

PENTEX

Monkeywrench!

 **MAGADON**
Magadon—Building a better you.

M E M O

Total adjustments to Omega Plan: -2%
Garou Risk Factor: 0.005% negligible

ARE YOU SURE
ABOUT THIS?

-B.S.

PANACEA

PENTON

Monkeywrench!

By Brad Freeman and Christopher Howard

Credits

Written by: Brad Freeman and Christopher Howard

Developed by: Bill Bridges

Edited by: Robert Hatch

Art Director: Richard Thomas

Art: Aileen E. Miles, Richard Thomas, Joshua Gabriel Timbrook

Typesetting and Layout: Aileen E. Miles

Logo and Back Cover Design: Larry Schnelli

Word from the White Wolf Game Studio

This book features the three contest winners from Gen Con '93's Pentex Board of Directors meeting. They are: Susan Durham, Francesco Santora, and Shawn Carnes. Yes, folks, this contest proved that anyone, given the chance, will sink to the vilest tactics to get a seat on the Board.

We would also like to thank Mike Davis, whose Garou costume stole the show. We couldn't (and wouldn't) have done it without you.

And just when we thought everything was all right, a monkey wrench got thrown in the works. Henry Higginbotham's name was left out of the art credits for *Werewolf Second Edition*. He did those cool fetishes pictured throughout the book (and you should see the originals!). He is also renowned among *Mage* readers for his *Loom of Fate* cover. And around the office for his awe-inspiring and deadly looking *Mask of Charon* (no, we can't tell you what that is yet, but you'll see it soon).

Sorry about that, Henry. Please don't sic your wolf on us.

Disclaimer

The persons, places, and events depicted in this work are fictional. Any resemblance to any entities living, dead, or...otherwise...is coincidental. All statements are true in some sense, false in some sense, and meaningless in some sense.

WARNING: The Monkeywrenching tips given in this book are for the purpose of roleplaying gaming only, and are given to enhance the "underground" atmosphere portrayed in this supplement. Do not try these at home or abroad!

Special Thanks to:

Andrew "Un perfetto mascalzone e anche brutto" Greenberg for terrorizing Italy.

Rob "Stomping the Floors" Hatch for his sound wars with the [expletive] downstairs.

Ken "Dr. Ruth" Cliffe for the controversial sex therapy in WW #40.

Brian "SEGA!" Campbell for getting his Hedgehog on Groundhog Day.

Phil "Route 66" Brucato for taking the byways of America unintentionally.

Mike "Yo Joe!" Tinney for missing his buddy with the kung fu chop action.

Ian "Snowblind" Lemke for getting snowed out in Pennsylvania.

Mark "Piranha Bait" Rein•Hagen for his proposed trip to the Amazon.

Stewart "Happy Camper" Wieck for doing the Wyld thing.

Dedication

To YOU, as promised.



4598-B STONEGATE IND. BLVD.
STONE MTN., GA 30083
U.S.A.



© 1994 by White Wolf, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction without written permission of the publisher is expressly denied, except for the purpose of reviews. *Werewolf The Apocalypse*™ is a trademark of White Wolf, Inc. *Monkeywrench!* Pentex and all material contained herein are copyrighted by White Wolf, Inc.

The mention of or reference to any companies or products in these pages is not a challenge to the trademarks or copyrights concerned.

PENTEX

Contents

Storyteller Information 4

Handouts:

Abbot's Letter
The Werehacker Files
Post-It Note
While You Were Out
International Pharmaballistics
Newspaper Clipping
Pentex Employee Dossiers
Persephone's Letter
Hines' Letter

Security Memo #A 2112-93
Buck Racer Comic
Transcript of Hardigan Interview
Stillson Memos
Pentex Executive Bulletin
Satellite Photos
Doggy Diner Placemat
Panacea Blueprints
Endron Brochure

Storyteller Information

All civilization is centralization. All centralization is economy.

— Brook Adams

The whole fabric of society will go to wrack if we really lay hands of reform on our rotten institutions. From top to bottom, the whole system is a fraud, all of us know it, laborers and capitalists alike, and all of us are consenting parties to it.

— Henry Adams

Empires are restless organisms. They must constantly renew themselves; should an empire start leaking energy, it will die. Not for nothing were the Adams brothers fascinated by entropy. By energy. By force.

— Gore Vidal, "The Day the American Empire Ran Out of Gas"

The sky blackens as the juggernaut Wyrms continues its seemingly inexorable path toward domination of our precious sphere. Pentex is a major component of its plans. Its temporal power over government, the media and the business world, combined with its dark, Wyrms-derived powers, make it a seemingly undefeatable foe. Pentex is a thousand-armed kraken; those who war with it might find themselves seemingly victorious after protracted battle, only to find that they have merely severed one of the tips (a subsidiary of a subsidiary) of the monster's tentacles.

Not all is as it seems, though. This book, while conceding Pentex's formidable might, reveals its great weaknesses as well. This book displays the blind spots and the kinks in supposedly impenetrable armor. This book is a book about hope.

There is a schism in the Pentex Board of Directors — small, perhaps, but rapidly growing. Three of the Board are dead, slain by a single Garou's claws. As the remaining Board Members and their subordinates scramble to fill the niche left open by these deaths, the schism widens. The new Board Members' true allegiances (which Wyrms they serve) are unknown, and this leaves all the Board nervous and paranoid.

At the same time, some Garou have finally been able to put a name (and, in some cases, a face) to their hitherto invisible enemy. Young Garou have rallied behind the clarion cry of Mother Gaia, and a new name — "Monkeywrenchers" — is on the lips of both the Garou community and the minions of the Wyrms. The

Monkeywrencher movement is small, still only in its gestational phase, yet it has begun to render a hitherto unseen portrait of its gargantuan foe.

Monkeywrenchers are Garou who attack Pentex and its subsidiaries through any means necessary: computer hacking, ecoterrorism and outright assaults on Pentex personnel. Monkeywrenchers are allied in a loose network, usually communicating via computer bulletin boards. When one Monkeywrencher discovers a Pentex operation outside his area, he will alert a known Monkeywrencher in the affected area, and that Garou will attempt to halt the operation.

Clever characters who have previously battled the Wyrms know that the enemy cannot be defeated by claw and fang alone. Plans must be made and information gathered. The Monkeywrencher must learn to pierce the Stygian fog shrouding Pentex. This text should shed some light on the darkness. This book contains secret computer files and Pentex dossiers — bought at the high price of Garou lives. Also contained herein are some publicly accessible Pentex brochures, which can provide valuable information to characters adept at reading between the lines.

This book often refers to information on Pentex given in *Book of the Wyrms*. That sourcebook might be helpful to Storytellers using these handouts. Each section of the Storyteller's notes given here mirrors the "found materials" (brochures, files, etc.) in the second half of the book. Each artifact as presented to the players is alternately right, wrong or misleading. The Storyteller's notes should allow the Storyteller to know which is which.

Information contained herein should be made available to the players in three ways:

The so-called "WereHacker Files" and Thomas Abbot's Pentex dossiers may be given to players near the beginning of the game. These contain more than enough information to alert the characters to the conglomerate, as well as some handy hints on how to tackle a giant like Pentex. In addition, these sections contain the Monkeywrencher's ethos, which may inspire the characters to a long (or, more likely, short) career in the noble profession.

The second form of information, as represented by the Endron brochure, is publicly available and contains some surprisingly useful information. The Storyteller is encouraged to use the brochure as a template to create her own Pentex public-relations mumbo-jumbo (pamphlets, TV ads, fallacious science reports, etc.). While some of the more heavy-handed propaganda may be good for a laugh, it should always contain a sinister subtext. Remember, most of the public at large has never heard the name Pentex, so always attribute public information to the corporation's subsidiaries.

The last form of information is given in the form of high-level corporate communiqués.

The Storyteller's notes are filled with suggestions on where and how the characters may obtain their evidence. The Storyteller will note that the chronology of events forms a small story of sorts, but she is encouraged to change

events to make them conform to her own chronicle, adding or omitting information as desired. There is a lot of information here, and the Storyteller may want to introduce it slowly, thus building suspense and allowing the players time to digest it. Most of the information is geographically nebulous, allowing the Storyteller to fit it into her own chronicle with minimal effort.

The computer rules section in the *Werewolf Players Guide* may prove helpful when running games involving hacker characters. Everything one needs to know to handle this sourcebook is contained therein. Other computer references are in-jokes for flavor and for the amusement of computer types, but aren't necessary to use or enjoy this book.

One More Disclaimer

Everything in this book is legally obtained information. For dramatic purposes, we have tried to make it seem like stuff that God, Uncle Sam, and Ma Bell don't want you to know — which some of it may be. Nonetheless, it is legal to know and distribute.

The Handouts

Thomas Abbot's Letter

Thomas Abbot is steward to King Jacob Morningkill of the Vermont/New York Silver Fangs (see *Rage across New York*). Abbot has sent the letter to a trusted friend, an elder or Mentor of the characters' sept. Besides mentioning the New York Garou's desperate straits, the letter introduces the characters to "Monkeywrenching" and details the deaths of three Pentex Board Members.

This news should hearten the characters: their enemy is weakened. Additional news concerning a possible Wendigo/Get of Fenris reconciliation is also welcome, and the Storyteller may want to expand on this.

All of the information in Abbot's letter is essentially correct. The "unsavory channels" by which Abbot received the WereHacker files involved, among other things, a Nosferatu vampire (Diogenes by name).

The Storyteller may use this handout in any number of ways. The suggested method is to have the pack's Mentor give them the letter, along with the WereHacker Files, and ask them to look into the situation (i.e., stop Pentex, using the information provided). The documents may be obtained in other ways: e.g., a dying elder stumbles into the pack's caern and begs them, with his dying breath, to take the files and use them "for Gaia." The Storyteller should feel free to devise any number of ways to drop the information into the characters' laps.

The WereHacker Files

All the text in monospaced typeface represents an on-line "capture file," a literal transcription of a computer

telecom session. The WereHacker kept these notes as a "brag phile" (file), and they are presented *verbatim*. You would see this replicated onscreen were you looking over his shoulder as he typed. His message to Diogenes is a cover letter from one hacker to another.

The posting that begins, "Are you SICK of those PIRATE BOARDS?" is also genuine, testimony to a real loathing that some hackers have for mere pirates.

EaRthFisT!, the violent environmental action group, is fictitious, which is probably a good thing.

The real-time conference log that begins, "Deep Umbra BBS Real-Time Conference" is a capture file of a computer BBS conference call that gets interrupted in the middle. This is how the hackers and Monkeywrenchers of the WereHacker's pack (mostly Glass Walkers) communicate. Think of it as a text-only conference call. The Missing Sysop, a peripheral member of the pack who owns the computer on which the bulletin board runs, was captured by a Pentex First Team. His equipment was confiscated. Information on the computer implicated other members of the pack, and one by one they were hunted down. The WereHacker was preparing to try to rescue some of them and decided to transmit this information to Diogenes, a Nosferatu of his acquaintance. That was the last anyone heard of the WereHacker.

The files also include:

- A Post-It note inscribed with some of the WereHacker's special code.
- A "While You Were Out" message concerning International Pharmaballistics, and a brochure from that company. The International Pharmaballistics info pertains to a small vertical-market corporation that sells supplies for nonlethal riot control and live-capture big-game hunting. The corporation considers its wares humane alternatives to "conventional" weaponry, little realizing to what evil purposes its equipment can be put.

PANACEA and Magadon security forces are testing some of these modified weapons, using Wyrms-tainted loads in the injector projectiles, toxic silver arsenide compounds in the gas projectors, and nasty fetishes as caseless ammunition. These (and the electrically charged projectiles) can provide nasty shocks to Garou expecting the usual lead-throwers.

Have fun!

- The four satellite photos are stages in Pentex encroachment. The first is found in the WereHacker's phile; the rest are found in Mr. Zygote's briefcase (see PANACEA, below).

- Doggy Diner placemat with map of Black Dog Game Factory sketched on back. See *Black Dog Game Factory*, below.

- The newspaper clipping titled "Boy Drowns in Church" details the death of one of the ecohackers in the WereHacker's pack. He was found by the Rev. Firestone and his friend Trixie. While the Reverend won't talk, she

will. All she can add is that the word found on the hacker was "ALMA-ATA." The cops are right — it is a password. The information accessible thereby is up to the Storyteller.

Dossiers on Pentex Subchiefs

Upon receiving the WereHacker files, Thomas Abbot was galvanized into action and scrambled to gather information on four of Pentex's highest lieutenants. Most of the information has previously been available to Garou but has never before been gathered in one place. The information includes some of Abbot's own suppositions. Certain of these are accurate; others, erroneous.

• **Harold B. Hines (a.k.a. Doctor Frankenstein):**

Below are some secrets that the characters could possibly learn with some research and footwork.

1. The "S.O.S." on the check in Hines' photo stands (at least in public) for "Save Our Schools," a grass-roots organization aimed at bringing discipline and basics back to the schoolroom. It is in fact an acronym for the "Society of Socrates," an elite cabal of Pentex academics who are trying to gain control of the educational system at all levels. To this end, they seek to make many schools and universities economically dependent on them and have lobbied (thus far unsuccessfully) to move the majority of the school system from government to private hands.

2. Hines is atypical of the Pentex subsidiary president type. He is a genius and has figured out much more of Pentex's corporate structure and goals than most others of his ranking have. Even the Board of Directors is unaware of the scope of his knowledge of Pentex operations. He plots to fill one of the vacancies on the Board of Directors, but, unknown to him, he is no longer in the running because of the cloud of suspicion that has settled over his financial dealings.

3. Hines is a pedophile and a secret member of the Society of Socrates. He shares both of these distinctions with his patron on Pentex's Board of Directors, Benjamin Rushing.

4. Hines has terrorized, corrupted and then murdered each of his former wives. His current wife (Cindy Hines) is a prisoner in his mansion near PANACEA Pharmaceuticals. She is scared but strong-willed. If rescued, she will be grateful and may be able to help the characters, even to the extent of helping to set a trap for her husband.

Deep Secrets: The following information is not available to characters unless they hear it from Hines' mouth.

Hines belonged to the Defiler Wyrms long before he went to work for Pentex — in fact before he was born. Hines is a Ferectoi, a bastard Wyrms monstrosity born from the union of a human and a Breeder Bane. At birth, Hines was placed with a wealthy and influential family that had served the Wyrms for many generations. Hines was raised amid luxury and has been schooled since childhood in the ways of the Defiler Wyrms. His membership in the Society of Socrates and his spectacular rise in Pentex were preordained.

Unlike most Ferectoi, he is witty and urbane, reveling in his role. He considers his "children," the fomori at PANACEA, to be part of his new "super-race"; he has nothing but contempt for humans.

Physical: Strength 3 (8), Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 1, Expression 2, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 5

Skills: Etiquette 4, Drive 2, Firearms 2, Leadership 5

Knowledges: Computer 3, Enigmas 2, Investigation 3, Law 4, Medicine 5, Occult 2, Politics 4, Science 4

Backgrounds: Allies 5 (fomori), Contacts 5 (business), Resources 5 (embezzling)

Powers: Hines has two discreet fomori powers. The first is Mega-Strength (8). The second is Wasp Wings: Hines has a pair of wasplike wings on his back (easily concealable under clothing when folded back). These allow him to fly for short distances (up to two miles) before needing rest.

Age 2, Gnosis 1, Willpower 9

Roleplaying Notes: Everything was so easy. With your looks, money and powers, things always seemed to go your way. That human fool, Ben Rushing, was behind you all the way in your bid to join Pentex's Board. Your power and wealth were growing at an incredible rate and now this... So you got a little greedy; it made you one of the richest men on the planet, but it has also turned the Board against you. The short-sighted fools.

First they force that human First Team down your throat, and now Zettler and his little bitch Persephone are dogging your every footstep. The worst part is that, having never been prepared for failure, you don't know how to handle it. You are starting to drink again, and your composure is starting to crack. You're not finished yet, though. You have power, resources and your genius. You'll show them all, especially that crazy slut Persephone. Crash your computer, will she? You'll show them all!

If Hines does go down, he will try to take as many others with him as he possibly can.

• **Ben Stillson:**

Ben Stillson has no home address. He essentially lives at the PANACEA plant or in hotels.

Ben Stillson can be a pivotal actor in this drama, depending on how the Storyteller decides to play him. Below are three choices.

1. Ben Stillson is a loyal servant of the Wyrms and of Pentex. He has watched the brewing war between Hines and Persephone with growing concern. If Hines is indeed shown to have stolen from Pentex, Stillson will use his First Team to aid Persephone in Hines' ouster. He will act in Pentex's best interest in all things.

2. Ben Stillson is dead. He was shot in the back of the head while getting into his car. The WereHacker and his Monkeywrencher cohorts have put a clever doppelganger (a Glass Walker with the Gift: Doppelganger) in his place.

The Monkeywrenchers have all vanished, though, and it is only a matter of time before the impostor is unmasked. The false Stillson will do everything in his power to aid the characters against Pentex.

3. Ben Stillson is a patriot. For years Pentex has encouraged the most ugly aspects of patriotism (blind nationalism, xenophobia) in the ex-Green Beret in order to make him easier to manipulate. Lately, though, Stillson has begun to realize that Pentex's interests are not only dissimilar to America's but in fact are antithetical. Pentex's decision to monopolize Experiment #4 was the last straw. Stillson has the complete loyalty of his men, as well as some valuable inside information about Pentex. If Stillson's patriotic zeal overrides his loyalty to the Wyrms, what happens next is anybody's guess.

If the first or third option is chosen, Stillson has several combat-oriented Bane fetishes. If the second option is chosen, "Stillson" should have Traits appropriate to the impostor. In either case, he should be fairly adept at defending himself physically.

• **Persephone Tar-Anis:**

Below are some secrets that the characters could possibly learn with some research and footwork. However, it may require them to network with some vampires.

1. Persephone was Embraced in 1845. She is the child of Pentex Board Member Harold Zettler.

2. Persephone is highly ambitious, and her ultimate aim is to be on the Board of Directors, but she realizes that the time is not yet right for such a move. In the meantime, she attempts to curry favor with the Board by exposing Hines.

Deep Secrets: The following information is not available to characters unless they hear it from Persephone or from an ancient vampire who knows her from long ago.

Persephone was born in London in the early 1800s to the wealthy Wedgewood family. As a child she was at first considered to be "precocious," later "troubled," and by the time she reached her early teens, her family was forced to conclude she was insane. Not wishing to suffer the embarrassment that she was increasingly causing them, they institutionalized her.

Up to this point, the young girl's "madness" was in fact only a minor schizophrenia and perhaps an overly active imagination, but after several years in the badly managed sanitarium, she was completely deranged. She suffered wild, extremely complex hallucinations and psychotic spells, which she dutifully recorded in her diary.

At the age of 16, Persephone attracted the attention of Harold Zettler, one of the hospitals' regents. Fascinated by her unique psychosis, he decided to preserve it forever by inducting her into the Sabbat. A true vampiric prodigy, Persephone adapted to her new unlife with an ease that astounded her elders and even Zettler. Within 45 years of her Embrace, Persephone had participated in several key Sabbat operations, treacherously murdered the Camarilla Monitor of London, formed a long-standing association with the Son of Ether mage Charles Babbage, and played a

crucial role in helping to cement Sabbat ties with the Black Spiral Dancers.

She changed her last name to Tar-Anis (in homage to the Gallic goddess of death) because of the prevalence of death imagery in her hallucinations. She has maintained close contact with her sire through most of her unlife, though to her credit she did not participate in his atrocities in Nazi Germany. Like Zettler, she is actively hunted by the Camarilla and effectively uses Pentex as a safe haven.

Sire: Harold Zettler

Generation: 6th

Embrace: Early 1800s

Apparent Age: 17

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 5, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 6, Manipulation 5, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 6, Wits 5

Talents: Alertness 5, Athletics 3, Brawl 5, Dodge 5, Expression 2, Intimidation 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Drive 4, Etiquette 4, Firearms 5, Leadership 3, Stealth 5, Survival 2

Knowledges: Computer 5, Investigation 4, Law 2, Occult 3, Politics 4, Science 3

Disciplines: Auspex 7, Celerity 3, Dementation 6, Dominate 4, Fortitude 3, Obfuscate 6, Potence 1. Through Zettler, she also has access to the 8th level Auspex Discipline: Malkavian Madness Network (see **Clanbook: Malkavian**). This Discipline allows her to enter the Digital Web computer Realm in the Umbra (see the **Mage** sourcebook **Digital Web**), enabling her to enter computers mentally from a distance. She can only use this Discipline when she is in telepathic contact with Zettler.

Backgrounds: At least 4 in just about everything except Black Hand Membership.

Bane Fetishes: Her fetishes (gifts from Black Spiral friends) allow her the following Glass Walker Gifts: Control Simple Machines, Control Complex Machines, and Cybersenses. The fetishes are all jewelry made from computer chips.

Virtues: Callousness 3, Instincts 4, Morale 2

Path of Power and the Inner Voice: 5

Willpower: 9

Image: Persephone is just as likely to be seen wearing punk leather or Victorian-style funeral garb as the corporate styles she wears at Pentex, though all of her clothes are expensive designer originals.

Roleplaying Notes: You toyed with Babbage's difference engine; now you're playing in cyberspace. You are deeply involved in all of Pentex's most secretive computer projects, and your facility with them has made you a cracker-jack security chief. You know they call you "crazy," though never to your face. You know that your insanity allows you to make prodigious intuitive leaps, tying seemingly dissimilar threads together in ways undreamt of by the sane. You could almost do your entire job from your computer console, but you like to get out and about (remember

Nevada?) and to work with people (really). You view death philosophically, as a beginning rather than an end, and thus are prone to murder. However, you are not needlessly cruel — certainly not a practicing torturer like many of your Sabbat comrades. You are loyal to Pentex, but you frankly couldn't care less about the Wyrms. Hines has stepped out of line, and you are preparing to crush him like the bug he resembles.

Persephone will only engage in physical combat if absolutely necessary, despite her skill at it. Play her with a dark sense of humor, like a Charles Addams character.

• Max Carson

Below are some secrets that the characters could possibly learn with some research and footwork.

1. Max Carson is a Black Spiral Dancer Kinfolk.

2. He is, at least on the surface, far more typical of the Pentex subsidiary head than Hines is. He doesn't rock the boat and has professed to be uninterested in a Board position.

Deep Secrets: The following information is unavailable to characters unless they hear it from Carson.

Born dirt-poor in Texas, Carson joined Endron's sales force and quickly cut a bloody swath all the way to the president's chair. He runs the company with an iron fist and has used his Black Spiral Contacts to keep all at Endron in line. Carson has consolidated his position by surrounding himself with those loyal to him (Black Spiral Kinfolk now hold most of Endron's top positions); he is in one of the best defensive positions of any Pentex subsidiary head. His Dallas property sits right on top of a minor Black Spiral caern. He is generally left to his own devices, which means ripping up the environment in a devious and professional manner.

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Intimidation 4, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Drive 4, Firearms 5, Leadership 4, Melee 2, Survival 3

Knowledges: Computer 1, Enigmas 1, Investigation 2, Law 3, Occult 2, Politics 3, Science 2

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Contacts 5, Kinfolk 5 (Black Spiral Dancers), Resources 5

Powers: Carson is immune to all toxic Wyrms emanations (radiation, toxic waste, etc.).

Willpower: 8

Fetishes: Carson has several powerful Bane fetishes, which tend to generate, secrete and project mutagenic and toxic chemicals.

Image: Carson plays the Texas oil tycoon role to the hilt. Wear a big cowboy hat, buy a pro ball team, complain about those tree-huggers in Washington and swagger a lot. The whites of his eyes are actually a pale yellow.

Roleplaying Notes: Well, it looks like that egghead fairy Hines and the little vampire lady are intent on ripping each other to pieces. Pity. Looks like you'll just have to walk in and pick up all the pieces, though for your money the dead chick'll probably win. Neither of them'd better get any ideas about playing games with you, though; you'll tear 'em a new one. You consider yourself the Wyrms' main ranch hand and do its bidding in all things. By the time you're through, the world's gonna be one giant toxic dump. The seas will run black and the sky will be a permanent neon orange — just like Vegas.

Although you seek personal power, you do not seek membership on the Board of Directors at this time. You go where you are needed, and right now Pentex and the Wyrms need you right where you are. You've been richly rewarded for your services and are completely loyal.

Infiltrating Pentex

Some of the handouts may spur characters into infiltrating certain Pentex-owned companies. The information below should help Storytellers run encounters with Black Dog Game Factory or PANACEA.

Black Dog Game Factory

The map of Black Dog Game Factory (see *WereHacker Files*, above) was scrawled hastily on a diner placemat by the WereHacker and is identified only by the legend "BDG." If the Storyteller feels that this is not enough information to lead the characters to the company's headquarters, she should supply additional clues (maybe the address of the diner is on the placemat; the diner is across the street from BDG).

Because Black Dog Game Factory could be situated in "Anytown, USA," the Storyteller should put the company within relatively easy reach of the characters' stomping grounds. Characters who visit the company's offices will find them to be every bit the cesspool of human (and inhuman) corruption that one would imagine. Everyone who works here is Wyrms-tainted to some degree, except for some of the visiting freelancers, who are merely innocent Wyrms dupes (or "Wyrmsies," as the jaded full-time staff calls them). The warehouse is filled with minor Wyrms fetishes and Bane-tainted goods, in the form of "miniatures" and "story handouts," which are aimed at corrupting the impressionable young "leaders of tomorrow."

Despite the many sordid and nauseating misadventures possible here, there is only one major point of interest. Bob Forthrite, the developer of BDG's **Zombie: The Putrescence™** line of games, is (unknown to all but BDG's inner circle) a fomor. His only fomor powers are Mouth of the Wyrms (the mouth is located on his stomach) and Stomach Pumper.

Bob recently received a blueprint of the PANACEA Pharmaceuticals plant from his vacationing cousin Frank. Frank, also a fomor, worked at the PANACEA plant until his recent unexplained disappearance. Frank thought that the blueprints he found were "cool" and didn't think the company would mind if he brought them to Bob for use in one of his games. Bob is currently planning to use them in the *Zombie* sourcebook *Fury across Florida*. The characters should be convinced of the blueprints' validity if they notice that they match those in the dossier photo of Ben Stillson (see the dossier on Stillson).

If cornered, Bob Forthrite will wail and blubber, protesting that he only wants to make games to "make people happy," or that he is "making gaming an art form." He can look pretty pathetic and will produce pictures of fictitious children at the drop of a hat. If the characters are dumb enough to let him go, he will run to the phone and report them to his "masters" (Pentex).

This episode should show the players that even the most masterful of evil conspiracies can fall prey to coincidence, bad luck and sheer stupidity.

For information on the PANACEA blueprints, see below.

PANACEA

(See PANACEA Blueprints)

The PANACEA Pharmaceuticals plant consists of two adjoining buildings. One is 12 stories high, while the other is only three (see side view). The taller building was formerly used for clerical purposes and is now empty. The enclosed blueprints map out the first floor and basement of the smaller building.

These blueprints (provided as a handout later in this book) are fairly basic; the Storyteller is encouraged to add his own elements and customize the maps to his own campaign. The blueprints are several years old, and some changes have surely been made at the site since their drafting (machines added, rooms reconfigured, etc.). Characters using the blueprints to infiltrate PANACEA should run into at least one unexpected dead end while in the plant.

Here, at the PANACEA plant, the characters will find the most damaging and illuminating information about Pentex. Not surprisingly, here is also where they will meet their strongest resistance. PANACEA Pharmaceuticals, Inc. was founded in 1986 and is a subsidiary of Magadon, Incorporated. It is the pet project of Harold Hines; it is also the brainchild of Harold Zettler (Pentex Board Member and a Malkavian *antitribu*), whose interest in medical atrocities dates back to his nights as a Nazi doctor at Auschwitz. Zettler has a controlling share (53%) of PANACEA's stock. Hines has a private office here, as does Ben Stillson. A ghoul (Mr. Zygot) may also be found here, scrutinizing the company's financial records and generally lurking about.

The plant is not visible from the main roads (it is at the end of a tertiary road marked "Private") and is situated on a peninsula that juts out into a large lake. The peninsula covers about 10 acres and consists primarily of meticulously landscaped grounds. There is a parking lot, but no cars are visible. Surrounding the grounds is a high-voltage fence.

First Team troops, some of them fomori, patrol the grounds, and security cameras sweep the perimeter. If the characters decide to approach through the Penumbra, they will find that the natural beauty of the grounds gives way to the sulfurous stench of a Hellhole. The Gauntlet rating is 7 in the surrounding grounds and increases to 9 once inside the building.

Several of the trees that dot the landscape are inhabited by Blight Children:

Rage 8, Willpower 6, Gnosis 5, Power 25

Charms: Blighted Touch

They will bide their time, waiting to attack when the characters flee the building.

There are also many minor Bane spirits here, but they appear mindless and do not attack; instead, they feed, vulturelike, on any fallen intruders. If characters approach stealthily through the Penumbra, they should at least be able to get into the building before encountering any major resistance.

Third Floor

Most of the top floor is filled with office space, though no employees are actually working in this area. They have been "given the week off" while Mr. Zygote peruses the records. The top floor is also where the characters will find the offices of the president (Hines) and vice-president (P.T. Barnes). There is nothing of interest in Barnes' office.

Also on the third floor, hidden by a retractable roof panel, is Hines' private helicopter. He will use it to escape if things go against him.

• Mr. Zygote:

Somewhere in the building, the characters may run across the ghoul Mr. Zygote. He is the majordomo of Harold Zettler and one of Pentex's premiere "number-crunchers." He is at PANACEA because Hines is suspected of skimming profits and other unseemly financial misdoings. Zettler and Persephone both hope that Zygote will uncover enough information to depose Hines once and for all.

Zygote is a Sabbat ghoul of the Obertus family (see *Storytellers Handbook to the Sabbat*) and has been in Zettler's service for 50 years. He is an ideal spy (Auspex 4, Obfuscate 3), a consummate accountant, and he likes his job. He has allowed Hines to "bribe" him into not investigating too deeply, even as he quietly amasses enough evidence to damn him in the eyes of the Board. Zygote will not engage in combat under any circumstances, instead trying to disappear and flee when confronted with danger.

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 5, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 4, Appearance 1

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 5, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 5, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Drive 4, Firearms 3, Stealth 4

Knowledges: Computer 4, Investigation 5, Law 3, Science 2

Willpower: 7

Roleplaying Notes: Lurk and spy. Talk like Peter Lorre. "You...you don't understand. I'm only an accountant!" Whatever you do, don't drop your briefcase.

Zygote's Briefcase: Zygote's briefcase contains evidence against Hines. In addition, it contains "Hines' Letter to Persephone" (see below) and the four Pentex satellite photos (one of which can be found in the WereHacker Files). Zygote may also have copies of the "Stillson Memos" (see below).

Harold B. Hines' Office

Hines' office is both large and opulent. It is paneled in dark mahogany and tastefully appointed in a classical style. Numerous shelves contain books on a plethora of subjects (mostly science; some are authored by Hines), and several diplomas hang behind a large antique desk. Paintings, including an original but hitherto unknown "hellscape" by Hieronymous Bosch, adorn the room. On Hines' desk are several photos of Hines shaking hands with former U.S. presidents of both parties, and a photo of his current wife.

Cursory examination reveals little else of interest. The locked desk, if forced open, contains only several innocuous but highly impressive files of sales figures. Similarly, the highly advanced computer next to the desk provides only cryptic, confusing code if booted up.

The true prize in the room is a wall safe hidden behind the Bosch painting. The safe's computer lock can be bypassed with a Wits + Computer roll (difficulty 8). Three or more successes are required to avoid triggering the silent alarm system. In the safe are three artifacts:

Persephone's Letter to Hines

This message is on a 2" CD-ROM disc in a plastic case. The word "bitch" is scrawled on the case in Hines' handwriting. This disc represents some of the latest in Tellus Enterprise's hardware technology and is incompatible with any computer currently available on the open market. If the characters neglect to play the CD on Hines' computer (it boots up automatically) they will have to seek out some Glass Walkers advanced enough to have access to this level of technology.

The disc also has a Net-Spider bound into it. This creature will crash a system once the disc is inserted, allowing the computer to play only the disk's message (Persephone's idea of a practical joke). As soon as the file boots up, it will send the message straight to the printer, printing out a hard copy.

Notes: The Storyteller should be made aware of several facts from the letter:

- Persephone has already convinced several Board Members, including Zettler and Yamazaki, that Hines should go. She is planning on using evidence of his embezzlement as an excuse to depose him; Mr. Zygote's job is to obtain such evidence.

- Persephone plans to have Hines killed. To this end, she has several means at her disposal, including...

- a) Her influence with the Black Spiral Dancers.

- b) Her influence with the Sabbat.

- c) The First Team at the PANACEA plant.

- d) She has the authority to send in additional First Teams "to bolster security" and is seeking clearance to utilize the Alpha Team.

- The reference to Stillson's "hacker doppelganger" is explained in the "Stillson Memos" (see below). Thus, this letter is not delivered to Hines until after the events listed in those memos have occurred. Persephone may be bluffing about this; if the Glass Walker doppelganger is still there, she may believe he is Stillson.

- Persephone knows the identity of the intruder in Security Memo #A 2112-93 and hopes that he will kill Hines. She will avoid contact with Aeneas at all costs. (This memo is explained below.)

- Persephone is a very hands-on, bottom-up type of commander and has engendered fanatical personal loyalty in those under her command, despite her occasionally obvious psychosis. Her personal guards include disparate factions among the Sabbat, Black Spiral Dancers and some humans; she has managed to make them cooperate efficiently.

Hines' Letter to Persephone

This letter is in Mr. Zygote's briefcase, but because it addresses subjects mentioned in Persephone's letter, Storyteller information is given here. The letter directly mentions several of Pentex's most highly guarded secrets. Below are details on each one.

• The AIDS "Cure":

PANACEA has tailored a "hunter virus" specifically programmed to latch onto the HIV virus (fighting fire with fire), not killing it but neutralizing it "permanently." The disease goes into remission, usually within two months of the initial treatment. This is the official version of events.

The hunter virus is in reality what has been dubbed an "engineer virus" that mutates the HIV virus, causing it to become even more deadly — if that's possible.

The incubation period for this new strain is about five years, during which time the patient feels completely healthy. When the new virus finally surfaces, it is far more virulent, faster acting and capable of being transmitted through casual contact. It will bear little resemblance to the original virus and will thus be nearly impossible to trace. This is part of Pentex's "Omega Plan." Five years after the

initial "cure" is released, the world will face an epidemic of unbelievable proportions. This, along with other factors, will create an End Times milieu perfect for the genesis of the Omega Plan's second phase. The AIDS plan has no supernatural component to it; it is based purely on science.

• New Fomor Powers:

PANACEA has developed several new fomor powers, some of which are possessed by the fomor guards here.

Acidic Touch: The fomor's skin excretes a caustic, gelatinous substance that adds two extra dice of aggravated damage to any physical attacks involving touch. This power could be particularly damaging in tandem with Mega-Strength and Plasmic Form.

Alacrity: This is a limited version of the vampire Discipline Celerity. It allows the fomor to take one extra action per turn, as if he spent one Rage point. This ability costs one Willpower point per use. Its advantage to Pentex is that, because the fomor does not rely on Rage for extra actions, the berserker mentality does not have to be engineered into the fomor. This makes it easier to control in battle.

Death to the Dead: This power is a byproduct of PANACEA's AIDS research. It functions exactly like the fomor power Infectious Touch, but it works against the undead. The fomor must make a flesh-to-flesh attack against its target. The fomor must then successfully roll Willpower against a difficulty equal to the victim's Stamina (+ Fortitude). Each success inflicts one Health Level of aggravated damage to the target. This damage heals at the rate of one Health Level per week, during which time the victim feels miserable. Hines hopes to test this power against Persephone.

• The Berserker Serum (a.k.a. "Super Serum"):

This serum is still in an experimental phase and has only been used a few times. The usual method of injection (as seen in the Buck Racer comic, below) is via a painless air jet directly into the carotid artery. In a matter of seconds, the recipient is overwhelmed by a raging bloodlust similar to a vampire's frenzy. The recipient's Physical Traits are greatly increased (Strength +4, Dexterity +1, Stamina +3). The berserker does not take the usual wound penalties when injured, enabling him to fight effectively until he is killed. Berserkers can still effectively use weapons, even to the extent of reloading guns, and are capable of rudimentary strategy.

Pentex assumes that all users of the serum will be on the same side (its). Its scientists have added a strong pheromone-inducing agent that causes an aversion response in others using the drug — thus, two people using the serum will not attack each other. The drug suppresses the speech centers of the brain, rendering the user mute for about an hour after taking it.

The frenzy lasts about 15-20 minutes. After the serum wears off, Pentex convinces the exhausted and confused survivors that it was really a great experience (surreptitiously removing the bodies of any dead comrades, of course).

The injectors that emit the serum also contain a radio transmitter. This alerts Pentex security that the drug has been used, allowing the corporation to send investigators, reinforcements, damage control teams, etc.

First-time users of this drug must score a single success on a Stamina roll (difficulty 7) or die of heart failure as the drug wears off (Garou automatically switch to Crinos form and thus roll their adjusted Stamina). The difficulty increases by one with each subsequent use until it reaches a difficulty of 10. After this, the number of successes needed to survive increases by one per use.

Pentex calls this "better living through chemistry." The drug has no effect, beneficial or otherwise, on Kindred.

- **Experiment #4:**

For years, the researchers at Mars Electronics (an electronics firm catering exclusively to the military; a subsidiary of Nastrum Enterprises) have attempted to create the perfect assassination weapon for use by the intelligence community. Recently, they have succeeded beyond their wildest dreams.

Experiment #4 was the brainchild of the company's founder Cyrus Kurtz (now deceased). It was inspired by a strange series of "dreams." These dreams were in fact visitations from the Maeljin Incarna Doge Klypse (see **Book of the Wyrms**). At his orders, the company captured four musicians (three Garou Fianna and one Toreador) and forced them to play. Their music was then subjected to electronic manipulations in accordance with an arcane mathematical formula supplied by Kurtz. The result was a beautiful, unearthly sound that welled up from a rift torn in the fabric of reality—a sound emanating from the Atrocity Realm. In a matter of seconds, all of the employees in the lab, as well as several passersby on the street outside, were assaulted by a wave of sheer, insane terror. All died. The rift collapsed upon itself and was resealed.

Pentex quickly cordoned off the area and sent people inside. The only survivors were the Fianna and the Toreador, who had been at the nexus of the rift. They were completely insane.

Pentex has both a recording of the sound and some of Cyrus' notes. From these, researchers have been able to reconstruct the experiment and now need only an "antidote" that will allow them to wield this devastating weapon safely (earplugs are useless). Pentex hopes to use the weapon to assassinate people "over the phone." Researchers have had some success with neural blocking agents and are set to start field-testing shortly.

The sound doesn't kill Kindred, but it drives them insane (whether this is permanent or not is unknown). The truly insane, living or undead, are completely immune to this weapon. Pentex has decided that Experiment #4 is too good to share with the military and is developing it for its own purposes.

Security Memo #A 2112-93

This security memo and its accompanying transcript are both printouts.

Pentex is being stalked. In the course of its dealings with the Sabbat, and as a result of its penchant for (often unfriendly) corporate takeovers, the corporation has unknowingly raised the curiosity of several powerful individuals in the Camarilla (Ventrue) community. A vampire, the Ventrue elder Aeneas, has been assigned to investigate.

Aeneas has spent the last year probing Pentex's corporate structure and is now making several opening feints to determine its power and methods of operation. To this end, he has obtained the voluntary talents of a Glass Walker Monkeywrencher named Max Stirner and the unwilling services of two First Teams. The latter have been procured through Aeneas' considerable powers of Presence and Dominate. Additionally, he has turned several fomori and an Iliad agent into his ghouls. These agents have limited Fortitude and Potence in addition to their other powers. Aeneas also has the service of several lower-generation Ventrue and can depend on limited aid from the princes of whatever cities he visits (if the prince is Ventrue).

Aeneas is still very much in the data-gathering stage of his investigations and does not yet realize the true scope of Pentex's operations, but he is learning fast. He has some minor aptitude for Chimerstry and has used this to great advantage in covering his tracks. He has employed a number of illusory guises, including that of the "woman" mentioned by Spider Hardigan in his report (see the transcript).

Through Max Stirner, Aeneas has sent a number of false orders allowing him to lead First Teams into his traps, disrupt communications and cause Pentex other minor inconveniences. He reports all of his findings to the Camarilla.

Pentex, which has spent most of its time and resources on defenses against the often unobtrusive attacks of the Garou, currently finds itself (at least thus far) ill prepared to counter the subtlety of an immortal master tactician like Aeneas. Like Aeneas, however, Pentex is adapting rapidly, and the corporation can muster much vaster resources than the vampire can. It is possible that the hunter may soon be the hunted.

The alliance between Max and Aeneas may actually hurt the cause of the Monkeywrenchers if the Garou leadership were to find out—Aeneas, like most vampires, is "of the Wyrms" in the eyes of Garou.

Aeneas: Aeneas was born in 1328 to a poor farming community in Southern Greece. He grew up tending his father's crops and was considered the pride of the town because of his athletic prowess and great beauty. Indeed, the latter caused some to jest that he was Adonis somehow reborn, and attracted the attention of a powerful and ancient local Toreador.

Aeneas was still a young man when the Black Death swept through the region, killing many and marring many others. Hearing of the plague, the aforementioned Toreador rushed to the town, hoping to make Aeneas a vampire and thereby preserve his beauty for eternity. But the Toreador was too late: a Ventrue rival had beaten him to it. This Ventrue had Embraced Aeneas to anger the Toreador, but soon discovered that Aeneas had very good uses.

Aeneas excelled at Kindred politics and rose quickly (by Ventrue standards) through the ranks, with the Toreador elder as his ally. He now serves the Camarilla and his clan as an Archon, and is one of the Camarilla Inner Circle's most trusted agents.

He is a sixth-generation vampire and is correspondingly powerful. He has high levels in Presence, Dominate, Auspex, and Fortitude. He also possesses Celerity and Chimerstry.

Visually, Aeneas looks every bit the part of a young Greek godling. He appears to be a tanned youth of 19 or 20 with long, curly, brown hair. He often dresses in fashions worn by the current youth culture and looks like he would be at home on any college campus. He is a potential ally against Pentex and is comparatively benign — but he is also a master manipulator and should be played as such.

Max Stirner: Max Stirner is an experienced Monkeywrencher of the Glass Walker tribe and has successfully been tweaking Pentex's nose for several years now. Born in the Bronx, Max is equally adept in the Net or on the streets. He has obtained Rank Three and was born under the crescent moon. He is an excellent hacker. Stirner is a slender African-American man in his early 30s. He usually wears sunglasses and a leather jacket. He carries two .45 caliber pistols at all times.

Stirner has been working with Aeneas for a year now and is, of course, wary of him, though he is also somewhat overwhelmed by the force of his personality. If Aeneas finds out about the characters and decides to initiate contact with them, he will do so through Max.

Buck Racer Comic

The safe contains four pages of a comic book: "Buck Racer of the First Corp." These are penciled pages for the next issue.

More sophisticated Garou may laugh out loud when they see the infantile nature of this blatant piece of Pentex propaganda, but a second look reveals several salient and chilling facts. The comic is only partially a propaganda tool; it also serves as a training manual. Pentex has learned much about its Garou foes — far more, in fact, than the Garou have learned about Pentex, and the corporation has made that knowledge available to its front-line troops in a very precise and practical manner.

Most First Team soldiers are rapidly learning about Garou tribes, auspices, powers and tactics from this simple comic book. Several astute Monkeywrenchers have observed that recently encountered First Teams seem quite

savvy about werewolf abilities, and they don't seem to break rank as easily as they used to. This comic is part of the reason why. In addition, the comic hints at things that may present a long-term threat to the Garou.

Many First Teams now carry Bane fetishes (PowerGoggles™) that allow them to see a Garou as he negotiates the Gauntlet from the Umbra to the physical world. Such detection is not too much of a danger for Garou who are adept at stepping sideways quickly. However, it can be devastating to a low-Gnosis werewolf, who may well find himself staring down the barrels of multiple, carefully aimed rifles when he completes his five-minute journey from the Umbra. Even the fastest Umbral shifters may find that their foes have a fraction of a second longer to prepare, and many First Team soldiers are now trained to jump at the merest hint of an "Umbral shift."

If a Garou acquires one of these fetishes, it is possible that, with time, a counterfetish might be created. The Black Spiral Dancers have already developed their own protections from this fetish, but their countermeasures are Bane-related, and Gaia's Garou will have to develop their own antidote.

The Storyteller should also note the following:

- The comic paints a fairly accurate physical portrait of "kindly ol' Doc Zettler" (a.k.a. Harold Zettler), which may eventually be of some use to Monkeywrenchers.
- There really is a Buck Racer. He is a member of Pentex's Alpha Team. He is a sociopath in the truest sense of the word, but he is an effective leader and quite charismatic. The Storyteller should feel free to give him whatever Traits and strange abilities she deems appropriate.
- The Wendigo, Shadow Walker, has been marked for termination by Pentex security, and Pentex has placed high priority on his elimination. See the "Corporate Report" for the reason why.
- The Super Serum (a.k.a. Berserker Serum) is real and can be activated by First Team commanders. See "Hines' Letter."

The comic and other artifacts (videos, Pentex-controlled newspapers, etc.) found in the First Team's barracks represent an incredibly potent propaganda tool. Pentex has an army of soldiers who think exactly the way the corporation wants them to think. But the system is not foolproof. First Teams have to be able to operate in the outside world in order to perform efficiently, and the real world doesn't always conform to the neat reality that Pentex has created for its soldiers.

To this end, Pentex minimizes its soldiers' interaction with the outside world (short missions, limited leave time, etc.) in order to keep "corrupting influences" (i.e., the truth) from gaining hold. Pentex, of course, indirectly controls a considerable portion of the media, thus ensuring that much of its propaganda reaches even its agents on extended field missions. Also, most First Team agents are so thoroughly indoctrinated that even the most convincing

evidence will not shake their faith. Occasionally, however, an operative remains in the field a bit too long and begins to realize the true nature of her employers. Some of Pentex's most deadly foes have been created in this way.

Second Floor

Despite the soft pastel hues of the walls and the cheerful "homey touches" that predominate this floor, there can be no doubt that it houses one of Pentex's vilest atrocities to date.

The floor is mostly given over to hospital space, and a number of the rooms are occupied. PANACEA has secretly lured a number of people — AIDS patients — to this location, promising a potential cure. The patients are from many walks of life and have grown to trust the cheerful nurses and humanitarian doctors who work the ward day and night. The treatments are free; patients are told that the tests are experimental and that there is a "small" danger of side effects. But, of course, this means little to the truly desperate.

Patients are allowed to come and go pretty much as they please; the only stipulation is that they may not tell the outside world about the hospital. If characters try to help patients out of the hospital, the patients will most likely view them as monsters and intruders. Ten to 15 patients occupy the ward at any given time. More information on the supposed "AIDS cure" can be found in the Storyteller notes on "Hines' Letter."

First Floor

Much of the building's first floor is eerie and poorly lit. The majority of the offices and labs resemble those of a production facility, but the primary mission of this area is actually research and development. Here, in the PANACEA labs, many of Magadon's Bane-infested medicines are given birth.

During the day, a crew of highly paid scientists works hard to create everything from designer drugs for sale on the street (Pentex is the primary force behind Colombia's Cali drug cartel) to highly addictive, Bane-ridden, over-the-counter pharmaceuticals.

At night, there is only a skeleton crew of maintenance people, though an occasional devoted scientist burns the midnight oil here. All of the employees are thoroughly corrupted by the Wyrms and are completely aware of the consequences of their work. Despite this, most of them are humans and thus little threat to the characters (although some employees carry guns loaded with silver bullets).

Many of the automated machines on the first floor are also Bane-ridden. Machines here are imbued with a sinister, low animal cunning. Most of the time they will continue performing their allotted tasks while letting intruders pass. Only when one intruder is separated from his pack or when the pack as a whole is fighting for its life will the machines

intervene. Forklifts will blindside struggling Garou; robot arms will tear and grab; conveyor belts will start and stop, abruptly dumping their surprised victims into automatic shrink-wrapping machines capable of cocooning a Garou in seconds. The machines down here are fully capable of employing teamwork and rudimentary strategy.

In the blueprints, much of the floor space appears to be clear of obstructions. However, as with most production plants, the majority of the floor space is taken up with row upon row of inventory stacked on pallets, reaching almost to the ceiling (25 feet high). Because of this, visibility is severely diminished and there are no vantage points from which the characters can see the entire plant floor. The plant defenders know the plant well and do not need such vantage points. There are also security cameras, although they are vulnerable to Garou manipulations (such as the Gifts: Jam Technology or Control Complex Machines).

The Bane Antenna

On the roof of the complex is a silver-black, ovoid dish. The Wyrms emanations from it are palpable even to the most inexperienced Garou. This "Bane antenna" lures lower-order Banes, traps them, and blasts them into great vats on the first floor. Here, they are subjected to a scalding chemical bath and a sorcerous matrix, allowing PANACEA to blend them into pharmaceutical goods.

Most of Magadon's harmful drugs are of this nature; Bane-related ingredients allow them to circumvent government health regulations, which do not cover "bad mojo." All Magadon drugs are addictive to some degree, and some of them are wildly hallucinogenic when taken in large doses. Abusers often report seeing strange alien vistas and horrifying creatures. What they are actually seeing is the Umbra. Some long-time users have actually disappeared into the Umbra, never to be seen again. Most, however, simply become deranged, antisocial and ultimately psychotic, thus furthering the cause of the Wyrms.

The Basement Level

Much of the basement is a parking deck, though there are not likely to be too many cars here. The rest of the basement has been converted into barracks, or "dormitories" as Pentex calls them.

There are segregated dorms for the fomori and the human First Team members. Contact between the two groups is kept, by edict, to a minimum; Hines is conducting experiments with his fomori troops and has gained special dispensation to segregate them. Most Pentex First Teams are, of course, integrated.

The two sections are stunningly different, not only because of the two groups' physiological differences (although some fomori can pass for human) but also because of the widely divergent philosophies involved in their training.

The Fomori

Between 15 and 20 fomori reside at this facility at any given time. When fomori are first created, their goals and desires are still basically human (though admittedly distorted). Pentex tries to change this as quickly as possible.

To this end, many Pentex installations are currently in the process of adopting the "Hines Plan." This psychological/pharmacological process whittles away any remaining human "weaknesses," such as kindness, remorse and empathy. It then replaces these emotions and drives with a cunning intelligence. While these fomori may appear human on the surface, they are monsters inside. Of course, this process occasionally goes wrong, and the wayward fomor has to be destroyed.

Most of these fomori were surgically created by Magadon in the physical world, but a select few were created by the same Seeder entity that "birthed" Hines (see Hines' description above). These fomori are the most powerful and the most favored of Hines' minions.

The fomori's living quarters are a Gigeresque nightmare. They are constructed like a giant ant farm, with numerous pits and dead ends. The actual tunnels exceed the original boundaries of the basement, and the fomori add to them all the time.

The tunnels are not detailed in the blueprints, but they begin where Bob Forthrite's fomor friend scrawled the words, "We are here...and here."

Hines favors the fomori over his human guards and supplies them with everything they need. There is no furniture here, but there are numerous cubbyholes, extrusions from the floor, etc., which the fomori use instead. Not all Pentex fomori live this way, but Pentex has had good luck with Hines' methods and is using them more and more.

Hines has also installed hidden speakers throughout the fomori quarters. From these, a barely audible musical score continually issues. The music was especially composed to divorce the fomori further from any residual weaknesses, and its subliminal influence is compounded by the administration of various drugs.

If characters enter the tunnels, the Storyteller should give the fomori a definite "home turf" advantage. Characters should be required to make several Perception + Alertness rolls (difficulty 8). Failure means the character becomes lost and disoriented and suffers a penalty of one or more dice on all further Perception rolls while in the tunnels.

Hines considers his fomori too valuable for the Berserker Serum. All of the fomori at this plant are completely loyal to Hines and will die to the last man (er, thing) to defend him.

The average fomor's Traits are as follows:

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 1, Manipulation 2, Appearance 0 or 1

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 2

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Intimidation 1

Skills: Firearms 3, Melee 1, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Knowledges: Occult 1

Powers: Each fomor has at least two powers.

Willpower: 4

Equipment: Assault rifle with one clip of silver ammunition (by orders, usable only in emergencies)

The Humans

While ostensibly there to "guard the installation against the damned werewolves," the First Team here is also charged with the mission of watching over Hines (whom the First Team has nicknamed "Doc Frankenstein") and curbing what many of the Board of Directors see as a growing threat from Pentex's nonhuman contingent.

The human First Team is being maintained at PANACEA against Hines' will. While he has railed against its presence, he has not been able to get rid of or co-opt it without raising the furor of the entire Board. The actual dormitories are large, semi-spartan barracks housing 10 humans per unit (six units total). There is also an adjacent training room and firing range. The barracks can hold up to 60 humans, but there are usually 40 or so in residence.

There is a strange dualism to the First Team stationed here, which sets it apart from most other Pentex military units. Like the members of many First Teams, the humans here are continually bombarded with the usual Pentex propaganda; all of the humans here are true zealots rallying around the Pentex banner as though it were the Holy Grail. They thrill to the monthly comic and television exploits of their hero Buck Racer, and consider it the greatest of honors to die for the Wyrms.

However...while they are here to guard an important Pentex installation, they can't escape the fact that they are in an enemy camp. Several humans have disappeared in the last year, and the First Team suspects (rightly) that they were killed by the fomor contingent. The humans only leave their barracks in groups of four or more. They have actually become quite ingenious at ensuring their own security while also gaining intelligence on Hines' activities; they relay this to the Board through Persephone (to whom they are particularly loyal).

Hines underestimates the humans badly and doesn't suspect that they have dug several tunnels of their own. Nor does he know that they have a secret radio transmitter, which allows them to circumvent the phones he has bugged. When not in use, the "Super Serum" is locked up to prevent tampering by Hines.

The First Team follows a strict military code of discipline and subscribes to an honor system. It exhibits an optimistic "can-do" spirit, and while the ultimate philosophy its members follow is repellent, there is something to be admired here. The team is also loyal to Ben Stillson and follows his orders enthusiastically. Stillson and the team

commander are the only two who can activate the Berserker Serum, and they will do so only if it is absolutely vital.

If Garou attack the plant, the human First Team will defend it valiantly and viciously, but its members also seek to settle some scores — in the dark, a fomor can look an awful lot like a werewolf...

Despite all this, the Storyteller should resist turning these humans into "good guys." They are minions of the Wyrms, after all. Still, this is an ideal opportunity to blur the usual black-and-white divisions between good and evil, thus creating moral dilemmas for the characters. Nothing confuses a Get of Fenris warrior more than seeing one minion of the Wyrms mowing down another and perhaps saving his life in the meantime. This confusion is especially compounded when the Wyrms creatures are exhibiting good-guy virtues like bravery, honor and self-sacrifice.

The average First Team trooper's Traits are as follows:

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 2, Dodge 2

Skills: Firearms 3, Melee 1, Stealth 3, Survival 1

Knowledges: Occult 1

Willpower: 4

Equipment: Assault rifle with one clip of silver ammunition (by orders, usable only in emergencies)

Stillson Memos

The Stillson Memos can be included as part of the WereHacker Files or handed to players as part of an ongoing investigation of Pentex, if they have the proper connections. For instance, if one of the characters (or perhaps a Kinfolk) infiltrates PANACEA as an employee, the memos may fall into her hands. There may also be copies in Mr. Zygote's briefcase (see *PANACEA: Third Floor*, above).

These memos are on Magadon, Inc. letterhead (PANACEA is a subsidiary of Magadon). They are handed out perhaps once every day to employees. Which version of the memos is the truth is up to the Storyteller: is this just a hacker trick, or is someone really impersonating Stillson? (That "someone" may be a Glass Walker Monkeywrencher with the Gift: Doppelganger; see *Dossiers on Pentex Subchiefs: Ben Stillson*, above.)

A suggested order for their release is as follows:

- Day One:
 - Morning:** From: Stillson, RE: New Equipment
- Day Two:
 - Morning:** From: Davidson, RE: Alert!
 - Afternoon:** From: Stillson, RE: Hoax
- Day Three:
 - Morning:** From: Davidson, RE: Rogue apprehended

Afternoon:

From: Stillson, RE: Hoax II

• Day Four:

Morning:

From: Davidson, RE: Impersonator

Afternoon:

From: Stillson, RE: Hoax solved! *

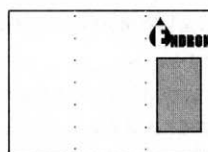
Afternoon:

From: Davidson, RE: Impersonator caught! *

* These last two are handed out simultaneously to different employees throughout the office, dividing the employees in loyalty.

Endron Environmental Pamphlet

The Endron pamphlet is perforated for easy removal and should be folded along the dotted lines as shown.



Like many companies with checkered pasts, Pentex's subsidiaries churn out a neverending stream of commercials about how benign they are. This propaganda takes many forms. Some of it is highly sophisticated — "independent scientific studies," which it uses to confuse the scientific community and policy-makers. The second kind is cruder and aimed at those the company considers "know-nothing rubes" (i.e., the general public). The Endron environmental brochure is clearly in the latter category. The brochure can be obtained almost anywhere (grocery stores, by mail or handed out by Pentex's "Earth Fund zombies"). The characters may divine the following information from the pamphlet:

Of the most immediate use is the name and face of Endron's president Max Carson. He is highly placed at Pentex but not easy to find. Also mentioned in the pamphlet are the names of three other Pentex subsidiaries: Gaia Research (an "independent" research company hired by many of Pentex's subsidiaries to bolster their claim of civic responsibility); Good House Paper; and POW Comics, which is a subsidiary of Vesuvius, Inc.

In addition, the characters should realize that the environmental group, "Planet Fund," is a Pentex corporate shill. Pentex made \$35,000,000 in profits (donations) from Planet Fund last year. The high-profile, well-funded "grass-roots" organization siphons support from many more legitimate but less glitzy environmental groups.

The Storyteller should be aware that the foam used to disperse the oil spill in Australia is actually a sort of "obfuscate" for pollution. While seemingly breaking down the oil into its "harmless natural components," it actually catabolizes it into less visible but still highly damaging compounds. In addition, it contains a stimulant that increases aggressive behavior in animals tenfold — in effect,

turning nature against itself. Australia was its first field test. The tanker crash was, of course, by design.

The brochure was written by Carson himself, and some of his superiors are angry about him naming other Pentex subsidiaries so blatantly. The brochures are being rapidly recalled. Some comfort may be taken from the fact that the condescending tone of the pamphlet bespeaks an arrogance that may someday fatally underestimate the "know-nothing rubes" it scorns.

Wally's whereabouts are unknown.

Pentex Executive Bulletin

The Fateful Meeting

In August of 1993, Pentex convened its annual shareholders meeting, this time in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The purposes of this meeting were to inform in-the-know shareholders about Pentex's annual progress on the Omega Plan and to explain how the Garou problem was being dealt with.

All the shareholders know of Pentex and are aware, to a limited degree, of the Wyrms (each one usually has knowledge of one of the heads of the Hydra). Thus, the meeting is one of the few times that Pentex frankly discusses its real objectives.

In 1993, however, something went wrong. A Garou by the name of Shadow Walker (see below) broke into the meeting, using countermeasures given to him by Monkeywrencher friends. Along with his small pack, he managed to wound Harold Zettler and kill Elliot Meiche, Robert Allred and Frederick Kromrich. Against all odds, Shadow Walker and his pack then escaped without a trace.

The meeting was thrown into chaos, and only the smooth and calming voice of Peter Culliford, Chairman of the Board, was able to return the room to a semblance of order. The wooden spear was removed from Zettler, and he arose to help clean the stage of the bloody evidence. To help coax the shareholders into some activity that would take their minds off the loss, Culliford and Adrian Newberry instituted immediate nominations to fill the now-empty positions on the Board.

The shareholders, greedy for power, immediately forgot the terrifying breach in security and set about wheeling, dealing and threatening their way onto the Board. By the end of the weekend, three new Board Members were elected: Francesco, a Black Spiral Dancer; Enzo Giovanni, a vampire; and Kathryn Mollett, a mortal.

Francesco

Francesco is a lupus Garou. Despite his glowing green eyes and patchy, toxin-smeared fur, signs of his Pure Breeding sometimes show through. Some among his adopted tribe, the Black Spiral Dancers, believe he is a Silver Fang

by birth, but the truth may never be known. Abandoned to the whim of the elements by his mother, Francesco survived feral and alone for most of his youth. Then came his First Change. Alone and unguided, he learned to control and even master his changing forms through sheer will.

After a time, Francesco chanced upon a Silver Fang Rite of Passage ceremony. He watched as the other cubs were put through extremely difficult and dangerous trials. By mimicking the cubs step sideways, Francesco discovered how to negotiate the Gauntlet. But Banes awaited on the other side, slaughtering most of the Silver Fang cubs. Francesco fled back to the material world.

At the end of the rite, one cub, the son of a great lord, returned alive. Francesco, proud that he had also survived, even by fleeing, walked into the middle of the ceremony and said, "I, too, have survived the passage. I, too, killed the bad ones". The Silver Fangs looked in awe upon this strange cub who bore the marks of high breeding. But the other cub, angered at this rival, challenged Francesco.

As the two readied to fight, a tribal elder, the teacher of the young cub, stepped forth. "This new cub is of noble birth. Tell us from which tribe and family you come." To this, Francesco could not reply. "At least tell us the name of your mother, and I will allow you to fight." Francesco said, "I was abandoned at birth; I have neither name nor tribe." This caused a great stir among the assemblage. The rival cub stepped forward and exclaimed, "Go! It is not your place to challenge me, tribeless wanderer!" Shunned, Francesco left the moot with great bitterness. He swore a terrible oath that night: One day he would enact vengeance on all Garou.

That same night, Abhorra, Wyrms of Hatred, came to Francesco's dreams in the guise of a radiant and terrible she-wolf. Abhorra offered Francesco the power he needed to extract his vengeance. When Francesco asked what she wanted in return for this boon, she replied, "Only your loyalty." To this, Francesco agreed.

Thus began Francesco's service to the Wyrms. The following night, he encountered a Black Spiral Dancer pack, which had followed omens sent to it by Abhorra, and was finally adopted into the company of other werewolves. The first word he uttered after dancing the Black Spiral was "Francesco," which became his name, as is customary. He wonders, however, what this means. Over the years, Francesco quickly rose in rank among the Black Spirals and has led them to many victories. He has become a fierce and infamous warrior.

In his service to Abhorra, Francesco attained a high position in Pentex and was present at the fateful board meeting where several Board Members were killed. Seizing the opportunity, Francesco immediately nominated himself to fill one of the new vacancies. His nomination was seconded and accepted. Setting into motion a massive campaign of extortion, blackmail, kidnapping and bribery, Francesco quickly became the forerunner for a board position. Some of his more notable tactics were to enter the dreams of shareholders, searching for dark secrets, then

buying their votes in exchange for keeping this information private. Francesco dealt with another rival candidate, a vampire, by sealing her in a lead coffin and dumping it in the North Sea after "convincing" her to sign over all of her shares to him. Similar attacks were made against him, but all failed. In the end, he achieved his position on the board, coming in second in number of votes.

Francesco's exploits did not go unnoticed by existing Board Members. Harold Zettler was particularly impressed by the cruelty of Francesco's actions and has since become a staunch ally. However, the other Board Members are shocked at the prospect of a Black Spiral sitting among them. The combination of madness and rage is too unsettling for the boardroom, they argue. Most will wait and see how well Francesco does; if he fails, or cannot control his Garou nature, he may find himself in a fight against the entire board — a fight he surely could not win.

Francesco, as with all who walk the Black Spiral, has a derangement: he will only eat the fresh meat of a still-living creature. He forces his pack to acquire his meals for him and hopes his new position in Pentex will give him the necessary resources to obtain some truly exquisite meals. Such daily feasts have hardened him against the pain and suffering of others. Francesco has the unquestioned loyalty of his Hive, all of whom now serve Abhorra.

He has taken over Robert Allred's holdings and is thus responsible for the Amazon War effort. The board hopes that Francesco's greater understanding of the Garou will allow Pentex to succeed on that front.

Enzo Giovanni

Enzo Giovanni is a large figure of a man, standing 6' 2" tall and weighing close to 300 pounds. His jovial countenance often reminds those who meet him of a family member: a favorite uncle or the like. He tries to look as stylish as his large frame will allow. He appears to be in his mid-to-late 30s, though he is truly much older, having been Embraced in 1871 by the Giovanni clan. Despite being Kindred, he has always had a very human look to him, with a bright complexion and continually flushed cheeks. Of late, however, he has begun to look more like the true nature of the Damned: dead. This is because of the Wyrms slowly pulling Enzo into its dark clutches.

Before being elected to Pentex's Board of Directors, Enzo controlled a huge business conglomerate by the name of Irish Eyes Enterprises, Ltd., based in London, England. It owned many newspapers and other media sources in England and America, and had recently begun to acquire numerous American retail store franchises such as S-Mart and J. R. Spears.

Because of the great success of Irish Eyes and its subsidiary companies, the Giovanni thought that Enzo was the perfect front-man for the campaign against Pentex. By putting a Giovanni on the Board, the clan in Venice thought, the interests of the Giovanni would be protected

from Pentex. Furthermore, the Giovanni could actually begin to control Pentex by way of their voice on the Board.

Clan Giovanni's chance came in August, 1993, at the fateful shareholders meeting. Joining the race for a board seat, Enzo looked to be the dark horse candidate. Pentex itself was no help, either. Pentex, wishing to keep any Giovanni presence out of the company, engineered an assassination attempt on Enzo. The attempt was made by a Get of Fenris, whom Pentex had duped into believing that Enzo was an agent of the Wyrms. Only through pure luck did Enzo survive the attack, but he quickly found refuge with a powerful vampire ally in Milwaukee.

Enzo quickly realized that he alone could not succeed in his ambition. So, uncharacteristically, he allied himself with two people upon whom he had once sought revenge for past business injustices: Kathryn Mollett, CEO of Alliance Industries; and Maximillian Toner, CEO of Ouroboros Distributions.

Both Mollett and Toner were also running for the Board. Mollett had an early lead in votes, with the industrial base of Milwaukee backing her up. Toner was a dark horse himself, but his support of Mollett was garnishing him votes for the Board. Both Mollett and Toner had bested Enzo in past dealings, and Enzo had vowed revenge on both of them. Indeed, Enzo had begun to acquire many shares of stock in Alliance Industries before his arrival, initiating a hostile takeover of Mollett's flagship company. With Enzo's hopes of getting on the Board in jeopardy, however, he swallowed his pride and arranged a meeting with both of his rivals. Enzo's plan: Forget the past and work together for the future. There were three slots open on the Board, and they could each fill one if they pooled their resources. Mollett, eager to avoid a costly battle for her company, agreed under the stipulation that Enzo stop his hostile takeover. Toner agreed with no strings attached, needing votes almost as badly as Enzo did. Through quick manipulations on Enzo's part, all three agreed that Enzo would be the head of the drive for the Board seats.

When news of the Giovanni-Mollett-Toner alliance reached the rest of the shareholders, many votes began to pour in for all of them. Enzo began a "grass-roots" campaign, speaking in person with many shareholders of Pentex stock. This campaign was very successful, acquiring many undecided votes. Mollett solidified her lead, and Enzo shot up to a comfortable second in the tabulations. Toner, however, was not so fortunate, and still lagged near the bottom of the votes. Reports of outright vote-buying grew as the race drew to a close. Toner, growing more and more dissatisfied with his poor performance, threatened to pull out of the alliance. Enzo, not wanting to lose his support, quickly struck a new deal with Toner — near-controlling interest in Irish Eyes would be given to him in exchange for the transfer of his accumulated votes to Mollett and Enzo. This transfer would almost guarantee their placement on the Board. To Enzo's relief, Toner agreed, and waited to transfer his votes.

Vote-buying grew to monumental proportions near the end of the election, and Mollett began to fall from the lead. Enzo's "grass-roots" campaign kept him in the top three, though he actually began to worry for his new ally. In yet another uncharacteristic action, Enzo began to campaign for Kathryn, hoping Toner's swing votes would secure his edge. Mollett's nosedive reversed, and to even Enzo's amazement, she shot into a firm lead. Toner then treacherously cast his entire vote pool for Mollett. This enraged Enzo, as he dropped from the top three. With little time left, Enzo had to react fast. He turned his "grass-roots" campaign into a "mud-slinging" campaign, discrediting one of the biggest buyers of votes. As the final votes were tallied, Enzo slipped back into the top three, barely beating the nominee he had tried to discredit. Enzo Giovanni claimed the third open spot on Pentex's Board of Directors.

Pentex realized that there was not much it could do, for Enzo had won the seat using every legitimate means possible. Nonetheless, the other Board Members knew that he would be almost alone. Enzo's only ally on the Board was Mollett. In time, they felt, the Wyrms would manifest itself in Enzo, and Enzo would abandon his clan to serve the Wyrms.

Indeed, Enzo shortly found himself succumbing to the allure of the Wyrms. Mahsstrac, the Urge Wyrms of Power, sensed the power-madness that drove Enzo, and began to offer him greater power in exchange for his loyalty. Enzo, eager to make an impact on the Board, agreed. The more Enzo gave in to the Wyrms, the more power he acquired. As this happened, however, his ties to his clan weakened. Irish Eyes Enterprises was acquired by Pentex, all but cutting off the Giovanni from a place in Pentex. Toner's control in Irish Eyes was eliminated, which gave Enzo a great deal of satisfaction. Enzo became more corrupt, abandoning his true "folksy" nature and relying more and more on his shrewd business acumen. Still, he was torn between his loyalty to his clan and his growing servitude to the Urge.

At present, Enzo is almost completely subservient to Mahsstrac. Enzo does not trust anyone on the Board, save Kathryn Mollett. The Giovanni in Venice have not yet branded Enzo a traitor, but most feel betrayed by Enzo's neglect of the clan's agenda. For a while, Pentex ceased its acquisitions of Giovanni businesses, but recently the rate of acquisition has once again increased. The Giovanni are totally unaware of Enzo's near-submission to the Urge Wyrms, or of the Wyrms' domination of Pentex. Enzo himself is unaware of the degree of the Wyrms' infestation; he is almost completely consumed by his mad dash for power (with the assistance of his "invisible friend"). Enzo has a shred of humanity left, and still feels something for his brethren in Venice, but if they stand in his way much longer, he will turn against them outright.

Enzo himself has noticed that the more he devotes himself to Pentex's true goals, the more his personal power grows. He has found that his talents in Necromancy, to which he gave little thought before becoming part of

Pentex, have increased of their own volition. He has also discovered an aptitude for the Thaumaturgical arts, which pleases him to no end. He has begun to test his new powers on his prey, usually killing them in the test, and then using Necromancy on them to test his powers further. For all he knows, the more he serves Pentex, the more powerful he becomes in all aspects of his unlife; this now directs his agenda. Indeed, the Wyrms has all but completely succeeded in consuming his soul.

Enzo has taken over many of Elliot Meiche's concerns, although much of Meiche's power base was divided among the existing Board members. This leaves Enzo with less power than many members, but the strong support of Enzo's patron Urge compensates.

Kathryn Mollett

At age 26, Kathryn is the youngest person ever to sit on the Board of Directors — and the only female. Mollett entered college at age 16 and quickly gained her Masters Degree in Psychology. This young and uncompromising girl seemed to have an intuitive understanding of other people and why they do what they do. This served her well upon graduation, when she entered the corporate world and quickly rose to become CEO of Alliance Industries, a Pentex subsidiary. Kathryn's intuition seemed uncanny to the existing Board, and all wondered what was the source of her insight. In truth, Kathryn was chosen by the Defiler Wyrms long ago to enact its plans.

The Defiler Wyrms has given Kathryn a deadly tactic: the truth. She has an occult ability to recognize the truth when she hears it, and she never lies. By always telling the truth, Kathryn never has to worry about enemies discovering her secrets — she has no secrets. The Board, being for the most part paranoid old men, do not believe this, of course, and suspect that she is wiser and more cunning than they first surmised. They are all wary of her, continually trying to second-guess whatever she says, to discern a double meaning behind her words. But there is no secondary meaning; she is forthright in all she does. Benjamin Rushing, servant of Pseulak, Urge Wyrms of Lies, is especially nervous around her, and wants her destroyed.

Kathryn's unprecedented rise to power has taken its toll on her. She is beginning to show gray hairs and crow's-feet, and has developed an ulcer. These too-human problems disturb her, especially at age 26. She wonders if her deal with the Defiler Wyrms is not in some way causing a premature aging. Perhaps it lied to her...

Shadow Walker

Shadow Walker, the valiant Garou who killed three major Pentex executives, is a Wendigo Ragabash. He is an unlikely terrorist. Normally opposed to such activities, he was thrown into a rage when his pack was destroyed by a Pentex-ordained wolf-hunting excursion in Alaska.

Joined by other Garou who had suffered similar losses, Shadow Walker planned his revenge against the megacorp. It was only by chance that he met with the WereHacker's Monkeywrenchers. With their hacking expertise, he was



able to gain just the right information needed to slip through the Penumbra and bypass Pentex's security. With the help of a Monkeywrencher's fetish, the guardian Banes were thrown into confusion long enough for Shadow Walker's gang to get in, do their deed, and get out.

This unprecedented success has greatly impressed the Get of Fenris of the New York area, who have invited Shadow Walker to be honored by them. The latest word is that he has accepted. However, should Pentex hear of this, and discover the time and place, it will throw everything it has at the Get encampment, to enact its revenge.

In Conclusion

Pentex's influence is vast and growing. It is a world-spanning shadow empire that ignores borders and buys governments. Pentex is successful not only because of its ruthlessness and Wyrmspawned powers, but because it provides people with what they want. Pentex offers a higher living standard in the form of numerous luxury goods and abundant daily "essentials" (cars, entertainment, air conditioning, etc.). Pentex has insinuated itself into every aspect of modern life. It employs untold millions and gives generously to selected charities, cultural events and causes on both sides of the traditional liberal/conservative political equation. If Pentex were to disappear overnight, there would be upheaval on Wall Street and massive unemployment, despite the long-term good that its destruction would bring.

Pentex knows all this and has mastered the art of public relations. It knows that people react violently if they see their property taken away. Pentex, through its control of the media, has created an atmosphere in which it and its goods are part of the blessed status quo (certain "talk radio" hosts are directly in the service of Pseulak, the Urge Wyrms of Lies, and derive much of their "talent" from him). Any assault on a Pentex subsidiary is twisted in the public eye, becoming a direct attack

on traditional values. Pentex uses inflammatory rhetoric to fan anti-change sentiment into a roaring reactionary fire.

While Pentex by no means "owns" the legal system, it is unparalleled at manipulating it; even the most damning direct evidence aimed at Pentex in this venue is likely to fail. If cornered in a court of law, Pentex will merely throw the justice system a bone (a "rogue" vice-president who was working on his own, an overly enthusiastic aide, etc.) while continuing business as usual under some other name.

Despite its weaknesses (and they are legion), Pentex has far more strengths. Even if every contingency mentioned in this book goes decisively against the corporation, and the forces of Gaia win the battle, Pentex is still far better situated to win the war. Only now, after many battles lost, have a few Garou — the Monkeywrenchers in particular — begun to realize that a major change, not just in tactics but in philosophy, is needed. Humans vastly outnumber the Garou. Great and powerful civilizations have been built, and the djinn of technology is not about to return to the bottle from which it came. If the Garou are ever to win, they must put behind them their halcyon visions of a purely agrarian society where humans lived in small sheep folds, fearing the night and the ravening wolves just outside.

Many Monkeywrenchers advance the premise that if a workable philosophy is to be adopted, it should fall somewhere between the tenets of the Children of Gaia and those of the survivalist Bone Gnawers and Glass Walkers. Many Monkeywrenchers are of the latter tribe (though by no means are most Glass Walkers Monkeywrenchers).

Violence is, of course, a tool to be used against the Wyrms and its minions, but the Monkeywrenchers' vision puts them at odds with many of the ideologues in the Garou tribal structure. Monkeywrenchers liken themselves to surgeons cutting out a malignant tumor with a scalpel as opposed to butchers chopping the patient to pieces with an axe. The days of lashing out blindly are over, they argue. The time for precise, methodical action is now.

Monkeywrenchers, though few in number and sometimes inconsistent in philosophy, are nevertheless wide and varied in membership, crossing traditional tribal lines. They are pragmatists and idealists. They are flexible in their thinking and are born coalition builders. They have even dared to make tentative, secret overtures to select Kindred among the anarchy camps. Rumors posit alliances with Virtual Adept mages — a powerful coalition indeed. Monkeywrenchers have gained much from these initial alliances.

A Garou who decides to follow the Monkeywrenchers' path will quickly discover that it is more of a philosophy than an organization, though many Monkeywrenchers form tight and disciplined coterie or cells. Monkeywrenchers are in many ways a force betwixt and between. There are Monkeywrenchers of many stripes. Some are warriors, some are computer hackers and no small number of them are part-time philosophers. The thing that all of them have in common, though, is an instinctive hatred for the Wyrms and a definite method to their seeming madness.

Kinain,

Blood of my blood. Salutations to you and your great sept. Greetings also from the Lady Carcassone, who wishes me to convey her warmest regards. The news from here is not good. Disunity among the tribes continues to grow. The Get and Red Talons are on the verge of open war. The Sabbat creatures grow bolder night by night, and the king's dementia grows worse day by day. My own position has grown tenuous; I find myself alternately his closest confidant or his greatest foe. Yesterday, he banished me. Today, I am to attend a feast in my honor. I relay only his most reasonable decrees to his subjects, yet even these orders have stretched their credulity to the breaking point. I fear a revolt — if not from the Silver Fangs, then certainly from the Shadow Lords, who are no longer circumspect in their criticisms of our tribe. Alas, I fear they may be right. Do I speak treason, old friend? Perhaps. It is certainly a vanity that I feel I must share my musings on the subject with someone. You are one of the few whom I can trust with my thoughts on this matter. Still, this letter must not become a monument to an old wolf's Harano or a list of dilemmas over which you have no control. This is to be a letter of bold purpose and, I hope, good counsel.

Recent events have lifted my eyes from the gloom of the local tribes' internecine bickering. Like the first Great White Wolf, who for Mother Gaia battled the Darkness, they have illuminated what I am often all too eager to forget in the course of my daily affairs: the Wyrms has not stood still while we have fought amongst ourselves. To me, the nature of its workings in this sphere has suddenly become very clear. You have no doubt heard of the recent "terrorist attack" carried out against a Pentex shareholders' meeting. In case you have not, I will explain: it was carried out by a mendicant Wendigo named Shadow Walker. Three of the hated seven (though I believe there are more than seven) — Kromrich, Meiche and the traitor Allred — have been confirmed as dead. Allred's death in particular has been cause for celebration by the Get of Fenris; but more on this shortly.

Dramatic as these events were, they alone were not enough to force my eyes from the darkness, and here I come to the heart of the matter. Documents have come into my possession, copies of which (the only copies) I now commend into your hands. The source for most of these papers is an anruth Glass Walker who goes by the intriguing though somewhat crude appellation of "WereHacker." I will not trouble you by relating the unsavory channels through which he chose to send these documents; in truth, I was not the intended recipient. Many of the documents are vulgar and self-serving, and I must confess that I find his obvious contempt for authority disturbing. Perhaps I am showing my age here. In any event, the young Garou is most likely dead, and I find myself unable to think ill of him despite his obvious idiosyncrasies.

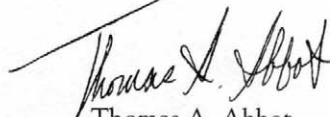
It would seem he is/was what the Cliath these days call a "Monkeywrencher"; I believe you keep company with several. I am hard pressed to understand much of his writings, so steeped are they in the jargon of the youth culture; I can make even less sense of the computer dialect which permeates the files. I have contemplated conferring with several local Garou who are more competent in these matters than I, but suspicion and disloyalty have become such common companions to this court that I have not dared. Gaia help me, I have become timid in my old age; it is the curse of the overcautious Philodox, I suppose.

Enough. I have sent these documents to you in hopes that the distance you have put between yourself and here, as well as your direct manner of dealing with the world, will allow you to make use of this information in a way I can not. The WereHacker files shed heretofore unknown light on the doings of the Wyrms' mortal minions. In addition, I am enclosing some of my own intelligence work, constructed from several sources (including some of the WereHacker files that were partially destroyed when I received them). I pray that they will be of some use to you.

Finally, there is some good news to report. The Get of Fenris, as I have stated, were jubilant at the news of Robert Allred's demise, even if it was at the claws of one of their Wendigo rivals. Evidently they have invited Shadow Walker to a Rite of Accomplishment, and the latest news is that he has accepted. Perhaps there is some hope for us after all.

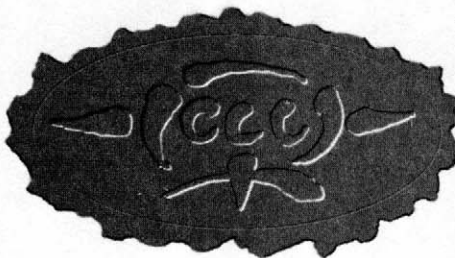
Please inform me if you can make use of the enclosed information. If not, I trust that, as always, I can depend on your discretion and good judgment.

Respectfully,



Thomas A. Abbot

Steward of the Lodge of the Sun



Diogenes:

You weren't my first choice to give this to, and you're not the only one getting it. (NO offense, you're alright and all, but some of my people and some of your people really flame each other.)

Anyway, this is some hot stuff, IMHO, and some of my friends died getting it. It needs to be passed on to the Garou, and my channels are all down. I'm trusting you to get it where it needs to go - to either the Glass Walker Elite or somebody else we all can trust.

And watch out! This stuff is poison!

I might see you again, but I wouldn't count on it. Stay dead and healthy, and don't step on any cockroaches!

- The WereHacker

PS: Sorry this is so huge. Some of the files are in TIFF format. Sorry. They came from an electronic document scanning & retrieval system with a side door, but I didn't have any decent OCR software.

The Penumbra BBS -- World's Finest Warez

File Listing: Library 12 -- Utilz

(Ctrl-S to pause, Ctrl-Q to continue)

File	Size	Description
awib-cr.lha	22k	newest bluebox program
cpuawib.lha	23k	cpu's bluebox
ddv12.lha	199k	DANGEROUS DIALER V1.2 100% BUG FIXED
Demondial.lzh	76k	Dial faster than humanly possible!
dial28e.exe	124k	Unlimited Access Dialer 2.8e - Orange
gbox.dms	262k	Liberty's Whitebox with source codes
hackv1.dms	244k	Autohacking Dialup program
ptools10.lha	128k	phreak tools v 1.0
Wargames.lzh	261k	GAK! A _wargames_ autodialer, with digitized voices from the movie !!!

(* / _ // _ / \ / / / / \ \ \ / _ // _ / / _ /
/ / / / _ / / \ / / / / / / / / / / / / / / / o
/ _ // / _ / \ / / / / / / / / / / / _ / / / / \
/ / \ _ // / / / / \ _ // / / / / / / \ \ / / / / ~~~~

Amiga and lesser computers welcome!

Enter number or name or 'NEW'

NN: 1101

PW: XXXXXX

Welcome, WereHacker!

Login @ 9600 bps on 02-10-94 15:11:21

Last on: 02-01-94 02:33:01

System News not updated since your last call.

Thought for the day:

Anarchy only works if everybody has a good time!

MAIN:>?

<<PenUmbra Sub-Boards>>

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 : NOISE! (General Chat) | 2 : SF & F Chat |
| 3 : Real Computers (Amiga) | 4 : Other Computers
(ibm/Mac) |
| 5 : Classifieds | 6 : Wanted & For Sale/Trade |
| 7 : SF (Anime) | 8 : SF (Everything Else) |
| 9 : Free Plugs (BBS Ads) | 10: Games (Talk) |
| 11: Games (online) | 12: Cyber-Mondo Hyper-chat |

MAIN:>13

Incorrect number, must be 1-12!

MAIN:>13

Incorrect number, must be 1-12!

MAIN:>13

Incorrect number, must be 1-12!

?>Worker

Password?>*****

fbibust!.LHA	6k	A FBI and SPA bust on some dude.CINTEX
freecall.txt	2k	Call free via Spain
kimble.true	4k	Truth about Kimble * Pirate Circle *
kimble.txt	5k	another text about this Kimble
kimtruth.txt	10k	truth about this fucker KIMBLE who's sabotaging the modem scene
norway.txt	7k	Many Norway elite boards got busted
NYPOSS.zip	138k	Ny-area possibles. NO faxez!
nzbust.txt	6k	do not call Thrill Kill Kult HQ in NZ!
PA_ACC.TXT	1k	ad for cool BBS
Pentexnos.lzh	14k	Access numbers for Pentex (?) let me know what you find out!
PYROGUID.TXT	150k	Everything you need to go into "business" for yourself
sabeng.txt	6k	Sabine
subendl.txt	6k	CRACK INC is dead...
sys75.txt	11k	how to make your own PBX
tv.txt	21k	Hack cable to get all the channels.
uruguay.txt	7k	BB over Uruguay
worldlis.lha	22k	World HQ Boardlist * Pirate Circle *
yellow_pages.txt	38k	Text about BlueBoxing

26 files listed.

Command?

>d

Download -

File(s) to download? [wildcards ok]

>child*.*

Searching all directories.

Directory : Library 10 -- Anarchy Philz

Filename : child's_garden.lha

Description: Primer for neos. Fight lamer-itis & read it!
File size : 11k
Apprx. time: 00:00:15
Uploaded on: 8/29/93
Uploaded by: The Bender
Times D/L'd: 4

Protocol (?=list) : 5
File added to batch queue.
Batch: Files - 1 Time - 00:00:15
Command?
>b
Do Batch now?
>y
Batch: Files - 1 Time - 00:00:15
Hang up afterward?
>y
**B0000008000001244
Logoff at 01-10-94 23:16:21

THIS PHILE PASSED THROUGH:

____ THE ONLY
/ \ / _ \ / _ \ / _ \ BBS
/ / \ / _ \ / _ \ / _ \ / YOU'LL
/ _ / / / _ \ / _ \ / _ \ EVER
_ _ \ _ _ \ _ _ \ _ _ \ NEED

/ / \ / \ / _ \ / _ \ / _ \
/ / / / / / \ / _ / / / _ / /
/ _ / / / / / / / _ / / / _ \ / / / / /
_ _ \ _ _ \ _ _ \ _ _ \ _ _ \

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE TO DISCRETE, ELITE BOARDS
ANNOUNCING SECOND ANNUAL EaRthFisT! EarthFest!
EaRthFisT!, THE extremist ecoaction group, and
the Bay area Green Phreax, proudly announce the
second annual EarthFest!, to be held in Redwood
Park.

Ecoextremists, ecoterrorists and ecohackers
welcome.

Bean dip will be provided for the inevitable
spies.

For more information, leave e-mail for Scuttlebutt
where you got this file.

```

      _____
(* / _ // _/ \ \ / / / / \ \ \ / _ // _ / /
 / / / / _/ / \ / / / / / / / / \ / / / / / / / o
 / _ // / _ / \ / / / _ / / / / / / / _ / / / / \
 / / \ _ // / / / \ _ // / / / _ // / \ \ / _ // / ~~~~

```

Amiga and lesser computers welcome!

Enter number or name or 'NEW'

NN: 1101

PW: XXXXXX

Welcome, WereHacker!

Login @ 9600 bps on 01-10-94 23:11:01

Last on: 01-06-94 22:24:00

System News not updated since your last call.

Command?

>N

Libraries? [1-22 or RETURN for all]

>10

New File Listing: Library 10 -- Anarchy Philz

(Ctrl-S to pause, Ctrl-Q to continue)

File	Size	Description
2600bust.txt	11k	another bust.txt
alldec.txt	8k	Satellite Codes JAN 94 WIZARD/SUNCARD
area_codes.LHA	8k	world area codes: know where b4 you call!
attglobl.txt	42k	AT&T Global Efforts Text
attica.txt	17k	AT&T Text
attsec.txt	14k	AT&T Security
attvod.txt	15k	AT&T Text
bbbeeps.txt	17k	another Blueboxwarning...[TRAX]
boxtodie.txt	6k	British blueboxing will die!
bt_call.txt	9k	british telekom makes it possible
child's_garden.lha	11k	Neo Primer. Fight lamer-itis & read it!

Hello, Worker. Welcome to:

```

  _ _ _ _ _ THE ONLY
 / \ / _ \ / _ \ / _ \ BBS
 / / \ / _ \ / _ \ / _ \ YOU'LL
 / _ \ / / _ \ / _ \ / _ \ EVER
 \ _ \ \ _ \ \ _ \ \ _ \ NEED

```

```

 / / \ / \ / _ \ / _ \ / _ \
 / / / / / / \ / _ \ / _ \ / _ \
 / _ \ / / / / / / / _ \ / _ \ / _ \
 \ _ \ \ _ \ \ _ \ \ _ \ \ _ \

```

Announcement from the Sysop:

Kindly do not upload pirated games to this board!

I mean it!

Pirated games will be deleted immediately and the uploader
will be thrown off!

Pirated utilities will be deleted after one week. This
board is

getting so clogged, it's slowing down the "main" public
board.

And remember, this board is JUST for Kinfo!k & People!

That's one reason it's up during daylight hours only!

-- The Missing Sysop

You have 1 message waiting. Read it now? (y/N)

?y

Message (PRIVATE) From Major Mojo to Worker:

RE: No, you're not!

Worker, I agree that we should keep this conversation
private. However, you are wrong. You said:

>There's no way you can be a Cadaver, 'cause it's broad
daylight

>outside when you post. Even I know they can't do that!

But it's not daylight where I am. ;[

-- Major Mojo

Reply to Private Message? (Y/n)

Sunday 27 FEB 1994 - Sunburst run post-mortem

Coordinator:

~~~~~

Rough Beast

Attendees:

~~~~~

WereHacker

Crismus Bonus

People Eater

D.Natrix

The Door is LOCKED

"Do Not Disturb" sign is ON

[Rough Beast]: Okay, let's start this off. What went wrong last night?

[People Eater]: I'll tell you what happened. We got our asses kicked. Those guys know about the Umbra!

[Crismus Bonus]: Apparently they do. So they've probably got a traitor working for them.

[Rough Beast]: Wait, wait, start from the beginning, please.

[WereHacker]: Okay. I found out that the ginks _knew_ about the stuff their computers were doing. That was when I told you guys.

[Rough Beast]: And we all decided to go after them.

[D.Natrix]: We may have tipped them off by using their credit card number to buy the equipment.

[Crismus Bonus]: No, I'll guarantee they didn't. Their account wasn't even billed until today. Only the credit card companies' computers knew about it.

[Rough Beast]: Okay, so we loaded up and went in, Sideways. And they were waiting for us.

[WereHacker]: I told you we should have come in through the Glass Walker Realm.

[Rough Beast]: But there didn't seem to be much of that around, did there? Kind of odd for a high-tech factory.

[D.Natrix]: What was all that other shit? Weaver?

[Rough Beast]: I thought we agreed it was at the time.

[D.Natrix]: Yeah, but it didn't seem like any Weaver from I'VE ever seen.

[D.Natrix]: (Sorry, fram=frame above)

[Crismus Bonus]: Could it have been tainted Weaver?

[D.Natrix]: That would explain a lot.

[Rough Beast]: So then what?

[WereHacker]: Yeah, I bet that's what it was. Makes sense for a computer works.

[People Eater]: Then we were inside, and those guards were expecting us. I swear I even think they were expecting us to come from the Umbra.

[D.Natrix]: Why no silver bullets?

[Crismus Bonus]: I can't figure that out either. Why set them there if they aren't going to be able to stop us?

[Rough Beast]: Okay, once we were past the guards and into the complex proper, what happened?

[D.Natrix]: We were OK for a while. The equipment worked anyway.

[WereHacker]: So we blew up some stuff. Then when we got where we were headed, the office was full of those things.

[Rough Beast]: Did anybody see anything before they jumped us? Or smell? I though I smelled something.

[Crismus Bonus]: I heard some squelchy noise.

[People Eater]: Yeah I smell something right before that one got my arm.

[D.Natrix]: I got a sense of something...But I'm not sure it was the things we fought.

[Crismus Bonus]: BTW, how is your arm?

[People Eater]: Still typing one-handed, but it's getting better.

[WereHacker]: He's used to it!)

[Rough Beast]: So what were those things? Toxic waste elementals?

[D.Matrix]: Garbage spirits?

[WereHacker]: I've got Aristotle working on it...maybe we'll know soon. Whatever they are, I hope there's like a +1 weapon against them or something.

[Crismus Bonus]: Yeah: Sword +1, +2 versus animated microchips and toxic wraiths.

[Rough Beast]: Back on topic: we smashed up a pile of high-tech trash, reinforcement arrived, and we exercised the better part of valor.

[People Eater]: Thanks for that, Jil. Good going.

[WereHacker]: Yeah, thanks.

[D.Matrix]: Seemed like a good idea at the time (shrug).

[Rough Beast]: So what do you think, do we wait for it to cool down or try again right away?

**The Missing Sysop is here.

[The Missing Sysop]: Everybody log off now! Someone's trying to break in my house--shutdown now! Cops or] |\$

NO CARRIER

An Eco-Hacker's Manifesto

By The WereHacker

What we're talking about is War.

It's not a case of you or me, or even us or Them. It's Everything against Nothing. Gaia is sick - some of you know how sick.

When I was 13, a Change came over me. (And neither of the ones most of you are thinking.) I was watching TV after a long night of burn-in mode.

I'm almost ashamed to admit it, but the "PlanetMan Eco-Hour" was on, and something about the fatigue poisons and the blood-caffeine level falling dangerously low made one thing this chrome-plated, badly animated jock said get through.

That night, instead of buying myself a new mail-order fax modem, I cash-advanced every penny of James Watt's credit cards and gave the money to Greenpeace.

It was the most fun I'd ever had.

But as an experiment, it was a failure. The banks "noted" the error after both parties came screaming to them, and I guess they got everything straightened out.

Then a few more Changes happened in my life, and I discovered other folks who had as much of a stake in the world as I did, and were dedicated enough to fight for it.

We've gotten better at it now, and I just want to pass along some of what we've learned. Even put some of it straight in my mind so I can see it.

Anyway, here it is. Disclaimer, disclaimer: all this is for entertainment purposes only. Don't try this at home.

ECOPHREAX UNITE!

Someone is holding a gun to your mom's head.
What do you do?

Something, right? You jump the guy, or grab the gun. Or negotiate, or bluff, or shoot first, or pray.

But you wouldn't do nothing, right? Well I've got news for you. That's just what you're doing.

Because there is a gun at your mom's head - and a sniper in the window, a slow-acting poison in her stomach. She's Gaia, and she needs you.

Worse than ever. Those geeks supposed to be taking care of her are in bed with those that're killing her. You can't TRUST anybody to DO THE JOB FOR YOU!

You act, now! NOW! Make plans if you must, but ACT ON THEM! These guys are PROVEN KILLERS. They've EXTERMINATED whole species. The NAZIS just TRIED that! And so far, a lot more species have died than corporations. But you can change that.

The Corporation is the fiercest beast anyone has ever tried to hunt. Its hide is nearly impervious, and like Smaug, it has only a certain place where its armor is thin.

There are basically five ways to hurt the Corporations:

1. Cost them Money
2. Cost them Time
3. Hurt their Reputation
4. Free their Information
5. Deprive them of Resources

Now, anyone can do any of these things, and should, but YOU are ELITE (:o)! You can do shit that'll make their hair fall out!

Let's see what we can do if we try:

1. Cost them Money

Corporations are really sensitive to the bottom line, but you have to be able to really sting them. A really huge corporation like Pentex will just use it as an excuse to pay less taxes.

How you can help:

If losing money doesn't hurt them, it can help you. Stiff them with the bill. My stunt with the credit cards was really shortsighted, but fueling the underground with the treasury of the oppressors is an old and noble tradition. Just don't steal anything that'll be missed too soon or leave a trail. Remember though, with Pentex it isn't about the money. Money is a means to them, not an end. Most companies, if you could show them how to create their widgets for the same price without harming the environment, would jump at the chance, because despite all Pentex has tried to do our word is getting out. Hurting Ma Nature isn't as cheap and easy as it used to be. With Pentex, though, they'd keep dumping their poisons even if they had to go broke doing it. Never forget that these guys are religious nuts and if the Wyrms told them to take a running jump off a cliff they'd have their Reeboks on in no time.

2. Cost them Time

More important to most of these corps is time. This is good, 'cause by costing them time, you buy time for Gaia. Makes it particularly effective.

How you can help:

Communications can be rerouted - try one of those 900 phone-sex numbers instead of Toxitech Security. Orders can get lost in e-mail, misaddressed in the printing center, or lost in a network crash. Time seems to be particularly precious to Pentex. They're obviously working from some master plan to rule the world, and anything that you can do to put the brakes on is going to send them scrambling. Time is on their side right now, and let's face it - a lot of our guys are living in the past.

3. Hurt their Reputation

The best place to strike at many public corps but useless in some cases. Sometimes they'll just close up & reopen under another name. But if you have a real shovelful of hot, steaming proof, you can really get some people fired up. Even better if you can get some religious fanatics going - look at what happened to Proctor & Gamble with their man-in-the-moon logo or when OmniTV had to fess up to owning Slaughterhouse Video last year. They're still being hurt by that boycott organized by Fathers Against Degeneracy. Pentex doesn't underestimate the importance of public opinion and neither should you.

How you can help:

Find out what they're up to and make it as public as possible. (Internet is good; CNN is better). But you gotta be careful, 'cause people will swing the other way and have sympathy for them if you blow it. A good sense of humor helps here; if there's one thing a globe-spanning conspiracy hates it's to be made fools of. Some of their corporate heads are public figures and make real good targets for this kind of attack. If you can't find any real evidence, feel free to manufacture some. These guys don't play according to Hoyle so don't feel too guilty when they cry in public. Bill Sweely, the President of O'Tolley's, is particularly open to this kind of attack. If you've seen the ad he's in with the kids and the elephant suit you know exactly what I mean.

4. Free their Information

The more I've been doing this, the more I've found that world-destroying corporate type tend to be information-imprisoning types. They hoard the only thing they can't destroy. While this can be a part of a reputation-attack, it can also stand on its own. You find the most boring stuff in Top

Secret files, but it really jerks their chains to see it written on the bathroom wall.

How you can help:

Give proprietary information to the groups most opposed to the company's activities. Think how efficient tree-spiking can be if you have the timber company's cut plan.

Publish their passwords. Name their Names.

5. Deprive them of Resources

What they're doing to Gaia, only you do it to them.

How you can help:

Spike their trees. Infect their systems with viruses. Double their phone bills each month. Demon-dial their 800 number. Tie up their accounts. Buy their stock with stolen money, then sell it for next to nothing. Karo their motor pool. Destroy their computer files (always start with the backups!).

Remember:

Everything they've won by raping Gaia is forfeit.

They're holding a GUN to Mother Gaia's head.

DON'T TALK ABOUT IT (before OR after). JUST DO IT WHILE YOU STILL CAN!

- WereHacker

Ms. Goodwrench's Guide to Monkeywrenching:

When pouring water into electrical appliances use salt water, not pure water. It is much more conductive, and corrodes better in the long run.

When cutting phone or fiber optic lines, cut a section of wire and take with you. This makes it much harder to fix. (Otherwise, they can just splice it.)

Remember to wear rubber gloves whenever you work with electricity. The scream of a fried Monkeywrencher is just as much of a giveaway as an alarm siren.

Don't use explosives in the sewers -- methane gas may cause a bigger bang than you intend. Or maybe not...

When putting sand in crankcases, be extra careful to clean up around the hole. Sand won't do much unless the engine is started, which means the operator mustn't suspect anything.

Those "taser" zappers work even better on computers and other electronic devices than they do on people. New cars all have computers...

Put brown paint on tree spikes, to avoid that tell-tale metallic glint. No aerosols, please.

Use lacquer thinner in a gas tank for temporary, hard-to-trace engine trouble. Karo syrup makes for a permanent fix. Transmission fluid in brake lines does a good, convincing breakdown over a period of days.

That's all for this month. See you after the new moon, and happy sabotage!

Got a Monkeywrenching tip to share? Send it care of Ms. Goodwrench, care of the BBS where you got this file.

Category 23: Clipper Alert!

The Clipper security/encryption chip will incorporate a backdoor to allow the NSA and other "authorized" government agencies to bypass its security. Rumors persist that another backdoor exists, one that can only be exploited by the chips's designers. The company making the Clippe chip denies these rumors. What do you think?

=====

2 New Messages.

Message #211 by Baker

This may be off topic, but has anyone seen the paper? Did they really make a court injunction s that a guy can't use a phone?

Message #212 by Cojack

Sad but true. Guy was convicted of hacking (and stupidity, IMHO), and can't go within ten feet of a telephone or he gets arrested. Hope he didn't have a phone in the can. BTW, the courts never mentioned wireless modems, only devices that plug into the phone lines. Betcha he's saving up.

Elite = hot shit hacker
lamer = wannabes?
Real User = me
<g> = grin
:) = "
;) = wink
(read sideways?)

Important Message

Time: _____ Date: _____
For: Bex Stillson —
From: Dave Michaels
of International Pharmaballistics
Telephone: _____

- | | |
|--|---|
| ☐ Telephoned | ☐ Please Call |
| ☐ Wants to see you | ☒ Will call again |
| ☒ Returned your call | ☐ URGENT |
| ☐ Was here to see you | |

Message: _____

Taken by: _____

INTERNATIONAL PHARMABALLISTICS

In 1883, International Pharmaballistics (then Safari Accessories, Ltd.) introduced its Tele-injector series. Since then, IP has led the world in long-range administration of medication.

INTERNATIONAL PHARMABALLISTICS

Acquire!

Your Local International Pharmaballistics Representative:

Ed Helpern

Ed Helpern

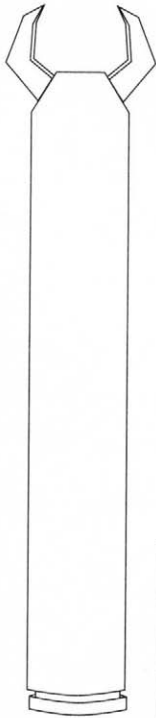
1-700-555-4141

All rights reserved. Not for sale where prohibited by law. Accessory kit required for custom loading by consumer. Products depicted are for use by licensed veterinarians, zookeepers, animal control officers, and security personnel. International Pharmaballistics is not responsible for the uses to which its products are put.



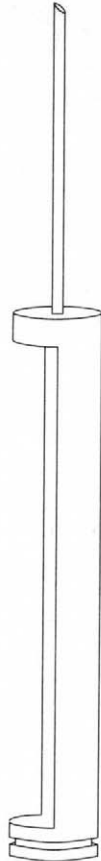
PJ5

Disposable syringe holds a generous 2cc of pressurized liquid for reliable delivery.



PC2

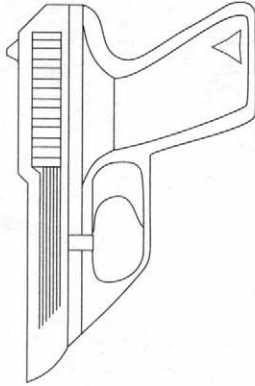
Lightweight, disposable projectile with a proprietary capacitor is charged by the optional Pro-Check module just before firing. Delivered voltage exceeds the output of a hand-held "taser."



PP3

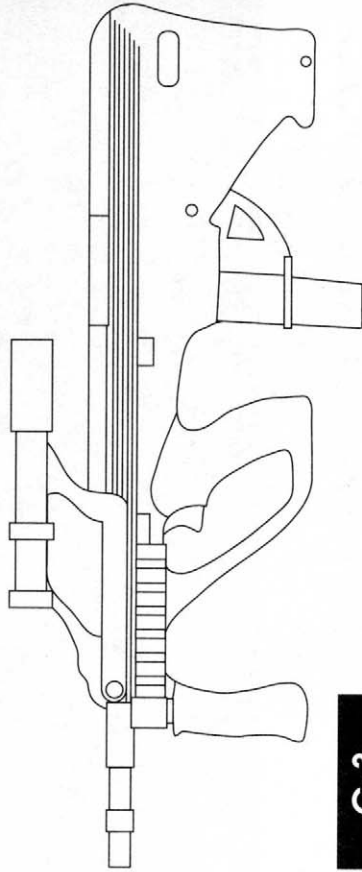
Custom loads may be ordered from our factory or manufactured by the end-user.

Delivery Systems



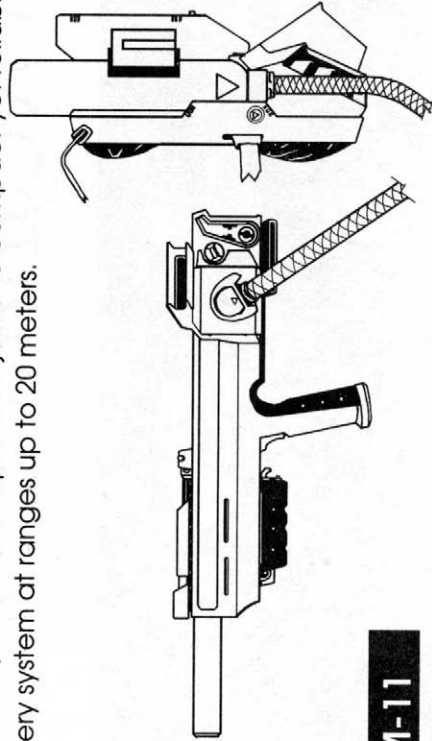
D-1a

Powerful compressed-gas launcher holds two projectiles for simultaneous or sequential delivery at close range.



C-3

Caseless ammunition technology (electrically ignited solid propellant pellets) makes this rapid-fire injector a compact yet reliable delivery system at ranges up to 20 meters.



M-11

Uses the same caseless ammunition system, automated to deliver projectiles at rates up to 10 per second, yet the nature of the projectiles means no automatic firearms license is needed.

Boy Drowns in Church

FROM OUR NEWS SERVICES

Atlanta teenager Kelvin Fahrenheit, 18, was found dead yesterday morning in the baptismal font of the Main Street Baptist Church. Reverend Zedikiah Firestone and an individual who asked not to be identified discovered the body.

A note found on the boy's body contained a single word which police speculate is the password to a computer system. The deceased is suspected of having been one of a growing number of "latchkey hackers," children who come home from school to use computers illicitly until their unknowing parents get home. According to police spokesperson David van der Linden, 77% of all hacker break-ins occur when school is out.

Although the Fahrenheit family are members of the Main Street Baptist Church, and they encourage memorial donations to the church, funeral services will be held at St. Brigid's on Thursday.

Dossiers on Pentex Subchiefs:

Harold B. Hines:

President: Magadon, Inc.

Age: 45

* Little is known of Hines' origins. He is a graduate of Princeton University and is known to have extensive training in chemistry and biotechnology. He is fluent in German and Japanese.

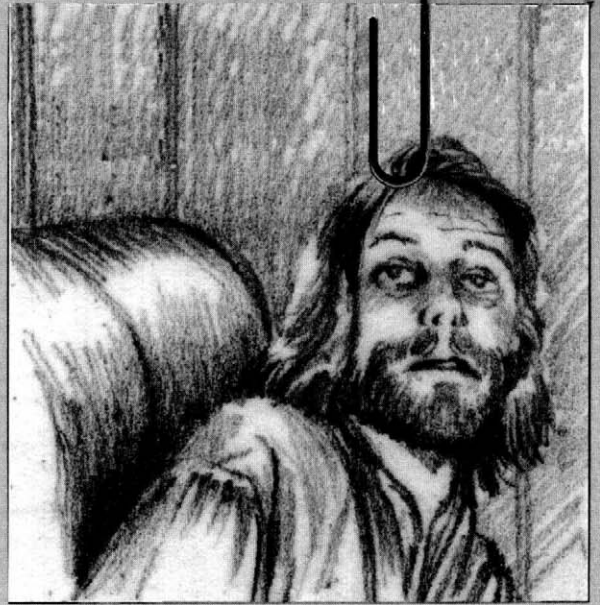
* He has had five wives, all of whom died under mysterious circumstances. He is currently married again; his wife travels with him. He has no children.

* His life was reported as a rags-to-riches story in Fortune Magazine, and he has been listed in their Top 20 richest list for the last three years. His estimated worth is 5.7 billion dollars.

* He is believed to be intimately involved in the creation of fomori and is known to utilize them as guards.

* He maintains numerous mansions around the world. All have a high security profile. His travel schedule conforms to no set pattern. He affects the air of a liberal academic but is what the press has dubbed a "conservative progressive."

* Capabilities: He has exhibited no supernatural, Wyrn-related powers but, as stated, he is a brilliant scientist. He is also an amateur pilot.



Ben Stillson:

Chief Corporate Security Officer: Magadon

Age: 51

* Stillson is a former Green Beret and a veteran of the Vietnam War. He is thought to have connections with the CIA.

* Stillson started working for Pentex under the aegis of Nostrum Defense Enterprises in the mid-'70s. He was well connected and active politically throughout the '80s, but has since maintained a low profile. He has no known home address.

* Capabilities: He is a black belt in karate and an unparalleled expert in both personal and tactical weaponry. Wyrn-conferred abilities are suspected but not confirmed.

Persephone Tar-Anis:

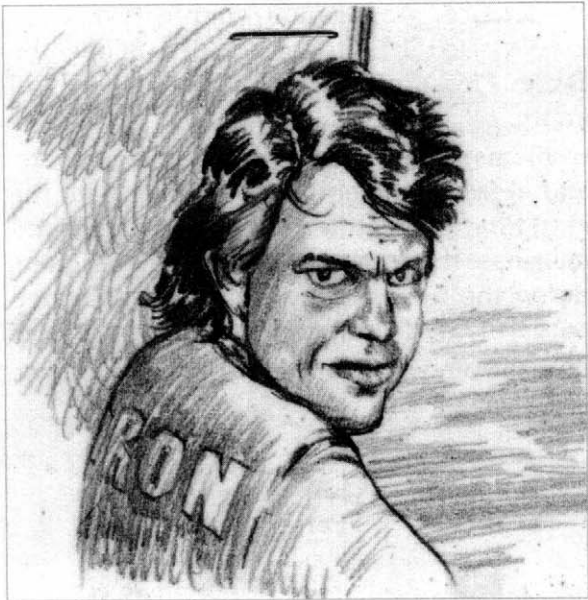
North American Security Chief: Pentex

Age: Immortal/unknown. Intelligence has her first surfacing in France, 1943.

* She has been with Pentex since at least the late '50s and seems most closely affiliated with Tellus and Sunburst Enterprises.

* She travels extensively and is hard to track. There is strong evidence to suggest that she masterminded the debacle with the Uktena in Nevada last year. She has exhibited psychotic tendencies. She is known to travel in the company of Black Spiral Dancers.

* Capabilities: She is clearly one of the unliving and must be assumed to possess all the abilities attributed to her species. Her sensory abilities are demonstrably above even our standards, and she is believed to carry Wyrms fetishes of considerable but undetermined power.



Max Carson:

President: Endron International

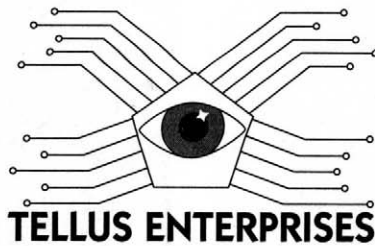
Age: 55

* Much of Carson's life is public record. After dropping out of high school, he went to work for Endron as a salesman in 1954. He has never married.

* After rising rapidly through the ranks, it is believed he was corrupted by the Wyrms in 1963 while observing drilling operations in Alaska.

* Carson has a mansion outside Dallas, Texas but is rarely in residence.

* Capabilities: Carson has not openly exhibited any abilities which could be termed supernatural, but given his high status it is reasonable to assume that he has some. He is known to employ Black Spirals as guards.



Mr. Harold B. Hines
President, Magadon International

Dear Harry:

By now you have met William Zygote. I hope his unexpected appearance in your office on Friday did not alarm you, but given the current state of affairs, I am sure you will agree that it was best he arrived unannounced. He will be at your facility for the next week to review your financial records. I am sure that you will render him all due cooperation and that we will have this little problem of "cash flow" resolved in no time. I apologize in advance for any inconvenience Zygote may cause you, but he is trained to be unobtrusive and Zettler insisted that he was the only man for the job. If you have any concerns on this matter, I encourage you to call either Zettler or me any time of night.

Congratulations! I understand from Zygote that you have cured AIDS again. I am absolutely dying to see the results of your latest treatment. Another five years of similar triumphs and we should be ready to go public. Tell Stillson that Experiment #4 is ahead of schedule and that Phase One testing will begin in June. Please assure him that his hacker doppelganger will not trouble him again.

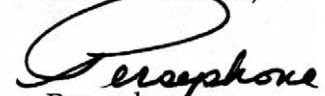
On to the more serious matter of the two Magadon facilities which were broken into last month. On both occasions there were serious breaches of security which have caused a good deal of consternation among the Board of Directors. We have reviewed Security Memo A-2112-93 as you requested and concur with you that the intruder is Kindred and most likely a Camarilla agent of the Ventrue, Tremere, or possibly even Toreador clan. This is your problem, and we expect you to deal with it immediately. If you cannot handle your own security, then I will be forced to call in additional First Teams. I do not think I need to elaborate.

Because you demanded it! Our good friends at Vesuvius Comics™ have just finished penciling the latest Buck Racer epic according to our new guidelines. You will note that we have simplified the layout to a standard six panels per page, which we feel is more conducive to the conformity we wish to inspire in our teams. We feel we have finally established the right violence/propaganda/simplicity mixture with the last few issues, but, as always, we need feedback. Letters to the Editor have fallen off over the last few months; we regard this to be an unacceptable situation. Please inform your men that there will be a \$2,000 bonus for the most loyal letter written this month.

Our analysts have charted several new psychological problems arising among First Team members. These include, in some instances, suicidal depression and a growing inability to interact with the outside world when they are required to do so. New Psycho/Pharma treatments are being developed to deal with these problems. Until then, continue to indoctrinate them with the corporate/religious process outlined in directive #3-57 B. As always, we will endow the men with an ample supply of video entertainment and Pentex news briefings.

Well, I have to go hit the Rack, so I sign off by wishing you and your wife best wishes for the holidays.

Love and xxxxx,


Persephone



P.S.: Don't think you're safe hiding behind Ben Rushing anymore. You're not.

P.P.S.: Send my love to the children.



Ms. Persephone Tar-Anis
Chief of Security
Special Projects Division
Dear Ms. Tar-Anis:

I was both surprised and delighted to receive your emissary Mr. Zygote, and am placing my response to your considerate missive in his hands to demonstrate my most sincere desire to assist him in the course of his investigation, wherever it may lead. I assure you that if there is any impropriety whatsoever in the financial transactions of this office, the culprit will be found and dealt with appropriately. Zygote has indeed been both discreet and professional as you indicated he would be; he is a tribute to your division.

Because you have expressed an interest in several of the projects currently underway here, I am pleased to take this chance to bring you up to date on several of the more exciting opportunities that will be opening doors for Magadon well into the 21st century.

We are both honored and proud to be involved with Experiment #4, no matter how peripherally, and are working day and night to formulate the neurological defenses necessary for the safe implementation of the Phase One field tests next spring. Please assure our partners at Nostrum as well as Mr. Zettler that Magadon will not let them down. I will be sending a full report shortly, but the big news is that we have broken the 1.5% survival barrier. Incidentally, my own security sources have given me some information on a small Fianna "sept" whose territory is not far from one of our plants. If you are interested in any additional musical talent, let me know. I think something can be arranged.

Thank you very much for your congratulations on our latest AIDS cure. Our own studies indicate strongly that we will be capable of going public in three years (medically speaking), not five. But, as always, we are dedicated to strict adherence to the Omega Plan timetable. An unexpected but welcome side product in our AIDS research has been several new permutations in our Iliad template. I would be pleased if you could visit in person to observe these new changes. With all modesty, they have to be seen to be believed.

We are continuing research into the "berserker serum" as requested. Our latest battery of tests have us at a 76% survival rate for first usage. This is considerably better than last year's rate, though, unfortunately, the effects still seem to be cumulative, with the survival rate dropping to 25% with the second dose and plummeting exponentially thereafter. We are currently experimenting with several neurological blocking agents, but with only limited success so far. In the meantime, I guess we'll just have to take a page out of Buck Racer's book and continue to sell it as the "Super Serum," using it as sparingly as possible.

Which brings me to the funny-book. Wonderful! Tell our friends at the Vesuvius "House of Ideas" that they are indeed masters of high camp. I showed it to Cindy and she got a real scream out of it. I'll have to show it to the children next time Ben and I visit them. Ben sends his regards.

Thank you for your confirmation on our security memo. I would like to allay the board's concern's on this score. Security has been tightened up considerably after Zygote's visit so that there is now no chance of illicit entry to any of our priority facilities. You can bet your life on that. Thank you for your considerate letter and your holiday wishes.

Sincerely,

Harold B. Hines
President



Mr. Harold B. Hines

President Magadon International

Security Memo #A 2112-93

Mr. Hines:

As directed, I have spent the last week investigating the reported security breaches at both our Portland and Los Angeles facilities. I am writing to report my initial findings. A break-in at any of our plants is, of course, cause for concern, but the evidence I have uncovered thus far suggests that the seriousness of the matter is far greater than we originally assumed.

I was able to gain only a little additional information from the general manager of the L.A. plant beyond what we knew already. He informed me that the destruction of his computer files was total and asked me several times when he would receive a replacement for the First Team he "lost." I recommend moving swiftly on this matter.

Portland was another case entirely. Like the California plant, the plant suffered the total loss of its database and, as reported, its First Team was missing. However, in this case, there was a survivor: a fomor named "Spider" Hardigan, who escaped from whatever took the rest of his team.

I interviewed him at length; he has obviously undergone a severe psychic trauma of some sort and much of what he had to say made little sense, but I was able to gather some valuable information from him in his more lucid moments. Enclosed is a brief transcript of the most important part of our conversation.

I believe Hardigan has been compromised to the extent that he will not be able to return to active duty. I suggest he be turned over to Iliad for observation; perhaps they can get more out of him. I recommend they make any decisions about his final deposition.

Further research has indicated that the Portland First Team did indeed receive orders through the "appropriate" channels. I am somewhat reluctant to inform you that I followed the orders up the chain of command and that the path seems to have originated from your office. I can only conclude that our communications network has been violated. Unfortunately, I must further conclude that this has all the earmarks of an inside job. I recommend that new procedures for First Team deployment be initiated immediately and remain in place until we eliminate this intruder. This will unavoidably result in an extra layer of bureaucracy and may cut down fractionally on our reaction time, but I see no other option.

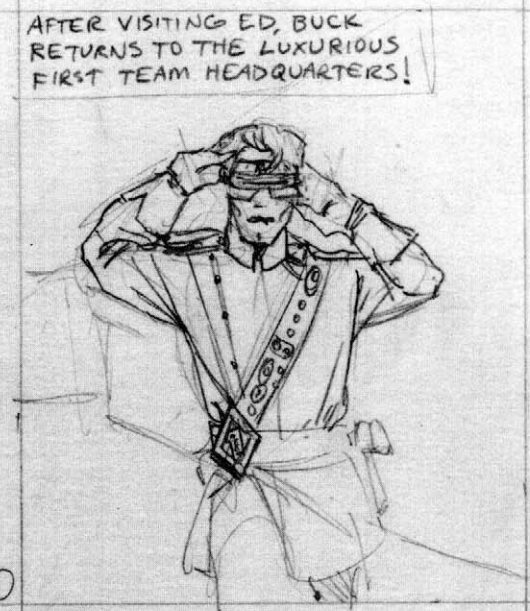
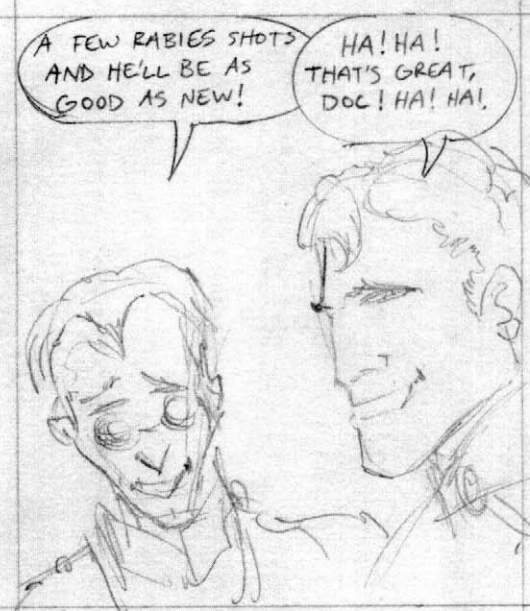
I can make only a partially educated guess about the intruder's identity and motivations. She is clearly a vampire elder of some sort. This is not my area of expertise, but I would advance the theory that she is a Camarilla agent and that she is most likely not working alone. The computer files at the two facilities had Level Three security clearance; *it is a safe bet that whatever information they contained is now in the intruder's hands.* I therefore strongly advise that all security protocols and operating procedures be reviewed and, where appropriate, altered.

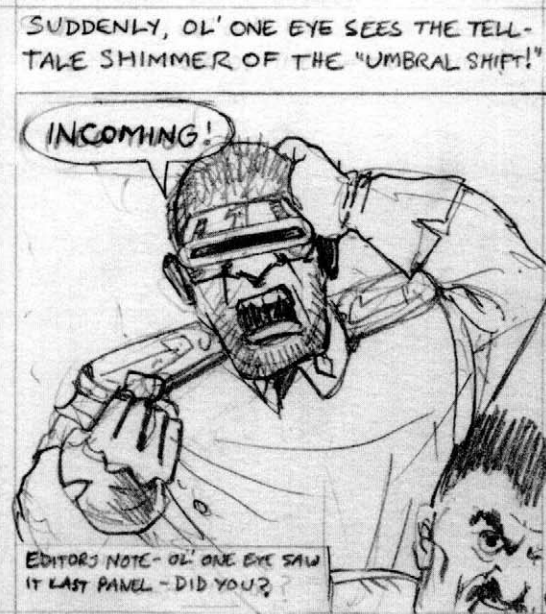
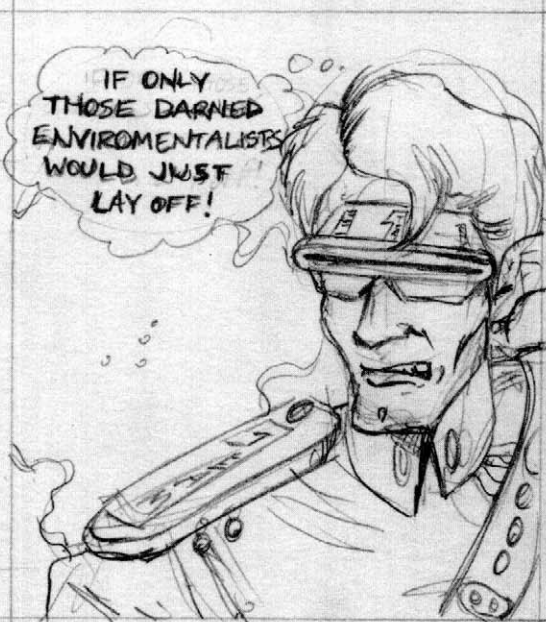
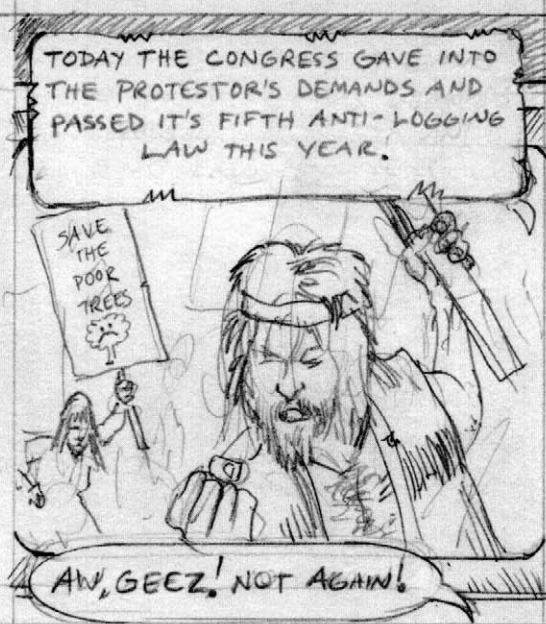
I have, of course, sent a copy of this letter to our central security office. I expect to be at PANACEA an additional two days to conduct further investigations and will keep you apprised of any new developments.

Sincerely,

Ben Stillson

Director of Corporate Security



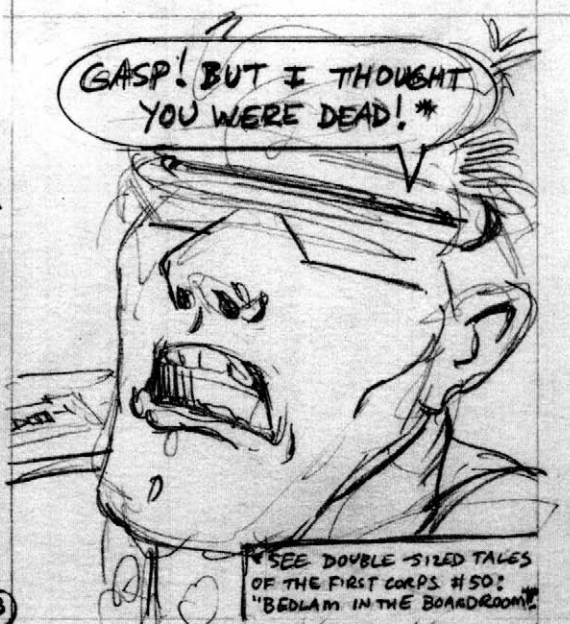




ONWARD
COMRADES! WE
WILL CRUSH THESE
FREE ENTERPRISE
LOVING FOOLS!



EDITOR'S NOTE: \$1,000,000
BONUS FOR SHADOW
WALKER'S HEAD!



*SEE DOUBLE-SIZED TALES
OF THE FIRST CORPS #50:
"BEDLAM IN THE BOARDROOM!"



DIE FOOLS, AT THE
HANDS OF MY
WENDIGO MAGIC,
"CHILL OF THE
EARLY FROST!"



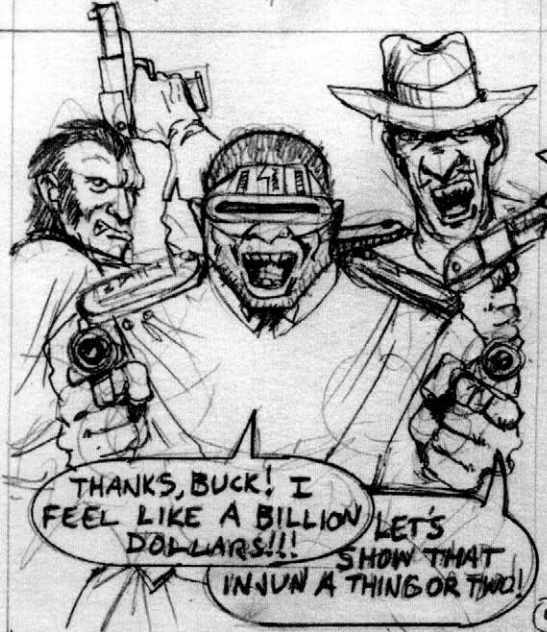
HEY! WHAT IS THIS?
I'M S-S-SUDDENLY
F-F-FREEZING!



HE'S RIGHT!
GROWING... WOOLLY!
MUST PRESS BUTTON
THAT ACTIVATES...
SUPER SERUM!



AS BUCK PRESSES HIS COMMAND
BUTTON, THE AUTO-DOC UNIT IN
EACH MAN'S UNIFORM RELEASES THE
SUPER SERUM!



THANKS, BUCK! I
FEEL LIKE A BILLION
DOLLARS!!! LET'S
SHOW THAT
INJUN A THING OR TWO!



THE SUPER SERUM GIVES US
MORE THAN THE STRENGTH WE
NEED TO DEAL WITH THE LIKES OF
YOU!

NO!
NOOOO!

NOTE: HAVE WOLF TRYING TO EXHIBIT DISAPPEARING
ABILITIES AS PER KAGABASH DIRECTIVE 06/92 - EDUCATIONAL
-TS

Spider Hardigan: So we get the tip-off, right? I mean the orders come down from on high that there's this pack of Black Furies been causin' trouble in the area and corporate wants 'em aced. Somethin' 'bout them stagin' raids on another plant. So we load up for bear 'cause those Fury broads are crazy and tough. Sanchez, he was team leader you know, he has us load up into the vans and we're headin' straight outta town. We was all pretty psyched up that night on account that Sanch had been buyin' us drinks earlier and Marty kept crackin' us up with jokes about what you do with lady werewolves an' like that. Wanna hear one?

Ben Stillson: Not now. Maybe later.

Spider Hardigan: Yeah. Anyway, we hit the old corrugated plant outside of town and Sanch has us unload. I guess I shoulda figured somethin's wrong 'cause he just marches us up to the buildin', no formation, no tactics, nothin'. I figured he was meetin' someone 'fore we went after the Fury bitches. Turns out I was half right. Hey, what's the difference between a Black Fury and a lumberjack? Some lumberjacks don't have beards. (a laughing fit followed by hoarse coughing). Yeah, okay. So where was I?

Ben Stillson: The corrugated plant.

Spider Hardigan: Yeah. So we're walkin' up and the front doors open. I mean like by themselves, right? This gorgeous blonde walks out, legs up to her neck. Know what I mean? Anyway my eyes are buggin' out but I'm still thinkin' Black Furies and gettin' my guts splattered all over the pavement if I'm not careful, so I raise my gun just in case. Several of the other guys do the same, but Sanch goes right up to the chick and starts bowin' if you can believe that. I mean I've known Sanch for four years now and I've never seen him kiss anybody's ass; even that time Persephone toured the plant he kept his cool.

Anyway, now we're really confused. Somethin's tellin' me that the lady's doin' a major head job on him and I oughta pull the trigger, but then the broad might be big brass, you know? So I hesitate for one second and she looks in my direction. Suddenly the world turns upside down. Oh, maaaaan. (long pause)

There was somethin' about her that made you want to be her lover, her best friend and slave all at the same time. It's worn off...mostly anyway. She looked kinda foreign, French maybe. Real young, like a college girl. Man. (More laughter.) So we're all fallin' all over ourselves to bow and scrape to her and - bam! Suddenly I'm thinkin' somethin' approachin' to clear again.

Donna, she's our Iliad agent; psychic you know. Anyway, she's hangin' back; I guess she was suspicious. She clears my head real good. Anyway I try to fire on the broad but there was still somethin' about her that made my trigger finger freeze, I just couldn't fire. So she smiles at me really sweet like and then I see she's got fangs like those Sabbat guys. "Goodbye, Spider," she says. Like she knows my name! All of a sudden the rest of the team's firin' on me!

(Hardigan convulses at this point as though reliving being hit by gunfire, and several medics are called in. There is a 20-minute break.)

Ben Stillson: Are you ready to continue, son?

Spider Hardigan: Yeah. Yeah. They shot at me. Scored some hits of course. But I got a trick, see? I can turn to mist. I do that real good and then I just let the wind pull me away. Saved my life several times. (Laughter.) Last thing I see is Donna tryin' one of her mind tricks on the bitch but she just laughs and I see Donna's bowin' and scrapin' too. I mean this is crazy. We're elites, right? And this broad takes us all out in a couple'a seconds. I mean, you tell me. What the hell was she? (Pause.) I don't know, I think she did somethin' to my head, I still ain't trackin' right.

<Transcript Ends>



MEMO

From: Ben Stillson, Director of Corporate Security

To: All Security Officers

RE: New Equipment

Some of you have been issued new equipment. Please do not talk about these issues, as they are proprietary information as defined in your contracts. Do not test-fire these issues. Use the practice equipment provided in the firing range.



MEMO

From: Eliza Davidson, acting Director of Corporate Security

To: All Security Officers

RE: Alert!

Ben Stillson, former ICS CorpSec Director, has gone rogue. He is to be apprehended at all costs. He is no longer covered by the company health plan.



Magadon—Building a better you.

MEMO

From: Ben Stillson, Director of Corporate Security

To: All Security Officers

RE: Hoax

Don't believe it!



Magadon—Building a better you.

MEMO

From: Eliza Davidson, acting Director of Corporate Security

To: All Security Officers

RE: Rogue apprehended

Ben Stillson, former ICS CorpSec Director, was killed while resisting apprehension in the motor pool. ICS IntSec will be investigating the extent of his compromise. Please give them your full cooperation.



Magadon—Building a better you.

MEMO

From: Ben Stillson, Director of Corporate Security

To: All Security Officers

RE: Hoax II

I assure you I am neither dead nor disloyal. When we find out who these bastards are, they're going to suffer.



Magadon—Building a better you.

MEMO

From: Eliza Davidson, acting Director of Corporate Security

To: All Security Officers in Sections D and Q

RE: Impersonator

It has come to our attention that someone has been impersonating the late Ben Stillson, former CorpSec Director and traitor. As has been reported, the real Stillson was killed while resisting apprehension. A standard pay bonus is offered for information identifying the impersonator.



Magadon—Building a better you.

MEMO

From: Ben Stillson, Director of Corporate Security

To: All Security Officers

RE: Hoax solved!

My office has been looking into the matter of the spurious memos which have been circulated, purporting to be issued by my replacement. We have traced the problem to an automated printing station which was infiltrated by computer criminals. These "hackers" were able to substitute their own messages for electronically transmitted legitimate memos. The security loophole which allowed them access has been plugged, and I am confident the criminals will be apprehended before they can cause further trouble.



Magadon—Building a better you.

MEMO

From: Eliza Davidson, acting Director of Corporate Security

To: All Security Officers in Sections F and N

RE: Impersonator caught!

My office has been looking into the matter of the spurious memos which have been circulated, purporting to be issued by the late Ben Stillson, former CorpSec Director and traitor. We have traced the problem to an automated printing station which was infiltrated by computer criminals. These "hackers" were able to substitute their own messages for electronically transmitted legitimate memos. The security loophole which allowed them access has been plugged, and I am confident the criminals will be apprehended before they can cause further trouble.

PENTEX

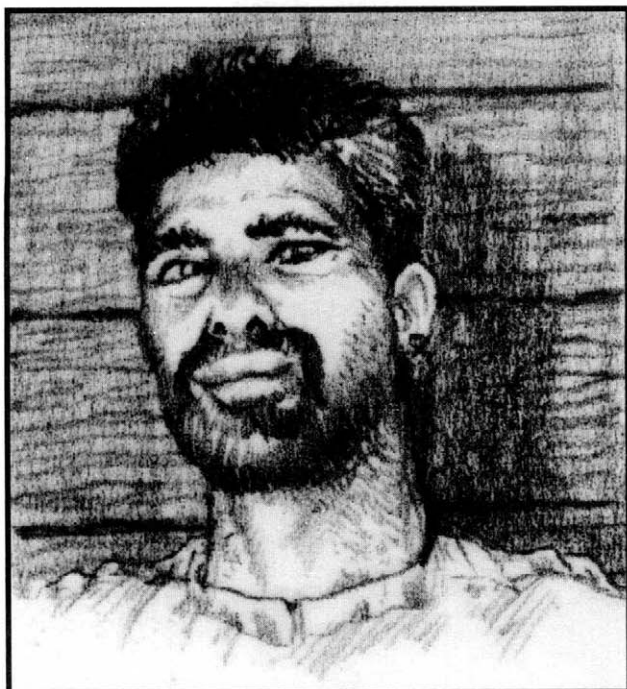
Executive Bulletin

Special Report: October, 1993

Shareholders,

We are pleased to introduce our newly elected members of the corporate Board of Directors. We believe they make fine additions to our company's already highly qualified executives, and with their input in future decisions, we are sure the company will see a significant rise in value. In addition, the special skills and backgrounds of our new members ensure a sizable reduction in blockages to our cash flow, whether these blockages be government regulations or "world-citizen" actions.

This special edition of the bulletin has been rushed out to introduce our new faces and let you get to know them better. As you know, the opinions and well-being of our shareholders are important to us. To this end, we believe you should meet our new executives as soon as possible. However, since not everyone can travel to meet them in person, we felt that this bulletin could serve instead. So, without further ado, we proudly introduce Francesco, Enzo Giovanni, and Kathryn Mollett.



Francesco

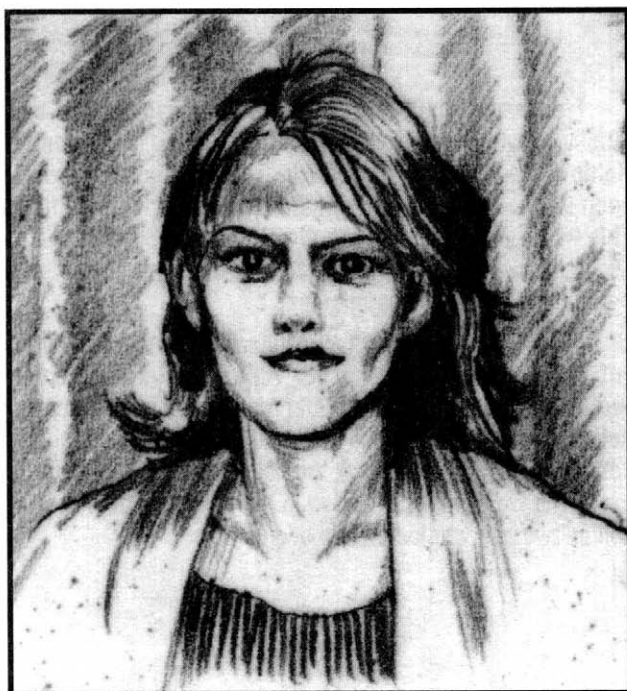
Francesco brings with him a unique background and familiarity with "citizen action groups," especially the animal-rights fringe. With his expertise, we feel this popular cause will soon go the way of many immature and short-sighted fads. This will free the company to direct more resources toward acquisition and away from excessive damage-control-oriented public relations campaigns.

Francesco will be picking up where the late Robert Allred left off, including handling our Amazon rainforest action projects. We feel there is no better man for the job. Francesco has unequalled experience in handling such deep-woods concerns. With Francesco at the helm, rest assured that the problems we have experienced in the past with the Amazon will be over. A whole new era begins now.

Enzo Giovanni

Mr. Enzo Giovanni came to the Board with much support from the shareholders, and the charisma which won him his position will undoubtedly take him far and make the shareholders a good sum of money. His business skills, garnered from years of buying and trading companies before joining Pentex, will work to great advantage in our new push for acquisitions. His business allies all over the world will greatly aid Pentex in its foreign investments.

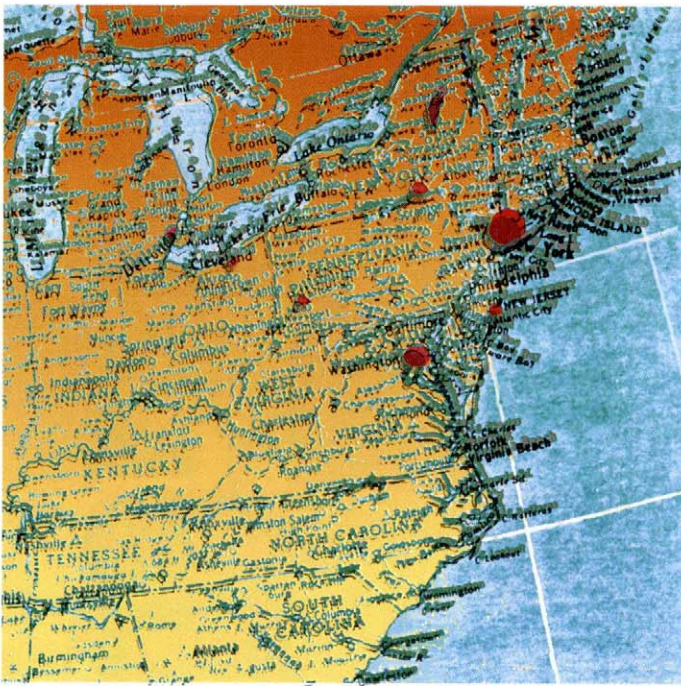
Mr. Giovanni brings a well-rounded worldliness with him, and this will be greatly useful in fulfilling Pentex's increasing global objectives. Mr. Giovanni will be handling some of the late Elliot Meiche's interests, and it is our sincere belief that there is no better man alive for the job. Mr. Giovanni has displayed a surprising understanding of Mr. Meiche's goals and objectives; as he said, "I think Mr. Meiche and I had much in common. Even though he is no longer here, his offices still bear his presence. I think just sitting where he once worked, where his decisions were made, has given me a great insight into his affairs."



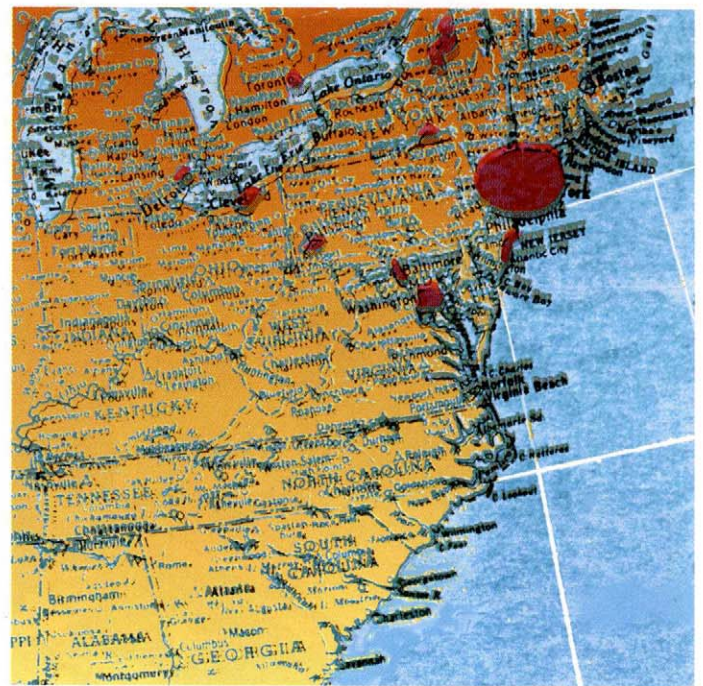
Kathryn Mollett

Ms. Kathryn Mollett is a *wunderkind* of the business world. At age 25, she assumed the leadership of Alliance Industries, a very profitable subsidiary, and at 26 she joins the Pentex Board. With Ms. Mollett's entry to the Board, Pentex takes a bold step into the future. As the first woman member of the Board, Ms. Mollett will ensure that Pentex's subsidiaries shape up their equal-opportunity hiring, bringing our standards into the '90s and silencing our critics.

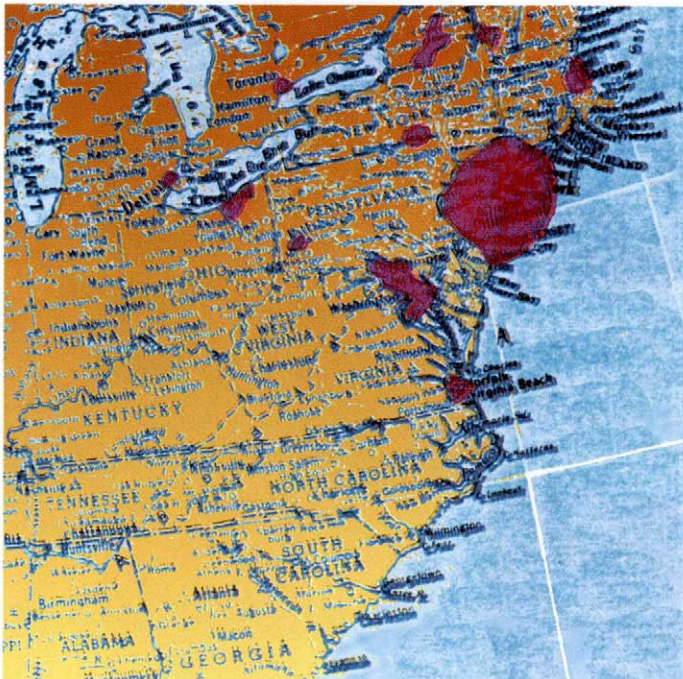
Ms. Mollett has a tough job ahead of her, but she has proved to be a capable and confident executive. She will be overseeing much of our stockholder- and employee-relations programs, and has stated that anyone with questions or concerns about the directions the company is taking should feel free to contact her to talk it over. She promises to be a good ear for any questions.



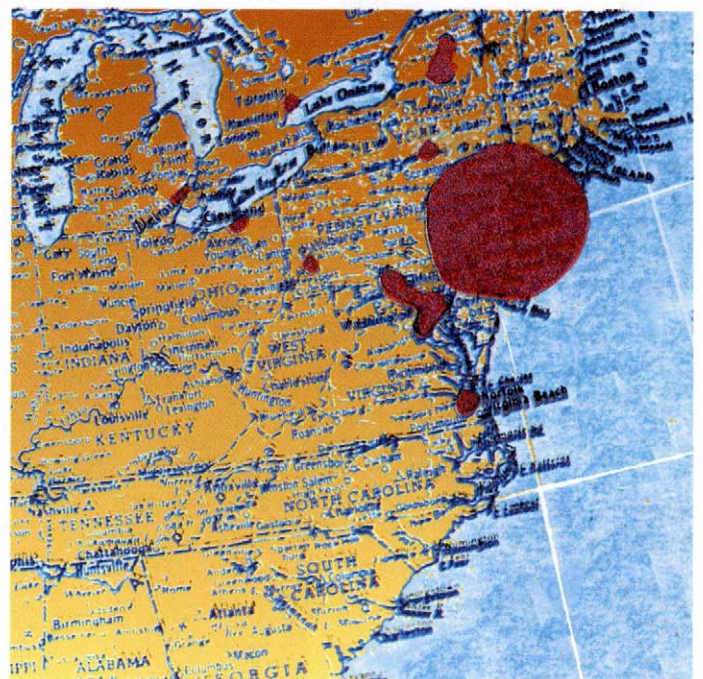
2/1/93



2/1/94



2/22/93



2/1/93



dogggy diner

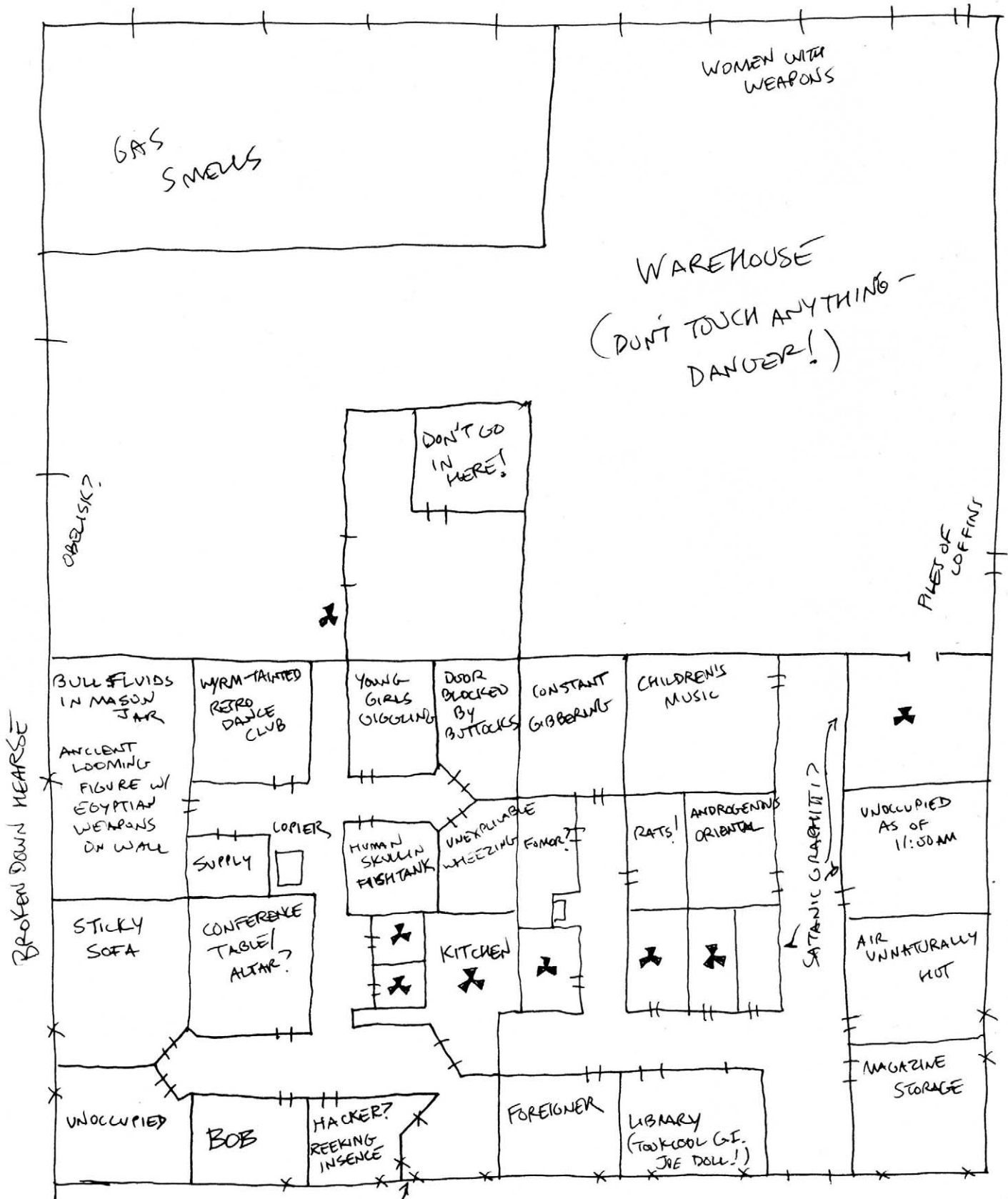
home of the big dog!

Spike says ...

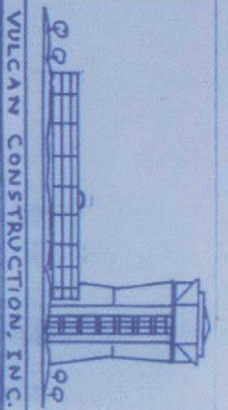


Try our new Bunny Burger! : !

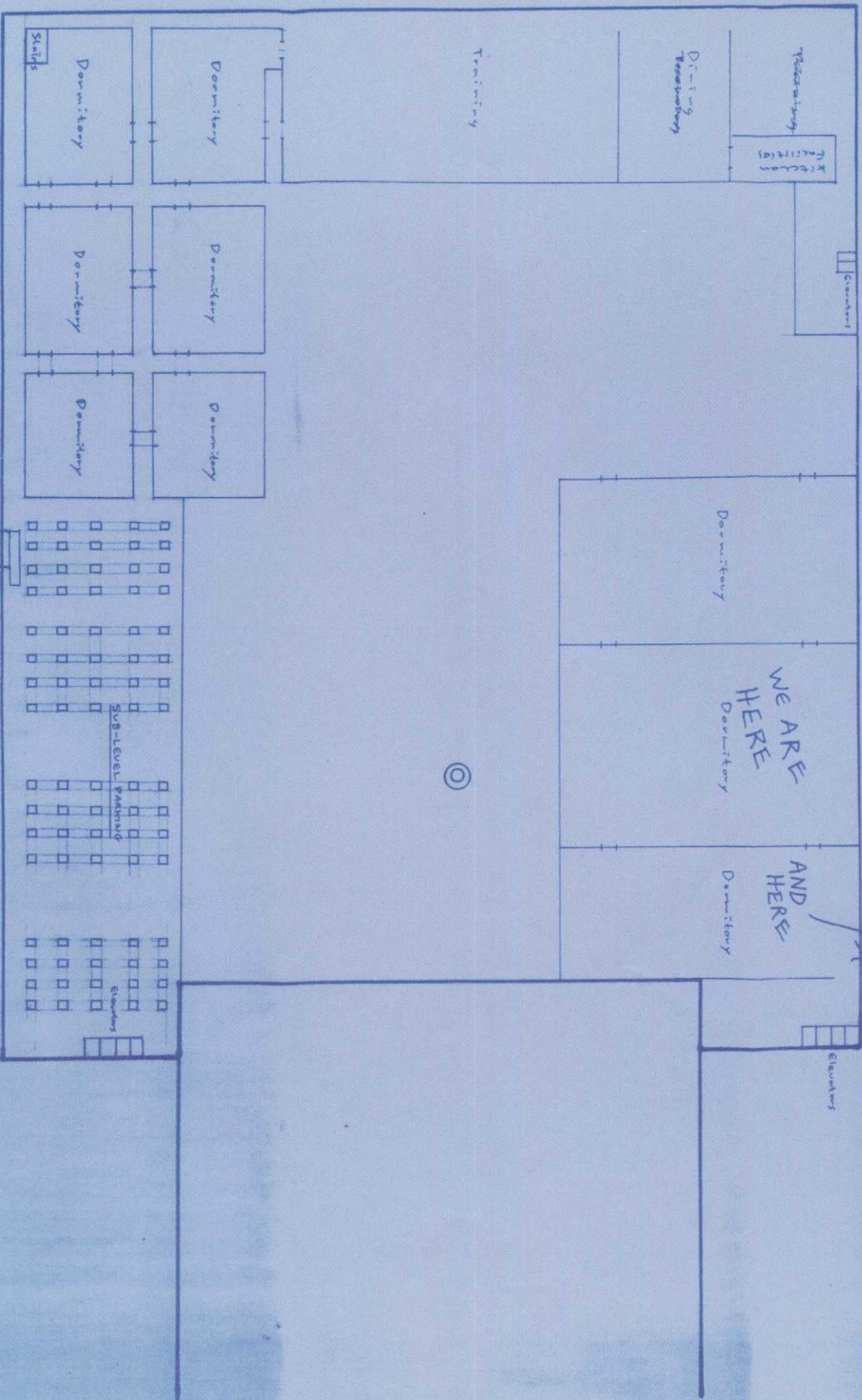
RT 66 Exit 59 - 4:00 PM
SA

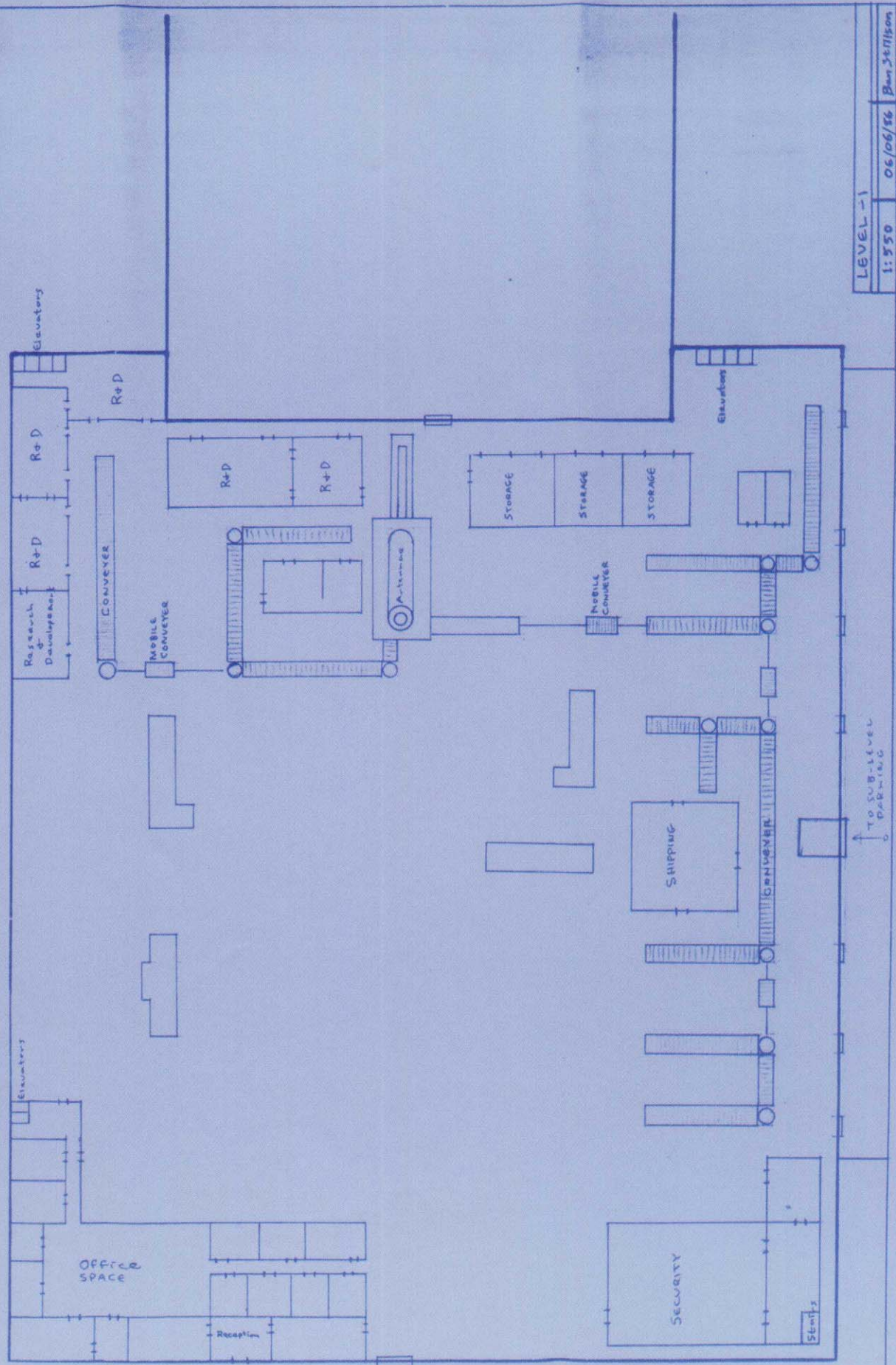
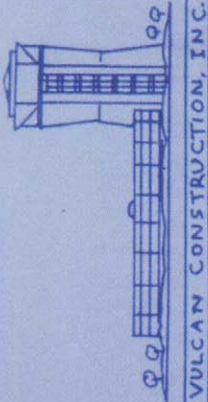


BDG



VULCAN CONSTRUCTION, INC.





LEVEL -1	06/06/86	Ben Stinson
1:550		

Real Science:

Despite rapidly mounting scientific evidence that much of the alleged "damage" being done to the environment is overblown, Endron would like to assure its stockholders and its customers that we have committed ourselves to addressing all legitimate ecological issues. To this end, we have spent millions on rigorous tests adhering strictly to the values of real, hard science. This is in marked contrast to the pseudoscientific approach being foisted on the American people by much of the environmental community as well as by fringe elements in the Environmental Protection Agency who are, unfortunately, more interested in fronting a socialist political agenda than in sticking to the facts.

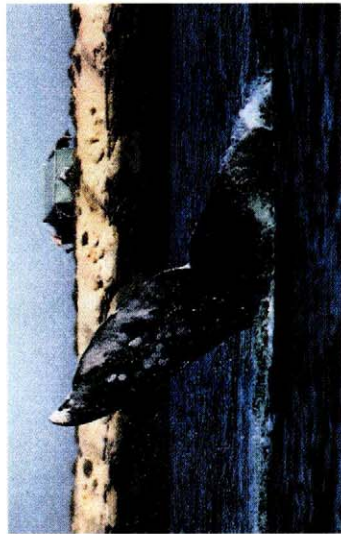
A Gas Tank Full of Love (A Message from Our President):

Endron has spent more money on safeguarding the environment than every environmental group combined. In California we have worked with our good friends at Goodhouse Paper International to plant trees and to save the Red Cockaded Woodpecker. In the Arctic we loaned one of our ice cutters to save the whale dubbed "Wally" by millions of children around the world when he was trapped by ice. Finally, we have spent millions in creating "Green Technologies" which bring us well above proposed 1997 E.P.A. standards. We're not doing this because we have to. We're doing this because "making green while being green" has allowed us to make record profits for our shareholders while safeguarding Mother Earth. We're doing this because Earth is our home too.

Best wishes,


Max B. Carson

President Endron International



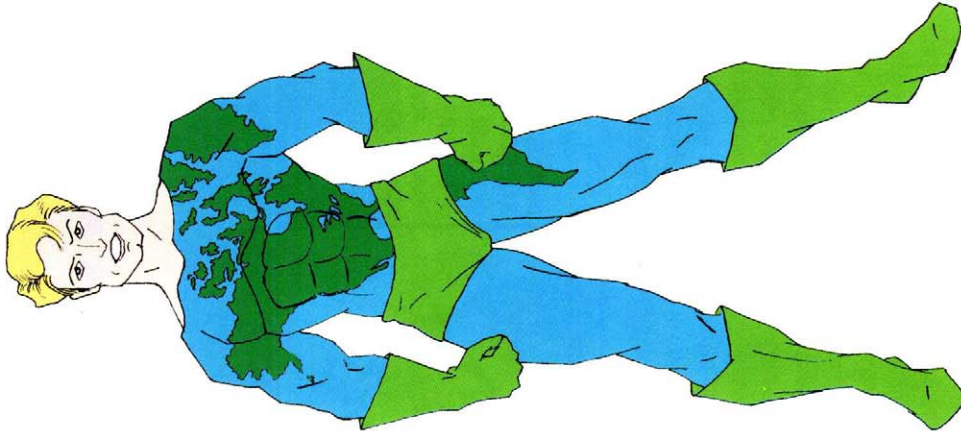
Wally says, "Thank you."

How You Can Help:

Endron has joined hands with responsible environmental groups such as Planet Fund and would like you to be a member of its "Green Team." To join, please donate generously to the Planet Fund volunteer who comes to your door, or write for our 50-page book, *Four Things You Can Do to Save the Planet*.

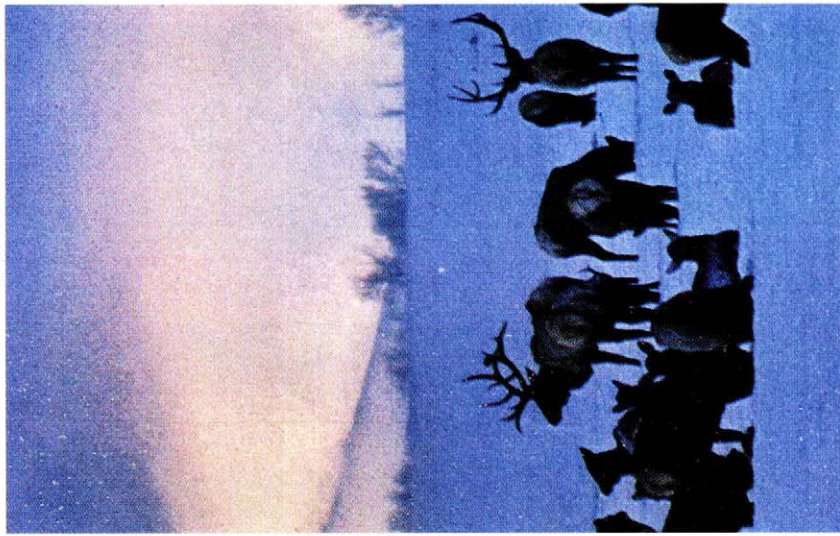
Kids!

Call PlanetMan! Find out what you can do to help!



PlanetMan is a registered trademark of POW Comics. All rights reserved.

ENDRON



Endron International — for a
Greener Tomorrow.

Environmental Disaster?

When the Endron tanker *Pegoud* sank in the Great Barrier Reef off the coast of Australia in 1992, people feared the worst. Journalists from around the world swarmed around the "environmentally sensitive" region and dramatically dubbed it "the worst environmental catastrophe of all time." The story played day and night as the "disaster" unfolded. Knowing full well its responsibilities in this matter, Endron immediately dispatched a flotilla of cleanup ships to the coastline. There, our "Green Team" went to work using the latest in Endron technologies to attack the spill.



Problem.



Solution: Max Carson, President of Endron International, and his Green Team attack the spill after using a specially designed oil-dispersing foam.



The cleanup proceeded at a record pace, prompting the environmental group Planet Fund to call the operation "a model of corporate responsibility to be emulated by all others in the petroleum business." Thanks, guys, but safeguarding the environment is what Endron is all about. Despite the speed of the cleanup, however, we were not yet satisfied that we had done all we could. So we sent in an independent team of scientists from the Gaia Research Company to ascertain any possible long-term damage to the reef's ecology. We were stunned, to say the very least, at their findings.

Oil's Well that Endrons Well:

After five months of painstaking research, Gaia's scientists turned in their surprising but incontestable results. The reef that had been, in the words of the disreputable environmental extremists' group Earth-Fist, "raped by the oil spill" was doing better than ever! Sea bird population was up by 12% while marine life surged by a whopping 23%! Are we saying that oil is good for the environment? No. That is for further research to determine. What we are saying is that the oil (a natural substance pumped right from good old Mother Earth, by the way) cleaned out some of the ecological dead wood, so to speak, allowing harder species unharnessed from the shackles of their less survival-worthy cousins to thrive. The Great Barrier Reef is doing better than ever, and that's no big fish story!



This smart school of fish thanks Endron for their help.

PENTEX

Monkeywrench!

Dirty Money

Pentex is the vilest corporation on the planet — and the most powerful tentacle of the Wurm. Through its various subsidiary companies, Pentex attempts to taint the world by destroying the environment and brainwashing humankind. What Garou can stop this pervasive onslaught?

Dirty Work

The Monkeywrenchers can! These savvy and clever Garou hit Pentex from the inside — by hacking into its computers and infiltrating its puppet companies. Monkeywrenchers hit Pentex in the least expected ways, and they hit hard! Crashing computers, practical jokes, ecoguerrilla raids — whatever it takes to bring Pentex to its knees.

Monkeywrench! Pentex includes:

- Dozens of player handouts.
- Details on PANACEA, a Pentex company ripe for Monkeywrenching.
- Pentex propaganda brochures and comic book.



4508-B STONEGATE IND. BLVD.
STONE MTN., CA 30083
U.S.A.



ISBN 1-56504-060-0
WW3203 \$12.00



0 99379 03203 3