

The Laser Sword Briefcase

Everybody wants a laser sword. For forty years, since that movie came out, the call has been incessant: *provide the Conspiracy with laser swords*. At first it was gussied up as a request for 'power knives' with short, but variable blades that could be used to cut through locks and hinges and whatnot -- and, admittedly, that *would* be useful. But what people **really** wanted were katanas made out of energy.

And it's only gotten *worse* as the years went on. Some of those kids who pretended to fight duels with flashlights are now reaching the upper ranks of the various Conspiracies. And, dammit, they want laser swords and flying cars and jetpacks and where the hell is that 100 mpg carburetor that supposedly got suppressed? It's time to revisit **that** executive decision, at least.

This is all perfectly normal, and hardly unique. After all, the Silicon Revolution was at least partially fueled by people in the Conspiracy telling R&D to hurry up with the tricorders and communicators, already. So the various groups working on adapting Conspiracy tech for the Masses have been working on laser swords now.

Only better. The things required cross-hilts, for one thing. A stun setting was deemed to be ideal. Or at least a way to hold the blade without it slicing through everything. Naturally the broad-spectrum radiation problem needed to be licked, as was how to repower a laser sword without browning out the Eastern Seaboard for twenty minutes. But this is why the Shadow War has R&D facilities.

And one of them has delivered! Behold: a briefcase with all the hardcopy data -- put it in digital storage? Oh you sweet, naive summer child -- that's needed to make your very own laser sword. It's to go to the Clearinghouse, where the finest Conspiracy scribes will hand etch the data into their diamond storage computers and make the details available to any humble Conspiracy pilgrim that desires it. Best if it ends up there, honestly. The Clearinghouse is absolutely neutral ground. To attack it is to have your own faction destroyed by all the others. And our own faction will rack up quite a bit of credit in the Favor Bank for making this information available to all.

Of course, first you have to get the briefcase there. Be sure to stop by the armory before you go; this mission may end up being *unsubtle*. But don't worry about them shooting the briefcase; it's going to be the safest thing in

the world until *somebody* delivers it to the Clearinghouse.
So make sure that it's you who's doing the delivering.

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