

DAY TO DAY

Face it—you're not going to spend every moment living on the edge, running from the corps, and raising your rep as the hottest 'runner in the 'plex. In fact, you'll probably spend more time living in a doss, running to the Stuffer Shack, and getting stuck in traffic when the grid's running as slow as a troll on BTL. Here's a taste of what everyday life might be like for your friendly neighborhood shadowrunners.

A PLACE TO STASH YOUR GEAR

Everybody's gotta live somewhere, and that "somewhere" can vary from a squat in a condemned building up to a palatial apartment in a chic corporate enclave. Shadowrunners usually gravitate more toward the "squat" end than the "palace" end, but hey, anything's possible, right?

Most people these days, especially in the sprawls, live in apartments. A standard mid-priced apartment includes a wide array of amenities, all of which are wired or wireless so they can talk to each other and keep your life running smoothly. When you get up in the morning, your coffee maker has your fresh soykaf ready for you. Your fridge monitors your food's freshness dates and quantities and orders up replacements when needed. Your vacuum-cleaner drone rolls around doing its job quietly and unobtrusively. Rooms are set to automatically turn lights on and off when you enter or leave, and your windows can be programmed to show you any view you want—who wouldn't prefer, say, a South American beach to the rainy squalor of the sprawl? You can even have a robot pet to come home to—all the fun with none of the walks or litter-box cleaning. All this is usually controlled by a central terminal—and good news for shadowrunners is that most people don't upgrade its security settings past the defaults.

For those who don't want—or can't afford—such accommodations, squatting (occupying a residence without the permission of the legal owner) is widespread, especially in areas where the police don't feel as welcome. Don't expect much in the way of perks, but if you have the right know-how or the right friends, these squats can be surprisingly comfortable.

For the shadowrunner on the go, motels and hotels come in all price ranges and luxury levels—but naturally the higher-end establishments are going to want all sorts of pesky data before they'll let you in. Motels, usually with lower levels of security and fewer questions, are more popular with the shadow set. And for the ultimate in quickie lodging, there are always "coffin hotels"—they'll rent you a cubicle barely larger than you are, complete with trid unit, Matrix hookup, and a door with a lock on it. Need a place to stash your stuff (or yourself) for a few days? If you can get around the dehumanizing aspects of the whole thing, coffin hotels can be just the ticket.

GETTING AROUND

There are all kinds of ways of getting from point A to point B in 2070—it's just a matter of how fast you want to get there and how much money you want to spend doing it. Most cities have at least decent public transportation, with trains, monorails, buses, and intra-city air transports that will

get you almost anywhere you want to go as long as you don't mind walking part of the way. Taxis (ground and air) are common too, and, like the trains and monorails, are often autopiloted drones or controlled by riggers. It's safer that way—at least for the operators.

If you're lucky enough to have your own vehicle, it probably runs on electrical power and finds its way around via GridGuide, a system that theoretically manages traffic, shows you the quickest routes and latest maps and alerts, and instructs your car's autopilot how to get there—when it works, that is. Just keep in mind that the grid doesn't go everywhere—in bad neighborhoods, for example, you're on your own. For that matter, in barrens areas, you can't even count on the *roads* to be in good shape, let alone the navigation aids—and that's not mentioning the go-gangs and road predators that come out at night.

For long distance travel, you can compete with the road trains, drone convoys, and asphalt pirates on the highways, grab a bullet-train, or pay a smuggler to get you there faster and without hitting border checkpoints. Or you can book everything from short-hop commuter airlines to high-flying suborbitals or even semiballistics that actually leave the Earth's atmosphere (magicians beware!), but keep in mind that you'll need a SIN (or a reasonable facsimile) to fly any significant distance on public airways.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

It's amazing what they can do with soy these days. Seriously—the staple diet of all but the rich and elite is heavily based on the huge array of foodstuffs formulated using "new foods" like soy and mycoprotein and krill. Sure, the texture can get a little monotonous after awhile, but the stuff is clean, nutritious, cheap, and for the most part tastes pretty darn good with the right flavorings, even when compared to the real thing. Most homes contain appliances that let you start with a soy base and add assorted flavors until you've approximated whatever food you've got the munchies for. Same goes for beverages—synthahol isn't quite as tasty as a real brew, but it'll get you just as drunk for a lot cheaper.

That's not to say "real" food and drink don't exist—agriculture and technology have made great strides, allowing crops to grow in unlikely places (like underground, in vertical farms, or on polar icecaps, for example). This means that even the poor can afford to supplement their diets with real meat and vegetables now and then—as long as they don't mind the health risks of eating genetically engineered " Frankenfoods" or genetic-hybrid chimera foods.

SHOW ME THE MONEY

Nowadays more than ever it's almost quaint to see someone carrying actual money, including credsticks—so last decade. Almost everybody simply beams funds back and forth using their commlinks and online accounts, and the only credsticks you're likely to see are the certified variety—the payment method of choice for people who don't want to leave a data trail behind them.