

## THE OTHER TWELVE – PART ONE OF TWO

**Author’s Warning:** This article is intended specifically for the Game Master’s use and is not intended for players to read. Players reading this material will likely spoil any surprises their Game Masters have in store. Additionally, this article includes an indirect reference to a major dramatic plot development from the third season of *Battlestar Galactica*, and may spoil some of the show’s surprises. Pages 187–191 of the core rulebook contain a wealth of information about and suggestions regarding the use of Cylon and Cylon infiltrators in ongoing *Battlestar Galactica* campaigns. The information in this article augments and expands upon those guidelines.

This article features an alternate roster of humanoid Cylon models to replace the Cylons depicted in the *Battlestar Galactica* television series. These variant Cylons are for Game Masters who want to utilize Cylon infiltrators in their campaigns but don’t wish to be tied to their canonical descriptions, which are often a dead giveaway and spoil the element of surprise. If your players are automatically highly suspicious of every tall, icy-blond bombshell they meet, there’s no way a Number Six model as depicted on the television series can be introduced. Similarly, introducing a black-haired, brown-eyed young female Raptor pilot, a somewhat obsequious and prissy bureaucrat, or a rugged looking visionary means integrating Sharon Valerii, Doral, or Leoban into the game—without having them shot on sight—will prove difficult.

All your players know is the following:

- There are twelve models
- They look like us
- There are many copies

### THE SEVEN WHO ARE MANY

Early in the campaign, your player characters will likely end up meeting at least one if not multiple copies of each of these

models. Each of the seven is either a Cylon sleeper agent, unaware of his true identity, or he is fully aware of his nature and utilizes whatever capabilities he can to fulfill his mission. All self-aware or “triggered” Cylons have the special Traits described on page 211 of the core rulebook. Following the example of the Cylons on described on pages 212 and 213 of the core rulebook, each of these Cylons has been built on 46 Attribute points, 4 points in Traits, and 72 points in Skills. These Skills and Traits may be augmented if the character is “triggered” with additional capabilities suitable for a particular mission.

If you would like to utilize these hidden Cylons in your campaign, he should introduce some of them early (perhaps two or three), and sprinkle the rest throughout the first handful of sessions. Some of them may only appear in highly suspicious circumstances, such as when Kara Thrace met Simon on Caprica. Others will be longtime friends or allies, fighting Cylons alongside the player characters, and may even believe themselves to be human, until they are “triggered.” Some of the Seven are hidden among the Fleet and are fully aware of their nature, and are biding their time waiting until the moment is right and their mission can be accomplished.

### A Number One: “Petty Officer Markam Cayle”

**Agi** d6 **Str** d8 **Vit** d8 **Ale** d8 **Int** d8 **Wil** d8

**LP** 18; **Init** d6+d8

**Traits** Cool Under Fire d2, Duty (Colonial Fleet) d6, Good-Natured d4, Straight-Laced d4, Toes the Line d4, Tough d4

**Skills** Athletics d6/Weight Lifting d8, Covert d6/Sabotage d10, Discipline d6, Guns d6/Pistols d8, Influence d4, Knowledge d4, Mechanical Engineering d6/Mechanical Repairs d8, Perception d4, Pilot d6/Ship’s Guided Weapons d8/Ship’s Cannons d8, Technical Engineering d6/Disable Device d10/Electronics d10/Repair Electrical Systems d8, Unarmed Combat d6

**Description** Markam Cayle is a tall, broad-shouldered male, roughly thirty years old.

He has short-cropped prematurely balding blond hair, pale green eyes, and a soft voice. He has a perpetually troubled expression, as if there's something wrong that he can't quite identify or put into words. To his companions, Cayle is doggedly loyal and introspective; he's the sort of guy you'd trust with your secrets, and go to for solid advice. He grew up on Aquaria, the son of a long line of fishermen and sailors. He doesn't talk much about his family, and on one of the few occasions he drank to excess he confided that they were lost at sea, presumed drowned. Cayle blamed himself, saying he should have been with them rather than in the Colonial military.

**Identity** Cayle serves onboard *Galactica* as a Petty Officer, with his duty that of an armament technician. He's responsible for maintaining *Galactica's* point defense system and capital range primary assault railguns and seeing that they're properly loaded between and during engagements. Even before the Cylons attacked, Cayle was never late for a shift and never sick. Even now, he's usually the first to arrive at his post and is always the last to leave.

**Plot Hook** Cayle is a trusted and dependable member of *Galactica's* crew with access to ship-scale armaments and an intimate knowledge of her defensive capabilities. His triggering can lead to sabotage or another compromise of *Galactica's* defenses. Even a well-timed weapons malfunction or delay re-arming might allow a Cylon vessel to slip through *Galactica's* fusillade in a firefight.

### A Number Four: "Doctor Audra Dallan"

**Agi** d6 **Str** d6 **Vit** d6 **Ale** d10 **Int** d10 **Wil** d8  
**LP** 14; **Init** d6+d10

**Traits** Advanced Education d6, Dull Sense (Eyesight) d2, Pacifist d6, Renowned d6

**Skills** Craft d2, Guns d2, Influence d6/ Administration d8/Leadership d8, Knowledge d6, Medical Expertise d6/Toxicology d8, Perception d6/Investigation d8, Planetary Vehicles d4, Scientific Expertise d6/ Environmental Sciences d12/Life Sciences d12, Survival d6/Foraging d10/Outdoor Life d8, Unarmed Combat d2

**Description** Audra Dallan is a petite female in her mid-thirties, with somewhat frizzy black hair usually worn up, a few stray locks constantly pushed out of her face or tucked behind her glasses. Her manner is thoroughly businesslike and professional, with an easy smile. She has an obvious, elevated accent that indicates an elite upbringing within a privileged social class. Her profession is that of a scientist, specializing in horticulture and other life sciences. Dallan grew up on Tauron, and holds several degrees and doctorates from universities there as well as an honorary doctorate from the Lyceum of Caprica. Before the attack, she was en route to Aereon to deliver a paper on genetic manipulation techniques to aid crop production, an unpopular subject on the rural world.

**Identity** Though she does not hold any official military rank onboard *Galactica*, Dallan is now Secretary of Agriculture for the fleet government. Though the title is a bit misleading, her role in Roslin's cabinet is to oversee the efforts to turn base algae and other vegetative matter into something more nutritious, allowing the fleet to sustain itself indefinitely. She is currently working with various agro-ships to boost their production levels, and is also establishing hydroponics gardens in any available square meter she can find within the ships of the fleet.

**Plot Hook** If "triggered," Dallan could wreck havoc on the fleet's food supply. As a skilled chemist and botanical engineer, she could use the existing plant life to introduce any number of subtle toxins or poisons into the fleet's food supply.

### A Number Five: "Hector Odell"

**Agi** d10 **Str** d8 **Vit** d8 **Ale** d8 **Int** d6 **Wil** d6  
**LP** 16; **Init** d10+d8

**Traits** Brawler d4, Convict d6, Fast on Your Feet d2, Formidable Presence d2, Greedy d4, Hideout d6, Out For Blood d4, Tough d4

**Skills** Covert d6/Open Locks d8/Stealth d8/ Streetwise d8, Guns d6/Shotguns d8, Influence d6/Barter d8/Intimidation d8/Persuasion d8, Knowledge d6/Appraisal d8, Melee Weapon

Combat d6, Perception d6/Intuition d8/  
Search d8, Planetary Vehicles d4, Survival d4,  
Unarmed Combat d6/Brawling d8

**Description** Hector Odell is a wiry, tough-looking male in his late twenties with a shaved head and stubble. He has prison tattoos up and down his arms and across his chest. Born on Scorpia, in one of the planet's massive, overcrowded slums, Odell was raised by extended family and claims not to know his father or mother. In such an environment, he ran afoul of the law and found himself incarcerated, sentenced to serve his time on the prison world of Canceron.

**Identity** Odell is a convicted thief with a long record of criminal offenses. After more than a decade of hard labor on Canceron, he earned his release and was en route to his review hearing onboard the *Astral Queen* when the Cylons attacked. Since then, he's grown in authority amongst the onetime prisoners, and was one of Tom Zarek's trusted henchmen until Zarek's political career took him off the Queen. Since then, Odell has stepped in as one of the overseers aboard the vessel, though he's thinking of making a jump over to a cushier life within the rumored black market.

**Plot Hook** As a representative of the *Astral Queen*, Odell has access to a large and potentially violent group of men that are easily persuaded to commit violence. If "triggered," he will readily use this as a diversionary tactic, coordinated with another act of sabotage or a Cylon assault.

### A Number Seven: "Representative Robin Wenuu"

**Ag** d6 **Str** d6 **Vit** d6 **Ale** d8 **Int** d10 **Wil** d10  
**LP** 16; **Init** d6+d8

**Traits** Advanced Education d2, Dull Sense (Eyesight) d2, Duty (Canceron) d6, Formidable Presence d4, Paranoid d4, Political Pull d12, Prejudice (Convicts) d4, Sixth Sense d6, Straight-Laced d4

**Skills** Athletics d2, Discipline d6, Guns d2, Influence d6/Administration d10/Bureaucracy d10/Interrogation d8/Intimidation d8/Leadership d8/Persuasion d8/Politics d10,

Knowledge d6/Culture d8/History d8/  
Law d10, Perception d6, Performance d6/  
Oratory d8, Pilot d4, Planetary Vehicles d6/  
Car d8

**Description** Robin Wenuu is a woman in her mid-forties with a serious and somewhat prim demeanor. She has mid-length straight brown hair, and wears severe rectangular-rimmed glasses that give her an authoritarian, bookish appearance. She wears suits and has a no-nonsense attitude that works to her favor in the political arena. She was born on Canceron, the offspring of a male prisoner and female guard. After Wenuu's birth, she was sent to live with her mother's family at the southern polar region, where she became adept at administration, until eventually returning to the region of her birth to serve as a prison officiate. She was en route to Caprica onboard the *Astral Queen* when the Cylons attacked, and immediately transferred to another ship for her own safety. After the establishment of the civilian government, she was elected to the Quorum of Twelve and has been an active participant in their deliberations and activities.

**Identity** Representative Wenuu is the duly elected fleet representative of the prison planet of Canceron. She has butted heads with Tom Zarek on many occasions, as he has assumed control over the population of the *Astral Queen*, her sole proprietorship. She visits regularly to ensure the fair treatment of the former (and current) prisoners. Wenuu has voted regularly in support of President Roslin, though she has been conspicuously absent for controversial votes.

**Plot Hook** Wenuu is on the Quorum of Twelve, a position ripe for abuse if she is "triggered." Though she has few citizens under her bailiwick, she is nonetheless capable of casting a vote equal to any other on the Quorum. She is not above using her political might for personal gain, and used against the fleet her power could be devastating.

*Note: Representative Robin Wenuu is a canonical character from the Battlestar Galactica television series, but it is highly unlikely that she is actually a Cylon infiltrator.*

## A Number Eight: “Captain Jonas Sekani”

**Agi** d10 **Str** d6 **Vit** d6 **Ale** d8 **Int** d8 **Wil** d8

**LP** 14; **Init** d10+d8

**Traits** Cool Under Fire d2, Duty (Passengers) d6, Good-Natured d2, Idealist d4, Sharp Sense (Eyesight) d2, Split-Second Timing d2, Talented (Pilot/Astrogration, Pilot/Passenger Liner) d2, Toes the Line d4

**Skills** Discipline d2, Guns d4, Influence d6, Knowledge d6, Mechanical Engineering d6/Mechanical Repairs d8/Ship Design d8, Perception d6/Sight d8, Pilot d6/Aerial Craft (Passenger Jet) d8/Astrogration d10/Small Spacecraft (Yacht) d10/Large Spacecraft (Passenger Liner) d10, Technical Engineering d6/Communications Systems d8/Repair Electrical Systems d10, Unarmed Combat d4

**Description** Jonas Sekani is an adult male of compact build and fairly average appearance. He appears to be in his mid-30s, though he may be older or younger. His hair is brownish-blond and is kept short and neat. Sekani has a strong jawline and deep, perceptive eyes. Precise and careful in his mannerisms, he is reliable and seems to be unflappable. Sekani is a Libran, and after a brief stint in the military, he became a civilian pilot, eventually graduating from airliners to space liners. Sekani was piloting flight *LSL 4587* en route to Virgon at the time of the Cylon attack. Since the attack, he’s rechristened the vessel the *Phoenix*.

**Identity** Captain Sekani has taken his change in fortune with surprising good cheer, impressing his copilots with his indefatigable nature and willingness to pull double-shifts. They joke that if not for restrictions place on flight-time by *Galactica*, Sekani would never leave his captain’s chair. Despite this, he is charming and friendly, and makes it a point to familiarize himself with all of the passengers on his ship—and he’s had plenty of time to do so.

**Plot Hook** If “triggered” Sekani represents *Galactica*’s worst fear: a fully occupied passenger vessel with a hostile agenda. It would be easy to kill hundreds of passengers by plowing the ship into *Galactica* or another

vessel. Alternately, he could refrain from a scheduled jump and turn the *Phoenix* over an oncoming Cylon attack force.

## A Number Nine: “Ennea”

**Agi** d8 **Str** d6 **Vit** d8 **Ale** d10 **Int** d6 **Wil** d8

**LP** 16; **Init** d8+d10

**Traits** Allure d6, Fast on Your Feet d6, Glory Hound d4, Greedy d4, Liar d6, Memorable d2, Photographic Memory d2, Talented (Influence/Persuasion, Influence/Seduction) d6

**Skills** Athletics d6/Dodge d8, Covert d6/Sleight of Hand d8/Stealth d8, Influence d6/Conversation d8/Persuasion d8/Seduction d10, Knowledge d6/Culture d8, Melee Weapon Combat d6/Knives d8, Perception d6/Empathy d8, Performance d6/Dancing d10, Unarmed Combat d6

**Description** Ennea is an attractive woman in her early twenties, fit and slender with an athletic physique. She has rich brown eyes, russet-colored hair, and pale skin with a hint of freckles. Ennea doesn’t like to talk about her past very often or in much detail, but she’s clearly a Virgonese by her accent and her figures of speech. She claims to have been a repertory dancer for the Virgonese Academy of Classic Studies, and was on the way back from a show on Libris. She had stayed a few days longer to sightsee, and is now the surviving member of her company. She was lucky enough to have booked passage on *Cloud Nine* rather than a commercial liner. Ennea over-emphasized her celebrity, and was allowed to stay onboard, where she lives in a tiny stateroom. She and a male ally (a ship’s purser) on *Cloud Nine* have worked up a bit of a scam; she gets her would-be suitors drunk, and has her ally “help” them back to their quarters, lifting their wallets in the process. He then takes the items to the black market and sells them for a profit, which they share.

**Identity** Without much to do other than sit around and wait, Ennea spends much of her time in the lounge and the park, attending many of the social and political functions. She’s focused on meeting an officer, or someone of importance, mostly for a bit of respite from

the everlasting tedium. She's not particular about gender, and is looking for anyone who can help her out. She's a voracious reader, and has exhausted the meager supply of books freely available within the fleet. She's heard rumors of a small library onboard *Galactica*, and is angling for the opportunity to see it for herself.

**Plot Hook** Her little scam may engage a player character that falls victim to it. Ennea is a prime candidate for a romantic interest for a player character, or as a supporting character's romantic interest. If "triggered," she may use her wiles to get onboard *Galactica*, potentially even breaking into Commander Adama's personal quarters "in search of books."

### A Number Eleven:

"Lance Corporal Milo 'Jester' Auster"

**Agi** d8 **Str** d8 **Vit** d10 **Ale** d6 **Int** d6 **Wil** d8

**LP** 22; **Init** d8+d6

**Traits** Addiction (Smoking) d4, Athlete d4, Brawler d4, Cool Under Fire d6, Duty (Colonial Marines) d6, Rebellious d4, Tough d8, Wise-Ass d4

**Skills** Athletics d6/Dodge d8, Covert d6/Stealth d8, Guns d6/Machine Guns d8/Pistols d8, Influence d6/Conversation d8, Knowledge d2, Melee Weapon Combat d4, Perception d6/Gambling d8, Performance d2, Planetary Vehicles d6/Military Vehicles d8, Survival d4, Unarmed Combat d6/Martial Art (Marine Defense Training) d8

**Description** Milo Auster is male, roughly 30 years old, and in excellent physical shape. He's got dark brown eyes, dark skin, and a wide and friendly face. His hair is black and cut extremely short, with a thin fringe beard and moustache. In person, he's charming and reckless, a relentless wise-ass who effortlessly boosts the morale of his company, even if it gets him into trouble. Auster smokes incessantly since the Cylon attack, claiming that he'll quit the day they find Earth.

**Identity** Lance Corporal Milo Auster, a Colonial Marine, was assigned to the soon-to-be-decommissioned *Galactica* after a spectacular flameout at his previous post. The commanding officer who sent him there hoped

that Bill Adama would be able to "calm the boy down," and at least let him serve out his tour of duty with few distractions. Since then, Auster has made plenty of friends among the Marines, and his flippant attitude earned him the nickname "Jester."

**Plot Hook** Auster has access to weapons and is a highly trained Marine. In the middle of a firefight, he's responsible for relaying communications from his commanding officer, and he makes tactical decisions in the absence of a chain of command. In the event of a Cylon boarding party, he's one of the first to respond. As a Marine, he's also got access to a wide range of military hardware, has an extensive knowledge of the ship's layout and movement of personnel, as well as being able to move throughout the entire ship at any time while heavily armed and armored. Marines guard prisoners, giving him access to any potential Cylon detainees. If Auster is "triggered," his capacity to inflict significant damage upon *Galactica*'s defensive capabilities is extraordinarily great.

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