



SHADOWRUN®

SHADOW STOCK

INGENTIS ATHLETES



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Time for a deep dive into the darker side of sports! We fans howl in glory at the victories, and we wail and lament the losses. But the tears fall hardest at the injuries that end a glorious career. Sympathetic grunts of pain, followed by complaints of a doomed season—all wiped away after a trade and a new rising star on the roster.

But for the fallen star, the choices aren't abundant. Some fight their way back to the league, others take some time in the minors or a foreign league, but many are done. They fall from the spectacle, leaving a void that many of them try to fill with an alternate path to the spotlight, maybe as announcers, coaches, reporters, or scouts. Jobs are there, but none of them hold the rush of the crowd or thrill of the next hit.

Those places where the adrenaline surges but the rules of the games have changed is where this reporter looked!

Welcome to my latest exposé!

Where the Athletes Meet the Aether ... no!

Where the Stars Meet the Shadows ... no!

Where We Trade the Umpires for the Umbra! These might not be getting better.

First off, don't be a corp stooge and go telling your cronies at Aegis or something about all this. I'm dropping this to be friendly. These are hard workers. They need jobs, want help, and are trying to survive being corporate toss-offs, just like many of us.

So, with no further ado, here's your shadow lineup!

WELCOME TO SHADOW STOCK!

Shadow Stock is a new line of PDF products for *Shadowrun*, *Sixth World* that provides a group of NPCs built around a common theme as well as new character options connected to these characters. So whether you're a gamemaster looking for new NPCs to introduce to a campaign or a player exploring new options, this line has something for you!

OMAR 'UNSEEN' APAEZ

I will never get over how fast AzzieBall has taken off around the globe. If you don't know what I'm referring to, you may want to scan the Matrix for ullamalitzli or court ball after you climb out from under that rock you've been living under. Though the specific part I'm talking about is the violent spin-off game that all the leagues call AzzieBall, and none of them let Aztechnology or Aztlan affiliated teams play.

There's a bit of humor that will come attached to all this later about that point. Just you wait.

For now, let's talk Omar Apaez. He's a cyclops with a singular vision. Hee hee, I couldn't resist. Anyway, as we all know the single cyclopean eye comes with all sorts of distance struggles. That said, it also seems to make it a lot easier to play a nice close game of ullamalitzli, especially when you have arms as wide as the lanes. He has proven to be historically inept from the free throw line, but his defense in the lanes and brutal strength have made him a force to be reckoned with. I would like to make it clear that I understand he's not going toe-to-toe in the lane with Steger or Tullins—those brutes are doped or something—but for a decently agile troll, Omar is a very special tool to use in a playbook.

Now, for the humor. Omar is an AZT operative.

Yup.

He works off the books doing shadow jobs for the Azzies in various cities where the Golden Boys play. He did the same thing when he played for the RipTide and the Crimson Crushers. Everywhere he goes, he is either slipping his way onto a team to monitor things, gathering a team for some work, running some counter intel op, or touching base with the local loyal talent.

In the shadows he goes by the name "Unseen." He's a sweet source for intel on everyone but AZT and can often broker decent deals for selling intel on teams going after AZT or tertiary data on rivals that might help out the AZT bottom line.



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OMAR 'UNSEEN' APAEZ
METATYPE: TROLL (CYCLOPS)

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	M	ESS
7	5	5(8)	5	4	2	3	4	5	6	6
DR	I/ID	AC	CM	MOVE						
10	11/4	A1/15	14/10	10/15/+1						

Skills: Astral 2, Athletics 3, Close Combat 3 (Clubs +2), Con 3 (Acting +2), Perception 3

Qualities: Built Tough (2), Cyclopean Eye, Thermographic Vision

Adept Powers: Astral Perception, Combat Sense 2, Improved Reflexes 3, Kinesics, Pain Resistance 1, Vocal Control

Gear: Armor vest (w/electricity resistance 4), commlink (DR2)

Weapons:

Colt Government 2076 [Heavy Pistol, DV 3P, SA, 10/8/6/-/-, 14(c), w/ laser sight]

HARDEN 'HIKE' FINN

Beckson Strauss (BS): I'm still shocked at this pick. Choosing a troll out of Oklahoma seems perfectly fine to round out that O-line, but putting a troll in that pivotal QB role, in the big leagues, is way outside the playbook. Harden Finn has been that outside-the-playbook story since his youth league days. His pretty-boy fomorian looks have kept most coaches and other players from ever seeing him as that classic line-troll, and his arm and height have kept him breaking records and dominating defenses since he was knee-high to a wyrd mantis.

Walter McKenna (WM): Dominating is an understatement, but none of it has been easy. He's struggled to be allowed in leagues based on his metatype, even though he is not the most massive of specimens. But his efforts have paid off today.

BS: That's right, Walter. Harden Finn is about to make history. With a twenty-one-point lead, thirty-six seconds left on the clock, and a fresh first down, those numbers are going to mean Harden Finn and his Red Wolves are about to set three records for this playoff series.

WM: I see the lead. I know the total points. But, what's the third record?

BS: Walter, you are forgetting that no one has ever had a perfect game in the World League Championships.

WM: That is true. Harden has gone twenty-four for twenty-four passing. Zero interceptions. There's definite thanks that need to be given to his receiving crew, but you can run back the highlights. He has been on *fire*!

BS: Here we go. The line is set. Harden will definitely be taking a knee.





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WM: Interesting that Delanté Tinch is still lining up like there's a play. He's up and looks ready to move.

BS: Tinch is a pro. He doesn't care if there's a half-second left, he's going to be on his game, ready to take advantage of any mistake.

WM: Can't agree more. And here we go ...

BS: There's the snap, and ... what is that ... Tinch is ...

WM: *Oh my ghost!* There's a fumble. No whistle. And a pile up! That was a big play, but nothing is breaking this shut out.

BS: Hold on Walter. Harden is down. Tinch came right over the top to break that. The timing was perfect and that ball came loose, but Harden is not getting up.

WM: I'm sure he'll be up in just a tick. We're taking a break to hear from one of our sponsors! Take a minute to visit your local Stuffer Shack.

We loved watching Harden Finn make the big plays, break those records, and then get his neck snapped by Tinch in that leap over the line. It may have been like watching a train wreck, but we watched. Best of all, we watched the next season roll in and saw Finn overcome that injury and bring the Red Wolves through another championship season. His perseverance was astounding.

And every bit of it slowly tore this man apart. Finn's neck repair was a quick vatjob, his recovery was pushed, and as Alev Martecion made sure everyone knew, Finn was doped up all season long. Luckily, the league isn't about to strip a championship on the word of an exposé reporter, but that retirement speech could not have been more troubling.

Post-retirement, Harden has since found a new line of work. Broadcasting! What did you think I was going to say? Running the shadows? Oh, wait! Yes, that too! He's got the right athletic skill to keep physical in the streets and the personality and presence of a man used to running a team on the gridiron.

You'll find him hiding behind the moniker "Hike" in the shadows up and down the NorthAm East Coast. Even though he played professional sports, he chose to play American football in an off-league, so his face isn't plastered all over the Matrix. His broadcast job is a bit more high-profile and puts his voice out there a lot further than his face.

What Hike's efforts and connections have done for him and the shadows is open up a pipeline for moving teams between cities, and Hike somehow got in with a hacker network of primo SIN-forgers. Alongside the SIN jobs, Finn likes to support small businesses and hires a lot of small-firm contract workers for crew and security.

HARDEN 'HIKE' FINN

METATYPE: TROLL (FOMORIAN)

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
7	5(6)	5	7(8)	3	2	5	4	6	4.8
DR	I/ID	AC	CM	MOVE					
11	10/1	A1/I2	14/10	10/15/+1					

Skills: Athletics 7 (Throwing +3), Biotech 1, Close Combat 2, Influence 2 (Leadership +2), Perception 4, Stealth 3 (Palming +2)

Qualities: Addiction (2; bliss), Built Tough (2), Magic Resistance (1), Thermographic Vision

Augmentations: Cybereyes (rating 2, w/ flare compensation, thermographic), dermal plating 1, muscle replacement 1

Gear: Armor jacket (w/ electricity resistance 2, fire resistance 2), bliss (20 doses), commlink (DR 4),

Weapons:

10 x throwing ball [Throwing Weapon, DV 3S, 8/10/3/-/-, Avail 2, Cost 135¥]

YOU CALLED DOWN THE THUNDER!

Don't step away from that feed, because this is about to get maximum real! I'm dancing eighteen thousand meters up, looking down on the clouds. I am ready to slap on this mask, open that door, and see just how fast I can get down to that dirt.

Ever wanted to see a giant make a leap out of the back of an antique Aérospatiale/BAC Concorde rocking along at mach two? Of course you do! That's why you're logged onto the ThunderCloud. This aircraft has been modified with a state-of-the-art autopilot system and slight tweak to the fuselage that I hope will hold up when I take a seat on this sled and roll out the custom rear ramp.

This could very well be the end of ol' Thor "Thunder" Fjeldstrom. No one has ever made a leap like this. I'll be hit with everything from sub-zero thin air to massive g-forces, and in order to keep alive on this tiny little tank of air before I freeze, I'll need to blaze along at a speed that will leave me right at the edge of consciousness.

So stay logged right here; I'm going to slide on and seal up the last bits of this suit while you catch a word from one of our favorite sponsors, Dragon Piss Energy Drink!

Take in a word from them and wait for the Thunder to come rockin' at you from the sky.



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THOR 'THUNDER' FJELDSTROM

I love Thunder. The guy is all sorts of energy, and he has yet to pull off a stunt that I didn't initially believe was completely impossible. Take the attached clip, for example. He made an impossible jump, but the jump wasn't the end of the stunt. He made his jump over Everest! He fell almost 10,000 meters before using a custom parachute and a vectored thrust system on the sled he dropped with. When he hit the mountain—almost at the peak—he then used the sled like a snowboard. When everyone thought the show was over, he spent another three hours coming down from the highest peak in the world in the flashiest ways he could imagine. He stopped for a couple breathers but kept it popping by not using his lungs to talk and broadcasting straight from his headware.

It was *awesome*!

Fanboy mode, deactivated! He does his show about once every two to six months, depending on how long it takes to set up the stunt. In between, he works as an announcer for other extreme sports events, picking his broadcast choices based on what kind of gigs he gets offered in the nearby sprawls. Thunder is a Matrix star for sure, but he also does a fair job running the shadows under his nickname—which happens to be a common street name. He tends to operate as quiet muscle, but he can offer quite a bit of insight when it comes to physics, structural integrity, and several engineering topics. It's surprised many runner teams he has joined.

If you don't need him as meat, he's still great to know, because he has connections across several corps and Matrix entertainment groups. On top of that, his fan base is huge, and he has very little problem hopping onto chat nodes and talking insider info as fans try to get Thunder to run his next stunt from their neck of the world.

ABIGAIL 'SILVER STREAK' HUNTER

Sterling Stackhouse (SS): The Silver Streak is on the move again! Hunter has found a sideline off the main strip. Her knowledge of the field is almost supernatural!

THOR 'THUNDER' FJELDSTROM METATYPE: TROLL (GIANT)

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
9(+2)	5	4	7	5	2	2	4	6	3.5
DR	I/ID	AC	CM	MOVE					
19	6/1	A1/12	15/11	10/15/+1					

Skills: Athletics 5 (Flying +2), Biotech 1 (First Aid +2), Engineering 2, Influence 1 (Intimidation +2), Outdoors 1, Perception 3, Piloting 3 (Ground Craft +2)

Qualities: Built Tough (2), Dermal Alteration (Bark), Thermographic Vision

Augmentations: Bone lacing (titanium), dermal plating 2, headware commlink (DR 4), simrig

Gear: Armor jacket

Weapons:

FN P93 Praetor [Submachine Gun, DV 4P, SA/BF/FA, 9/12/7/-/-, 50(c), w/ rigid stock, laser sight, flashlight]

Donovan Graves (DG): We all know the strength she gets from that cloud of little friends she's got tracking and tallying targets. The break to the edge is always a dangerous move, but once again, Abigail "Silver Streak" Hunter is defying the odds.

SS: This young lady goes to show that a hundred eyes are better than two and being born with just one can't keep determination from making the big leagues.

DG: She's definitely taking a hot move, and it looks like only Pierce White has a shot at stopping her.

SS: And that's a long shot with that fifty-meter lead she's got.

DG: Oh my ghost! Check out that move! Silver Streak has shifted her swarm, and she's cutting through that warehouse! I don't think even Stuffer Shack has ever had something that spicy in their warehouse before.

SS: Don't get too excited. Looks like White is making a move for the pinch point. Silver Streak better keep the throttle slammed if she wants to beat him with that wide-open line.

DG: Yeah. It's a risky move, but I have a feeling Abigail has every confidence she's going to make that ring.

SS: Looks like her drones are clearing the frame, she should be right behind them ... oh yeah! There she is! Still a solid forty meters ahead of White. What kind of mag ...

DG: Holy drek! What kind of hit was that?

SS: I don't know, but it didn't look legal. Every one of Silver Streak's drones is down! It's a rain of silver shards.

DG: That's not the biggest trouble! Check out Abigail. Looks like that big BMW is getting away from her. That's going to be the end of that run!

SS: Oh drek, Donny! Check out this vector projection!



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DG: Is that? No? White is going to blindside her at the corner! He's got to see that, right?

SS: Oh no ...

DG: Oh ghost, no! Ugh. <sounds of vomiting>

SS: That hit. That jump. That was—oh no. They need to get the medic out there. Silver Streak is down and out. And it looks like White is just driving away! What kind of sportsmanship is that?

DG: It's not. <gagging cough> That was a hit! We've seen them before, and it's not just Abigail Hunter who will be down for a bit.

SS: I think you're right. White is going to go under investigation for that.

DG: Looks like medical teams are headed her way. Ghost speed, Silver Streak.

SS: Speedy recovery is all we can hope for that talented young cyclops!

DG: All right, now back to the action, where it looks like Corey "Da Chuck" Charles is making a move.

If you follow urban brawl at all, you caught wind of Abigail "Silver Streak" Hunter. She put in three seasons. She set rookie records, then set about setting some all-time records. Then she broke her own records in her second year. In the third, she was on her way to another record-breaker when she took a nasty hit and faded into the oblivion of injured brawlers.

She was the first female cyclops in the league, and her drone swarm set the bar for future outriders, not to mention paving the way for a series of rules adjustments. She was a rapidly rising star that fell from the heavens and now graces the shadows of Denver as home.

Why Denver? Because it was the best sprawl to hide in with her famous face. She now covers that face with a deep crimson half-face mask that hides her identity, cyclopean ancestry, and scars from the accident. She runs as "The Phantom," but several runners in the community have begun to label her the "Crimson Crusader" in honor of her alliterative brawler name and her penchant for white-hot runs. She operates as a driver and rigger (natch) but prefers to be on the move rather than trying to dogfight.

For team transport, she typically runs one of those vans that looks all boring on the outside but has plenty of tricks under the paint. She's rarely in the van as she still likes to ride a tricked-

out BMW (though Denver winters aren't kind to that) and surround herself with a small swarm of drones. Since getting into Denver, she's expanded to the air, but she doesn't advertise it—it serves more as a "just in case" scenario.

Hopefully anyone who runs across her will keep her identity under wraps and respect the code. If you don't need to run with her, you can always reach into the shadows and get in touch with her as a source for insider info into the world of big-league sports. She made a lot of friends and contacts who don't mind a little kickback here and there for shelling out info that might make them some extra nuyen. You can also get her connections to work on your custom bike, as she loves a little competition.

ABIGAIL 'SILVER STREAK' HUNTER METATYPE: TROLL (CYCLOPS)

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
4(+2)	2	5(8)	3	3	3	4	2	5	0.4

DR	I/ID	AC	CM	MOVE
14	12/1	A1/12	12/10	10/15/+1

Skills: Biotech 1, Cracking 2 (Electronic Warfare +2), Engineering 1, Firearms 1, Perception 3, Piloting 6 (Aircraft +2)

Qualities: Built Tough 2, Honorbound (White Hat), Thermographic Vision

Augmentations: Bone lacing [titanium], control rig [rating 2], cybereyes [rating 3; thermographic vision, flare compensation, smartlink, vision enhancement], dermal plating 3, reaction enhancers 3

Gear: Armor jacket (w/electricity resistance 2, fire resistance 2), Aztechnology Governor van, BMW Blitzen motorcycle, helmet, fake SIN [rating 4; w/ licenses (augmentation, pistols, RCC)], Transys Avalon commlink [Rating 6], Vulcan Liegelord rigger command console, S-B Microskimmer XXS (10), Horizon Flying Eye (5), Cyberspace Designs Quadrotor (2), MCT Gnat (10), Cyberspace Designs Dalmatian

Weapons:

Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, DV 3P, SA, 10/8/6/-/-, 14(c), w/ laser sight, smartgun system]

JOLENE 'MS. CLEAN' KENNEDY

We have seen the basics of this tale a thousand times before. An athlete has just enough natural talent to reach the bottom of the big leagues. Problem is, their talent can't take them any further. In order to get to the next level and return to the spotlight they knew when they were minor-league stars, they need something else. They need to decide which devil they are willing to sell out to.



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Jolene Kennedy made that choice and almost fell from the spotlight altogether. She went in for a little cyber enhancement only to discover that she is one of those rare few who doesn't take well to implants. In her case, the immune response was so strong she almost died. Despite the setback, she wasn't ready to give up her dreams of being a brawl-star.

With a healthy stack of nuyen spread around to her doctors and their staff, she started out the first of a string of lies. She covered up the surgery failure by claiming that the hospitalization was for an infection. That kept her rep good and let her slide back into the league. The problem was, she needed a way to look like she had the speed her wires would have provided.

It doesn't take a genius to guess what decision she made. She just needed to hide her boosts and come through clean. That is not an easy task when you play a sport with cameras at every corner and constantly buzzing overhead. With her skills, the boost of the drugs, and some great PR, she kept herself in the ranks and even featured in a few highlight reels. Kennedy managed to hold on to stardom for almost three full seasons before the drones of Abigail "Silver Streak" Hunter caught her in the act of dropping a jazz popper. The popper would have been seen as just a leftover on the brawl sprawl, but the drone caught it being popped and dropped. The footage set in mo-

tion a series of investigations, and Ms. Clean was done for.

She fell from grace and straight into the shadows. Her sponsors and team both dumped her, but a creative fixer in Chicago saw a great opportunity. He reached out, offered a little upfront nuyen, and brought Ms. Clean into Chicago's former CZ to work as muscle. Her time in urban brawl set her up well to operate in what is basically a massive brawl sprawl, and she's been making a great name for herself in the Chicago shadows.

If you need muscle or a guide, she should be near the top of your list. She still takes straight runner gigs, but her time inside the former Bug City makes her knowledge just as valuable as her muscles.

SHAUN 'TYSON' LANE

When Shaun Lane first set foot in the UnderGround Combat Authority ring, he was laughed at. His boyish good looks on a thick-muscled fomorian frame made everyone think he was just another bodybuilder looking to take his sculpted muscles into the fighting ring to be torn apart. His opponent, Gregg "Da Gunns" Galloway, was a former champion, still in his prime and on his way back from letting his rank go to his head. It was meant to be just a little practice before "Da Gunns" was once again aimed at the new champ.

The first round revealed an intimidated Lane. He had been known for speed and power but spent most of his time backing off and side-stepping his larger opponent.

The second round ended in nineteen seconds, ten of them during the ref's count on an unconscious Galloway. Lane came to the center of the ring, let Galloway feed a single distancing jab, ducked the jab, rose high up on the outside of that outstretched arm and swung a left hook that sent Galloway's mouthpiece flying. Galloway was sprawled on the canvas a second later, and replays since have shown the mouthpiece landing and bouncing in the corner in rhythm with Da Gunns' bouncing head.

Announcers compared the hit to those delivered by a young Mike Tyson, and Lane has followed a similar path. He tore through the UGCA ranks using that left hook for anyone who wanted to go toe to toe and joining it with skilled footwork that left his next few

JOLENE 'MS. CLEAN' KENNEDY METATYPE: TROLL (FOMORIAN)

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
7	5	5(6)	8	4	2	4	2	5	5.4

DR	I/ID	AC	CM	MOVE
11	10/1	A1/12	14/10	10/15/+1

Skills: Athletics 5 (Sprinting +2), Biotech 1 (First Aid +2), Close Combat 3 (Clubs +2), Con 1, Electronics 1, Firearms 3 (Heavy Pistols +2), Perception 3, Piloting 1 (Ground Craft +2), Stealth 2 (Palming +2)

Qualities: Built Tough (2), Magic Resistance (1), Sensitive System, Thermographic Vision

Augmentations: Reaction enhancers 1

Gear: Armor jacket (w/ cold resistance 2, electricity resistance 2, fire resistance 2), commlink (DR 4), fake SIN [Rating 4; licenses: pistols], jazz (10 doses), kamikaze (5 doses)

Weapons:

Colt M23 [Rifle, DV 4P, SA/BF/FA, 5/8/8/8/4, 40(c)]

Colt Manhunter [Heavy Pistol, DV 3P, SA, 10/8/6/-/-, 14(c), w/ laser sight, smartgun system]

Mossberg CMDT [Shotgun, DV 4P, SA/BF, 4/11/7/-/-, 10(c), w/ laser sight]

Stun baton [Club, DV 5S(e), 6/-/-/-/-]



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opponents as shocked as Galloway. He is as pretty in the face as he is in his game. With the UGCA title, he took a big step and went over to the real underground leagues fighting in Aztlan bloodsports. Fight money and higher stakes led to a couple cybernetic upgrades—don't believe the haters who say he was injured—which made his fighting an even more fantastic spectacle.

Now we need to dig into what's happening behind the scenes. The 'wares, surgeries, and rehab services that Lane got are way more expensive than his meager winnings could afford. Anyone who didn't see that just wasn't looking. He wired up and recovered in a blink, something only a corp—specifically megacorp—can pull off.

How did he get that kind of access? Did he sell out? Succumb to corp pressure? Nothing of the sort. He earned a favor on a job and has been stuffing his ebony credsticks full of shadow nuyen in every city he fights. And others nearby. Those 'wares are making him less formidable in the ring but have upped his asking price in the shadows. While the former is legitimate, it doesn't pay.

Lane—who has been calling himself “Tyson” in the shadows—took a little side-action for that transition to Aztlan. It paid very well, and he was hooked. He's gotten connected with fixers globally and likes to pick the teams he works on. On the streets, he wears a custom ballistic mask with the same pattern his namesake wore as a face tattoo back in the day. So far, this Tyson has not shown any desire for eating ears, but it's early in his career. Once he goes overboard on the chrome, cyber-psychosis might not be far behind.

SHAUN 'TYSON' LANE METATYPE: TROLL (FOMORIAN)

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
8	4	4(5)	8	3	1	4	5	5	4.4

DR	I/ID	AC	CM	MOVE
14	9/2	A1/13	14/10	10/15/+1

Skills: Athletics 5, Biotech 1 (First Aid +2), Close Combat 6 (Unarmed Combat +2), Con 1 (Performance +2), Influence 2 (Negotiation +2), Perception 4 (Visual +2)

Qualities: Built Tough (2), Magic Resistance (1), Thermographic Vision

Augmentations: Dermal plating 2, wired reflexes 1

Gear: Armor vest, ballistic mask, commlink (DR 3)

Weapons:

Ceska Black Scorpion [Machine Pistol, DV 2P, 10/9/8/-/-, 35(c), w/ folding stock]

TARANTINO 'DA JUICE' LOKISON

Back in the day, there wasn't a rider alive who could touch “Da Juice” on the combat biker track. He had skills, a hot ride worked on by the best in the business, a wicked swing, and a desire to win. He happily took to the 'wares when his skills started to slip and jumped back to the top of the game until age caught up. When Da Juice left the WCCL as a player, he smoothly transitioned to a suit and tie, starting work as a talent agent. He's got his own Hall of Fame rep, and he recruited four top riders who everyone knew would make it in the big leagues. Once he had the cash flow, he started looking elsewhere, primarily to the streets. Go-gangers, street racers, crotch-rock-et MCs, and the shadows were a font of quality talent who just needed a little polish (and sometimes a clean SIN).

Nowadays, Da Juice, who goes by either Tari (short for Tarantino) or Loki (obvious), has a stable of talented riders and riggers who call him friend or owe him favors. He occasionally (if rarely) takes on the job of running the rig himself, sometimes to make a little extra nuyen, but more often to get eyes on prospective talent. If you meet him, don't assume you're being scouted just to ride for the league. He pulls weight in the shadows and, more often, finds those with the skills to match with a corporation in need.

TARANTINO 'DA JUICE' LOKISON METATYPE: TROLL (GIANT)

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
6(+2)	4	4	5	5	4	5	5	4	1.5

DR	I/ID	AC	CM	MOVE
17	9/1	A1/12	13/11	10/15/+1

Skills: Close Combat 4 (Clubs +2), Con 2, Influence 4 (Negotiations +2), Perception 4, Piloting 7 (Ground Craft +2)

Qualities: Built Tough (2), Dermal Alteration (Bark), Thermographic Vision

Augmentations: Bone lacing (aluminum), control rig 2, cybereyes [rating 3; thermographic vision, flare compensation, low-light, smartlink], dermal plating 4

Gear: Armor jacket (w/ fire resistance 4), commlink [DR 6], fake SIN and licenses [Rating 4; licenses: augmentations, RCC], Gaz-Niki Titan motorcycle, helmet, Transys Eidolon rigger command console [DR 6]

Weapons:

Browning Ultra Power [Heavy Pistol, DV 3P, SA, 10/9/6/-/-, 10(c), w/ laser sight]



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TENOR 'DROP THE BASS' MERCATO

Alex Nash (AN): Here we go again!

Griffin Forge (GF): Yessiree! Tenor Mercato is about to step into the ring again, and we are ecstatic to be ringside down here in the beautiful Aztlan port of Chetumal!

AN: Easy, Grif. Best not to advertise where we're at; this little ringside arena is packed! Your best bet is to pop onto the BloodLeague node and pick your feed.

GF: Good point, Alex. You can ride with Tenor or Samson, or just take a seat in the virtual ringside.

AN: Don't forget riding along with referee Hank Bolden. It's a rare treat to watch a match that close.

GF: Too true. Let's step back and let Bolden do the rules and regs bit, and then we can get back to announcing this minotaur mauling!

AN: Welcome back. Referee Holden has dropped the hand, and it's time to talk turkey while these two monsters tear at each other.

GF: Let's start with the big question—why has Mercato trimmed his horns?

AN: I know. Most minotaurs hold on to that advantage in these rings, but he had them snipped even before his first match.

GF: Well, remember how Regan Stinner was all over them. I think Tenor would rather keep to a brawl rather than risking what happened to Adrian Andrakes.

AN: Oh! Yeah, I try to forget the sight of Andrakes' horns in the cage while Scorpio Rousey laid waste to him.

GF: It was brutal. But there are far more ring tales of fighters not realizing just how sharp those horns are.

AN: That's for sure, Grif. We always run that stat before minotaur matches. They are the deadliest!

GF: Yes, Alex. When the ref can't call it, sometimes it goes too far, and many of the league's minotaurs love to wrap things up with that "Bull Charge" finisher.

AN: Many? I think Mercato is the only one who doesn't.

GF: Could very well be part of his tactics. Take that move off the table, and it takes the feeble feint away as well. Strategies upon strategies.

AN: This has never been just about beating an opponent with brute force. You need skill and stamina alongside a strong will to withstand the beating. Very few leave the cage unbloodied.

GF: I'm loving this match so far. These two big guys are really testing each other out. Big fists and big hits, but neither is leaving any solid openings.

AN: I think that's one of the keys to Tenor's style. Fight clean and look for that opening, but don't forget you can go toe to toe if the mood's right.

GF: Great Ghost! Or you can just do that! Tenor just took advantage of a poorly timed head dip and took the bull by the horns, as they say.

AN: Normally, you'd expect a counter with a roll or a lift and body shot, but that was just too fast. Tenor is driving home that right knee.

GF: I've counted seven hits—make that eight. I only think Samson appears upright because Tenor is holding his horns. As soon as he lets go ...

AN: Yup. There ya go! You were right, Grif. Mercato dropped the horns, and Samson is pooling blood on the mat. This match is over, and Tenor "Drop da Bass" Mercato has leveled up that win column.

GF: He sure has. A definitive victory for the young minotaur. Let's turn it over to April Killeny over in the Tortugas for our next match.

One thing I can always respect is a person who comes through hardship without becoming cynical and bitter—or worse yet, hyperviolent. Tenor Mercato was born and raised in the heart of Japan. His parents were both employees of MCT who transferred to the headquarters after showing great promise at their offices in the UK. It's a strange story, since his parents are actually part of the sanitation team. The pair came to Kyoto, where they were granted the gift of being allowed a child.

Got to love those megacorps that control who can and cannot create new consumers for them.

Anyway, fast-forward twelve years, and young Tenor was trying to be schooled with his fellow citizens when an accident led to another student being cut by his horns. The other student had a higher-ranking family, and they demanded Tenor be punished. The punishment was the removal of his horns. It was a huge trauma for the young minotaur, and yet he came through it with grace, accepting that the fates did not want him to have horns. His positive attitude garnered the attention of Master Hiko, who invited the young man to begin training in the martial arts.

Fast-forward another eight years and Tenor, now usually called Bass due to the play on words and tone of his voice, has become a decorated fighter within MCT, with several judo tournament awards. He came under the



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management of the same young man he accidentally injured with his horns. We'll call him Kinoko (because his name really is Kinoko). Kinoko did not grow up to be mentally stable. He was, in fact, already a spoiled brat when the event happened and just got worse over time. The brat thought Bass needed a lesson and ordered him to enter a full-contact competition rather than a points-based tournament. Kinoko stacked the card in hopes of embarrassing Bass, but at the end of the event, Bass was undefeated and Kinoko was furious.

During the event, Bass was noticed by another individual, a rather well-connected executive, who offered Bass a position in his department if the minotaur would agree to do some training. Tenor was not the type to turn down good offers, and he took the chance, only to find that Kinoko had been promoted over the man who selected Bass for the position.

Irritating, to say the least.

This is where I'll reveal that the "department" was an internal MCT shadow crew and Kinoko is an utter dreksack who keeps sending Bass (and any team he's on) into the worst drekstorms.

Take that as a warning if you take some support work with Bass. He's a solid guy for a company minotaur, but you'll likely be catching drek from Kinoko if you get chummy.

TENOR 'DROP BASS' MERCATO METATYPE: TROLL (MINOTAUR)

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
9(+2)	5(8)	4(8)	9(12)	5	2	3	2	3	0.1

DR	I/ID	AC	CM	MOVE
17	11/2	A1/13	17/11	10/15/+1

Skills: Athletics 4, Close Combat 6 (Unarmed Combat +2), Influence 2, Perception 4, Stealth 3

Qualities: Built Tough (4), Thermographic Vision

Augmentations: Bone lacing (aluminum, alphaware), dermal plating 3, muscle replacement 3, reaction enhancers 3, simrig, wired reflexes 1

Gear: Armor vest (w/ electricity resistance 2, fire resistance 2), commlink (DR 4), fake SIN [rating 4; licenses: augmentations], shock gloves

Weapons:

Area Viper Slivergun [Heavy Pistol, DV 4P(f), SA/BF, 12/8/6/-/-, 30(c), w/ integral silencer]

EILEEN 'STRIKER' O'SHEA

Velo Fulcrum (VF): Here we go again! O'Shea is tearing up the middle and no one seems to be able to stop her.

Chyna Rhodes (CR): She's already slipped three—count them, three—defenders who are now struggling to catch up. The pitch is opening up before her, and soon it's going to be nothing but that poor tender versus one of the most vicious strikers in the game today.

VF: The Fomorian Fury is in her full glory. She has a few open teammates, but she's playing it smart, avoiding an offsides call. She's just going to take it all the way.

CR: Looks like it. I've heard some call her a glory hound, but not a single one of her teammates has had an issue with her style.

VF: Helps that they're undefeated since her signing two seasons back. This win streak is phenomenal.

CR: And this is it—she just juked Jones, and only Perry is between her and a four-zip lead. She cuts left and sets up that power leg. Perry is shifting slightly, but she looks ready.

VF: This is going to be ugly.

CR: O'Shea sets the slow roll ... and there's that big ... left ... boot. Whoosh!

VF: It's a fake-out. Perry is diving for nothing, and there's Ejdreiczik with a light little tap to the high corner ...

CR: Goal! Goal! Goal!

VF: And that's why her team sticks by her side. She's got humility and skill. O'Shea and Ejdreiczik come together for a quick low five, and they are slipping back into position. No gloating, no showboating. Class.

CR: It looks like O'Shea is headed for the sideline. She's stepping out.

VF: Some players would look to pad their stats, but O'Shea is giving the bench some time.

CR: I like that about her. She's a pro on and off the field.

VF: Most definitely. Speaking of true professionals, how about a word from MetaErgonomics?

That streak lasted four straight seasons before O'Shea took a dirty clip. Marsha Wheeler hit her from the rear and put O'Shea out for a month. The team lost a few in the interim, and when she came back, O'Shea just wasn't the same. Somewhere in the hospital she lost all of her professionalism and sportsmanship. She started taunting everyone in sight and started



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taking—and giving—some nasty hits. She set a couple shutout points records during her “dirty girl” phase and led the team to a fifth championship, but it wasn’t pretty. During that final match, she got kicked out of the game when she paid back Marsha Wheeler. A brutal elbow to the back of the head left Wheeler a cripple and got O’Shea banned from the league.

She had burned a lot of bridges and was not welcome in the announcing circuit or even some of the minor leagues.

Now, why did she do that? Because she was being manipulated on a nightly basis through a serious simchip habit. In the hospital, one of the doctors, a serious fan of Wheeler’s, slipped her a little BTL feed during recovery. After that, he kept the feed up during “checkups” and left her with some serious mood stability issues.

After leaving the league, she left the doc, met a nice lady who we know as Turbo Bunny, and got straightened out right quick. But even straightened out, she still pitched the doc out an arcology window in Metr  pole. Thanks to TB, she slipped into the shadows, and thanks to her recovered professionalism, she prefers to operate as a fixer rather than a runner. She’s still got some athletics and talent, but she’s not a huge fan of shooting people in the face for money.

Check her out for revenge jobs that have less-than-fantastic pay but feel good. She also occasionally funds some hooding with her cut and helps out others who are having their minds bent by hot chips or personafix drek.

EILEEN ‘STRIKER’ O’SHEA METATYPE: TROLL (FOMORIAN)

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
8	6	5(6)	5	5	2	3	4	6	5

DR	I/ID	AC	CM	MOVE
12	9/2	A1/13	14/11	10/15

Skills: Athletics 5 (Sprinting +2), Biotech 1 (First Aid +2), Close Combat 4 (Unarmed Combat +2), Influence 4, Outdoors 2, Perception 4, Stealth 2

Qualities: Built Tough (2), Magic Resistance (1), Prejudiced (Drug Dealers), Thermographic Vision

Augmentations: Wired reflexes 1

Gear: Armor jacket, commlink (DR 4)

Weapons:

Ruger Redhawk [Light Pistol, DV 3P, SA/BF, 7/10/7/—/—, 8(cy)]

GADEUS SOROPHINIKLES

I know I’ve been trying to throw some highlight transcript bits up for everyone, but I couldn’t find anything that was actually exciting for Olympic powerlifting. They were all just too proper. I am linking an article that will at least offer a little on the fall of this star, but it wasn’t some terrible injury or event—it was a scandal, and one I’ll talk more about after you read the article.

THE SLAYING OF THE MINOTAUR

It took a mighty hero and a mighty sword to bring down the mythical beast of Greek legend, but this minotaur was brought low by personal hubris and a tiny needle. Most of my readers have seen my articles on Gadeus Sorophinikles and read them with zeal as they watched this minotaur rise to the top of the world’s unaugmented powerlifting rankings. I lavished praise on the young UCASian who battled the racism and tropes of his kind while ascending the ranks. The young man faced adversity with passion and drive, sprinting to the top of his weight class. He never let his greatest failure deter him. Though he was passed over for a spot on the UCAS Olympic team, he stayed the course of competition, catching the eye of an unlikely benefactor.

Aztechnology.

The megacorporate Olympic team saw the short-sightedness of the UCAS team and offered Gadeus citizenship in exchange for service. Some in the Olympic field thought it was a travesty to let a corporate team simply buy an athlete, but far more thought it was the best way to make right the real travesty of Gadeus’ exclusion from the UCAS team. There was just enough time for corporate citizenship to count, and Gadeus gladly signed up.

Fast-forward to the 2080 games in Seattle, where Gadeus stood proudly on the top block with Olympic gold on his neck and a pair of former UCAS teammates at his sides once again, but this time below him. The weights held the measure of the three, and Gadeus had sent a message with his lifts. Specifically his final lift, where he shamed both of his former teammates by beating them by a full plate-weight.

It wasn’t just the few kilos of a pair of silvers either. The separation between gold and silver was a full pair of reds—that is, fifty kilos.

Some called it a simple display of prowess, done to set a new Olympic record. Some just laid praise at Gadeus’ feet for making an example of those who shunned him. Some thought it unsportsmanlike, slapping a black mark on the respected sport. Most just cheered!

Such a feat will always draw scrutiny, and while the screamsheets for the following hours carried those cheers, they turned to tears, outrage, and disbelief before the sun rose on Seattle the next day.

Post-competition blood tests came back positive for a performance-enhancing hormone, and Gadeus found his Theseus.

We in the sports world have seen it all. This isn’t the first athlete to fall, but it was one of the most surprising. For years, Gadeus was the poster boy for clean lifting. Most blame Aztechnology, but the spin-masters inside the steel pyramids placed the blame squarely on the shoulders of the world’s strongest metahuman.

While Gadeus may be a minotaur, he is not Atlas. He has been cast from Olympus (namely, his Olympic record) and many of our hearts went with him.



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As I said, let's take a look at this before I go on to talk about where you can find Gadeus now. I know what you're thinking, maybe the UCAS knew something, and so they passed the kid up. Not a chance. They had played and preyed on his clean image for years. They loved the fact that he was crushing the competition on nothing but hard work and big muscles.

But all of that conspiracy is beyond the point, which I'll get to after I point out the fact that there wasn't actually enough time for him to become an Aztechnology citizen. All of this started with some hacking and data trickery. Gadeus did a photo shoot in Cancun about a year before he got passed over, but somehow that was the moment he had applied for Aztlan/Aztechnology citizenship, claiming to have fallen in love with the history and beautiful culture.

Enough about the article. Let's talk about Sophocles—Sofe, for short. That's the street moniker for one of the biggest minotaurs you will ever meet. He figured he'd play on the Greek philosopher's name that also happened to be his team nickname, because no one could pronounce his last name. Now that you've got a name, let me give you the real story.

Sofe is still clean as a whistle. Always was, always will be. His bad rep is thanks to a team of runners. While I don't hold any ill will, he does. He's actually still on the prowl for them, so if you happen to work with him, don't make any cracks about being in on a job like that. He's likely to question you while pulling you down over his horns.

He runs as muscle, especially for teams on the move who need someone who won't set off every metal and cyber scanner in the airport since he chose bio over metal. He also tends to avoid guns or standard weapons of any sort, instead preferring to throw whatever is handy with a ridiculous amount of force behind it. He's a bit of a jet-setter and has managed a collection of contacts all over the globe, making him a great source for connecting with a "friend of a friend" when you're outside your home turf.

GADEUS 'SOPHOCLES' SOROPHINKLES METATYPE: TROLL (MINOTAUR)

B	A	R	S	W	L	I	C	EDG	ESS
10(+4)	3	3	10(14)	5	2	3	4	5	4

DR	I/ID	AC	CM	MOVE
13	6/1	A1/12	15/11	10/15/+1

Skills: Athletics 6 (Lifting +3, Throwing +2), Close Combat 3 (Unarmed Combat +2), Outdoors 2, Perception 3

Qualities: Built Tough (2), Exceptional Attribute (Strength), Goring Horns, Social Stress, Thermographic Vision, Unsteady Hands

Augmentations: Bone density augmentation 4, muscle augmentation 4

Gear: Urban explorer jumpsuit (w/electricity resistance 4), commlink (DR 4)

Weapons:

Ruger Super Warhawk [Heavy Pistol, DV 4P, SA, 8/11/8/-/-, 6(cy)]

LET'S TALK TROLLS

Sigmund Shatterstar (SS): My name is Sigmund Shatterstar, and I'm here to talk trolls. And I don't just mean your garden-variety brutish, bulky bookworms that glam pages have splattered all over the 'trix. I'm talking the exotics. The solo-ocular legends and bullish brutes from the Grecian Isles. The "tall as a fjord is deep" nordic giants from Scandinavia. The Irish fomorians who are as pretty as they are tough. I'm here with my panoramic panel of genuine people, rather than some "ingentis experts," and they're ready to illuminate the world of trolls. The kind that are not living under the bridge. Ladies and gentlemen, please introduce yourselves.

Sairena O'Ryan (SO): Thank you for this opportunity, Sigmund. It's not often we get a chance to show the world our beautiful side. I'm a fomorian. It's an ugly name, but we are, by most standards, some of the most attractive of the trolls.

Nicholas Tsokalas (NT): And so it starts! This is the drek we deal with every day. The "pretty" folk like the trolls who look like oversized statues of themselves. Way to perpetuate those drektastic stereotypes, Sairena.

SO: Not my intention, Nick. How about we keep with the intros, and we can talk tickles going forward. Let me just move this over to you. Lads, ladies, and all, let me bring your attention over to Nicholas Tsokalas, an experienced captain in the Mediterranean, and a cyclops who doesn't need two eyes to see the truth in the world.

NT: My apologies, Sairena. It ain't easy rockin' this single eye, but it's enough to see how much you care about the real plight of trolls in the world. As my Irish dear mentioned, I am a cyclops for those getting naught but the audio. I spend my real life operating a high-speed tourist ferry that runs from Athens to Chania. It's a popular run



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for the local tourists and a great opportunity for me to chat up the reality of cyclopean life. I'll offer a little insight into that life for our guests later on, after I offer the intro op over to your next guest host.

Thorsson Hjaldrson (TH): Thanks for going over to me. I totally expected you to defer to Alex. Countrymen and all.

Alexios Taurusos (AT): He's not that keen on me.

NT: Not keen in the slightest, but it's Thor's turn.

TH: Much love for animosity of countrymen. Ha! It's beautiful, but let's talk about me! I am Thorsson Hjaldrson. There are few folks I do not look down upon in the literal fashion, but so many I truly look up to. I am what most call a giant. We make even the baseline trolls look short when we're standing side by side.

SS: Thorsson, we can talk comparative physique later. We want to know about you.

TH: Of course. I'm a construction worker in Sweetwater, Georgia, in the CAS. I was born back in the Scand Union but I've moved wherever the work is. I handle everything but specialize in wall work. Drywall, molding, painting, that kind of stuff. Just a hard worker who has seen a lot of the world.

SS: Just a regular Joe. Great to have such down-to-earth voices here. How about you, Alexios?

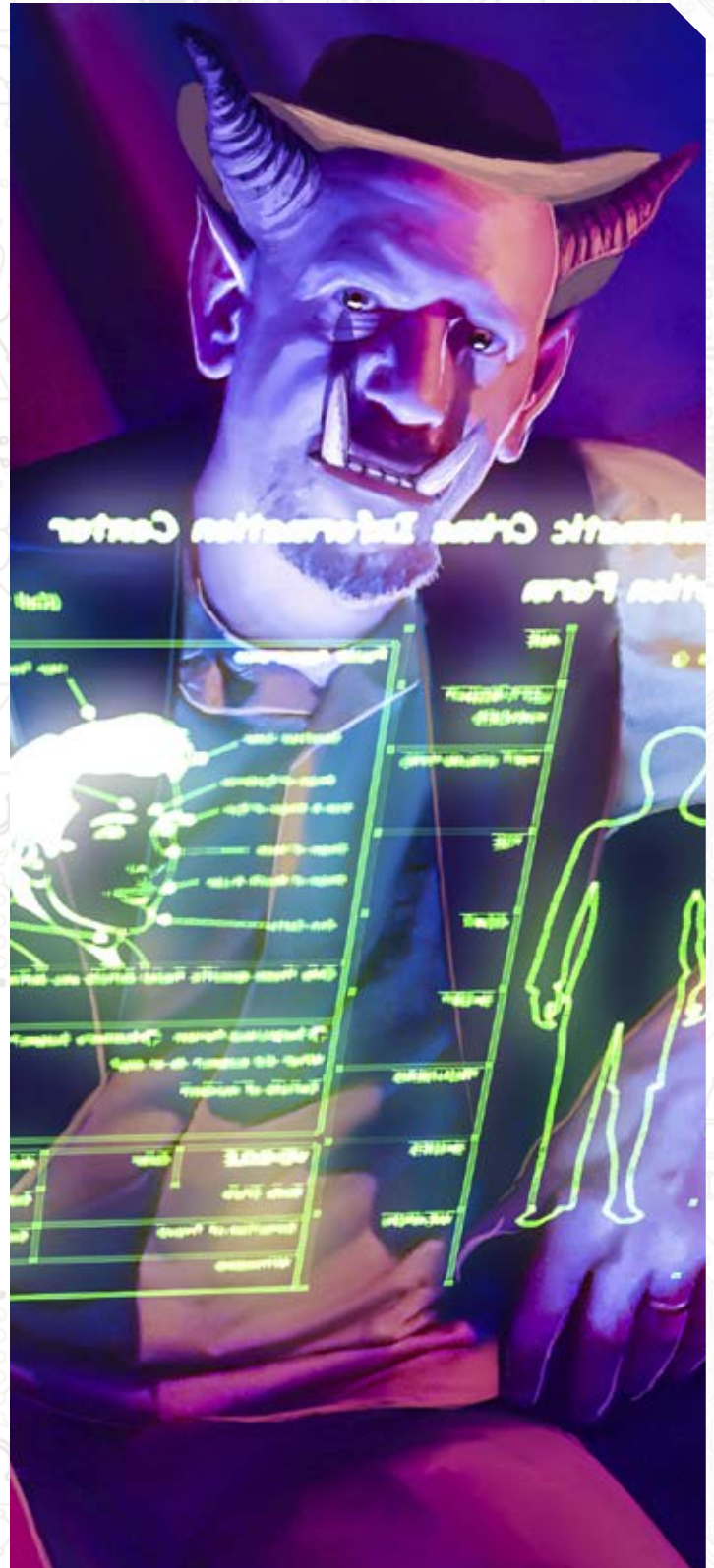
AT: Thank you, Sigmund. I am Alexios Taurusos, but most people recognize me as Stefan "Mysthios" Artemis, world-traveling shadowrunner, from the hit series *Mysthios* produced by Horizon Europa Entertainment. There are so few places I can go where I'm not recognized. This gives me a great perspective on modern troll stardom and the views of the people once they understand you as a person.

NT: Do any of you blame me for my distaste?

SS: Let's hold that thought until everyone gets a chance to make their intro. We've got plenty of time to bring our differences to light during the show. Alexios, you were saying?

AT: I can try to build more understanding later. Let me just say that while I am a known face now, I grew up on the poorer side of Argos. A lucky break got me my first acting gig when I was only ten, and Horizon recently accepted my citizenship transfer thanks to the success of *Mysthios*. I'm thankful to them for giving me a chance to be a minotaur for the common man and help more people get to know us beyond the legends.

SS: So important, and this is what we are here for. I think you handed off before we really got to know you, Sairena. Why don't you offer a little glimpse of who you are beyond your beautiful façade?





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SO: My pleasure, Sigmund. I'm Sairena O'Ryan. I work for Evo as a model and MetaErgonomics line rep. I grew up inside the Evo family and have had a pretty basic life. I like to grab a Soybucks in the morning on the way over to my office or the day's photoshoot, and I never miss a chance to stop and talk to those who want to know more about me as a woman, a troll, a model, or whatever aspect of my life makes the best connection with them.

SS: Sounds like a formula for success. Now that we know everyone, let's talk trollidom. What's life like for you? How do you feel different with your particular meta-variation? What makes you feel unique? Special? Ostracized? I don't just want rainbows and sunshine. We need to get some truth and reality here. Who'd like to go first?

NT: I'm likely going to provide the harshest tale, so why don't I start us off. As a cyclops, I literally see the world differently than everyone else here. I could get into the science of parallax and binocular vision, but let's keep it real. Most cyclopes that I know like to focus on the life right before their eye. Sure, we can see distant things, but we can't gauge that distance well. Best comparison I ever got was like looking at a badly drawn scene where the artist doesn't understand perspective. For us, it doesn't really matter. We, like all creatures on this planet, adapt. Luckily, we've got one of these really advanced squishy computers in our head, and we can adjust to life accordingly. As you can also see, I've only got a single horn, quite common for us, and I'm as smooth as a marble counter-top. I truly never understood how my troll kin could live with the rough patches. Clothes would be ruined. I'd worry about constantly snagging things. I'm thankful for the lack of that particular characteristic.

SS: Others have talked about the "cyclopean temper." Can you address that?

NT: It's less about being a cyclops and more about being part of an aggressive culture. The bulk of us reside around the Aegean Sea, and we live rough lives. We work on boats or docks, or do security—that sort of thing. We work hard, and sometimes we blow off steam playing hard, too. Some of us like to have some scuffling time, and it tends to make us seem a bit gruff to others.

SS: Fascinating. Thank you for that insightful look.

NT: Anytime.

SS: Let's shift gears and move over to you, Thorsson. Tell us what it's like being the tallest metahumans on the planet.

TH: Just as Nick points out for his kin, it's not just about any single characteristic. The differences aren't just in height, though that is usually the first thing people notice. We giants are taller than our baseline cousins, usually by a full head or more. Our added height tends to

draw out our limbs, and sometimes we look thinner. But I can assure you, as can Torvin Hjalmir, that giants are just as strong as our stubby kin.

SS: For those of you who don't know the name, Torvin Hjalmir is the current record-holder for the world's strongest man competition in the troll division.

TH: Yes, he is. What he also demonstrates is something we struggle with similar to standard trolls, and that's the dermal growths. For giants like me, they take on less of a jutting bone appearance, and instead our skin often appears covered in tree bark. We share the struggle to find clothing that doesn't snag or tear and even just standing close on public transportation can be problematic for people near us.

SS: What about living in a world that isn't built for you?

TH: It's not easy. I did a lot of ducking to get in here, and as you can see, even this chair doesn't quite work with my long frame. I think that's why most of my kind have consolidated in small communities. The Black Forest is home to most of us these days after the Scand U defamed us. But it isn't the only community. Sweetwater, where I mentioned I'm working, is building many things to fit our kind. Maersk has done a refit on a trio of cargo ships to better fit giants, while at the same time making these ships more efficient with a smaller crew. We have places that we fit.

SS: I'm glad you mentioned Maersk. What's your take on the current situation with the Sea Dragon? I've heard rumors that those cargo ships are more than meets the eye.

TH: I don't work there and don't have firsthand evidence of any of it. I have a brother who works on one of the refits, and he has mentioned they are bulked up a bit to be more "dragon-proof," as he puts it. I know the rumors include making them out to be warships, and they may well be, but I'm happy staying on dry land and making bigger buildings.

SS: I'm with you. Better safe on land than battling the seas and the Sea Dragon. I have two final questions to shoot your way. What is with those luscious beards, and what are your thoughts on reversion?

TH: Ha! I'll start with the tough one. Reversion is just a fact of life. We don't treat our human sisters any different than our giant ones. Family is family. This is actually wise for certain types of people to remember, because we protect our family, no matter their size. And as for this beard, it's a giant trademark. We grow nice full beards. It keeps our faces nice and warm and helps make sure we've always got a snack lying around if we get peckish.



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SS: Very important. No one wants to meet a hangry giant. Thank you for the insights. Let's slide on over to you, Alexios. Give us a glimpse at minotaur life.

AT: Let's get this out of the way and grab the bull by the horns. Ha! The jokes come in massive waves when you're a minotaur. Sure, we're big, we look brutish, we have some very stylish horns, and we happen to be named for a legendary monster—a name we share with a wild creature. None of this makes us any less metahuman. Come on, there are countries that give rights to vampires, for ghost's sake. We are not monsters. Let's make sure a few more things are clear. We don't have hooves, hence the very trendy MetaErgonomics Model 10s I sport in *Mysthios*. And we aren't some troll-bull hybrid thing. We got named minotaur because of where most of us come from on an ancestral level. And, well, we got an impressive set of horns and two eyes, so I guess we get minotaur instead of cyclops.

NT: I'll show you one eye! You'll be wearing a patch in *Mysthios* and apologizing to all the cyclopes you degraded and insulted in your little "Eye of the Beholder" episode.

SS: Easy there, gentlemen. This is about all of troll-kind getting seen for who they are.

AT: Exactly.

NT: You fragging ...

<Commercial break>

SS: We apologize for that short break. I'm sure you can find a few clips of our off-air moments elsewhere on the Matrix. Let's get back to talking trolls. Alexios, keep running down the minotaur life.

AT: Happy to, Sigmund. Minotaurs get the bad rap of our legendary ancestor. We're not bull-headed, labyrinth-hiding monsters. We have thicker and more durable horns, and I won't tip-toe around the fact that we can use them pretty effectively as weapons. Those scenes in *Mysthios* are not fabrication. My alter-ego, just like myself, is quite capable of taurine combat using horns and big muscles to make a mess of a foolish foe. As most have seen on *Mysthios*, we also lack the bumps and ridges of our basic cousins. A little extra hair and a tough hide are a fair trade-off for being a tad shorter, but the horns fill the gap. That, and these guns, balance the scales.

SS: It is great to get through the bulldrek and straight to the point, but I need to hit you with a hard question.

AT: Happy for the hard hits.

SS: Skyros? Where do you stand?

AT: That is a tough question. As most know, I was often seen standing on my balcony. It was an image of the Skyros revolution. I was an icon shining bright for the cause of independence and separation. Now? Well, now that image is used against me every time the island is mentioned.

SS: Are you saying you no longer support the minotaurs of Skyros?

AT: I still own property on the island. I still support an independent society of minotaurs with a place to call home. I don't support the violence they've used, but I remain a strong supporter, physically and financially, of the Skyros minotaur community.

SS: A touchy topic I'd love to dig into deeper at a later date. For now, I need to let the beautiful Sairena O'Ryan illuminate us on life as a fomorian.

SO: Thank you, Sigmund. Let me usher us through some of the trifling bits. It is true our skin is as smooth as that of any elf. We also have a preternatural propensity for 2.35 meters in height. We are all so very near in height as to be close to an identical perfection ... or so the prideful among us say. I try not to be prideful, and I find our vertical similarities just a neat peculiarity of our ancestry and legend. Our horns do tend to be a bit more decorative and ornate, but that fits the beautiful troll image.

SS: That image, that ideal. What is it that makes this image so important to uphold?

SO: It's not. We don't hold it up—others do. The fomorians of the world are truly happy just being ourselves. We don't care if we're pretty or ugly, if we're resistant to magic, if we're all the same height. We are just our true and honest selves. Without the egotistical desires of others who want a cohesive, communal identity and somehow feel it's necessary to take a chunk of land to make it official.

SS: Well, we will wrap with that as Sairena fires a small verbal salvo. We'll gladly bring back these same personalities if you want to see it. Offer up the high-fives and solo thumbs to show you want to watch this go on. Thank you all for joining us, and thank you to my guests for being open, honest, and true to troll-kind. No fakes, no flakes—that's the way we roll.

GAME INFORMATION

Due to a lack of depth perception, individuals with this trait cannot gain Edge on actions involving any distances beyond Close range, but gain an Edge on all actions within Close

	BODY	AGI	REF	STR	WIL	LOG	INT	CHA	EDG
Cyclops	1-9	1-5	1-6	1-10	1-6	1-6	1-6	1-5	1-6
Racial Traits: Built Tough (2), Cyclopean Eye, Thermographic Vision									
Fomorian	1-9	1-6	1-6	1-8	1-6	1-6	1-6	1-7	1-6
Racial Traits: Built Tough (2), Magic Resistance (1), Thermographic Vision									
Giant	1-9	1-5	1-6	1-10	1-6	1-6	1-6	1-5	1-6
Racial Traits: Built Tough (2), Dermal Alteration (Bark), Thermographic Vision									
Minotaur	1-10	1-5	1-6	1-9	1-6	1-6	1-6	1-5	1-6
Racial Traits: Built Tough (2), Goring Horns, Thermographic Vision									



INGENTIS ATHLETES

range. The replacement of the cyclopean eye with a cybereye negates this quality.

CORING HORNS

These are capable of being used as a weapon with the following stats DV: 3P, AR: 7/—/—/—/. If their Strength is 6 or greater, increase the AR by 2.

DERMAL ALTERATION

This shift in skin structure is even greater than just the normal bone deposits of trolls. This is far more extensive and takes on the appearance of rough tree bark. This quality provides a +2 Defense Rating bonus, cumulative with armor, but increases the cost of all armor and clothing by ten percent.

