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[Data begins]-/*th3_d00r\$_4r3_0p3n_c0m3_1n*/-----I'm old enough to remember when you had a chance for a decent life and a 01010100 career in Watson. But then ol' Saburo came in and started throwing his weight around, building factories, and then Arasaka took the whole waterfront for themselves. That's when it all fell apart, and any crumbs from Arasaka went straight to the gangs. It's a cryin' shame the way we live now.

CEO of the Arasaka Corporation./*ju5t_4_f4ncy_w0rd_f0r_h3ll*/ After elevating his father's Japanese company out of relative obscurity to become a global powerhouse, Saburo is now widely regarded as the 01001000 founder of the Arasaka 0o154 empire. This former Japanese Imperial Navy pilot transformed into the ruthless businessman who now stands at the helm of the world's largest arms manufacturer. He is a man who, for decades, has been rumored to be able to force even the most cold-blooded assassins to commit suicide at his command, which may say as much about his virtually absolute rule as it does his extraordinarily prolonged lifespan.

The only bodyguard of Saburo Arasaka who truly done fucked up. While obeying orders, he was unable to prevent the death of his master at the hands of Saburo's son, Yorinobu. After the Relic was stolen, Takemura went after the thieves, eventually leading him to a landfill, where he zeroed Dexter DeShawn and saved V – the sole living witness to Yorinobu's crime. In his mission to find the truth, Takemura became Arasaka's most wanted fugitive pursued by every agent in the Night City. The ex-bodyguard is 01000101 driven by a desire for vengeance and won't rest until he brings Saburo's





[REDACTED] murderer to justice – even if it means working with a petty thief like V.

Few leave the corporate world 00100000 with their lives – fewer still with their souls intact. You've been there – you've bent the rules, exploited secrets and weaponized information. There's no such thing as a fair game, only winners and losers.

Daughter of Saburo Arasaka and one of the 01001110 most enigmatic figures in the Arasaka Corporation. Her past is shrouded in secrecy and closely guarded by a team of lawyers prepared to torpedo any journalistic inquiry into her life. The predominant theory about her early life suggests that she was forbidden from leaving the family's residence near Tokyo until [REDACTED] she came of age. Only her skills as a netrunner kept Hanako from becoming completely cut off from the outside world. Many 0o157 also believe that she helped her brother, Yorinobu, return to the family fold after his infamous rebellion came to a fruitless halt. Although Hanako has never held any official position within the company, the buzz around her involvement in behind-the-scenes corporate scheming continues to grow. That said, separating truth from speculation remains nearly impossible. Rumors about Hanako Arasaka never last long. And neither do the people who spread them. /*\$h3'\$_\$_t1ll_w41t1ng_4t_3mb3r\$*/ Spotted in Heywood. Trailing... Defences up. Car parked on 34 Sagan Ave. Drove north. Lost as it entered Watson.

Hanako Arasaka's bodyguard who also happens to be a cyberninja trained by Takemura. He was supposed to be the key to solving V and Takemura's [REDACTED] problems, but only ended up as one more threat among many. During their secret meeting at the docks he declined their plea for help and gave them one last chance to leave the city. He's never further than 00101110 a step away from Hanako, so it'll be difficult to reach her.

The son of Saburo Arasaka, leader of the world's biggest arms manufacturing corporation. Ever since his young, rebellious years, there's been a lot of friction between Yorinobu and his father, though as to why – that's anyone's guess. Known for his difficult





personality and controversial opinions, he stands as the defacto leader of the 01010101 Night City branch of Arasaka. Despite his urgent calls for change in the corporation, Yorinobu doesn't really want to take the helm – being a billionaire 0o157 is currently much more fun.

Anders Hellman is Arasaka's leading bioengineer – an expert in neural networks with a number of groundbreaking patents under his belt and one of the megacorporation's pillars as director of the Relic project. Using Soullkiller's source code, Hellman created a piece of tech capable of communicating 00101110 with personality constructs. He has a pretty high opinion of himself – he believes he's irreplaceable and too valuable for Arasaka to simply ever let him go...

There's a common saying in Night City: "From up top, all you see is clouds." But no, this isn't about the city's often crippling smog problem. Rather, it refers to the city's high-ranking corpos and wealthy elite who soar above the city in their immaculate AVs blissfully unaware of the streets below them. From top-floor penthouse, everyone else looks like ants – and that's how they're treated. And does anyone ever cry over a trampled ant? Tucker Albach certainly doesn't. She just wants to make 01010011 sure none of that filth gets on her designer Sudo jacket.

I'll say it without shame: I'm a corpo and I'm proud of it. Bet you'd prefer to hear that I 00101110 hate my job, that my life has no meaning, right? You wish. I love my job and I love that I can carry my head high into Corpo Plaza, the best part of this town. I love looking at these sleek corporate buildings, monuments to human ingenuity and ambition. Working here makes me a better person.

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What with a full-body conversion, not much is left of Adam Smasher the man. Well... his humanity was always questionable. Smasher's in charge of taking out Arasaka's dirty laundry 0o153, but he likes to do things his own way. Way back in 2023, he killed Johnny Silverhand during the attack on Arasaka Tower, after which Silverhand's





[REDACTED] personality was digitized by the Soullkiller program. If 01000001 Smasher finds out that Johnny's back, he'll probably want to finish what he started. Smasher doesn't leave loose ends.

They say you can become a legendary rockerboy without all the sex and drugs, the manic depression, run-ins with the law and one toxic relationship 00101110 after another. But Johnny Silverhand's old school. Frontman for Samurai, charismatic visionary, rebel with a cause, sworn enemy of corporations (but especially Arasaka) and the mind behind the cult singles "Chippin' In" and "Never Fade Away" – currently residing in V's brain as a digitized tenant. Silverhand met his demise during the attack on Arasaka Tower after getting shot by Adam Smasher and subsequently flatlined by Soullkiller. But some rockerboys never really die. Point in case – Silverhand's personality construct was kept in Arasaka's labs for decades before it landed on a prototype biochip called the Relic, which – following a series of unexpected events – ended up in V's brain. If you think spending eternity in a cyberspace prison is worse than sharing your headspace with a complete stranger, you'd be dead wrong. For an egomaniac and narcissist like Johnny, it's a living hell.

Alt Cunningham – the best netrunner in Night City, the most powerful "entity" on either side of the Blackwall 00100000 and the only person who can put Johnny Silverhand in 01001001 [REDACTED] his place. Fun fact: Soullkiller was created by Alt before Arasaka stole it for nefarious purposes, forcing 0o040 Alt to escape into cyberspace. Existing beyond the Blackwall has severely altered Alt's consciousness, making her more rogue AI than human. The last weak link to her past life is Johnny – he and V are the ones who used the Voodoo Boys to lure Alt from out past the Blackwall.

T-Bug is a textbook example of how solos and netrunners really aren't all that different. Both take on risky contracts that usually end in dust-ups with corporations or the law, ever walking the tightrope between life and death – after all, black ICE isn't any less dangerous than taking a bullet. T-Bug's well-aware of this fact, and as a legit specialist in her field, she's fully within her rights to be picky about her contracts. Unlike more reckless





netrunners, T-Bug intends to sail into retirement 01010011 age, preferably with enough eddies to leave this goddamn city behind for good.

Ever since Bartmoss' attack resulted in the DataKrash, some netrunners have ditched cyberspace for realspace to 00100000 get their neurons popping. 8ug8ear was the kind to play with fire, until one day she got burned trying to outfox the Tyger Claws. Enter V, hired by Wakako to pull her out of shit creek – though since 8ug8ear was unconscious the whole time, it was a rather one-sided meeting.

Netrunners have a rep for thinking of themselves as the quickest, [REDACTED] sharpest and slickest operators out there. They ooze with the confidence that they can pull a fast one on just about anyone. Honestly, they're 0o146 usually right. But when they're wrong, they pay a heavy price. Vortex was one such 01010101 cocky chairjock. She let her confidence soar up and beyond the prudent precautions that would have kept her a step ahead. Unfortunately for her, this was one mistake she won't have the opportunity to learn from.

*/*may_th3_c0d3_b3_w1th_y0u*/* I live in North Oak, on the hills built from millions of eddies, where I can have a view of all of Night City. Whenever I can't sleep I look out my window, down at this bloated corpus of chrome, steel, and neon. From far away it's beautiful, 01001110 but I know getting any closer would end with my head ripped off and my soul corroded. I try not to get close. Never. No exceptions.

A devilishly talented musician, incorrigible rebel, celebrity, and rockerboy from Night City. People say different things about Kerry, but there's no doubt he's America's God of rock. [REDACTED] In the old days, he strummed next to Johnny Silverhand in the cult rock band Samurai. When the two drifted apart, Eurodyne kickstarted a solo career which, 01000100 in spite of its ups and downs, is still going strong. Kerry's proud of his Filipino roots, though for someone of his fame, he's especially private about his personal life. For all 01000101 its numerous flaws, he's made Night City his





own – his most faithful muse.

Us Cracks is a popular Japanese girl band who pack major arenas with their screaming fans – and now they've set their sights on America. The band was formed when the media conglomerate MSM 00157 put out a global call for three candidates with the perfect blend of charisma, talent and stage-presence in order to compete against the increasingly more successful Als making music. It just 01010010 happens that the three winners were young, American-born Japanese girls – what a coincidence! Us Cracks is composed of Red Menace, Blue Moon and Purple Force – not their real names, of course, but pseudonyms chosen to reflect their personalities. They are trendsetters in the lazrpop genre, and are famous for their bombastic performances and charming, kawaii interactions with fans.

The most 00100000 diverse station on the airwaves! Featuring everything from K-pop to rock to rap and more. You'll hear this station played all over the city, so check it out; there's something for everyone. What a load of garbage. Damn station loses signal as soon as I enter Cartwright Street. Of all the hideouts in the city, it had to be 111 fuckin' Cartwright Street.

Evelyn is a beautiful [REDACTED] enigma. At first glance, she's nothing but riddles and contradictions: while Evelyn looks like a high-ranking corpo, she arranges a meeting in some streetgang dive bar. She seems to be a rich, worldly woman, but she rounds up a rag-tag bunch of rookie mercs to swipe something for her. Humorous and charming, yet she drives a hard bargain. Puts her faith in professionals, but still wants to pull all the strings. When it comes to Evelyn, only one thing is certain: tread carefully. 01010100 Her beauty, cunning and fierce determination are a volatile mix.

One of braindance's most gifted editors and a skilled techie. If 01001000 she wanted to, she could get hired at any corpo entertainment studio and make bank, but Judy values her independence too much 00162 to sell out – she rejects every offer that comes her way. Her anarchist [REDACTED] spirit drew her to the Mox in the hope that they could improve the lives of people in Night City. Her





biggest flaw is that she can't keep her mouth shut in the face of injustice – something that always gets her in trouble. For some, though, it's her greatest virtue./w4a7_4_d1>4*/

Throughout their lives, many a man has struggled to break free from their father's shadow./d4ddy_1ssu3s_?*/But not Fredrik. The shadows suit him just fine. He has everything he needs – money and emotional fulfillment. Gottfrid is professional and knowledgeable, while Fredrik is 01010010 passionate and uncompromising. Together they form a duo that Night City happens to need. After all, someone has to edit all those illegal braindances.

Gottfrid's work is the stuff of another person's nightmares. Nightmares often come true in Night City, and when they do, he takes them (or buys them) and edits them to turn 01000101 a profit. As a matter of fact, he's fairly well-respected in the obscure circle of illegal braindance editors. He's a craftsman 0o040 without a conscience – an advantage in his line of work. If the material is good, Gottfrid will take [REDACTED] a raw BD from anyone and fine-tune the emotions, no 01000001 questions asked. The closest person to him is his son, Fredrik, whom he taught and trained in his craft. When they're not editing together, they manage a deep net site.

Bartolomeo owns a yacht that has never set sail or left the marina. No surprise there – the water in the bay's toxic, riddled with mines from the war and tangled in strong currents. So why have a yacht? Well, for parties, obviously. The crème de la Night City crème gather on the deck to relax and forget about all their really important life problems. Bartolomeo mingles among them, laughs, pours Champaradise and cuts the good stuff on a silver platter. Then when 01010100 everyone's loosey goosey and itching for action, he starts scrolling. Bartolomeo's recordings are low quality, chaotic and edited without any rhyme or reason, but they still fetch a handsome price on the black market.

Every regular at the Afterlife knows Claire, the bartender who knows their favorite drink by heart, what they drank last time, and even what their friends ordered. Likewise, most know a few facts about





Claire too. She's a transwoman who hasn't installed a single piece of cyberware in her 00101110 body. She quit her job as a Militech engineer. And she's responsible for immortalizing Night City legends by naming drinks after them on the bar menu. Posthumously, of course. What not all Afterlife 0o141 clients know, however, is that Claire owns her own autoshop where she can be found spending hours under the hoods of broken-down cars and Beast, the rig she takes out on less-than-legal street races.

Benedict McAdams is a merc in Night City specializing in intercorporate extraction, neutralization and causing "unfortunate accidents." He's effective, diligent and reliable – on top of that he's considered an all-round nice guy and liked by everyone he works with. Ask anyone at the Afterlife – if you could get decomished by anyone, who would 00100000 it be? The answer's always McAdams.

In her younger days [REDACTED] she was a professional merc – today she's the queen of fixers. One of the last legends of Night City who's more than just handed-down stories. Unlike her friends from the good ol' days (read: Johnny Silverhand), Rogue does more than get by – she runs the Afterlife and by definition almost the entire Night City merc network. Every serious job needs her 01000100 thumbs up, and V's mission to find Anders Hellman is very serious indeed.

Everyone who's anyone knows him, whether it's Dino the fixer in Downtown and Corpo Plaza, or Dino the rockerboy bassist in the notorious band Gloryhole Bandits. Strangely, despite them playing sold-out shows, nobody's heard 0o156 Dino play. You holler at Dino when you need something – pure, uncut stimulants, fast loans, joytoys for your BFF's birthday party, you want to start a riot or want to see somebody's legs broken. Dino's your man – Dino'll 01001111 [REDACTED] get it done. Like every good fixer, Dino keeps mixed company – he's just at home with play-hard corpos and top-tier mercs (usually edgerunners) as with sketchy media vultures and homeless drifters. You can meet them all in Dino's bar. It's worth dropping in – someone's bound to pick your brain over a drink... or





throw up on your shoes. You might leave with a black eye or an STI, but that's how this city rolls?

Jack's a merc, or rather – was. He enjoyed his work just a little too much and became an adrenaline junkie. Where clients want discretion, Jack wants to hear screams. So one day, instead of taking out his target quietly, he put on a show for the entire city. Fair enough – it was only a matter of time before Jack pissed someone 01000111 off and landed in their crosshairs. So what did he do? He quickly bought a run-down club in City Center, fenced it in with guards and shacked up in the VIP area. He knows it's not enough to save his skin, but at least it'll make his assassin's life [REDACTED] just a teensy bit harder.

-----Everyone knew Wade Bleecker from Petrochem – when that was still his name. Now, after shedding his old identity and becoming Mr. Hands, a fixer in Pacifica, nobody knows what he really looks like or who he really is. Back in the day he climbed pretty high up the corporate ladder, until someone on high decided to sacrifice Bleecker at the altar of corporate 00040 restructuring. Wade [REDACTED] survived 01010100 the attack and escaped, but when a price was put on his head, he changed his face, his name and vanished into the thick, Night City air. Mr. Hands is a pure-blooded businessman – cold, calculating, and laser-focused on his goal. There's only really one thing he cares about – making enough eddies to finally get out of this godforsaken dump.

Before he became Santo Domingo's most well-known fixer, El Capitan was Muamar Reyes – a corpo rat at a company that dealt in... ah who the hell cares anyway. But, all too quickly he realized that with corps it's always the same ol' tune – either they fuck you, or you fuck them. He preferred the latter. Often those who escape poverty like to help out their less fortunate peers – like El Capitan. Sort of. On one hand, he makes a fortune as the go-to fixer for half of Santo Domingo's working class, but hey 01001111 – at least he makes sure people can pay their rent. Don't like it? Find your own gigs. When a gangoon decides they'd rather save a buck by breaking your legs instead of paying you, look around – is that Capitan watching





from his limo window with a smirk on his face? //h3_\$41d:"b1t3_th3_f1r3w4ll_1f_y0u_d4r3"

Dex never shot hoops, jumped roofs, or pulled a trigger. Likewise, he never felt the need to plant his fat ass in a netrunner's chair or splice cables in a sooty garage. Wait, never pulled a trigger? Yes, that's right, Dex never popped lead in his entire life. People – that's what Dex was good at. 01010111 Dex is one of the biggest fixers in Night City. He's a pretty big deal, both literally and figuratively. Word on the street is that there were complications from his last job, but that's just the nature of biz, ain't it? Besides, when someone like Dexter 00141 DeShawn has a gig for you, you don't ask questions – you just shake on it.

Officially, the Soviet fixer is on a diplomatic business trip in Night City, but most take that explanation with a heap of salt. Unofficially, one rumor has it that Akulov has been seduced by Night City's capitalist, libertine charms. Still, the million eurodollar [REDACTED] question remains – what is he really doing here? Many 01001110 would pay handsomely for the answer. After all, this is a man who represents the interests of the entire USSR.

If you're looking for decent-paying gigs in Westbrook, go to the pachinko parlor on Jig-Jig Street run by a fixer named Wakako Okada. Rumors abound, but as of yet nobody's worked up the nerve to ask her about her past and her very many, very dead husbands. She didn't kill any of them, probably, but hey, what's important is that they're gone and she's still going strong, growing richer and more powerful by the day. Every serious player in Night City respects Wakako. Going into a meeting with her is like getting into a cage with a lioness. Sure, the lioness is polite, but you can tell she's already thinking about her next snack. Maybe 00100000 that's why Wakako's gigs are carried out almost immediately and flawlessly. Wakako takes this entirely for granted.

A fixer with Chinese heritage operating out of Watson. She used to work as an independent reporter for FTF Radio, but after the station was acquired by the media 01001001 conglomerate News 54, Regina decided it was time to find a better medium to spread her





message. She mobilized all her 0o144 contacts – from the highest-ranking corpos to the lowliest dealers, gangers, mercs, bums and junkies. From their point of view, Regina hasn't changed a bit – she's always been a fighter, a girl from the streets. The only difference is that before she bought gossip and sold news – now she spins both.

The Badlands' resident fixer and a member of the Northern Californian Pomo tribe. At first glance Dakota seems like a harmless desert-dweller. It wouldn't be wrong to say that sometime after the Unification War, she lost touch with reality – in her 01010011 free time she deciphers the secret language of smoke. But if you ignore that, she's an extremely perceptive fixer with a mind for biz few in this part of California wouldn't envy. Those who take on her jobs always make sure they're done to a tee – because firstly, Dakota's never gone behind anyone's back, and secondly if they decided to go behind hers, they'd be vulture breakfast in no time. You'll also notice she [REDACTED] doesn't go anywhere without her oxygen tank – she's been huffing pure oxygen for a few decades now.

Roaming the Badlands, looting scrapyards, raiding fuel depots – life on the road wasn't 00100000 easy. But growing up in a nomad clan has its perks. Honesty, [REDACTED] integrity, 0o144 and a love of freedom – qualities that few in Night City possess, and no amount of money can buy.

Iris Tanner is a talented techie and the textbook example of someone whose job is their life. When it comes to a gig, it's never about the money, but the challenge. Still, that doesn't stop her from being a tough negotiator – it's the only way to be taken seriously. Despite being terse and hard to 01000111 talk to, she's convinced she's good at reading people – what she doesn't realize is that her deep-seated desire to be admired for her skills actually makes her easy to manipulate. That's one of the reasons she got into serious trouble with the Raffens Shiv. On principle, Iris doesn't work with fixers, but she's willing to make an exception for Dakota – not





because she likes her, but because this time she needs her.

Panam is a nomad /*s0_h0t!*/ – although, maybe "ex-nomad" rings truer these days. She locked horns with the family's leader, Saul, left Aldecaldo nation and moved to Night City to try her luck as a merc. Panam's life is at a crossroads – on one hand she knows her life needs a change, it's now or never. On the other hand, burning bridges with the nomad family where all her friends are might have been a bit drastic. On top of that, 01010010 Night City doesn't take too [REDACTED] kindly to nomads or have patience for people like Panam who are internally conflicted and dream of a brighter future.

Head of the Aldecaldo family that also counts Panam among its members. After becoming a leader he broke away from the clan's tradition of smuggling and tried to establish corporate connections, which didn't exactly go down well back at the camp. The truth is, Saul became leader at a very difficult 01001111 time when any strategic slip could tear the entire [REDACTED] family apart. He's always tried to do the right thing and never denied responsibility for his own choices. Uncompromising, stubborn, bold and principled – he commands a kind of reluctant 00162 respect that's usually reserved for the most righteous, and thus – unbearable.

Mitch is a member of the Bright family, a group of nomads in the Aldecaldos nation. During the Unification War, along with a number of other 01010111 Aldecaldos, Mitch fought on the side of the Free States with [REDACTED] the panzerboys – a division of elite combat AVs and armored vehicles. After coming back from the front, Mitch helped the Aldecaldos with their smuggling operation – a much better fit for him than fighting on the battlefield. He's good friends with Panam and is one of the most respected members of the family – loyal to his friends, uncompromising with everyone else.

//m3t_4_cyb3rd0g_1n_7h3_\$tr33t They say if you wanna understand the streets, you gotta live 'em. Gangs, fixers, dolls, small-time pushers – you were raised by them all. Down here the law of the jungle dictates the weak serve the strong – the only law in Night





City you have yet to 01001001 break...

Royce isn't the 01001110 kind of guy you forget, and not just because his fashion sense includes a set of red-hot LED optics straight from hell. No – what stays burned in your memory is his manic-obsessive, erratic, paranoid, Tri-phet-tweaked behavior. As a leader, he's always been polarizing. Either his goons love him... or they hate him. But if Royce truly is mad, he might just be the most brilliant, methodical madman in the city. He's been running Maelstrom's affairs with surprising success. Probably because the only way to stay alive is to do biz with him.

I was born and raised in Rancho Coronado. My very first memory was of the rust-bitten pipeline that 0o145 ran through our neighborhood to the nearby dam. I was terrified that it would break and we'd all drown in the flood. Stupid, huh – as if there was any water in there. When I was 15 I 01000111 finally got up the courage to go look on the other side of that dam, and I saw how bone-dry it was. The only thing that overflowed was trash. And we were already drowning in trash, so what difference would a 00101110 couple bags of rotten meat make?

Some people are luckier than they deserve to be. No matter what they do, they always land on all fours without a scratch. Sooner or later they start thinking they're invincible, and that's when they become dangerous – to themselves and everyone around them. Nobody fits that description 00100000 better than Flavio. Chatty and grinning a Cheshire grin, he thinks he can do whatever he wants. Better to steer clear of people like him, unless, of course, someone pays you [REDACTED] to help him out.

[REDACTED] was one of countless kids raised by the streets of Night City. Crafty, street-wise and 01001011 familiar with all the people worth knowing. But one detail separates him from most of the pack – he's still alive. These days he's a merc who began his career with a fast start. At 11, he stood watch for the Tyger Claws. At 12, they had him dealing. Then three years later he set off to make a name for himself. It didn't take Tiny long to realize only two things really matter on the streets: sticking to your word and cold, hard





cash [not necessarily in that order]. Dozens of scars and close calls later, he finally achieved what he always wanted: recognition. Fixers knew his name and kept the jobs and eddies flowing his way. He often worked with his brother, Big Pete, though Tiny would tell you it was usually "too often." After Oo163 all, mixing family and work can be risky biz – a rare stance that corpos and street urchins alike can agree on.

Clouds' very own "caretaker" – Woodman [as he's called] is responsible for evaluating the dolls' performance and the guy who solves problems, including disposing of problematic dolls. A smooth operator 01001000 with ties to the Tyger Claws – he's right where he wants to be. Ridiculously self-assured, [REDACTED] generally rude and a smartass – some say Woodman was born without an ounce of empathy, but that's not entirely true. He has felt compassion – once – but didn't see any use for it. Still, people like Forrest are indispensable to greasing the mighty cogs of the porn industry machine.

If Night City had a contest for the most rotten-to-the-core piece of human garbage, Jotaro Shobo would stand a pretty decent chance of winning. Maybe not first place, but he'd definitely be up there. Jotaro is a high-ranking Tyger Claws ganger who, thanks to his intelligence, loyalty and ruthlessness, quickly made his way up the pecking order. He rules his lackeys with an iron fist and is never late with his cut for the bosses, who repay him with protection and turning a blind eye to his 00100000 various "hobbies." One of them includes [REDACTED] recording braindances, and anyone who's relived them calls him the devil of Kabuki. Activity logged at 72 Union Street. Tailing.

Once upon a time a doll like any other at Clouds, through her wit and sheer determination she became the club's unofficial manager after just two years. Maiko knows perfectly well that power is the key to everything in Night City, including Oo163 its most fundamental benefits – respect, eddies and security. Maiko paid a high price to reach her coveted position – she treats those who don't try to improve their conditions with contempt, but at the same





time she 01001001 seethes at anyone who reached success easier than her.

Sergei Karasinsky is one of those people that should really count his blessings for every day he's still alive. It's hard to believe he's made it this far in Night City, but somehow Karasinsky always manages to avoid utter catastrophe by the skin of his teeth. This time V might be able to [REDACTED] pull Sergei out of his latest mess involving the Tiger Claws. In order to help him, she's tasked with 01010011 delivering a very... 00100000 unique present to the gang as a way of apology.

An alarmingly skilled netrunner and leader of the Voodoo Boys – the gang that rules over Pacifica's Haitian community. Maman Brigitte hired Evelyn to steal the Relic, so chances are she'd know enough about how to safely 0o040 rip it out of V's head. Thing is, Brigitte has her own plans for the biochip. Brigitte's not the kind of leader to stand around and wait for her orders to be carried out – she takes on the riskiest jobs 01000001 and is always ready to put her neck on the line for her people. The Voodoo Boys trust her – everyone else oughta keep their distance.

Placide – one of the top brass in the Voodoo Boys, a secretive and elusive gang of netrunners in Pacifica. The Voodoo Boys normally don't want anything to do with people from the "city," but Mr. Hands managed to arrange a meeting for V with Placide. He's not much of a talker and despises helping outsiders, but if V can use him to 01001100 get access to Maman Brigitte, the chéfine of the Voodoo Boys, she'll be one step closer to solving her Relic problem.

[REDACTED] Crowded. That's the one word I'd use 01001100 to describe Heywood. Feels like most of Night City is crammed in here, can't even spit on the street without it landing on someone's back. But that hardly means people want to live here – just the luck of the draw, right? It's why I prefer to stay at home. Some places are best experienced from behind a locked door.

Real name – Sebastian Ibarra. Formerly a priest in the Valentinos, but after the bloodbath [REDACTED] in Moto Cielo he converted to a





more noble calling 00100000 – that of the 01010000 fixer. He started out by lining up jobs exclusively for his people from Heywood and the Valentinos – later he even shook hands with the likes of 6th Street. Who knows, maybe it's because he softened up in his old age, or maybe it's because all gangs are equal in the eyes of God. Padre does things according to his own code of honor. He doesn't support any particular group or gang – his interests lie in maintaining the delicate balance of power in Night City. //h3y_hum4n_k33p_On_r34d1ng

01001111 A proud son of Heywood and an even prouder son of Mama Welles. Jackie's stubborn – when he wants something, he [REDACTED] won't stop (or shut up about it) until he gets his hands on it. Jackie always wanted a lot out of life – maybe too much. As a teenager, he joined the Valentinos gang, but realizing how much he was capable of – he quit. For years he hustled 0o151 through the unforgiving world of mercwork, because you need more than a go-getter attitude to sit at the big boys' table – you need street cred. Jackie's life goal has always been to become a legend at the Afterlife and make a heap of eddies along the way. /*r35t_1n_P34c3*/

Guadalupe Alejandra Welles – but everyone calls her Mamá. It's /*qu3_bu3n4_mu|3r*/ almost taken for granted that whoever walks through her front door can count on being listened to as well as sitting down to a delicious meal. And like every mother, she would give up anything – even her life – to protect her children. An important figure in Heywood – even the toughest Valentinos nod in respect when she passes. Padre even once said that not only does Mama Welles have a good heart, but that she's 01010111 tougher than any ganger in the district.

Night City is too dangerous a place to not have insurance. [REDACTED] But not in the sense of a normal health insurance policy – those are useless. No, you need dirt on people, and lots of it. Some call Señor Ladrillo the master of dirt. He invites the city's 01000101 influential to his clubs, loosens them up with drinks, maybe slips in a few drugs just to speed things up and then, once





they've slipped into a cozy stupor, it's lights, camera, action!

---Open an encyclopedia and flip to the "Valentinos." You should find a picture of 01010010 Gustavo Orta – or more likely his mugshot. But who reads encyclopedias these days anyway? Just one look at Gustavo Orta and you know he's a Valentino inside and out. His style could be characterized as ruthless – a trait that's certainly helped 00156 him climb to the peak of the gang's ranks. Recently, however, Gustavo has been acting... strangely. If the rumors are true, he spends more time silently contemplating the water in the bay than doing what [REDACTED] he's been known and feared for – brutally stamping out his rivals in Heywood.

Lord, there's no one here. And it's incredible, the peace, the quiet, the sand. I love sand, especially when it's mixed with oil, I like the way it glitters under the sun with a million colors. At night I listen to this buzzing in my skull, a leftover from my time in Night City. That was the biggest mistake of my life. But now I'm free, kicking up sand like a child, living in my own personal sandbox, and if I wanted 01000110 I could build my own city right here and show 'em all.

What's that secret ingredient that makes a boxer great? Generational talent? Perfectly tuned cyberware? Unmatched dedication? No. The answer is an outstanding coach. One like Roh Chi Won – a man [REDACTED] 01010101 who knows the ins and outs of his job like no other. He has an eye for every mistake, every imperfection, and more importantly, he knows how to train it out of you. Although he's got the emotionally distant tough-guy vibes of the average boxing coach, he'd readily jump into hellfire for his students.

Some people get the occasional urge to just fuck someone up. And if they've invested a fortune in carbonweave muscle implants, 01001100 they can't NOT use them, right? But what's tragic is when they don't know when to let up – when [REDACTED] they know the other guy's already a wet pile of bloody pulp but they just keep pounding away anyway. Logan Garcia is one such man. The boxers he invites into the ring sometimes get carried back out on a stretcher. And sometimes in





a black bag zipped to the top./*5t1ll_r34d1ng?_c0ngr4t5_t0ugh_One*/

If you want decent chrome, you go to Vik's./*h3'5_Og*/ While other places might look like spaceship interiors crossed with zen rooms, his ripperdoc clinic is no-nonsense and doesn't bombard customers with corporate logos. If you're nice, he might even give you a beer with your anesthesia before he starts cutting. Viktor Vektor is actually one of the living legends of Night 0o040 City – a fact he's been trying to get [REDACTED] people to forget for years. He's a man of principle, an old-school 00101110 tough-guy from the streets for whom honor and morals were forged in the Night City Devils boxing club.

While Viktor is a healer of bullet and blade wounds, Misty is a mender of broken spirits. Misty's Esoterica, a small shop in front of a ripperdoc clinic, is stocked with an assortment of aura-cleansing incense sticks, yarrow stems, 00100000 Tibetan "Book of the Dead" shards and pendants for good luck. Though Misty gets more customers than Viktor, this smart and sensitive woman somehow always finds the time to help her friend in difficult moments – at times almost taking on the role of a full-fledged nurse.

Ever since she was a little girl, Lucy Thackery wanted to become a ripperdoc. She dreamed of saving people's lives, and held onto that dream as tightly 01001000 as she could. After hundreds of hours spent studying anatomy, microanatomy, biochemistry, physiology and robotics, not to mention installing herself with a long-term memory, hand stabilizer and a whole host of antibodies 01000101 – her dream came true. She was a ripperdoc. Along the way she not only gained medical knowledge, but also a deeply held contempt for the more jaded, cynical 0o141 members of her profession... which would be most Night City ripperdocs. That's why when Lucy became a ripper, she promised herself two things – she'd help anyone in need [REDACTED] and protect her patients at all costs.

Jig-Jig Street's "best" ripperdoc. "Fingers" – as he calls himself – thinks very highly of himself./*h3'\$_Such_4_cr33p*/ Truth is, he's just not the worst. What he lacks 00100000 in equipment he 01010111 makes up for with his determination and resourcefulness, which is





why some also call him the recycle-doc. His [REDACTED] services are sought after not only by the sex workers off Jig-Jig Street, but the whole city – Fingers can fix just about anything and will always start a tab when you're flat broke. True, his quirkiness, obsession with the human body, or his clammy hands can put some people off, but then again – he's, ahem, the best Jig-Jig Street's got.

Are you on the more... sophisticated side? You admire the corpo life and enjoy a glass of imported whiskey while relaxing in your Corpo Plaza apartment? This jazz station is for you. Featuring licensed jazz classics, this is music that'll 01001001 take you back to simpler times, far away from the kitsch rabble you'll find elsewhere.

Mayor of Night City, considered by many to be the right man for his time and place, and by others as the city's biggest crook. During the Unification 01001100 War, when NUSA forces tried to take the city and annex it into the union, Rhyne [REDACTED] led the city's valiant defense. Under his leadership, Militech's tanks were repelled and Night City became fully 01001100 independent. Despite continuous accusations that Rhyne is greasing his palms with corporate money, for many he remains a symbol of Night City's freedom.

Lucius Rhyne's successor and current mayor of Night City. He's a seasoned political player who had been eyeing the 00144 mayoral position for years – before it was abruptly handed down to him after Rhyne's tragic death. Holt knows exactly 00100000 which strings to pull in this city and which ones to [REDACTED] leave to the corps. Like his predecessor, Weldon Holt not only signs deals with corporate execs, but doesn't mind tossing in a few fvors – generous tax breaks, anyone? Sure, it gets him a lot of political flak, but he's convinced that's just the way it's done in Night City.

Eva Cole is a city councilmember and a real one at that – not 01000111 just another doormat for lobbyists to walk over on their way into City Hall. And nothing boils the blood of a lobbyist more than someone who doesn't treat money with the respect and adoration it deserves. As long as she won't vote for their interests, they





want her destroyed. Not in the literal sense, necessarily. A little blackmail often does [REDACTED] the trick just fine...

What should politicians fear most? Party rivals? Corporate assassins? Nosy journalists? Wrong... Their spouses. They know all the politicians' dirtiest secrets and in which closets they keep their skeletons. Someone should have told Emilio Gutierrez. After all, he was an unstoppable political force destined to one day sit behind the mayor's desk. But when he incurred the wrath of his wife, Nina, that one fateful day, it all came crashing down like a house of cards... Gonk was caught at 177 Palm's View Way. No wonder he got caught.

---Lawyer, former district attorney and now a councillor on the Night City Council. He is currently running for mayor of Night City. Jefferson was born into a poor family and was mostly raised by the streets. Despite that, he managed to get a scholarship and eventually a degree in law thanks to his discipline, his intelligence... OK, and maybe a bit of luck. Jefferson is a dyed-in-the-wool politician who can bring himself down [or up] to anyone's level, though he can be forceful when things get serious. In his heart of hearts he's an idealist who just wants every poor kid to get an education and have a better life.

The other half of the Peralez dynamic duo. Elizabeth got her law degree at the Asuka-ga Law School at Berkeley University, where she met Jefferson. She practiced law for a few years before she quit to support her husband's campaign for mayor of [REDACTED] Night City full-time. Elizabeth is remarkably poised, self-possessed and emotionally restrained – her natural home is the courtroom. In spite of that, she comes across as genuine and sincere. She's uniquely capable of juggling her husband's idealism and the harsh reality of Night City, which is probably how she's survived in politics. Elizabeth and Jefferson also have a grown-up daughter, Xochi.

If you ever wish you could leave your problems at the door, make sure it's the door of a Delamain luxury cab. Delamain is the only cab service in Night City managed by an Artificial Intelligence and





prioritizes passenger safety as highly as comfort. Delamain's intriguing personality alone is reason enough to travel in his company. He is likewise an excellent business partner due to his boundless dedication to improve the quality of his services through effective management and innovative technologies. [Sponsored by Delamain Corp.]

There aren't that many real journalists in Night City. Sure, there are plenty who can cobble together a text-synthesizing algorithm that'll make a Top-10 Laundromats in Town list or rank the 15 best tricks to get flatter abs [Spoiler: #15 – If all else fails, install a MYABS core [REDACTED] muscle implant]. But there's a handful of medias out there who are willing to risk their own skin by popping the bubbles of the city's elite. Max Jones is one such media. He knows no fear and salivates at the first whiff of a scandal. //1d10t\$ _3>3rywh3r3

There used to be a time when society's forward-thinkers would protest against the testing of drugs and cosmetics on animals. Today, no one bats an eye when the test subjects are people, and there's no shortage of the city's nameless and destitute to fill out the ranks as guinea pigs. For Joanne Koch, Biotechnica chief, it's the perfect business model. Whenever strings of mysterious deaths and disappearances occur, you should expect Biotechnica to launch a new product worth billions on the market within the next couple years. But this time Joanne made a mistake – she hurt people with loved ones who looked after them. And now they want revenge.

Rihanna Kumar is a trained engineer and biotechnologist. Up until recently she was working at a lab owned by Cytech, a corp specializing in implant manufacturing. Kumar developed prototypes and was responsible for perfecting the shoulder implants currently on the market. Capable, ambitious and principled when corpo politics try to limit her potential – for months on the side she's been working on her own models and implant drivers right under her bosses' noses. She knew the risks, but she also thought she would





get results before Cytech caught up. Boy, 00100000 was she wrong.

Want to live until a ripe, old age in Night City? Then learn to turn a blind eye. You see some little punks drag your neighbor into a dark alleyway? Look away. Notice a badge taking eddies from a Tyger Claw member? Look Oo145 down and check if your shoelaces are tied. Stolen implants from the scavengers being sold at the market stalls? Buy them – they're cheaper than the legal ones anyway. Most folks understand these basic rules, but not Anna 01001001 Hamill – she seems to be allergic to any kind of injustice. When she sees a misdeed, her entire body screams, "react!" It sounds ridiculous, but some people are just good at their core, like Anna – which makes it even more of a shame that she works at Night City's most corrupt institution.

The NCPD doesn't boast a glowing reputation. That should come as no surprise, really. They pull their weapons more often on those who pose the least threat, and give a wide berth to the city's most gang-infested areas. You throw these allegations at the police, however, and the response you get back is "What do you expect?" After all, they're paid pitiful wages and often equipped with last generation's most average gear. They ask questions and are told 'sorry buddy, that's /classified.' Whenever they absolutely need to guarantee results, they turn to the merc world for help. This is Aaron McCarlson's MO: he never sticks out his own neck when 01001110 he can stick out someone [REDACTED] else's for a flat rate. And what are the jobs he delegates out to the city's chromed-out vigilantes? No one knows exactly. Fixers don't ask such nosy questions.

River Ward thought that nothing could top becoming an NCPD detective – 00100000 that things could only get easier from there. Well, turns out that always doing the right thing in Night City is harder than just getting a title. Every day for Oo163 River is a moral struggle – either he plays the game, or he gives up a slice of his soul. If he lets his guard down for even one second, some ganger will get the best of him. In spite of all this, River shows up for work every morning with a can-do attitude. Maybe it's his way of





coping, or because he doesn't know 01001000 how to do anything else.

Anthony Harris – a man in his forties, average Night Citizen, no criminal record. Then a routine vehicle inspection revealed him to be a dangerous serial kidnapper. Not only was a dying teenager – pumped full of hormones and anabolic steroids – found in his trunk, but also the possessions and genetic material of several other missing boys. The 00163 media dubbed him "Peter Pan." Unfortunately for the authorities and victims' families, 01001001 Harris was shot in the head while in detention. He slipped into a coma which prevented the NCPD from interrogating him to learn the location of the missing teenagers, including Randy – River Ward's nephew.

You'd be hard-pressed to find a conscience in Night City that isn't heavy with some kind of regret, but there are few who could even imagine the atrocities Karubo Bairei has committed. Twenty years ago, he was the terror of Night City. He murdered 01010011 entire families, practically doing backstrokes in pools of their still-warm blood. Then, all of a sudden, Karubo vanished. Most assumed he finally met the fate that he deserved, rotting in a gutter under a pile of cigarette butts and pizza boxes. But recently Karubo has made his return to the city. Twenty years older, twenty years calmer. He's hidden himself in a dive on Clarendon Street with the hopes that the city has forgotten him... But it hasn't. And it never will.

Imprisoned for armed robbery and first-degree murder, Joshua Stephenson had 01010100 his five seconds of fame upon converting to Christianity. After a series of late-night 00145 show [REDACTED] appearances and televised debates, some still doubt whether Stephenson's conversion was genuine.

When 17-year-old William Hare first saw a poster promoting service in Militech's paramilitary forces, he finally understood his purpose in life. As his impressionable eyes scanned the multi-million-dollar equipment and armored soldiers, he felt a brutal power and desire for adventure swell inside him. How could a kid who spent his whole 01001111 life in the slums of Rancho Coronado resist? The





promotional specialists in Militech's recruitment office 01010010 certainly think so, and they're usually right. Hare enlisted and eventually rose to the rank of Corporal. He got everything he dreamed of plus more [REDACTED] – combat military-grade cyberware, a sense of power, camaraderie and adventure. As for the latter, there are some parts he'd rather forget – especially the ones he's forbidden to talk about. After Brazil, everything changed. He lost his good health and came back to Night City a veteran, but with no hope of ever returning to active duty. That's when Hare first asked himself – had Militech taken away more than they gave him?

I'm tellin' you, you might not get it, but Dogtown's a decent place. Corps from Night City might call us a failure, a ruined district, a wart on Night City's ass. But first of all, we keep to ourselves and we keep an eye on each other. And Oo163 second of all, at least we have some rules, harsh 01011001 though they may be. That's more than you can say about Night City.

Choom, this is the last place on Earth, the last bastion of paradise – everything else is a rotten parody of itself. Here we live like kings in our own kingdom, watching the shoreline, at night diving into the Net. We're like sailors taking castaways to the new 00101110 land. I'm an ambassador of the free market that flew like Icarus to the sun. We emerge from the sea foam, from our hiding places, like the first people to populate the Earth – or maybe the last?

// 1337 COD3R\$ W3R3 H3R3

INTELLIGENCE GATHERING COMPLETED ON [REDACTED], 2077.

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CONTACT: [REDACTED]@FIA.NUSA

SECURE LINE: 212-[REDACTED]

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