HARD TARGETS
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WELCOME BACK TO JACKPOINT, OMAE:
Your last connection was severed 22 hours, 32 minutes, and 15 seconds ago.

TODAY’S HEADS UP
• Be more human than human, more troll than troll—whatever it takes. [Tag: Chrome Flesh]
• You could hang out at these places, too, if you were willing to sell your soul [Tag: Sprawl Sites: Corporate Hideouts]

INCOMING
• The Matrix has become the home of a number of different “friends.” [Tag: 10 AIs]
• The Neo-Anarchists aren’t the only ones who gather in tribes. [Tag: Virtual Tribes]

TOP NEWS ITEMS
• Renraku and Ares spokespeople in Seattle both decline to offer a vote of confidence for Kenneth Brackhaven. Brackhaven Investments total net worth drops by an estimated 132 million nuyen. Link
• Tir na nÓg representatives decry “highly unwarranted” intrusion by Nadja Daviar and the Draco Foundation investigating alleged irregularities in the manasphere within the nation’s borders. Link
• Pathfinder Multimedia anticipating “unprecedented cooperation and access” for “docu-drama” series looking into homicide investigations by the Sioux National Police. Link
INTRODUCTION

Shadowrunners will punch you in the face and tear out your nose hairs, one by one, before admitting they do anything like the megacorps. But like the corps, and like billions of humans before them, they share a tendency for euphemism. "Assassination" is a loaded word, and "cold-blooded slaughter" doesn't sound good at all. Since it's the type of work people are willing to pay good money for, they need a name for this activity, so they gave it one: wetwork. Some runners refuse to do it on principle, others draw a line about who they will kill and why in an effort to believe that they are not as damned as their conscience sometimes tells them they are. No one can ignore it.

In the end, when the rubber meets the road—or, more appropriately, when the bullet meets the flesh—runners will do what they need to in order to survive, and chances are good that will involve wetwork. Some runners refuse to do it on principle, others draw a line about who they will kill and why in an effort to believe that they are not as damned as their conscience sometimes tells them they are. No one can ignore it.

In the end, when the rubber meets the road—or, more appropriately, when the bullet meets the flesh—runners will do what they need to in order to survive, and chances are good that will involve wetwork. Maybe they'll come in on the guardian angel side of the job, protecting people targeted from assassination or tracking down hardened killers. Or maybe the lure of large amounts of money will pull them across the line into the realm of paid killers. They may be staining their conscience, but they'll have plenty of long nights to think about the many ways the money they are earning can bring them some degree of comfort.

If you're a shadowrunner who is going to be involved in wetwork, either on the prevention or commission side, Hard Targets is what you need. It starts with Desperate Times, an overview of many hotspots in the world and the situations that are leading people to put out more and more money to fund wetwork missions. The next chapter, And Desperate Measures, gets into some of the nuts and bolts of the assassination business, looking at some of the jobs that are out there and what runners need to do to start claiming the money attached to them. Killers, Saviors, and Hunters looks at some of the notable assassins of the Sixth World so that players can learn about the competition—or the people they'll need to stop.

When there's Havana: Dale a Todo Meter!, which looks at the wild and wooly city of Havana in the Caribbean League, a hotspot for all sorts of wetwork jobs. Following that, Becoming Death looks at the different ways people fall into the assassination game, while also providing a detailed look at what assassins need to know and do in order to wind up on the successful end of their wetwork jobs. The Wetwork Toolkit follows that up with some tools, gear, magic, and other equipment that should be on the shopping list of any bleeding-edge assassin. To wrap it up, Game Information offers plot hooks, Life Modules, and more for players and gamemasters putting a wetwork spin on their Shadowrun games.

With this information, runners can decide what wetwork jobs they will take, which ones they will hinder, which lives they will save, and which they will take. They can claim the power waiting for them—as long as they accept the corruption that inevitably comes with it.
One man.
That's what it all came down to. Three weeks of prep work and planning, all to eliminate one man.
The thought snuck into Ase's mind as she cycled through the security camera feeds. Her mind tended to wander at times like these, the calms before the storms, especially when her job was reduced to watching and waiting. Like now.
Still, she couldn’t deny that even this relatively mundane duty gave her a bit of an ego boost. Sitting in the team’s van, decked into enough cameras to oversee every square inch of a block of Downtown Seattle, Ase truly felt like the All-Seeing Eye that inspired her runner name.
Cut that drek out. You’re a professional, dammit.
The mental rebuke dope-slapped Ase back to reality, refo- cusing her on the task at hand: providing overwatch and coor- dination for her team.
Their mission was the elimination of a Knight Errant cop named Captain Daniel West. Not just a run-of-the-mill beat cop, mind: he was the head of the Renton precinct and a fif- teen-year veteran.
He was also a racist and a murderer hiding behind the au- thority of his position. Not in the eyes of the law, of course; in- ternal investigations had ruled all of the metahuman deaths at his hands “justified”—twenty-seven such deaths since KE took over the Seattle policing contract. Never mind that none of those metahumans were armed. There was the troll he shot in the back five times—but it was a troll, who automatically looked threatening, so of course West was at risk, right? Besides, five shots were the minimum required to bring down a troll. To make things worse, West’s record of brutality went hand in hand with a massive increase in the number of anti-meta bru- tality complaints against the Renton precinct’s officers since he took it over two years ago. “Just criminals who were mad they got caught,” according to West’s press releases.
Bad stuff if you were a metahuman, and it was apparent- ly about to get worse. According to the guy who hired Ase’s team, KE Seattle Division head Ellen Ward was due for a pro- motion sometime soon, and West was on the short list of can- didates to succeed her. That would give him a chance to make his racist philosophies and practices SOP at all Seattle Knight Errant precincts, a possibility that the anonymous Mr. Johnson was willing to pay top nuyen to ensure never happened.
Truthfully, that was Ase’s primary motivation for taking this job—the money. She had a feeling that, as a troll, she ought to have a more personal interest in the matter, but she didn’t. Nor did she hold to any of that high-and-mighty, “Kill one, save a thousand” bullshrek that some assassins bought into. She was just a professional doing a job that promised her enough