

On night in Hell

The night of my last breath

..... Message sent to Shadowrun Survival Guide Node. <Message downloaded 78 MP>

Hello, my name is Randell Sorta, but most people knew me as Shadow. If you are getting this message then I have not survived the run I was on. Before I get into the details of the run, I want to give you a brief history and description of myself.

As I just said, I was known as Shadow. I was an Elf with black hair, gray eyes, and a scar that ran down the side of my face from a spell that went wrong. I usually wore a leather jacket with three different focuses on it. I also wore black leather pants, boots, gloves. I also always carried an Aries Predator V that was linked to my goggles.

I was a shaman following Eagle. He showed me the way to my magic and gave me my traditions. I practiced my magic continually as my job was so dangerous, I was a Shadowrunner.

I have been running the shadows for 5 years. I have ran with several different teams through the years, my latest team is made up of a Troll rigger named Santana, an Orc samurai Crossed Blades, and a decker Hologram.

They are or were a good team, I don't know if they are alive or not. I will tell you about our latest job.

The job:

We were hired by our Johnson to retrieve an object from a research facility in Pennsylvania. We did our legwork and found out much more information than we needed for the run. The item in question was a very old item made out of a odd golden-orange metal. The item was dated to be over 5000 years old and it was made out of Orichalcum. We got into the lab easily enough, our plans worked perfectly.

<Update #2 downloaded 56MP>

We even got out of the lab easily enough. We moved to the safe house and started looking to trackers on the item. Matrix wise there was a hidden RFID tag that our decker found and bricked quickly. I assessed the item and found it to be very powerful. It was so powerful that I was afraid to even touch it. It was calling out to me, wanting me to take it. I resisted the urge, but failed to see the attached spells. <updated from file download #2> *That was my first mistake.*

I put up a ward that I thought would keep us from being seen. <updated from file download #2> *That was my second mistake.*

I called up a watcher spirit and told it to wake me and the team up if anything moves toward us. <updated from file download #2> *This was mistake number three.*

We went to sleep feeling secure in knowing that the job would be finished in the morning.

<Update #3 downloaded 45MP>

The next day we went to the meet with the Johnson. When we got to the warehouse we were to meet him, the place was empty. The team and I went in and secured the area, expecting the Johnson to get there shortly. <end of post> <updated from file download #2> *He never showed up because he was already dead.*

<From updated file downloaded #3> We got attacked an hour after we got there. I have never seen so much dreck, and I have fought in two different corp wars. Bullets were flying, spells were slinging, and drones were flying everywhere. I watched my friend and companion Crossed Blades go down in a barrage of bullets. I couldn't get over to her to save her. She died in a pool of her own blood.

Our decker was next, he was hacking the cyber eyes of the attackers when his deck started smoking. The next thing I knew his eyes and nose were bleeding. I tried a heal spell on him, and found that I couldn't help him. He died in my arms.

I decided I needed to rabbit. I grabbed the item, not sure why, and cast improved invisibility on my self and told my air spirit to mask me as I fled. I ended up abandoning our rigger. Last I saw her she was charging into a concentrated fire trying to kill as many of the enemies as she could before she died. Luckily I didn't have to see her demise.

I was able to lean on Eagle and slip out of the area unnoticed. That surprised me, I thought I was a dead man. <updated from file download #3> *I noticed that the troops attacking us where wearing a military uniform. They were wearing Aztecnology armed forces uniforms.*

I went back to the safe house and tried calling the Johnson. There was no answer. Now I was paranoid. I had the mystical item, no team, no Johnson, and nowhere to turn. I was out of money and needed the payday from this job. Now I was thinking that I may not survive long enough to get the money.

I assessed the item again after going to the safe house. Then I noticed the tracking spell. I was fraggin drecked. I didn't have enough Mojo to continue fighting the corp. I was tired and had no where else to turn. Maybe I could give up the item and make it out of this alive. <update #4 898MP>

I took the item out of the bag we were holding it in. As soon as I touched it I woke up elsewhere. It was pure darkness. Black everywhere. I was getting scared. Even my fire didn't have any light. This had to be the worst metaplane that I have ever heard of. My low light vision wasn't helping, light sources weren't working, and I was beginning to feel I may be blind.

I awoke a few moments later, feeling even more alone. At least I could see again. I was in the drecking safe house we arranged the week before.

Then I heard a voice. It was a powerful voice that I knew would be the end of me. It shattered my soul. Shaking me to the center of my being. Eagle fled me, and my spells were failing. I was alone, unarmed, and my entire world was upside down. That is why I am recording these messages. I know how this ends, with my demise.

I am setting my comlink to record the next few minutes and send this to the node Shadowrun Survival Guide hosted by Digital Doom. I know he will get it uploaded so others know about my death. Maybe someone else can get the focus from the Azies. It is a lv 12 focus. There is something more, but I couldn't place it.

The voice spoke again. Still not understanding it I shuddered. I turned on the recording and set the comlink up on a counter, just in time.

<Video uploaded. Starting video feed>

Shadow moves into the middle of the shot and stands there looking at the door. A moment later the door blew open, throwing wood pieces across the room.

A large human stood there, arms out in front of him as if he just threw a massive spell blowing the door off of its hinges. The man glided in. He seemed to be part way off of the ground.

He spoke, "Shadow, you have seen the oblik and the realm behind the item. You will not survive this day. I will have the oblik and I will feast on your soul."

Shadow shuddered and gulped. Shadow spoke,"How did you find me?"

The man spoke, "Your ward showed me something was here. Your watcher actually told me you had the item before I sent him away. Your smell lead me to you.

Shadow tried to throw a spell from the movements seen on camera. The spell failed him. The stranger moved toward him, changing into something else. White fur started showing, long sharp fangs appeared, and claws that look sharp enough to gut a deer in seconds.

Shadow stood there, not knowing what to do. He was facing a Windigo without his mojo. He was done for.

Shadow pulled out his pistol and fired quickly. The Windigo moved fast. He dodged the shot and closed within hand to hand range. He took his claws and gutted shadow. Blood spurting everywhere. It was a gruesome scene. The Windigo took Shadows body by the leg and drug him out of the room. A moment later a few people in Aztecnology uniforms moved in and secured the clean house. They took the item out of the house. Then one of them walks toward the comlink.

He says "Dreck, they were sending a recording somewhere. Bring in the decker and see if they can block the transmission!"

then the camera cut off. Nothing else follows.

One Night in Hell the night of my last breath is written by Anthony Boeckel. AKA Digital Doom. Character sheet for Shadow posted on Shadowrun Survival Guide NPC node and created using Hero Lab.