

CAST OFF YOUR PRECONCEIVED NOTIONS AND GAZE BEYOND THE

# BLACK WALL

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**THE HEYWOOD  
CHUPACABRA  
STRIKES AGAIN!**

**NIGHT CITY TAROT**

**WILD SEX-CRAZED  
MUTANTS OF THE  
NC HOT ZONE**

**UFO SIGHTINGS**

**CASE FILES OF AN  
NCPD PSYCHIC COP**

**LEAKED F.I.A. ALIEN  
ABDUCTION FILES**  
TERRIFYING ENCOUNTERS  
OF THE FOURTH KIND  
REVEALED!



# THE HEYWOOD BODEGA

When the cartels nuked the Big Apple, the bodega Arturo Gomez's family had run for 4 generations was lost in the rubble. They packed their shit and set out west for a new start in Night City. The City of Dreams Bodega has been serving up chopped cheese and illegal loosies down on Eburnike to the people of Heywood since then.

Now if a place tells you they invented something, or George Washington got his ass ate there, usually you take it with a grain of salt. But Arturo will tell you, unprompted, that his family brought the noble bodega cat to NC. In the mornings, El Guapo would make his patrol of the block. Getting scritchies and tributes from the Valentinos, vibing someone through a bad BD trip, and leaving a trail of half-eaten rodents.

Until one lonely July day, El Guapo never came back....

It was a chiphead looking for copper wire who found him. Lifeless, intact, but drained of all his blood with only two puncture wounds.

In hushed whispers the locals tell tales of a mysterious creature. A scan of the CitiNet reveals that Heywood has an unusually high volume of missing pets. And then you find things that deepen the mystery.

Three weeks before El Guapo went missing, locals remember the day a Biotechnica van got t-boned. Streets swarming with CorpSec goons in full battlegear, and MPs from the NorCal base.

The Conclave of Abuelas tell me something from the old country has come for us all. Also that I need to eat more. The foreman of a rad-scrubber crew on a coffee run say it's some kind of mutant dogbeast twisted by fallout and pollution.

Whatever lurks in the hinterlands between the Hot Zone and civilization none can say. But we do know that folks are on edge, and that Son of El Guapo isn't allowed outside.

# Sex-Crazed Mutants of the NC Hot-Sone

All life. From the roaches under your couch to the undiagnosed tumour you're getting from a diet of SCOP and cheap smokes has two primary drives beyond all else.

The need to feed, and the need to breed.

When Man drops the power of the Atom on a place, they say it awakens something. In the radioactive fallout of the worst live concert 12,000 souls ever attended, something primal lurks underneath the rubble. I've seen it, I've felt it, and I hunger for it as it hungered for me.

Down lost corridors and forbidden passageways I saw one phrase over and over the deeper I got.

“ALL HOLES ARE ON THE MENU OF FLESH”

Lust-crazed cybermen, rad-soaked creatures of ethereal and unnatural beauty, dirty little freaks of every shape size and gender identity. Waiting to strip away your virtue. Craving only one thing.

Your flesh.



# YOUR UFO SIGHTINGS SHARED

I see the lights, man.  
They hover and then,  
ZAP! Just fuckin' gone.

Always in sync.

Dale P. Colorado Springs

I know what I am. You can shout that the  
XBDs cooked my neurons to God Herself.

I know what I saw.

The shape, the light, the sense of  
safety I've never known since.

The Man with the Blue Eyes cannot  
steal it from me.

Anonymous Reader

I was flying patrol as the War was  
wrapping up. If anything entered our  
airspace, zero it. No warning, no  
hesitation. The bogie lit up my screen.  
Ungodly fast, it didn't fly. It danced.  
Every lock on failed, comms scrambled  
the closer I got. Then nothing.

I filed a report, a day later orders  
came from the top to forget it.

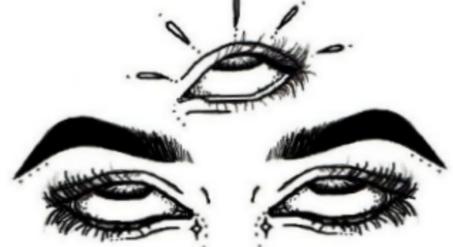
CPT A. Deschennes, RCAF (ret'd)

My clan was set up in the High Sierras  
when we saw them. Jerry thought it was the  
usual aeroxep traffic at first. But then  
Thrash just started babbling. Their eyes  
were so tricked out that they could see the  
Moon in high-res I swear.

"They're not from here"

Big Rhonda, Snake Nation

# CASE FILES OF AN NCPD PSYCHIC COP



My grandma said there was something about the women in our family. As I got older it started to click that she didn't just mean big cans and a guarantee they'll be full of cancer by my 50s.

I can't really describe the feeling. One, how can you make the irrational rational? Two, I learned pretty quick that talking about it just gets you fast-tracked to the Department shrink. Plus every asshole and their dog keeps asking you for the lucky Body Lotto numbers.

If I could predict the weather or who's gonna win the Big Game. You think I'd still be doing this bullshit job?

What I get are flashes, feelings, waves of raw emotion. Those last ones, they stay with you, and they never fucking leave.

I followed a feeling, and caught the Dockside Ripper.

He got the chair last year. I saw it on Pay-Per-View. Desperately hoping it would do something.

Nothing ever does.

Solves, medals, getting my shield before I was 25. Booze, trash TV, New-Age VR meditation, sex. None of it changes a damn thing.

I still feel the aftershocks. The raw fear of some kid's final minutes.

I feel them all.



# CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE FOURTH KIND

This report was part of a series of documents uploaded to MUFON's servers in 2043 by an unknown sender. The signal was eventually traced to a supposedly abandoned DataTerm in Night City.

**FIA** —

FEDERAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY

Department of the  
Aerospace Force



**CLASSIFIED - PROJECT RED BOOK ACCESS ONLY**

SUBJECT: NASH, Robert  
PLACE OF ENCOUNTER: Holiday City, OH  
CATEGORY: 4

Subject found nude and disoriented at the side of the road by Ohio State Highway Patrol following reports by local Nomads. Subject states he has no memory of who he is. DNA ID match to NASH, Robert Edward, 43. Stockbroker from New York, NY.

Medical examination reveals similar surgical scarring to Case File #383-AB-7. All prior implants removed and replaced with unknown elements.

Partial Braindance recovery attached.



# HOOKS

Black Wall is a quarterly screamsheet for fans of the paranormal and the unexplained. Fans of Unsolved Mysteries, Coast to Coast AM, Weekly World News and the X-Files will feel right at home.

## The Truth is Out There.

- A strange creature is menacing the darkest corners of the mean streets of Heywood. Pets, rats, and even a drifter have been found drained of all their blood. Whatever it is, the locals want it dead. Or, perhaps someone else wants it captured. Alive. A great bounty for a Solo, or a valuable asset for an Exec.
- Salacious tales abound of feral mutants in the darkness of the Hot Zone. Freaks, mutants, CHUDs. Whatever they are, the rumors get more lurid. Following an AV crash, a corpo fatcat's daughter is missing and a rad-scrubber crew member says he saw the feral sewer dwellers carry her below. Will your Crew find a den of lasciviousness? Or, has a new community formed amidst the rubble, ruin, and rads?
- The High Sierras have become a hotbed of UFO activity since the end of the Fourth Corporate War. Are the lights made by visitors from another world, or experimental tech that no one is meant to see? Have any Nomads in the Crew seen them?
- A player meets a stranger, or maybe even one of the Friends/Enemies/Exes they rolled up in character creation. Naked, no memory, with unusual incision marks. Any cyberware has been removed, and a small unknown implant remains. What happened, and why do you keep seeing that guy with blue eyes everywhere now?
- Detective Lisa McGonigal is a young gumshoe with the haunted look of someone twice her age. Any Lawmen or Medias may have met her. Scuttlebutt says she's got a knack for being in the wrong place. Whatever is going on, she's very guarded about it. But will drop a hint of something that happens to a player very soon. She might just have a tip, that she can neither explain nor act on. But all she can say is you need to be at Pier 14 at 3AM.
- R. Talsorian Games has a Night City Tarot Deck as a free PDF. What will the cards reveal?