortunate drifter. Apparently he’d died ensnared by a trap, likely set by the NeoDyne tribe which claims dominion here. His legs and arms lie mangled and intertwined with clamp cabling, which must have exploded outward from a clasp mine. The poor bastard likely dehydrated to death while being unable to escape such hellish torment.


**Bad:** The horrendous smell causes you to vomit uncontrollably. *(Lose a DiceMod of your choice.)*

**Neutral:** This man’s unfortunate fate serves as a reminder; you must be on your guard at all times while in NeoDyne turf.

**Good:** Well at least now you know not to go that way. *(DiceMod /2)*

**Wild:** As you make your way passed the grisly scene, for an instant you thought you heard the dead man laugh. *(DiceMod *2)*
As you pass a wall of crumbling cinder blocks, you hear the sound of muffled howling. You locate the urgent screams as emanating from one of the open cinder blocks at the base of the wall. Kneeling down to get a better look, you notice the twitching tail of a raccoon. You watch the raccoon’s tail flicking desperately, as it bellows cries of anguish. Apparently this little fellow has crawled into a hole it can’t wiggle back out of.


**Bad:** You save the raccoon, but it scratches you painfully in doing so. *(Health -1)*

**Neutral:** You liberate the raccoon; it gives you a confused stare and runs away.

**Good:** After freeing the raccoon, you find what it was investigating; a glowing CrytoCredit cube. *(CryptoCredits +2)*

**Wild:** When you touch the raccoon it shudders and shuts down, apparently this was someone’s synthetic pet. *(Lose a DiceMod of your choice.)*

Fragments of splintered mortar careen into your face from a nearby brick wall. The smell of burnt clay fills the air, as yet another blast singes inches from your nose. “Hold still fucker!” A female voice commands from above, looking up you spot a malicious sniper you assume intends to remove her competition. The core runner’s high powered laser rifle emits a whine as it charges for another shot.


**Bad:** You manage to flee the scene, but not without getting laser grazed across the ear. *(Health -1)*

**Neutral:** You plunge behind piles of nearby shipping crates, then duck walk your way to safety using their cover.

**Good:** The woman pulls the trigger and the laser rifle explodes in her own face; the painful price of using illegally modded weaponry. *(DiceMod RE)*

**Wild:** “Got it!” she proclaims as a huge spider crawling up the wall is obliterated six inches from your head. *(DiceMod -1)*
You are intrigued to hear the sound of a synthesizer somewhere in the distance. The forlorn tone seems FM generated, resembling a moody saxophone. Cautiously you creep towards the mysterious dirge, eventually reaching a concrete pier. There amongst the twilight glow of dusk, a gang of NeoDyne tribals appear to be performing funeral rites. One disheveled man plays a synthtar connected to an amplifier, producing the siren song. Three other stern faced men are seen lowering a small raft filled with shredded cardboard. Squinting your eyes, you see a dead cat nestled amongst the kindling, just as the raft touches the bay water. “Damn we’ll miss you Skiddledoo,” one of them says, choking back tears. He then tosses some sort of torch onto the raft, and it slowly ignites as it floats off into the sunset. While trying to get a better vantage, you clumsily knock over a bottle causing it to clatter onto the street.


**Bad:** One of the tribals points and shouts as another starts running in your direction. Not wanting to be assaulted by four grieving tribesmen, you decide to disappear. You duck into a nearby abandoned customs building. The sound of running footsteps comes closer but then gradually fades into the distance. After waiting fifteen minutes, you realize they are gone, although you lament this time wasted as a result. *(Lose a DiceMod of your choice.)*

**Neutral:** “Hey remember that time Skiddledoo drank your beer?” “I remember when he pissed on Garret’s shoes.” The men continue to share fond memories about their recently deceased feline friend. “That cat used to leave half-dead roaches for me every morning.” You decide to leave these tribals to their lugubrious lamentations.

**Good:** After the men exit the scene, you see that the synthtar and amp were left behind. Walking over to investigate, you notice that the amp itself seems especially large. There’s a caution sticker on the powered speaker warning of extremely high voltage. Sure enough, after you pry off the back of the amp, you find a charged power core inside. You carefully remove and pocket the core, saluting Skiddledoo’s floating pyre as you leave. *(Core +1)*

**Wild:** The sudden sound of maniacal cat screeching pierces the air. “Oh shit he ain’t dead!” One of the men dives into the bay water, quickly swimming to the sinking pyre. He soon returns to the pier with an obviously alive and highly irritated cat in tow. Skiddledoo may have gotten a little singed, but apparently his nine lives weren’t quite used up yet.
”(56) “Shock to the System”

While attempting to remove rusted bolts from the back of a portable fuse welder, you feel a burst of searing pain in the back of your skull. Everything goes black as you lose consciousness entirely. You awaken to foul water being poured over your face by a sneering miscreant. “Wake up bitcho, it’s time to fight!” He struggles you to your feet, and as your eyes adjust you realize you’re in a cage ring. “This is the price you assholes pay for stealing shit outta our zone.” You notice another core runner holding the back of her head on the other side of the cage. “Make it entertaining, and maybe one of you get outta here alive.” The filthy man closes a metal mesh door behind him, leaving you and the rival runner locked within. At least a dozen voices surrounding the makeshift arena begin chanting; “Fight! Fight! Fight!”


Bad: You consider persuading the woman on the other side of the cage to not give these bloodthirsty jerks what they want. But before you can even say as such, you notice a glow of blue pulsing from the back of her fist. She lurches forward and plows her knuckles into your temple, causing ripples of high voltage to shatter your consciousness. You see the cathode knuckles gripped in her fist just as you hit the floor embracing darkness once more. You later awaken outside sprawled upon the cold pavement, defeated but thankfully still alive. (Core -1)

Neutral: “This isn’t happening,” says the rival core runner as she sits down. “Aww come on damn it, fight!” whines one deflated onlooker. “I don’t want to,” responds the yawning lady on the floor, as you agree and sit down as well. “Ah hell this ain’t no fun,” says another disappointed watcher as they begrudgingly open the cage door. “Get the hell outta here ya damn pussies.”

Good: “It’s you or me asshole,” she chides coldly as she begins running towards you. Her fist glows blue as it comes careening towards your skull. You duck and perform a sloppy sweep kick causing her to stumble into her own fist. The young woman screams in agony before going unconscious; her cathode knuckles having discharged into her own face. Satisfied with the battle, the vagrants allow you to leave as they begin stripping your foe’s clothes off for their next “entertainment”. (DiceMod RS)

Wild: The creaking metal cage starts swaying as the degenerates shake its sides while they chant. “Eat this you assholes!” the runner woman commands as she plunges her fist into metallic floor. Agonized screams fill the air as every cage shaker crumples to the ground unconscious. You are then aware of the freshly discharged cathode knuckles smoking from her fist. “Good thing you had on rubber soles,” she snickers as you both escape outside.
"A Sticky Situation"

The feeling of a wet sticky substance suddenly envelopes your lower extremities. You topple hard to the pavement, frantically tearing at gelatinous strands bound to your legs. Next you see a rival core runner marching your way, reloading a shotweb launcher in his neoprene gloved hands. “Nothing personal, but I’m taker not a giver.” He gloats just as you notice a cracked slab of concrete within reach.


**Bad:** “Don’t worry, it’ll dissolve.” He says, while rummaging your backpack. *(Core -1)*

**Neutral:** You are able to free yourself quickly, escaping through a nearby office park.

**Good:** You hurl the lump of concrete slab through the air colliding it into his cranium, he topples to the ground as shotweb discharges into his crotch. *(Core +1)*

**Wild:** The runner accidentally misfires the shotweb onto his own feet; you take advantage of this incompetence and escape. *(Gain a DiceMod of your choice.)*

"Pocket Change"

Walking near a destroyed tire manufacturing facility you abruptly hear, “Help! Please Help! My master’s vitals are in an emergency state!” The synthetic voice blares from a pocket personomate, desperately trying to aid its troubled owner. Said owner is a rather dead core runner, slumped against a grimy street side concrete barrier. The gory gaping hole in their chest indicates this was no accidental death. You offline disable the exasperated personomate, then venture to check the rest of the pockets.


**Bad:** “Violator!” The personomate declares as it shudders back online while zapping your hand. *(Health -1)*

**Neutral:** You thoroughly check the pockets of the corpse, finding nothing but giblets of ribs and lungs within.

**Good:** In a breast pocket you find a sealed bag of roasted mealworms. *(Health +2)*

**Wild:** You plunge your fingers down into something wet and squishy, pulling it out reveals a clump of perforated liver. *(Lose a DiceMod of your choice.)*
“Collateral Damage”

You find yourself admiring a picturesque sunset framed by the battered structures where two buildings once stood. Your moment of Zen is abruptly cut short, disturbed by the sensation of strong vibrations pulsing within the sidewalk. Soon you hear thudding metallic booms matching the cadence of the earthly shudders. Your heart rate soars when you realize what’s happening. This can only be the footfalls of a techtrooper; a humungous humanoid-styled war machine used in the third war. Your fear is confirmed by the sight of a techtrooper stomping backwards onto the same street as yourself, every long stride collapsing craters into the pavement. Immediately after, you realize another techtrooper is intensely engaged in combat with the prior. The retreater ignites a shoulder mounted missile which fiercely slams into the cockpit of their pursuer. The cockpit’s shielding was strong enough to save the pilot within, as they retaliate by pulse-amping their spark coil igniter. There’s no time to figure out why these goliaths are fighting here, you absolutely must find cover until they’re gone.


**Bad:** The spark coil igniter erupts, unleashing high voltage hell upon the fleeing unit. A muffled scream is heard as bluish smoke pours from its exhaust vents. Flames lick inside the victim’s cockpit as the machine topples to the ground with ferocious force. It lands so heavy and hard, that chunks of pavement splatter like a boulder splitting water. Unfortunately one piece slams into your chest, leaving you gasping for air as the other triumphant trooper lumbers off unaware of your presence. *(Health -3)*

**Neutral:** The spark coil igniter explodes tendrils of fierce lightning. The intended recipient’s defense system deploys a Faraday web, which incinerates as it absorbs the high voltage barrage. The retreating trooper fires off their skipjets, blasting hundreds of aerial yards away. Their enemy matches technique, launching in tandem with such gale force that you are knocked to the ground. You struggle upright and brush yourself off, quite thankful that one those marauding menaces didn’t step on you.

**Good:** The spark coil igniter fries every control circuit in its target. The pilot attempts to eject, but their escape mechanisms cannot function. The winner maniacally pierces their own techtrooper’s hyperfist spear into their enemy’s cockpit. Blood splatters the cracked viewshield, then entrails fly when the huge spear retracts. After the victor stomps away, you’re able to recover one functional core from the victim. *(Core +1)*

**Wild:** The spark coil igniter fails to discharge. Upon seeing this, the intended target deploys their offensive energy array. Intense beams of plasma pepper their opponent, with one particular blast obliterating said rival’s cockpit. Upon seeing victory, the winner crashes off into the distance. Thankfully, you also survived. *(DiceMod -3)*
(64) “Recall of Duty”

Seeking your way through a parking lot graveyard of destroyed vehicles, your stride stops when you glance the dancing of neon dots, all reflecting off a truck’s grimy windshield. Instinctively you dash behind the remnants of a charred SUV, knowing that you’ve just observed a cluster of laser targeting points. Only one firearm uses that reticle signature; a megaflux rifle. And only one soldier carries such a large and heavy weapon; the always dangerous auto-commando. That fearsome humanoid cybersoldier used in WW3; but what could such a horror be hunting here?


**Bad:** Your thoughts are cut short as a blast of plasma hits the nearby ground, rocketing flakes of concrete into the air; graciously you manage to escape before another shot is fired. *(Lose a DiceMod of your choice.)*

**Neutral:** The fearsome soldier marches past your position keenly intent on its mission, which thankfully was not about finding you.

**Good:** “I am error!” the brutal executioner exclaims, before seizing on the ground allowing you to extract a power core from the glitching wreck. *(Core +1)*

**Wild:** As the terrifying techno-warrior marches away from your position, you find a lost CryptoCube near the SUV’s melted tire. *(CryptoCredits +5)*

(65) “Negotiable Nautilus” (SHOP)

Turning the corner past a crumbled customs office, you are taken aback by the site of a luminescent pink sea creature rising from nearby bay waters. As it hovers towards your vicinity, you realize it is someone’s custom genetic handiwork. This weird seabeast appears to be a flying cybernetic nautilus, about the size of a large medicine ball. “Let’s make a deal stranger,” it urges as colorful streams of light trace the contours of its carbon-stitched fiber shell. It rotates around, and the back of the shell retracts, exposing rare commodities within its illuminated storage chamber.

**Shop Item / Gained Player Effect / CryptoCredit Cost:**

VitaGel Starfish Slurpee | *(Restore Health to maximum)* | *(CryptoCredits -5)*

Sea Sponge Shoe Inserts | *(Gain a DiceMod of your choice)* | *(CryptoCredits -3)*

Barnacle Encrusted Charged Power Core | *(Core +1)* | *(CryptoCredits -7)*
After following the sound of a pounding bass pattern, you’ve arrived at what appears to be an active nightclub. The neon glow of 4th generation OLEDs spell out “The Poison Pit” above a purple vinyl padded door. Curious as to how such a business could still exist here, you push your way inside the hot and humid establishment. You nearly trip on an overdosed junkie slumped in the entranceway, who is somehow still clutching their fume infuser. Your senses are next assaulted by a kaleidoscope of vibrant colors racing across every wall, ceiling, and floor. A group of gruff looking tribals crowd around a pole dancer. She erotically slides and grinds her naked body suggestively against a fluorescent pole, while nude male performers enact primal humping maneuvers within their illuminated cages. Over at the bar, you see a decrepit service droid mixing drinks from surprisingly well stocked shelves. Another group of seedy looking tribals hunkered into a corner booth are aware of your presence. You get the sense that maybe you’re an unwelcomed outsider here.


**Bad:** “Guess the bouncer’s in the shitter.” One of the booth tribals says, as he and his cronies stand. One of them flicks open a carbide blade, as they menacingly begin stalking your direction. You turn to leave, but abruptly feel yourself being lifted off the carpet. “A lady has to blow her guts sometimes,” says an intensely cybernetically enhanced woman of considerable stature. She gingerly tosses you hard into the street as the men laugh. *(Health -2)*

**Neutral:** “Like what you see?” Says a snide looking man in a cheap iridescent suit. He points at the erotic dancers. “I got more copies of all those models in the back, ten credits and any of them are yours for ten minutes.” You size up the sleazy pimp and wonder how he got ahold of such expensive carnal hardware. Realizing your quest for power cores won’t be aided here, you decide to leave this den of debauchery behind.

**Good:** “Come have a taste on the house,” requests the bartending droid as it mixes five cocktails at once. You saunter over to the dimly lit bar to see what’s on offer. The robot produces a drink within its onboard blender, then extends it your way; “Nutritious and delicious!” You swig down the concoction, definitely feeling refreshed. “Glad you enjoyed my rat and roach puree!” *(Health +3)*

**Wild:** “You think looking is free?” Says one of the bench lurking tribals, running his tongue over stainless alloy teeth. “Eye candy costs money, or an eye.” Realizing you’d have no chance fighting five armed men at once, you give in to their extortion. “Thanks for your patronage, now get the fuck out.” one demands as he reveals a holstered flesh shredder. *(CryptoCredits -5)*
ENDINGS

When the player encounters a circumstance which initiates their Run’s end, they should use the following ending directory to find the appropriate ending.

- - - - -

Player quits the Run prematurely for a non-game related reason. = *Ending (0)*

Player has lost all of their Health Points. = *Ending (1)*

Player is unable to move to any other Sectors due to low Health Points. = *Ending (2)*

Player ends Run on **START** labeled Sector with no cores. = *Ending (3)*

Player ends Run on **START** labeled Sector with cores. = *Ending (4)*

Player ends Run on **ESCAPE** labeled Sector with no cores. = *Ending (5)*

Player ends Run on **ESCAPE** labeled Sector with cores. = *Ending (6)*

Player ends Run on **GOAL** labeled Sector with no cores. = *Ending (7)*

Player ends Run on **GOAL** labeled Sector with one core. = *Ending (8)*

Player ends Run on **GOAL** labeled Sector with two, three, or four cores. = *Ending (9)*

Player ends Run on **GOAL** labeled Sector with five (or more) cores. = *Ending (10)*
ENDING (0)
As you near the relics of a defunct business insurance agency, you can’t help but admire the glow of dusk across its crumpled masonry. On a whim you reach to pick up one of the loose bricks, but instead your hand passes through it like a ghost. Staring down at your own body in disbelief, you watch yourself continuously fade into transparency. For some unknown reason it’s as if you are being erased from reality. Your last fleeting thoughts in Rise City are rife with confusion and terror.

ENDING (1)
Life in post war Rise City is never easy, and nowhere is this truer than the Industrial District. Every day survived within this hellhole is a victory, but your winning streak has just run out. There are reasons that charged power cores still exist in this place. Now your death serves as continued proof of those reasons’ existence. Unfortunately your passing will not be mourned, as only hungry scavengers care about the dead here.

ENDING (2)
The will to survive is strong in every core runner, that’s definitely one of the job requirements. But sometimes survival means accepting one’s own limitations. You’ve hit that personal wall today, now you’ll have to rest until your strength returns. Healing up will cost you today’s prize to a rival runner, and that stings. But other runners will still die in the pursuit; less competition means an easier run next time.

ENDING (3)
You’d always heard the Industrial District was an extremely dangerous zone. And although you gave this run your best shot, the odds are too vicious to continue. Deciding survival to be the wiser aspect of ambition, you pack in your pride and retreat the same way you breached in. At least in that direction you know what to expect. Along the way you choose to take holographs of the sunset, relaxing a bit as other runners risk their lives instead.

ENDING (4)
The Industrial District has lived up to its reputation of being an unfriendly beast to run. But your toils have produced you spoils. The charged powered cores you’ve acquired here will fetch a nice bounty of CryptoCredits outside. There’s always a market for old world energy; always another smiling bastard willing to pay for it. As a core runner your services stay in demand, but you’ll choose to offer those services somewhere a little less deadly next time.
ENDING (5)
Pushing past a cracked compound plastic security gate, you safely step outside the Industrial District. The waning sunlight casts the entire area in a gloam of orange haze. You stretch your aching muscles while recollecting the experiences you’ve just survived. Although you did not achieve your original goal, you did stalk through Rise City’s most dangerous zone and live to tell about it. That’s something to be proud of core runner.

ENDING (6)
Upon exiting the Industrial District, you take a load off on a nearby bench. Annoyingly the solar charged bench begins sounding out your medical vitals as a result. As it tells you your pulse, weight, and body fat percentage, you retrieve the cores you’ve managed to acquire. Pulling them free from your runner pack, you admire how they gleam in the twilight. Someone in Rise City will exchange high CryptoCredits for these cores, you’ll just make sure that someone is in a safer zone next time.

ENDING (7)
It’s been a long and difficult run, full of unexpected challenges and dangerous encounters. But finally you reach the marked entrance of NeoDyne tribal grounds. Unfortunately you can only watch as another runner named Eddie Jeckle claims the prize. You see him lead by tribals into a reinforced chrome mobile home decorated with fluorescent human skulls. Soon after you witness Eddie leave the chieftess’ abode grinning victoriously; looks like that CryptoCredit payoff lived up to the hype.

ENDING (8)
You climb up stairs made of tiered tires, eventually reaching an arch of electrical conduit pipes cleverly lashed together. This is clearly the entrance to the NeoDyne tribal grounds. A few armed tribals hail you as a runner, and ask for your core count. Sheepishly you tell them you’ve only managed to run a single charged power core to their domain. They pay a fair price for it, but this was not the haul you’d hoped for.

ENDING (9)
Wiping sweat from your brow cathartically, you at last find yourself standing beneath the entry arch of the NeoDyne tribal grounds. A few weapon wielding tribals greet you, but don’t let you in further. They recognize you as a runner, and ask for your core count. You are paid for the cores you’ve secured, but you were too late getting here. Another runner came earlier with five cores, and has beaten you to the grand payout.
The day’s waning twilight paints the NeoDyne’s metallic entryway in an aura of red luster. As you approach said security arch you are hailed by a group of armed NeoDyne tribals. After showing them your collection of cores, they approvingly escort you to the chieftess’ chrome mobile home. Once inside you are introduced to an intimidating woman of imposing physical stature, yet her cybernetically enhanced demeanor carries considerable grace. As promised, she pays an extraordinarily high CryptoCredit rate for your expedient supply services. You aren’t told why the cores are needed, and being a professional you neglect to ask as you leave. Weeks later you learn how a known vestige of IAM - the rogue self-modifying code responsible for starting World War III - was eradicated by a powerful explosion. A soft-scavenger discovered Intelligent Artificial Mind hid yet another of its sleeper executables in a nearby aquatic drone. Fearing the drone would flee if the IAM seed realized it was exposed, a group of local tribals opted to explode the watercraft instead of using offensive-ware intrusion. You’re told the annihilating blast’s flames were a blazing teal color, not unlike the hue of imploded power cores.
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