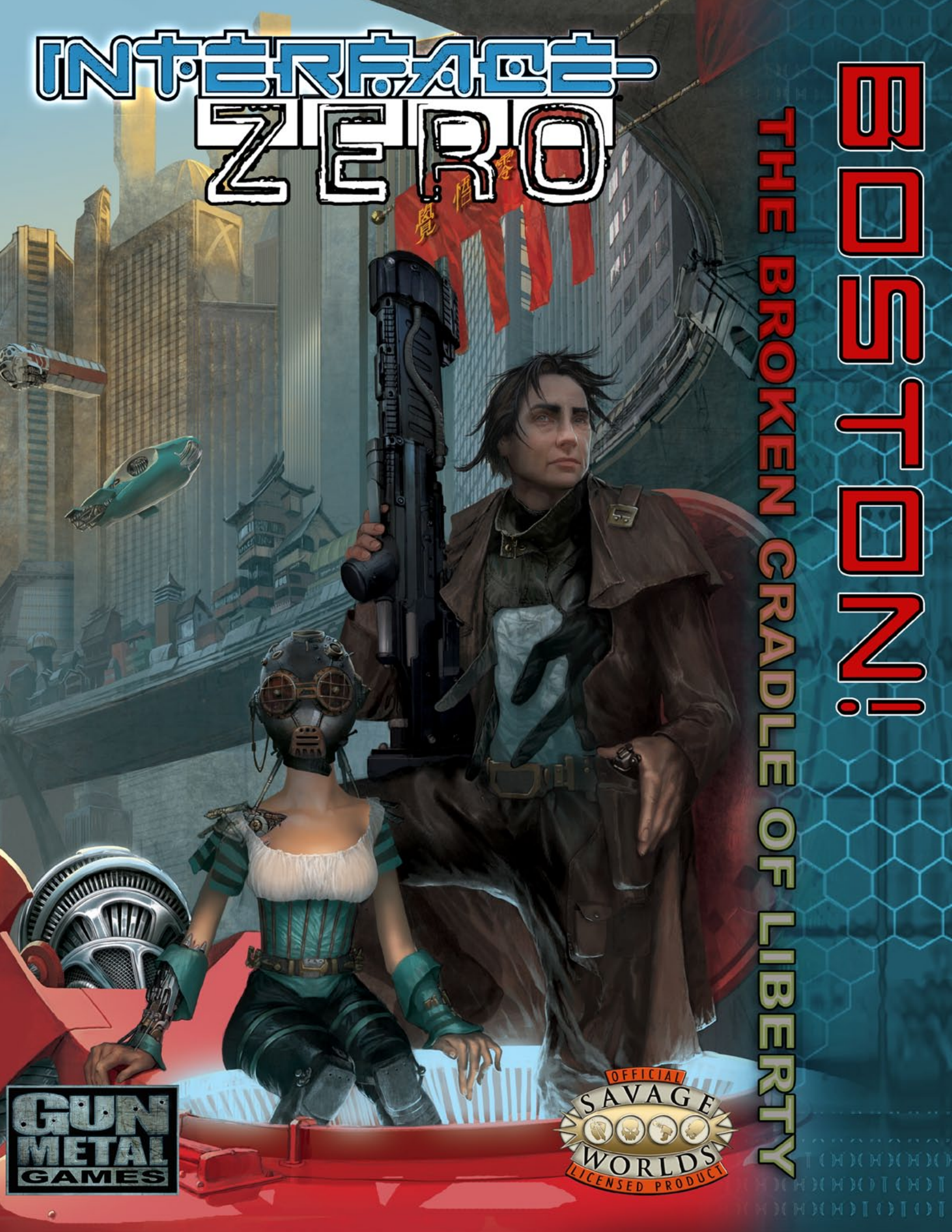


INTERFACE ZERO

BOSTON!

THE BROKEN CRADLE OF LIBERTY



**GUN
METAL
GAMES**

OFFICIAL
**SAVAGE
WORLDS**
LICENSED PRODUCT

NOT ALL CITIES ARE CREATED EQUAL...

One of the hottest Hot Spots of North America, Boston was saved from the encroaching seas by a massive civic undertaking, and declared the capital of Atlantica. Now, in the face of riots and acts of terrorism, the American 'Cradle of Liberty' reels under martial law as dissidents protest unpopular decisions in an effort to stoke the flames of rebellion. With soldiers patrolling the streets and violence a way of life, Boston stands poised to either blossom into something greater or be wiped off the map and into oblivion.

SOMETIMES YOU'VE GOTTA MAKE 'EM THAT WAY!

Boston: The Broken Cradle of Liberty has everything you need to take your campaign into the highways and byways of Boston. Whether you're a GM who wants to know what's going on in Beantown, or a player who just wants to hail from the area, you'll have everything you need to know to add Boston to your game. So grab your handy Watchdog and a Molotov Cocktail, tomo, and help decide the direction of the new revolution!

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IN THIS BOOK YOU'LL FIND:

- Tons of information about Boston, including neighborhoods, interesting locations and some of the major players of the city.
- New Edges, Hindrances and Occupations to help give your character that Beantown feel, as well as a whole mess of new gear popular to Boston, courtesy of Malmart.
- New rules for city Trappings, to help give locations a unique feel.
- Random gang generation tables!
- Two complete Savage Tales, and a half-dozen plot hooks to get your Boston campaign rolling.
- Stats for the important (and some of the not-so-important) characters in Boston.

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A MAD HATTER'S TEA PARTY

ZE

Status:
Resolving address of ftp.declassified.net
Status:
Connecting to 42.55.05.231:66...
Status:
Connection established, waiting for
welcome message....
Response:220----- Welcome to shadow-
FTPD [privsep] [TLS] -----
Response: 220-You are user number 367 of
1000 allowed.
Response: 220-Local time is now 13:58.
Server port: 771.
Response:246-This is a private system - No
anonymous login.
Response:246-IPv6 connections are also
welcome on this server.
Command:USER Orion@declassified.net
Response:331 User Orion@declassified.net
OK. Password required.
Command: PASS *****
Response:230-User Orion@declassified.net
has group access to:
Response:230 OK. Current restricted
directory is /declassified docs
Command: SYST
Response: 215 IDSMK Type: sk-MLOC
Command:FEAT
Response:211-Extensions supported:
Response: EPRT
Response: IDLE
type*;size*;sized*;modify*;IDSMK
mode*;IDSMK.uid*;IDSMK.id*;unique*;
Response:211 End.
Status: Connected
Status: Retrieving directory listing...
Command:PWD
Response:257 "/declassified docs" is your
current location
Command:TYPE ALPHA-5
Response:200 TYPE is now 128-bit KLOC
Command:PASV
Response:227 Entering Passive Mode
(62,80,45,133,222,196)
Command:MLSD
Response:150 Accepted data connection
Response: 226-Options: -a -l
Response:226 5 matches total
Status: Directory listing successful
Response: Welcome to Declassified.net.
Access to this server is a privilege, not a right.
So play nice, kiddies, or I'll ghost-hack your
TAP and upload a virus that'll make you bark
like a dog for a week. —Sysop

Posted: 03/22/2088 12:22
> BILLY_BLACK_EYES: Anyone know if this is
based on an actual event?

Posted: 03/22/2088 14:26
> D-V8: Possibly. I'll scan the Mediafeeds and
see if anything pops up.

Posted: 03/22/2088 15:33
> LUCIFERION: CASH? WTF... who uses cash
anymore?

Posted: 03/22/12/2088 15:46
> PAYN_MAN: Your momma!!

Posted: 03/22/12/2088 15:50
> LUCIFERION: REPORTED.

"Set the time... set the place... set the fuse..."
—Emerson, Lake and Palmer, Hallowed Be Thy Name

*There was a flash of light, and then the
roar of another explosion ripped through
the Boston night.*

*'Another,' he thought, wryly. They were
such a common occurrence here, no one
seemed to think twice about them. It
was almost too easy to make money in
this city, he decided, and the flicker of a
shadow of a smile danced briefly at the
corners of his mouth.*

*Of course, that particular explosion
would garner slightly more attention
than usual, taking place as it did on the
fifteenth floor of the Emperor Pharma-
ceuticals building. Those who 'have' of-
ten seemed to be the same, he noted as
he climbed into the cab he'd just hailed.
Perfectly happy to crap in the back yard
of anyone else, but so dreadfully an-
noyed when repaid in kind. He carefully
placed two padded cases on the seat
next to him and told the driver, "The
HUTI MagLine Terminal, please."*

*"You bet," came the cabbie's reply. The
meter was started and the armored
taxi blithely shoved into traffic. Then,
"Whaddaya suppose that was?"*

"I beg your pardon?"

*"That explosion... It looked like it was at
the EP building," the driver clarified.*

"Perhaps they had a meth lab up there."

*This elicited a snort and a laugh from
the cabbie, who proceeded to launch
into a drug-related anecdote. In actu-
ality, the off-hand comment had been
delivered with a certain amount of iro-
ny—the fools who had set off the bomb
had bought into almost that exact story,
and had been more than happy to carry
out the act... 'in the name of Liberty and
Justice for the downtrodden masses',
of course. If any of the sots were lucky
enough to have survived the over-
charged detonation, they'd be spending
a long time incarcerated beneath the Lo-
gan Military Complex.*

*The cab eventually came to a lurching
stop on the other side of the Charles Riv-
er. "HUTI Terminal," the driver declared.*

"That'll be 375 credits."

*"Do you accept cash? It is much easier
to tip that way."*

*"Cash? Hell, yeah," the cabbie enthusi-
astically nodded, punctuating it with a
gap-toothed grin.*

*Leather-gloved hands produced a small
wad of old bills which the driver took
with a happy "thanks", and then the
same gloved hands carefully lifted both
cases from their resting spot before their
owner walked up to the monorail plat-
form and set them down once more.
The bored attendant barely gave him a
glance. "Can I help you?"*

*"Which train is headed toward Mon-
treal?" The gloved hands produced a
printed ticket.*

*"Number 2 on Track B." The attendant
glanced at the ticket and said, "Thank
you, Mr. Henderson."*

"Please... My friends call me 'Chuck'."

*The attendant smiled and wished
'Chuck' a safe journey. The cases were
once again retrieved, and he headed
to the tracks, where two magnetic lift
trains were waiting. Boarding the Num-
ber 2 train, he found a likely-looking seat
next to a particularly corpulent traveler.
He placed his ticket on the seat and
slipped one of the cases beneath it. "Par-
don me," he told the fat man. "I must use
the facilities."*

*There was a non-committal grunt by
way of reply, and the owner of the leath-
er gloves carried the second case to the
rear of the compartment. He exited the
train and boarded the Number 1, headed
to St. Louis, producing the appropriate
ticket for when it would be demanded.
In about a quarter hour, he figured, Mr.
Charles Henderson would die in a fiery
explosion aboard the northbound Mag-
Line to Montreal.*

*The authorities would no doubt call it
a 'terrorist act'. He sat down next to a
pretty young woman, and clutched the
infinitely more valuable case in his lap—
the material within, retrieved from the
Emperor Pharmaceuticals labs, would
fetch a small fortune in Brasilia.*

*The woman glanced at him and smiled
shyly before looking away. As the train
began to move, he gave her a warm
smile and said, "Since we shall be trav-
eling together... please, allow me to in-
troduce myself. I am Tucker Banks. My
friends call me 'Tuck'."*

1

BOSTON

INTERFAC

RO

You've heard of Boston, ne? Beantown? The capital of Atlantica? Well, it's also one of the oldest inhabited cities on the North American continent, with a history reaching back some four hundred and fifty-eight years to its roots as a colony formed by English Puritans. That's pretty freaking old, ami. And much like their founders and those tea-partying radicals, the peeps in Boston are rebelling hard in 2088. It's been almost two decades since the end of the Second Civil War, and a whole bunch of fringe groups, unhappy with Atlantica's decision to break off from the North American Coalition, continue to fuel acts of insurrection. If you studied a little history, you'd probably find it kind of ironic, too.

Okay... 'unhappy' may be a gross understatement, but it's kind of hard to describe the level of hate and violence staining the city right now. Boston in 2088 is a collage of political protests, food riots, car bombings, anti-hybrid and anti-simulacrum vandalism and violence, prominent figures disappearing or being assassinated... Yep, tomo, the place is a powder keg just waiting to blow.

The fact that Boston has been under martial law for about as long as Atlantica has been in existence doesn't help matters either. The iron boot of authority metaphorically resting heavy on the city's throat engenders far more outrage than any sense of security. The war may be over as far as most places are concerned, but Beantown is still a combat zone. All of this contributes to a situation where no one has anything because everything is hard to find, and far too expensive when it is found. The price of gas is around 100 credits a gallon, for instance.

But that's okay, tomo—even without the gas, there's already plenty of fuel on this fire.

BOSTON IN A NUTSHELL

Boston's a pretty sweet place to live—if you don't mind random hate crimes, terrorist bombings, pirate hackers flooding the MediaWeb with a laundry list of anti-establishment propaganda, loosely enforced curfews, psycho serial killers, rampant gang activity, rolling blackouts and brown-outs, and skyrocketing food and fuel prices, that is... Okay, tomo, it's a pretty crappy place to live, especially if you're an average Joe working a day job just to keep your head above water and feed your family.

On the other hand, if you've got the skills and the balls to work Beantown's underground, you can make some serious cred. Those who can provide what the people want can make a pretty penny, if you know what I mean.

Let's put it this way, ami: martial law means there are plenty of things the average person doesn't have access to—and we aren't just talking guns and drugs here. Medicine, exotic foods and spices, bubble bath... there's all sorts of things 'Mister Jones' next door wants, and some of those things aren't so much illegal as unavailable. Little 'luxuries' that can make life feel just a bit better. Sure, Malmart can cover some of those perks, but while it claims to have 'the lowest prices, always', the company doesn't guarantee that any given store is gonna have a particular product in stock.

And while there are many things a Matter Assembler can make, I can tell you for a fact that no one has bothered making a pattern for ground chili pepper. I've looked.

Anyway... given that almost half of Boston consisted of water almost a century ago, it's amazing the city wasn't lost like so many others to the

DECLASSIFIED: EXPOSING THE TRUTH

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WHAT IS "DECLASSIFIED"?

Declassified is one of the most controversial Mediasites in 2088. A clearing house for information, the mysterious and well hidden operators of declassified offer up the site as a place for real facts and info which are supposed to be hidden, classified, or not talked about in polite society. Equivalent to the "Wikileaks" of our age, Declassified is used by Ronin, Investigative Journalists, Contractors, Activists, and those people who simply hope to know the truth on what's really going on in the world.

Of course not everything on Declassified is 100% True, and not every user of Declassified knows what's really going on. Still, it's a known source to get real information past the media propaganda, and even the people who decry it, such as the Nation-States and Megacongloms, have uses for it as well.

Posted: 03/23/12/2088 14:00

>WOLFSON: Promises are almost always made with the best of intentions and, sadly, the road to hell is paved with most of those good intentions. And there's no denying it, tomo—unless you've got some serious creds stashed away somewhere deep in Africa, what's left of North America is pretty much Hell. But then, so are most places in the world, so I guess we're in good company... or all stuck in it together for the long haul. Take your pick.

The United States had always been viewed as sort of a promised land—or at least a land of promises—but rising taxes, falling employment and a bunch of other factors began to seriously erode public confidence. If you want to know the particulars, go read the history docs (or at least Interface Zero). In any case, even though the nation had been on its deathbed for decades before the 2060 election, that was pretty much the moment when the rest of the world could look on and see how weak her pulse was.

And from there it was all downhill.

After a solid decade of not-so-civil war, national lines had been redrawn. Yeah, sure—the old state lines were still there in theory, but the reality was five independent nations within the boundaries of the former United States (six if you count the scattered city states of Baja as a single entity, and a bunch more if you count outlying territories). And each one of those places claims to be the 'true heir' to the good ol' U S of A: the torchbearers keeping Americanitas alive.

Okay... the actual reality is that most sprawlers and wasters don't really give a crap. Survival is a bigger issue than pursuing some fanciful lost glory, as far as they're concerned. Most Joes just want to make enough creds to keep themselves and any loved ones happy.

One thing that can be said with a certainty is that life in different parts of North America is, well... different. Not all sprawls are created equal, so to speak, and that's what I'm here to tell you about. You may have a pretty good idea about life in Chi-town, but what about other places? Do you apply the same rules to St. Louis as to Chicago? Well... I'm gonna try to clarify that for you, ami.

Although I'll eventually show you several North American cities, for now I'm going to focus on Boston, the capital of Atlantica. Hanging on the edge of land, barely salvaged from the ocean, this old city is a chaotic mess of violence and combat. If there's a dirty and violent job that needs to be done, this is probably the place to find it. Just keep your head down and your gun handy, ami.

Posted: 03/23/12/2088 15:02

>PAYN_MAN: FIRST!

Posted: 03/23/12/2088 15:10

>I_ATE_YOUR_FACE: NOOB

Posted: 03/23/12/2088 15:27

>BILLY_BLACK_EYES: And make sure it's a BIG freaking gun too.

Posted: 03/23/12/2088 15:30

>GRAPE_APE: BOSTON REPRESENT!

rising sea level. If not for the Sea Wall project, much of Boston would be several dozen feet under water. Instead, the city looks much the same as it did at the beginning of the millennium, except with a lot more skyline.

I'll tell you a bit more about the Sea Wall later, but for now, suffice it to say it's a marvel of engineering that connects Long Island and Deer Island with a sophisticated lock to allow ships to dock along the original waterfront. It's also a pretty damn vulnerable location, ami—you've been warned.

At night, the Boston skyline is a glowing thing of beauty dominated by the Emperor Pharmaceuticals building, all reflected against the Charles River and punctuated with oodles of hypertags. During the day, things are a little less pretty except for those tags and other HR objects. Then it's a lot easier to see the gray and gritty portions of Beantown, often punctuated with the smoke of smoldering fires.

Oh... one more slightly important thing about Boston: since no one down in Maryland had the foresight to build a big wall to hold back the ocean, Boston has become the functional capital of Atlantica. And that may just be one more reason there's so much unrest in Beantown. There're rumors in some circles that a lot of the discontent and terrorism is... um... 'encouraged' by the North American Coalition. After all, it only makes sense that the NAC would love to see Atlantica become unstable.

Because of this, every area of the city is cordoned off and monitored by the Atlantica Police Force at specific checkpoints. To enter or exit an area, a person must have a valid Boston or temporary ID card. Anyone who doesn't is detained until the proper paperwork can be filed (which usually takes two or three business days), during which time he is subject to a full background check. The bad news, tomo, is that the APF can detain anyone they deem 'suspicious', which very often leads to crooked cops holding a person out of spite.

The good news (for you) is that the same crooked cops can be bribed to allow passage through a checkpoint. Of course, this means many terrorists simply bribe their way around the city rather than getting stopped and caught.

Speaking of law and order, you may want to keep in mind what martial law entails. Although the strict curfews in Boston were lifted several years ago, you've still gotta have the right 'paperwork' if you want to be running around after dark... which usually means only the peeps with wealth or connections get to play at night. Well, okay— so do the Combine troops and anyone with either no regard for the law or a serious death wish.

Yep, that's right, tomo. If the soldiers have a mind to, they can start shooting, with extreme prejudice. You can forget any rights of habeus corpus—if you're lucky, you'll get to appear in front of a court-martial, but I wouldn't go counting on that. Oh, and don't go screaming about your Miranda rights either; those are gone too.

The bottom line is that all the laws about murdering, maiming, raping and pillaging are still in place, but the Combine can also take action if they even just think you're doing any of those things. Sure, they might ignore you if they're busier with something else, but I wouldn't count on it—that's usually when the shooting starts. Or if you look like you're well-armed. Otherwise, if you seem even halfway or remotely suspicious, expect to be stopped and asked for your ID and clearance.

That's what makes places like Beacon Hill such a pleasure—the Atlantica

Police still patrol there, and have to play by stricter rules. Sure, they may be in the Mob's pocket, but at least they have to warn you before they start shooting.

My advice is to avoid ACAF troops as much as possible, and steer clear of any routes where they are escorting important people or things. Which sort of brings us to the topic of getting to and around town.

You can get to Boston by highway, of course, as well as by ship (if you don't mind waiting for the locks) or plane (if you've got enough clearance to move through LAMCOM). But the easiest way is aboard a magnetic lift train—although there is always the chance a bit of monorail has been tampered with by local terrorists. Fortunately, only one route needs to be monitored, and that enters the city by way of Cambridge and the Harvard sector.

Locally, Boston used to have an underground rapid transit system, but damage incurred during the war and in its wake has left those tunnels filled with water. If you've got SCUBA gear, you could still use them, although proximity sensors and left-over munitions may make it more exciting than usual—even if you don't believe the urban myths of overgrown critters still lurking down there.

There is still a state-run bus system... kind of. On an irregular basis, large armored transports guarded by Combine troops move between major locations. These caravans fall under the auspice of the Boston Transit Authority, and may make the commute safe, but they're hardly convenient. I wouldn't suggest it as a means of escaping the scene of a crime, at any rate. And make sure you have the 25 credits available for a one-way trip.

Oh, and one more thing: buses will get you around the brunt of Boston well enough, but can take a while to get over to East Boston. Because of this, the BTA maintains a small fleet of armored ferries to make the run across the harbor and back—the rates are the same, as is the convenience and comfort.

Although the Beacon Hill trolleys still exist, they haven't been used since martial law was put in place—something about security, and riding in an open trolley. Beantown also used to be known for its pedestrian and cyclist commuters, and in some parts—like Dot and Southie—that's still not uncommon... although they tend to be better-armed than they were a hundred years ago.

Posted: 03/24/2088 01:42

>: PAYN_MAN: 1 tyme, Me and my crew went 2 a checkpoint and wuz like, hey U ACAF F-tards, we iz gona kill U now Bcuz. U R on our Turf They wuz real scared Bcuz we puld out a roket lancer 2!!! But then we rode off B4 they could shoot us . LOLOL

Posted: 03/24/2088 02:18

>KRYOMANCER_111: *FACEPALM*

Posted: 3/24/2088 2:20

>WIDOW_MAKER: There's good creds to make hiring yourself out as a bodyguard on the rail lines. Course you need to have a rep for being able to handle that sort of thing, and they only tend to hire when something, or someone important is coming or going into Boston.

Posted: 3/24/2088 3:00

>OVERNIGHT_OVERLORD: Be careful of heading out to where the Buses don't run. The gangs rule these forgotten corners, and don't mean a thing if you're a terrorist, combine trooper, or if you work for the micks, the gangs don't give a shit who you are if you roll up in their hood without something to bribe them with.

Posted: 3/24/2088 3:22

>CRIMSON_VELVET: I usually lure them in with the lost lonely girl routine, then plug a couple of them with my Gyroc Rifle. After seeing the exploded remains of a few of their buddies, they tend to leave me alone.

Posted: 3/24/2088 3:25

>WIDOW_MAKER:@CRIMSON_VELVET: Hot!



Posted: 3/24/2088 3:26

>BILLY_BLACK_EYES: Who's this guy kidding? Everyone knows ABC cab sucks a big fat one. The weapon systems on the vehicles only work half the time, and the drivers are extortionists! What a joke.

Posted: 03/24/2088 3:31

>BIG_EARL: They always take the longest route to your destination so as to "**avoid hostile sectors**." Well let me tell ya. ALL parts of Boston are hostile Brah. To all you cabbies out there:

Just get me to my damned destination as fast as freaking possible!

Posted: 03/24/2088 3:40

>LUCIFERION:@ BIG_EARL: Jeez man, calm down.

@ BILLY_BLACK_EYES: I have to agree with you. This guy's either a corporate shill or some fat cat living in the "Back Bay Bubble" where nothing crazy ever happens.

Posted: 03/24/2088 3:54

>BILLY_BLACK_EYES: I've seen some pretty crazy shit go down in the **Bubble** Luciferion. Granted, the sector isn't always hostile, but every now and again someone (usually a bunch of bangers hopped up on Jet) gets a wild hair and goes looking to cause a little mayhem.

Sucks to be them though, cause the ACAF is cracking heads these days.

Posted: 3/25/2088 3: 55

>WOLFSON: Throughout this section, I'll be posting detailed data files on some key players in Boston. Don't ask how I got this info, 'cause I ain't tellin' ;)

TYPICAL CABBIE

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

Skills: Driving d8, Fighting d4, Hacking d4, Knowledge (City Traffic) d6, Notice d6, Shooting d6

Charisma: 0; **Pace:** 6; **Parry:** 4; **Toughness:** 5; **Cybertrauma:** 0; **Street Cred:** 2

Hindrances: --

Edges: Ace

Cyberware: (Streetware)Rating 1 TAP (Avatar Pace 6, Parry 5, Toughness 5)

Gear: Assault shotgun (Range: 4/8/12 Damage: 1-3d6), Boot Knife (Damage: Str+d4)

Posted: 03/24/2088 3:56

>BIG_EARL: !!!!!!!!!!!

But your best bet(unless you're sure you know how to navigate the city's meandering byways) is to take a cab. I'd recommend the Atlantica/Boston Cab company. ABC tries to hire drivers experienced with hazardous conditions, and maintains a fleet of beefed-up taxis fitted with armor plating and gun ports. Some enterprising ABC cabbies have even retrofitted extra 'precautions' to their personal vehicles to give them an extra edge if necessary. Sure, tomo... at 50 credits a mile, it ain't cheap, but ABC is probably the safest way to get from anyplace to anyplace else in Boston.

LOCATIONS OF INTEREST

While the Boston sprawl technically runs from something like Lowell to Weymouth, we're mostly concerned with the heart of the city. Most of those outlying areas are fairly generic anyway, with the peeps there pretty much engaged in typical Bostonian day-to-day activities: trying to eke out a living, collecting a government dole, or blowing up something they disagree with.

Yeah, yeah... that was sarcasm, tomo. The point is that much of the interesting, might-find-you-a-job stuff is going on at the center of things—Beantown proper, as it were. So here are some of the high points...

BACK BAY

Back Bay is the playground of the rich and powerful. This area is home to Beantown's skyscrapers and Megacorps, and the people who live here are the city's elite. Just ask them. Upscale residential, retail and commercial office buildings line the streets in this part of town, huddled under the towers that house various corporate and civic interests. The John Hancock Tower still flashes out weather forecasts by way of colored lights, but now also hosts a hypertag that gives up-to-date meteorological information, as well as government-sponsored news updates.

But even though the John Hancock Tower and the Prudential Center still stand tall, it's the Emperor Pharmaceuticals building—the EP corporate headquarters—that now dominates the skyline. EP has reputedly donated a huge sum of money to the Atlantica Police Force, making Back Bay one of the few places in the city that gets patrolled regularly. This also means the sector checkpoints are more securely monitored than most, though that hasn't stopped Back Bay from taking the brunt of many of the attacks against Atlantica's government.

On the other hand, if you want to get a look at the latest electronics and technology, ami, Back Bay is the place to go. Places to hit include Newbury and Boylston Streets, as well as the Prudential Center and Copley Place malls. Just remember to put on your Sunday best, if you want to talk with the pretty clerk instead of the brawny security guard. Here's a small sampling of some of the places you can go to shop, chill or gawk, depending on your predilections:

- **Back Bay Boutique:** While there are literally hundreds of trendy shopping spots in the sector, the Back Bay Boutique on Newbury is one of the trendiest. If you can get an appointment with Gillian, you're guaranteed to be the talk of high society. She doesn't sell off-the-rack crap—she tailors every outfit to the buyer. And she charges accordingly.

- **Hynes Convention Center:** The Hynes Convention Center is mostly for large-scale events, such as performances by various rock and media icons. While it's tough to do any real socializing during many of these events, it isn't always a total bust, provided you can afford the tickets. Admissions to low-end affairs can run 200 credits or more, and the prices will skyrocket for a high-demand act.
- **I33t-nu-U:** Located within the Prudential Center Mall, I33t-nu-U is the place to go for things like plastic surgery or cosmetic cybernetics such as Mood Skin™ or Eye Lights™ (see the Malmart Updates on page [35]). Just don't wander in with a real emergency, tomo—these guys are geared for things like breast enhancement, not gunshot wounds.
- **Zen-Zed:** Although there are a few dining and drinking options in Back Bay, most of them are pretty bland and generic. Zen-Zed is one of the few exceptions, as it is trendy enough to be a place to see and be seen, entertaining enough to be a distraction, and 'atmospheric' enough for the types of quiet 'business' meetings you may want to attend. Come with plenty of scratch though, tomo—the club's drinks start at 50 credits, and if you want a decent meal and not just a bowl of clam chowder, be prepared to spend at least 250 credits.

Additionally, this sector has plenty of cultural sights, if you're keen on things like ancient architecture from a couple hundred years ago, which includes churches. And, for some reason, Back Bay has more churches than you can shake a stick at. My guess is that when they filled in the actual bay that once sat here and started building on the new dirt, they figured they needed all the help they could get, and tossed in plenty of places to pray, just in case. At any rate, you can find a house of worship for almost any Christian or quasi-Christian denomination in this sector.

BEACON HILL

While Back Bay may be full of the businesses of the rich and notorious, Beacon Hill is the place they call home. Many of the city's leaders—businessmen and political figures alike—maintain their residences here, high above the sprawl. Many of these same people, or their families, helped to fund the Sea Wall; even though Beacon Hill is some three-hundred-odd feet above sea level and would have been spared the flooding, no one wanted to have their businesses there as well.

Although Beacon Hill has the same security checkpoints as anywhere else in Boston, the palatial estates and tree-lined avenues are also protected by Pinkerton Security, the largest security firm in Beantown. Some advice, ami—try not to cross paths with a Pinkerton. They're heavily armed and have a reputation for brutal efficiency, along with a tendency to shoot first and ask questions later.

Quite frankly, you probably won't have any need to head up to Beacon Hill... but then, I suppose you never know who might hire you—or what you might be hired to do.

Beacon Hill is an old neighborhood, filled with its share of famous addresses (and infamous ones, for that matter—like 44A Charles Street, where the last victim of the Boston Strangler was murdered) but, in spite of its residential flavor, the sector still has a few interesting places to hang out:

- **Club of Odd Volumes:** Some peeps think the Club of Odd Volumes on Mount Vernon Street is the same as the Boston Museum of

Posted: 03/24/2088 3:59

>BILLY_BLACK_EYES: L33T-nu-U is pretty chill. A chica I know went in and got some eye lights done. But when she told me how much she paid for them I almost yarfed in my beer. Upscale work means upscale prices.

Posted: 03/24/2088 4:00

>SIN_SISTER: A girlfriend of mine went there ta get a mood skin treatment. Something went screwy with the RNA bonding and she started changing skin color so fast that she looked like a freaking Christmas tree. The effect lasted for a week! They refunded her money though.

Posted: 03/24/2088 4:10

>: PAYN_MAN: @ SISTER_SIN U sound Hawt! Got N-E PIKS?

Posted: 03/24/2088 4:19

>SIN_SISTER: In your dreams scriptkiddie.

Posted: 03/24/2088 4:20

>LUCIFERION: Anyone been to Zed-Zed? I can never get a table—something about my horns and red skin always seems to rub the stuffy bouncer the wrong way. X;)

Posted: 3/24/2088 4:39

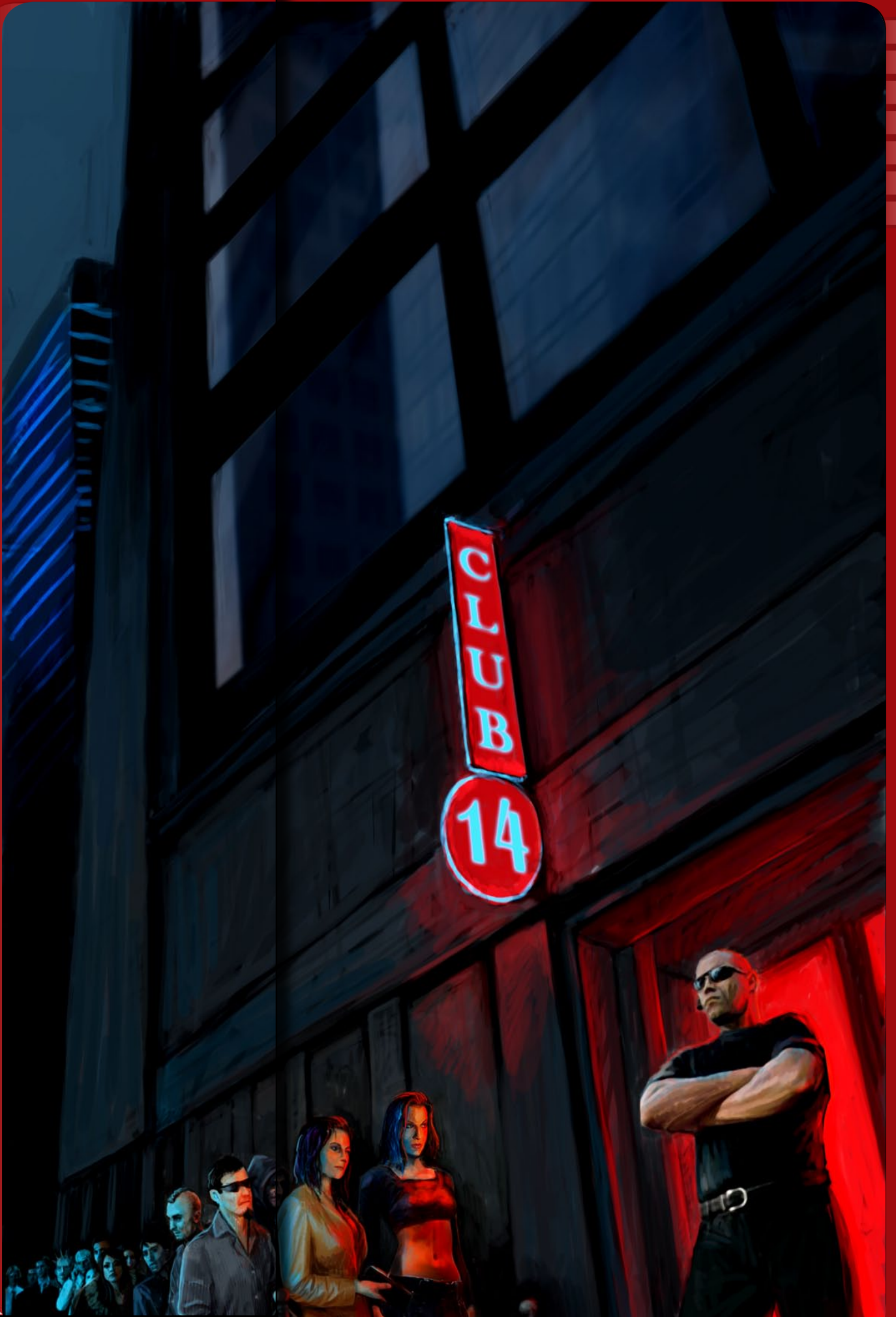
>NEON_BRIGHT: Word is the Convention center is going to be the next big target for the Scions of Liberty to blow. ACAF forces will probably be swarming over the area the next couple of shows.

Posted: 3/24/2088 7:00

>GRAPE_APE: You can't always believe that shit, sometimes rumors like that be floatin around to distract from the real target. If they blew up the convention center during a concert they'd lose what little public support they have left.

Posted: 3/24/2088 7:14

>ORION:@GRAPE_APE: The Scions of Liberty have public support? Funny, I thought they were universally loathed.



American Literature found in Hyde Park, but it isn't. Well... not entirely, anyway. While they are both essentially private clubs with a collection of books, Odd Volumes is more... elite, and has nothing stored digitally. It also has other curios left over from its museum days, and the books here aren't necessarily of any historical value—they have all been assembled for their 'uniqueness', rather than their importance. Still, this is where you can sometimes find Beantown's elite chilling and socializing.

- **Massachusetts State House:** Sitting on a big plot of land near the top of the hill at the end of Beacon Street, the Massachusetts State House is currently more of a historical oddity than anything useful. For a few brief and glorious moments, the State House served as the capital building for the fledgling government of Atlantica, but it has since been abandoned for security reasons. Combine troops still guard the grounds but, if you have a lot of balls, you can find tons of state-of-the-art equipment inside behind the antique exterior.
- **No More Bull Tavern:** This Beacon Street watering hole has a long and proud history. Originally founded as the Bull and Finch Pub—named after Boston's most well-known architect—it was eventually used as the 'face' of a popular 2D series a century ago, and subsumed into a bar and grill franchise. During the Second Civil War, the pub went back to private ownership and was renamed the No More Bull Tavern as a nod to its history. The bar is still popular, and frequented by a number of local regulars (see the Savage Tale, 'Friends Like That', on page [52]).
- **One Beacon Street:** One Beacon Street (both the building's name and address) is an old high-rise office building. This wouldn't normally be a fun place for you, but there is a popular night spot—Club 14—located on the ground floor. Frequented by Beacon Hill residents returning home from Back Bay, this is considered the place to see and be seen.

DORCHESTER

'Dot', as the locals call it, is home to Beantown's blue platers. Sprawlers in Dorchester scrounge for what jobs they can find, and many of them 'work' for Emperor Pharmaceuticals as guinea pigs. Dot isn't as crowded as South Boston, and is also rather bland compared to many parts of the city. The sector's most notable feature (and biggest business, outside of the aforementioned EP guinea pigs) is the Malmart hub that takes up an entire city block.

Obviously that's the place to go for all your general cred-and-carry requirements. You can even pick up a quick meal at the Malmart's food court, although you might want to remember to stock up on some MalPep pink bismuth if you're planning to grub on anything from Fat Sally's Ribs and Chicken, tomo—trust me on this one. Rumor has it that this franchise of Fat Sally's doesn't exactly follow the 'standard' corporate-sanctioned recipes, and if you can think of it, it's probably gone into one of their take-out meals.

Given the cosmopolitan and blue-plate mentality of Dot, you can find plenty of places to eat and shop—pretty much regardless of your preferences and predilections—although you aren't likely to find a lot of 'questionable' or outright illegal goods anywhere in this sector.

Some places of note:

- **Cadman Square:** I suppose some peeps come to Cadman Square just for the history, but you might be interested in the food—assuming you're willing to shell out a few more credits than you would at Malmart. Pick your cuisine and you're likely to find it within spitting

Posted: 3/24/2088 9:33

>BILLY_BLACK_EYES: Beacon Hill as can be expected is swarming with Atlantica police officers. Many of the "rich and famous" here also hire out private security as well. Ironical considering how many crooks actually call this place home. The only difference between these crooks and the bangers in X happens to be money and power... lots of it.

Posted: 03/24/2088 9:35

>LUCIFERION: Club-14 is where it's at peeps. Cool drinks, crushing beats, magma chicas with legs from here to there, and on any given night there's usually one or two top-tier fixers looking to contract some work.

Posted: 03/24/2088 9:37

>D-V8: Dunno if it's true, but I heard the guy who runs Club-14 has ties to the Triad, specifically the Screaming 88's.

Posted: 03/24/14/2088 9:47

>: BILLY_BLACK-EYES: The Screaming 88's? Never heard of 'em.

Posted: 03/24/2088 10:01

>D-V8: Yeah they're new to town, but popular all across Asia, especially in places like Taiwan and Singapore. Bad news Omae.

Posted: 03/24/2088 10:10

>LUCIFERION: Hmm. Come to think of it, Club-14 _is_ under new management. The previous owner hasn't been heard from in a couple of months.

>>>>

Posted: 3/24/2088 10:12

>CRIMSON_VELVET: It makes you wonder just why the hell they're keeping all that expensive equipment in the State House still. Something must be going on we're not being told about.

Posted: 3/24/2088 11:07

>ORION: The fully armed platoon of ACAF troops which sits outside doesn't help things either. Last time I was in bean town I noticed lots of all black trucks moving in and out of the building in the dead of night. I think your on to something Velvet.

Posted: 3/24/2088 12:47

>DOC_HOLIDAY: What doesn't make the public news progs are the discarded Emperor Pharm test subjects who turn into freakish bio-horrors and insane killers. Dorchester has the highest occurrence of serial killers out of all of Boston, all thanks to Emperor Pharm's need for more test subjects. Be careful going down those dark alleys ami.

>>>>

Posted: 03/24/2088 12:50

>LUCIFERION: Fields Corner's not a bad place to go if you wanna find deals on clothing, but the REAL reason people like us should go there is the stuff you CAN't get at Malmart, wakarimasu ka?

Posted: 03/24/2088 13:17

>D-V8: Yeah that scans omae. The Irish mob has a pretty heavy presence in Dot. Makes sense they'd want to cut into the fixer trade in Field's Corner.

Posted: 03/24/2088 13:22

>: KRYOMANCER_111: True Dat playas. If you know who to talk to, you can get anything from the new TAW 2022 assault rifles to freaking anti-tank weapons and Man-portable SAMs.

Posted: 03/24/2088 13:41

>D-V8: Damm KRYOMANCER_111, what kinds of jobs have YOU been pulling lately?

Posted: 03/24/2088 13:50

>KRYOMANCER_111: ;)

>>>>

Posted: 3/24/2088 14:03

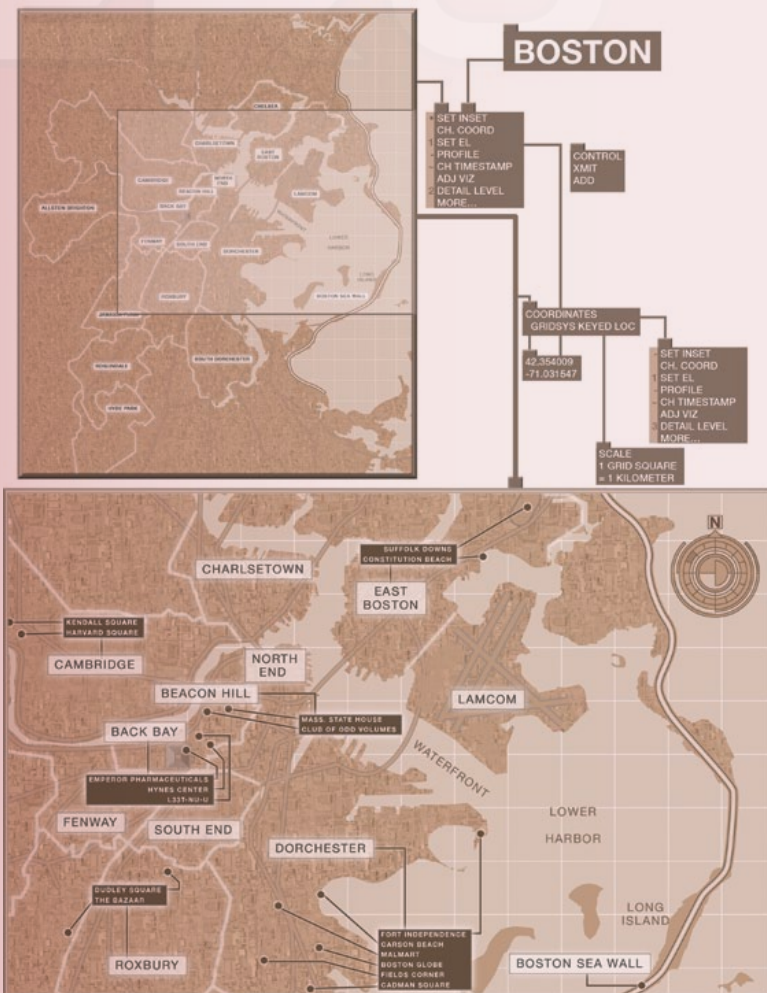
>OFF_WIRED: Those old antique electronics are perfect for rigging together explosives. If you know how they work you can remote detonate with an old ipad or Helios techglide. They don't send any deep signals, so can't be hacked, unless you're interacting with it physically.

Posted: 3/24/2088 14:22

>BIG_EARL: If Malmart doesn't have what you want, you only have to wait for them to fabricate it up. They have nao-factories on site to create anything in their catalog. Long as you got the creds.

distance. Or, if you're of the particular bent to buy (or sell) antiques, there are stores like Aida's Antiques where you can find any number of old oddities. Hell... I picked up an iPod at Aida's, just for the hell of it.

- **Fields Corner:** If you're in the mood for shopping and don't feel like picking your way through the Malmart complex (which is only about two blocks away, incidentally), you can always try the plaza around Fields Corner. Here you can find shops like Urban Punk and Got-taStop—stores not nearly as trendy as those in Back Bay, but less generic than most Malmart brands. There are also a couple of decent clubs in the area, like The Iron Man Café, although they tend to close early because of the curfew... unless you've got the credits to bribe the owner.
- **Malmart Boston:** This is the largest Malmart outlet in Atlantica, meaning you could spend days just browsing the aisles and HR catalogs. Of course, as I mentioned earlier, that doesn't mean they'll have what you want in stock—just that you'll have a lot of stock to choose from. And if, for some reason, your Malmart Catalog is out of date, you can always get a free update from the service department. In fact, you can go to page [25] to check out some of the things you might find in that update.
- **The Boston Globe:** The Globe has been an institution in Boston for over two hundred years. Of course, there hasn't been a print version of the 'paper' for almost the last fifty of those years, but you can still get a lot of news on the cheap from here. In fact, for less than a credit a day, they'll automatically upload the news daily to your TAP—and for a little more, you can have the news live-streamed to your TAP so you can have up-to-the-minute information.



EAST BOSTON

East Boston—or 'Eastie' as it's locally known—is to Beantown as Chicago's South Side is to the Windy City—which is to say gangland at the best and wasteland at the worst. If you aren't keen on meeting a Chrome Reaper, you may want to steer clear of this part of town. In fact, no one wants to go to East Boston, but if you've gotta do it for some reason or another, make sure you're packing some serious heat.

This sector is actually separated from the rest of the city by Boston Harbor, and was originally created by connecting several islands using landfill... which is to say that the area is in constant danger of flooding, despite the Sea Wall. Secretary Whitman was once quoted as saying, "As the sea level rises, the people of East Boston flock to our city like rats leaving a sinking ship", which isn't exactly far from the truth, to put it bluntly.

Eastie has always been a sprawl dominated by immigrants, and now serves as a home for hybrids, simulacrams, zeeks and the poorest of humans—any of society's 'dregs' that normally have a tough time fitting in. Most of the peeps here live in buildings that would otherwise be set for demolition, and disease is rampant, with little food or potable water available. This also means the gangs that have developed here spend much of their time hoarding resources, making it that much harder for the average Joe to get what he needs to survive. The only thing that keeps outright violence in check is the looming presence of the Logan Military Complex to the south.

Of course, all of this makes East Boston a prime recruiting ground for anyone wanting to build a small gang of anti-government terrorists. I suppose that just adds to the sector's charm, although it also means that it's a good place to go for illegal goods like face ID cards or 'refurbished' Gutterware.

Businesses in Eastie tend to come and go pretty quick these days, but there are a few places of note:

- **Constitution Beach:** This public recreation area is generally known by the locals as Shea's Beach and, even though it still bears the name 'beach', is now better known for other things. Part of the problem is that the actual beach faces the Logan Airbase at a distance of less than half a mile (in fact, a couple of the old runways used to have planes taking off right over the beach), so the area is generally kept clear 'for security reasons'. The other problem is that the water can be a little iffy to swim in. If you want to get wet, you're better off going to the bathhouse (adjacent to the beach). There is also a decent eatery (currently called Shea's), and a recreation area where you can enjoy the latest in HR entertainment.
- **Suffolk Downs:** For years, Suffolk Downs was a popular track for horse racing. What? Geez, tomo, look it up. Anyway... as you may have guessed, that doesn't happen there anymore. But the peeps in Eastie figured, "Why waste a perfectly good dirt track?" So they did a little refurbishing with some corrugated steel, tore out the overgrown grass, reinforced the bleachers, and started holding demolition races and Battle Ball tournaments in the central area. Depending on the day's events, tickets at the gate can range from 10 credits to as much as 500. It's also not unknown for the many East Boston gangs to raise a little extra cred (this includes the street kind) or settle their scores by having their rumbles in the arena.
- **Vincenzo's:** Italian restaurants in East Boston come at about a credit per dozen, but Vincenzo's stands out for a couple of reasons. First of all, the food is actually pretty damn good—and at about 60 credits a

Posted: 3/24/2088 15:15

>RAT_MAN: Yaknow, I hope the Scions of Liberty don't actually have much luck recruiting the "down trodden" Hybrids, Zeeks, and Sims in East side. Considering how the NAC treats us, I hope none of em are in a hurry to see Atlantica swallowed up.

Posted: 3/24/2088 15:44

>KITTY_KAT: Most of us know to send them packing when they show up around here Tom, don't worry so much. The Normies on the other hand are often all too eager to listen, and end up thinking things would be better if the NAC were in charge. I'll tell you all about it next time I'm in St. Louis.

Posted: 3/24/2088 16:09

>USER BANNED!: You barely qualify as human anymore freak. Your days are numbered.
>> If you assholes keeping hacking in here to post your racist drivel I'm going to personally find you, disable your spam filter and let BONZAI_BEZERKER brainwash you into buying a lifetime supply of "Male enhancement" products.>>Sysops.

Posted: 3/24/2088 16:11

>BONZAI_BEZERKER: YOUR PENISES SHALL BE ENORMOUS.

Posted: 03/24/2088 16:52

>: KRYOMANCER_111: @BONZAI_BEZERKER Already there dude. :)



Posted: 3/24/2088 17:44

>BILLY_BLACK_EYES: The NAC would dearly love to get their hands on the collection in the Museum of American Literature. They've made several offers to Levinson to buy the documents from him, however he's turned down everyone so far. Bet your bottom cred this will mean work for the Ronin community. Those documents represent the truest legitimacy of being the true "heir" to the old United States.

Posted: 3/24/2088 18:00

>ORION: Well beyond having to make your way past the mercenaries, security systems, oh and the scarily efficient Jekyll A.I. you just need to lack any morals or scruples and turn over some of the greatest documents ever written to the worse people in North America to give em too.

Posted: 3/24/2088 18:17

>BILLY_BLACK_EYES: Everyone's not as idealistic as you Orion, and everyone's got a price. Cyncial times ami.

Posted: 3/24/2088 19:00

>GRAPE_APE: Lilly is nova hot. That woman is always meeting with luminaries of the city and visiting celebrities too. I'd love to give her some grape ape lovin', but her first love is the club.

plate, not a bad deal either. Second of all, this is also the unofficial 'headquarters' of the Ship Rats gang and, by default, the remnants of the Italian Mob in Boston. If you're looking to contact the Rats, just remember: you're just as likely to end up shot as get a meeting, tomo... You've been warned.

HYDE PARK

If I were to pick one part of the Boston sprawl to be the mutt, Hyde Park would be it. One of the southernmost areas of the city, this sector sports everything from a nasty section of ghetto and gangland to the Boston Museum of American Literature... giving you plenty of opportunity to check out both culture and counter-culture.

The library is the brainchild of Daniel Levinson, an entrepreneur who realized both that many documents (like those in the Arlington Library and the Library of Congress) had been left to rot, and that many other documents had been digitally preserved. This gave him an idea. The Hyde Park Library—once a branch of the Boston public library system—had largely been abandoned along with everything else once things started going to hell in a handbasket, so Levinson purchased it, renovated it, and then paid mercenaries to retrieve as many intact books and documents as possible from around the former United States.

Most of those books and documents were then digitally copied and stored on servers within the building, and put under the auspices of an AI Aspect known as Doctor Jekyll. Anyone may digitally access the information for a small 'donation' of 10 credits, but the museum's real support comes from a privileged few who use the building and its comfortable amenities as a sort of gentlemen's club. Membership in this group is by invitation only, and the monthly dues allow not only the use of some very upscale perks, but access to the original books and documents as well.

Oh... and if you've got a sudden urge to barge in and avail yourself of some of those 'amenities', I should point out that Levinson still employs many of those mercs, who are not only well-paid, but also resent people messing with what turned out to be a lot of hard work on their part.

Although Hyde Park seems to consist mostly of old buildings and industrial parks, there are a few places that you might find interesting:

- **Boston Museum of American Literature:** I pretty well covered the Boston Museum of American Literature, so I shouldn't have to say much more. Oh... all right. If you want a little more information, tomo, check out the Savage Tale, 'Book Collectors', on page [48].
- **Club Mephistopheles:** One part dance club, one part strip club, and one part bar and grill, Club Mephistopheles is potentially a great place for a clandestine meeting or a wild night on the town. The flashing lights and loud music make for a great cover or distraction—depending on your wants—and the club's mysterious owner, Mistress Lilly, apparently has some sort of agreement with... someone. At any rate, the club is never raided, nor are patrons bothered when heading home after curfew—provided they don't have to travel too far. For the others, the club also has rooms to rent: 800 credits for the night, or 150 credits per hour for, um... shorter stays. Sadly, Club Mephistopheles also has a cover charge of 200 credits, and although food is served here, it starts at 100 credits a plate and isn't high-quality. Drinks are pretty cheap, though, starting at only 10 credits for beer on tap.

