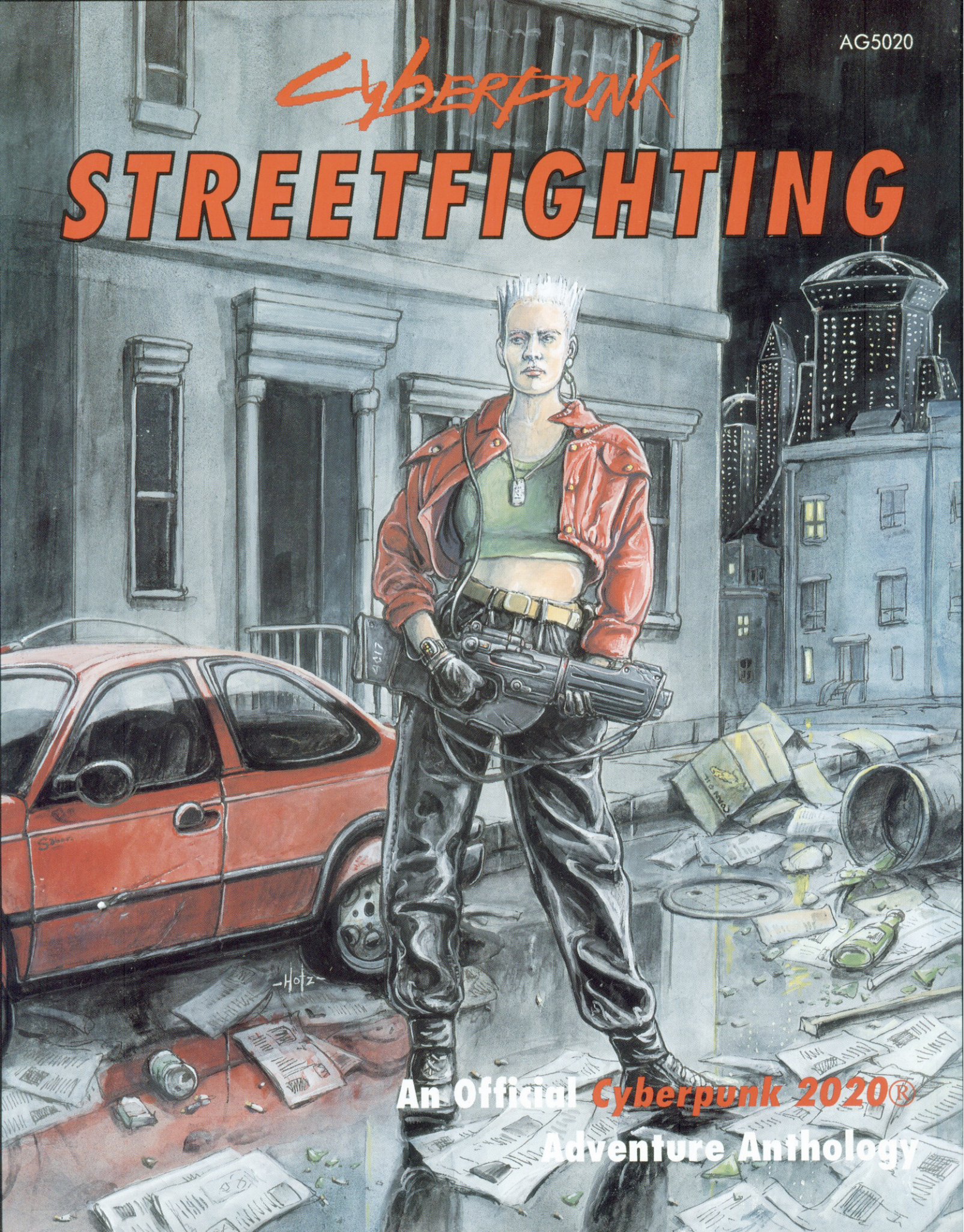


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by Andrew Borelli, Woody  
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# Introduction

by John Nephew

So Woody was running this *Cyberpunk*® game, set in a place called ResNet City. My netrunner, Tasha, was keeping an eye out while two of our solos (Fred Han and Billy Black Owl) were chasing some guy on the roof. When hotel security came looking after the racket, Tasha radioed down to Barney and Fox (mastoid comms were standard issue in Archangel 5, our mob) to "create a distraction."

Our two down below were a nomad and a fixer who shared an out-of-control synthcoke habit. They had a tendency to blow away strangers who looked at them funny, out of sheer druggie paranoia. Fox, the fixer, had an especial fondness for booby-trapping his teammates' equipment (Tasha's ancient Volare station wagon, frex). Barney hated getting kicked out of bars. Like the one in this hotel.

"Sure, we'll make a distraction," they said.

Frag grenades in a crowded bar do, indeed, distract. The obnoxious security guy who tried to "escort" Tasha out of the hotel as

she feigned drunkenness received another distraction in the form of a kick to the crotch. Fox and Barney rode screaming off into the night on the back of Barney's Harley Thundergod, cries of the maimed echoing behind them. Don't know how Fred and Billy made it out of the mess on the roof, but it wasn't pretty...

Where's this going?

Oh yeah — hack'n'slash. Isn't that supposed to be "bad" role-playing? Well, *Cyberpunk* sessions like the one described above were the inspiration for this book. Sure, artsy-fartsy role-playing has its place in the world, as does wearing black clothes and listening to the latter-day caterwauls of washed-up "new wave" musicians. But sometimes poseur angst isn't what you want. Sometimes you've just gotta let it all out, full-auto.

Maybe it's not art. But it too can be fun. It's *Streetfighting*. And if you're reading this, it can be yours.

Time to flip off those safeties, folks.