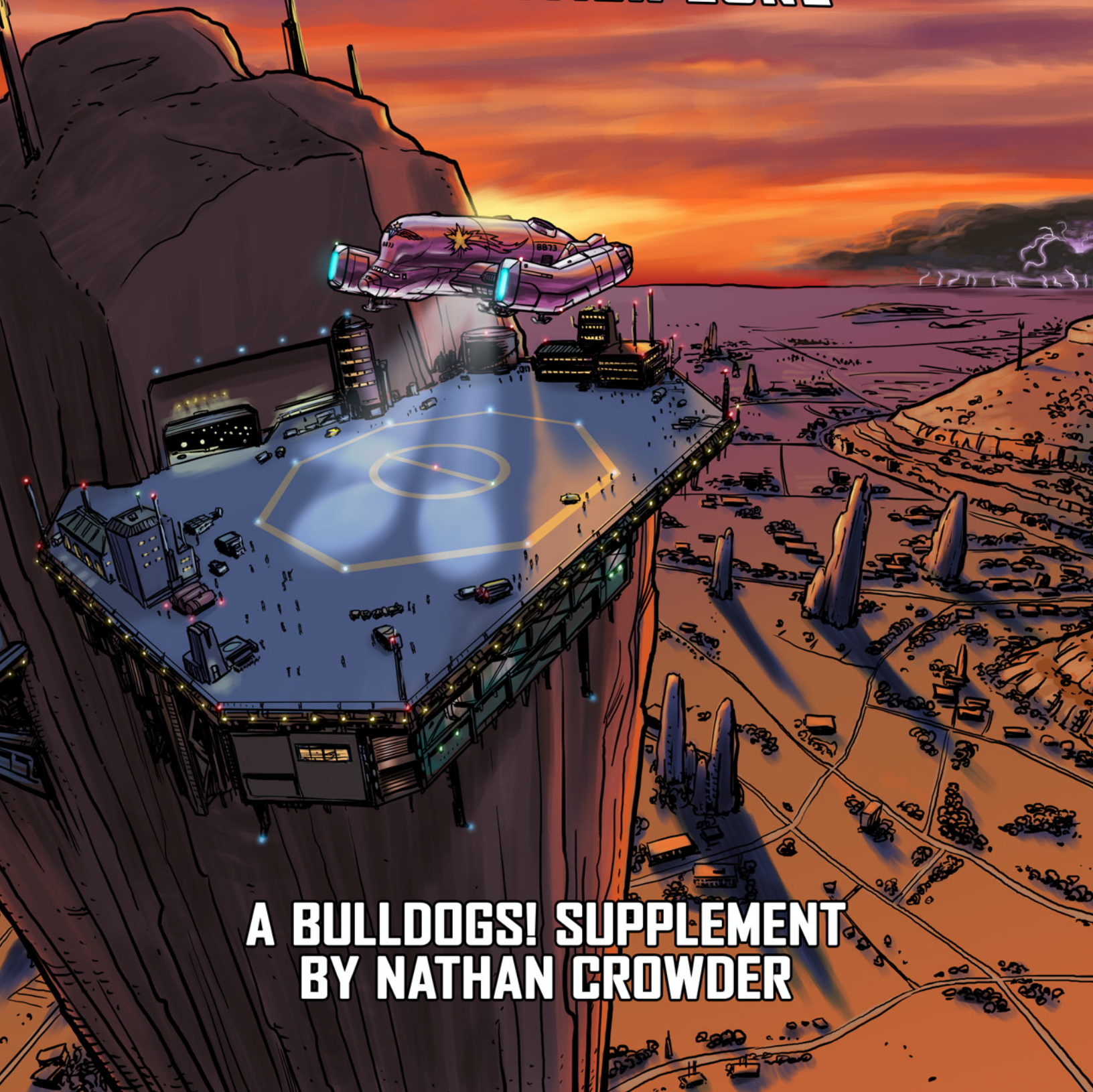


PORTS OF CALL

THE FRONTIER ZONE



**A BULLDOGS! SUPPLEMENT
BY NATHAN CROWDER**

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Introduction



One of the joys of **Bulldogs!** is the constant discovery of new places. Let's face it – if you spend every adventure flying back and forth between the same two points, it'll begin to get a bit routine. A big part of the adventure involves going to strange new places, meeting new people, turning a profit any way possible, and hoping you don't get shot at in the process.

Ports of Call isn't meant to be detailed examination of star systems, planets, or even cities. Each location is sketched in, with the details that make it special – the

general environment, port amenities, the local laws, what the native residents are like, what kind of jobs you're likely to find, and what kinds of trouble you might get into. Basically everything a Class D Freight crewman needs when the airlock opens – all summed up in a few pages. Each entry has just enough information for a quick pick-up game setting, or for the GM to drop into an ongoing game however she chooses. Additionally, each entry will have a handful of story hooks and non-player characters to inspire single sessions or campaigns.

Ready? Check your blasters and vibro-knives. The airlock is opening. The next port of call awaits!



Traveling in the Frontier Zone can be a chaotic experience. Without the unifying laws of the Devalkamanchan Republic or the Union of the Saldralla, travelers face a patchwork of regulations. Wise captains brief their crew on the more relevant local laws (or at the very least, levels of acceptable behavior). Most laws are common sense and tend not to vary much, though the severity of how they are enforced is another matter entirely.

For most crews, local weapon laws are the most relevant information. Some planets bar the carrying of any weapons, while other planets don't care if a person is carrying enough heavy ordnance to bring down a cruiser. Knowing whether your pilot is going to jail for a concealed blaster saves a lot of headaches later on. For this reason, you'll find weapons law listed with each port description.

Without a unifying legal code and a central policing system to keep it all together, bounty hunters are essential. With sophisticated software at their disposal that tracks wanted bulletins across the Frontier Zone, bounty hunters are a common presence at most larger space ports. A particularly egregious law-breaker cannot assume that he's escaped justice merely by leaving the planet where he broke the law.



Ooaltz

[PLANET: YOAL'N]

Planet: Yoal'n

Climate

Dry with seasonal temperature extremes.

Weapon Restrictions

No energy weapons (melee or ranged) are allowed within city limits. No energy-based long-arms may be discharged anywhere on the planet. Violation of this law forfeits the weapon, which will be returned with payment of fine commensurate with the damage caused by discharge, minimum Average (+1) cost.

Port Description

Ooaltz is a rocky spire of beige stone which juts above a high, arid plain. Elevation is 3,350 meters (11,000 feet), so the air is thin. Accommodations are simple. The warehousing space is limited, so 60% of all cargo to be shipped is held at the base of the spire, down an incline lift to a distribution hub 1,370 meters (4,500 feet) lower in elevation. This means that once a cargo deal is struck, there's a better-than-good chance that the ship will have to wait 90 minutes as the cargo is moved up to the transfer point for pick-up. Frequent magnetic storms at lower elevations and limited ship facilities have led the port authority to ban cargo pick-up from the distribution hub. Each cargo container that travels up the lift through a magnetic storm is briefly quarantined and pressure swept to remove small, troublesome beetles that ride the storms.

A monastic order known as the Children of Yoal'n maintain a temple carved from the side of the spire upon which Ooaltz is built. They worship the natural world and do not approve of high technology. However, in order to survive, the order has been forced to expand into the interstellar trade to pay bills. Using recycled ships and parts, they hide the "machineness" of the interior behind a veneer of natural materials. They have begun to sell these "faux-natural" components (control panels, enviro-systems, etc) on the open market. Handmade, they are considered luxuries in most systems and fetch a high price.

Aspects

"MAY I TELL YOU THE GOOD NEWS?"

Invoke: it's easy to get lost in the crowd, "Do you mind if I kneel and pray while you tell me more?"

Compel: a constant distraction from the task at hand, "A donation? No? At least take a pamphlet."

TECH COSTS SOULS

Invoke: downgrade the tech of local threats, "We don't believe in blasters around these parts."

Compel: you'll have issues finding equipment or repairs, "If we were meant to have space travel, we would've been born with fusion bottles."

MAGNETIC STORM COMING

Invoke: adversaries may suddenly disappear, "Hey, where did everyone go?"

Compel: you really don't want to get caught out in one of these, "Anyone else feel, I don't know...tingly?"

Locals: Yoal'nites

Insectoid with a hard carapace, the Yoal'nite walk upright on their four back legs while their front two legs have adapted for fine tool use. They are one-and-a-half meters average height (4'9"), with strong, ant-like mandibles. Their carapace is a translucent tan at birth, and gains depth and opacity as they age, turning light brown at adulthood. Senior Yoal'nites have deep coffee colored carapaces with red notes. Their noble caste has narrow wings which allow short bursts of flight.

Yoal'nite Names

Yoal'nite names consist of a personal name followed by a family name. Genealogy is traced through the male line. Yoal'nites who join religious orders no longer use their family names. These family ties are abandoned when an individual dedicates his life to religion.

Male Names: Ekkru, Hekillu, Hek'tri, Hzt're, Kekt're, Kikti, K'karu, K'k'k're, Kle'tri, Klillu, Krekkru, Krekte, Krillu, T'k're, Tallu, Talikte, Tikkru, Zakaru, Zaru, Zz'tri.

Female Names: Alrau, Alaou, Aoulla, Eaoulla, Erin'ti, Erlan, Ee'enti, Goulla, Harau, Harn'ti, Karaou, Karlan, Krin'ti, Krlan, Ouin, Oulla, Uan'ti, Zikrin, Zin, Zun'ti.

Family Names: Arau, Arloo, Droo, Harlau, Hirloo, Karkalau, K'klu, Klao, Klunzoo, Lankoo, Laralaroo, Laranku, Mogou, Prik'kru, Prk'harou, Trallorau, Troo, Tzrlou, Zallou, Zrloo.

Typical Yoal'nite Aspects

THE STORM WILL PASS OVER

Invoke: all hardship ends eventually, "Sit tight. This will pass."

Compel: you're always anticipating a storm, "I'll just hide those provisions away for later."

OOALTZ

[LOCALS: YOAL'NITES]



**WINGS ARE FOR NOBLES**

Invoke: you need to fly somewhere, “I can reach it. It is my birthright.”

Compel: you assume wings are noble on other species as well, “He can’t possibly treat us so shamefully. He has wings!”

HARDENED CUSTOMER

Invoke: you drive a hard bargain, “Fine, fine. 300 drachnu. Get out of here, you’re ruining my business.”

Compel: you don’t trust a good deal when it comes along, “That price is too low. There must be something wrong with it.”

USED TO MAKING DO WITH LESS

Invoke: conditions aren’t optimal, “I can survive on quarter rations indefinitely.”

Compel: you find excess disgusting, “You eat this much? You are a horrible parasite.”

BEAUTY COMES FROM NATURE

Invoke: you’re at ease in a natural environment, “These poison flowers are calming, from afar.”

Compel: you’re too ready to trust the natural world, “These creatures have great majesty. And fangs.”

MISTRUSTFUL OF TECHNOLOGY

Invoke: you avoid a mechanical trap, “I don’t like the look of that hallway.”

Compel: you need to use high tech equipment, “These buttons are cold metal. I won’t touch them.”

Yoal’nite Species Abilities [-1 to -4]**Exo-Skeleton [-1]**

A Yoal’nite is born with a hard outer-shell that grows hard enough during adolescence that it can act as limited armor. You gain Armor: 1 against hand-to-hand attacks.

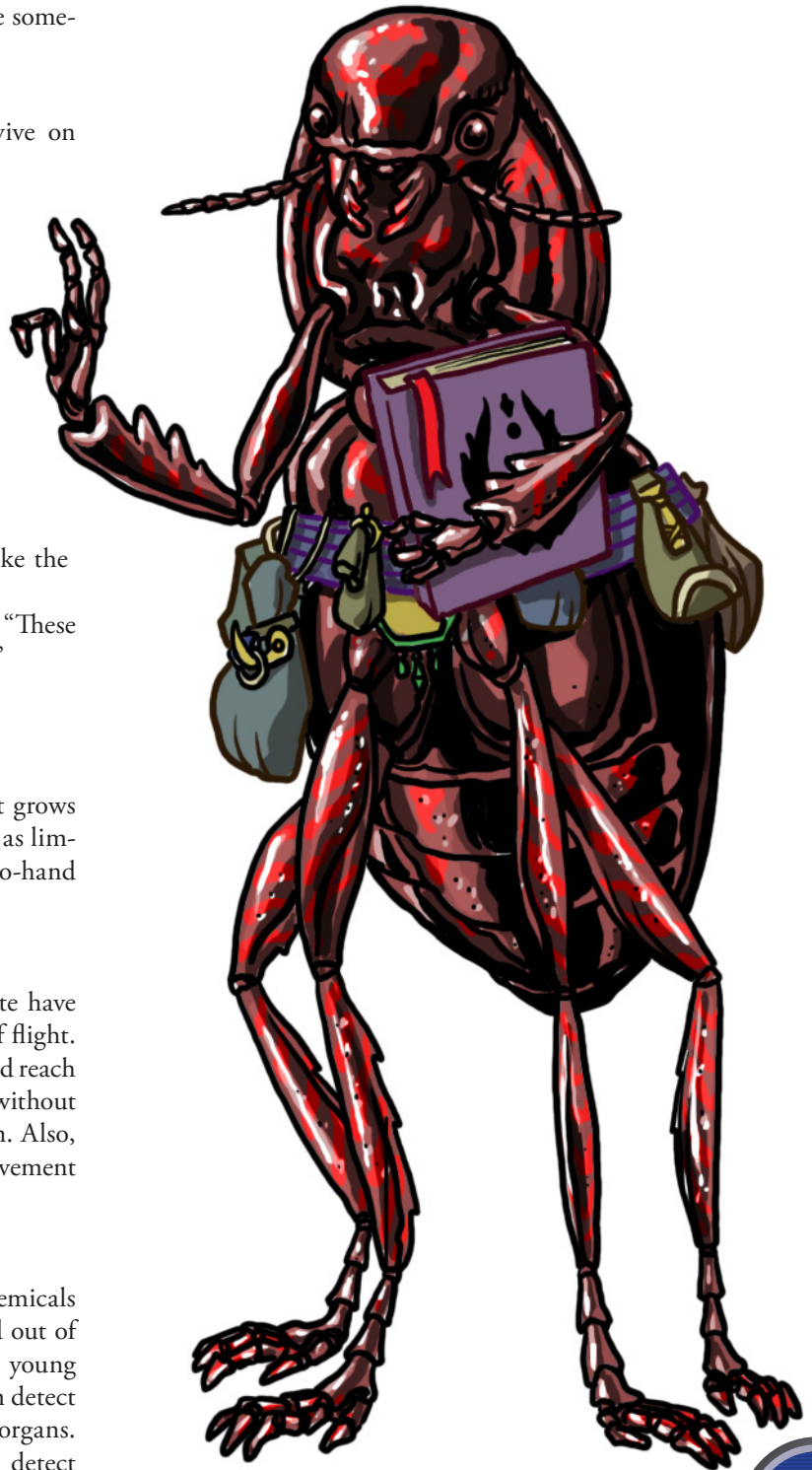
Winged Nobility [-2] (Optional)

Those fortunate to be born into the noble caste have narrow wings that are capable of short bursts of flight. This allows you to overcome ground obstacles and reach high areas. You may move one additional zone without taking the -1 penalty for a supplemental action. Also, you only suffer a -1 penalty on zero-gravity movement and action.

Refined Chemical Sensors [-1] (Optional)

The Yoal’nite have a language of pheromone chemicals that express emotions which will likely be bred out of the species in another few generations. Many young Yoal’nites don’t have chemical receptors that can detect these chemicals, but some still possess the organs. Those of the Yoal’nite who have receptors can detect

other chemical traces in the atmosphere. When making a perception related skill roll, you gain a +2 if using your chemical sense.





Plot Hooks

1. After a deal is struck for cargo, the past catches up to one or more crew members, either something suggested by an aspect, or a less than legal enterprise since landing on Yoal'n. With the ship locked at the transfer point awaiting the cargo, fleeing the planet is not an option.
2. The Children of Yoal'n take exception to a character with the most visible technology and see the chance for a challenging conversion. If the character won't give up his tech, perhaps it can be forcefully taken from him – including any implants.
3. Crew members have to travel down the incline lift to inspect cargo before a deal is reached. On the long ride back up, a powerful magnetic storm blows in, enveloping the characters and bringing with it the swarm of vermin which ride the magnetic disturbance from place to place.
4. Improperly cleaned cargo allows a small group of Storm Beetles to invade the ship. Drawn to magnetic sources, they're a risk to delicate drive and control systems. The crew will have to find and clean them out before take-off or they could run into serious problems in deep space.

Characters

Kikri Droo

A Yoal'nite of noble caste, Droo is a prominent businessman and trader in Ooaltz. If the crew wants to unload something unique, he's their best bet. If they're having trouble finding an appropriate cargo, it's possible that he can help there as well. He might even exert his influence to make things difficult for the party to sell their goods if he wants to buy them himself at a good rate.

Hive-Brother Hyl'to

A Yoal'nite priest of low rank, he's got a problem with the live-and-let-live aspects of the church. He actively looks for opportunities to steer his cart or lower his load onto tech belonging to off-worlders in order to damage it. While he might distractedly apologize, he makes no effort to appear sincere, explaining that if they're upset about the damaged item, then they should be thankful that they've been divested of its control over them. Hyl'to may be a low ranking priest, but the crew runs a serious risk of offending the Children of Yoal'n if they start a fight and injure or kill him.

Antalla Mogue

Those looking for a game of chance would be well served by seeking out this Yoal'nite gambler, usually staked out at one of the local drinking establishments. She's well versed in a variety of common spacer games, and despite her advanced age, she's still exceptionally sharp. At least she's friendly and talkative when she's winning all your money.

Node 43



[PLANET: MARIBOU]

Planet: Maribou

Climate

Warm, humid, heavy atmosphere, relative gravity +0.2G.

Weapon Restrictions

Blades and sidearms only in Node 43, but no restrictions on Maribou once outside the station.

Port Description

Node 43 is a large, cleared circle surrounded by a solid ring of ship bays. An attached support building at one end at one end contains a Job-Feed Reader, three levels of accommodations (low berth bunkhouse, mid-range private rooms, and executive suites), many dining options, and a cargo facilitation office. With a high-speed tram connecting this support building to all of the ship bays, there is no reason for ship crews to venture out onto Maribou proper.

This is ultimately a good thing, as Maribou is a crap-hole, constantly on the edge of civil unrest and political upheaval. Most political parties agree on the importance of intergalactic trade, so they largely respect the Nodes neutral zones.

Cargo found here is primarily industrial or raw material. Maribou also exports a protein substitute which is used by most varieties of food replicators. Due to the instability of the region, a daring captain can make good money importing weapons to any number of the warring factions, though that can easily be seen as illegal if the political winds shift and the buyer slips out of power. More common imports tend to be components for industrial manufacture.

Aspects

YOUR MONEY IS NO GOOD HERE

Invoke: you can trade for goods instead of currency, “Credits in a bank I can’t use. What I can use is a few boxes of ammo. Let’s deal.”

Compel: your outsider status offends someone and they won’t do business with you, “No soup for you, offworlder!”

IT’S GOING TO GET UGLY

Invoke: you want to start trouble, “The guy at the table over there said you’d try to jack up the price on me. Guess he was right.”

Compel: a seemingly civil exchange sours quickly, “Do you take me for a fool? I’ll see you in hell, first!”

THERE WAS A REGIME CHANGE YESTERDAY

Invoke: a political/diplomatic roadblock has been removed, “Head of police yesterday, yes. Head on stake now.”

Compel: an ally or contact is no longer in a position to help, “I’m sorry, my friend. The General froze all bank assets without warning this morning.”

Locals: Mariboans

Mariboans are humanoid, hairless, and squat, with a broad torso. Their skin tone is porcelain white but flushes red when angry. Mariboans are usually decorated with colorful clan tattoos. Broad, swept-back skulls hold two pairs of eyes – two forward and two smaller eyes on the side of the skull. Eye color tends to vary between the two pairs, with the side eyes having large, slit pupils and metallic toned irises. Mariboans are omnivores and have no claws or fangs.

Mariboan Names

Mariboan names follow a common pattern of personal plus family name. Lineage is traced through the female line. Families are dedicated to particular clans pretty tightly and if you are familiar with the patterns, you can tell which clan a Mariboan is allied to just by her name. Clans are identified by a color and a number, like Red 53 or Yellow 16.

Male Names: Ffah, Ffan, Ffehr, H’ffer, Hah, Hahahn, Hoh, Hohvehr, Khah, Khoh, Khuur, Peff, Peh, Pohoh, Pohr, Thohr, Toh, Tohah, Vroh, Vohr.

Female Names: Chaif, Chahay, C’laik, C’haik, C’lay, Fahay, Faif, Ffay, Hay, Hlaik, Khay, Khelif, Khlaik, P’haik, P’hay, Pelif, Thaik, Thanday, Thay, Tlay.

Family Names: Chama, Chaval, Choh, Chu, Hama, Huval, Khuval, Khehn, Knei, Knevi, Knur, Knuuv, Kuun, Thaval, Thehn, Thevni, Tuuv, Vohl, Vur, Vuuva.

Typical Mariboan Aspects

WATCH YOUR BACK

Invoke: your eyes see all around you, “You cannot sneak up on me, fool.”

Compel: somebody may be back there, “Another one, behind me!”

■ NODE 43 ■

[LOCALS: MARIBOANS]



[LOCALS: MARIBOANS]

YOU CAN'T HIDE ANGER

Invoke: everyone knows you're about to blow, "Oh, man, she's getting red! Watch out!"

Compel: you've got no poker face at all when it comes to rage, "Oh, my. Am I making you angry?"

HISTORY ON MY SKIN

Invoke: clan tattoos win you favor in dealings with other Mariboans, "My father also fought with the Red 23. We are brothers, you and I."

Compel: clan tattoos tie you to perceived war criminals or terrorists, "The Blue 41 are monsters! Die!"



■ NODE 43 ■

[LOCALS: MARIBOANS]

AUTHORITY DOESN'T LAST

Invoke: you know all strength is impermanent, "You may have me now, but I shall overcome."

Compel: any gains you make are transient as well, "You are on top on day, below the next. This is life."

CONFLICT IS ALWAYS AROUND THE CORNER

Invoke: you're ready to take up arms with little to no warning, "Death comes like lightning where I grew up."

Compel: you're a known troublemaker, "Move along, sir. We don't want trouble here."

ALLEGIANCES CANNOT BE BROKEN

Invoke: your loyalty to a cause is beyond reproach, "Until there are no Mariboans left in the Green 28 clan, we will respect this treaty."

Compel: stubborn adherence to a lost cause makes you difficult to deal with, "It matters not that conflict has been over for years. We were still right, and history will not change that."

Mariboan Species Abilities [-1]

Exceptional Eyesight [-1]

Mariboans have an extra set of eyes, allowing them a nearly 360° range of vision. When making any sight-based perception skill rolls, you gain a +2.

Plot Hooks

1. A simple delivery and pick-up becomes more complicated when political refugees seeking transport off world pressure the ship's crew to take them off-world – even if certain powers would prefer that never happen.
2. The captain is offered a premium price for a medical cargo, but they have to be delivered to a camp several hours away. The medical cargo is in high demand, and several factions will be willing to kill for it.
3. The crew brings in a cargo for a specific political faction that was obliterated before receiving the cargo and making the final payment. The market, and the payment they were promised, is out there, if only the crew can find it.
4. The neutral status of Node 43 is challenged as two powerful parties fight a proxy war within the station, putting the crew in the middle. Should they choose sides, lie low, or try to profit from both factions?

Characters



[CHARACTERS]

Faif Chu

A local Maribou hitter for one of the more politically active clans, Chu is a pragmatically violent individual. When the crew shows up, she sees an opportunity to influence their decision on where they sell their cargo, and for how much – to the benefit of her clan, of course.

Thay Knevi

Knevi is a clan leader interested in bringing together the tribes of Maribou in peace. She rises in prominence from time to time in local politics, but never stays visible for long. She tries to hire the crew to ferry her to Node 7, which is under martial law lockdown, in hopes that she can bring the clans together. She can't afford hazard pay, but the rival clans might be encouraged to help compensate you for your efforts.

Ace Monday

A Ken Reeg arms merchant, Monday sells to anyone and deals in bulk. He always has his ear to the ground to see which way the political winds are blowing. He's stirring up some tensions in the town to profit from both sides of the conflict. The crew might pick up on his motives when restocking (or selling) weapons or ammunition in port. Several of them might take a very dim view of war profiteering. Or they might see an opportunity to make a quick buck themselves.

■ NODE 43 ■

[CHARACTERS]





The Hem of Her Eternal Benevolence

[PLANET: ELUM]

Planet: Elum

Climate

Temperate, humid, average atmosphere, gravity -0.3.

Weapon Restrictions

Explosive, incendiary, or defoliant weapons and devices are strictly forbidden, as are any heavy weapons. All others are permitted, but fines are increased heavily if those weapons are used in the commission of a crime.

Port Description

Known by offworlders as The Hem, this port city is built upon a gently sloping plain. At first glance from space, there is nothing on the site but a gleaming gold tower with a deep hollow at the base, surrounded by rippling green canopy. The hollow is the mouth of a spacious cave in which the space port is built. The port facilities offer minimal repair and resupply resources, but in the spacer district at the base of the tower, there is a wealth of lodging, bars, and shops.

The Hem is actually a large city housing close to a million permanent residents, however all of the buildings are concealed beneath a mossy canopy. The highest building is only eight stories high. The under-canopy is lit day and night by phosphorescent moss clusters that hang above the streets. The overall light quality is a constant twilight, and offworlders either pick up low-light rigs or directional lights (essentially low-wattage head-lamps) for extended stays.

The matriarch of Elum is an Elumicid woman rumored to be over 3,000 years old. Her name is Preserves Us from Eternal Night. She visits the city occasionally, staying at the top of the golden tower at the center of the city.

Aspects

LOST TRACK OF TIME

Invoke: you don't notice the hours pass when doing a long task, "That took less time than expected. Wait, it's been 20 hours?"

Compel: the whole place is a bit disorienting, "It looks the same here all the time. How can I tell if I'm late?"

"THAT FURRY BASTARD SNATCHED MY CRED-STICK!"

Invoke: a Kreett pickpocket steals something you didn't really want, "A tracer? That must have been in the pouch that rodent took from me."

Compel: you end up light an essential item, "All our money is in the pouch that thing is running off with!"

CONSTANT POLLEN FALL

Invoke: the richly scented, pollenated air can be refreshing and relaxing, "There must be a hundred kinds of flowering trees! Isn't that wonderful?"

Compel: your allergies are going to kill you, "Why are all these trees trying to murder me?"

Locals: Elumicids

The Elumicid are two meters average (6'5") height, thin, and dusky purple with large black eyes. They are languid and graceful, prone to robes and flowing garments decorated with colorful feathers. The feathers are part of a complex system of caste and family identification that is known only to the locals. They make up 80% of the local population.

Elumicid Names

Elumicids go by a personal name and a holy name. The holy name is used exclusively in religious ceremonies, but some particularly blessed individuals drop their personal name altogether and only go by the holy name.

Male Names: Caramida, Carbinna, Carvello, Favrano, Hembinna, Hulrumino, Lallio, Lorbinna, Lulobino, Mibinna, Mondella, Jullio, Juvenna, Pelrumina, Rihenna, Salmanida, Sulamana, Sullio, Tillarbino, Truveno.

Female Names: Callaise, Calleine, Cassia, Cuse, Druse, Drysaine, Hessia, Harmaine, Jasline, Jasmine, Jassine, Jyllaine, Raine, Rimaïne, Sellaine, Sybellie, Syllenie, Symaine, Symonie, Sysaine.

Holy Names: Bird Wing Fluttering, Chimes on Wind, Dew on Grass, Elegant River Stone, Flower Petal Blooming, Gentle Scented Breeze, Holly on Tree, Light on Leaf, Quiet Step, Song of Crickets, Sublime Whisper of Wind, Water Dripping from Afar.

Typical Elumicid Aspects

GENTLE LIGHT ILLUMINATES

Invoke: you're great at spotting things in low light, "The access hatch is right over here."

Compel: bright or flashing lights are extremely unpleasant, "How can you stand this place? It's chaotic!"

THE HEM OF HER ETERNAL BENEVOLENCE

[LOCALS: ELUMICIDS]

**GRACE IN MOTION**

Invoke: your every motion is poetry, “I didn’t mean to distract you. I was merely putting on my jumpsuit.”

Compel: you are a delicate flower, “Why are you laughing? I said drop your blasters!”

HERITAGE WILL TELL

Invoke: you know what to expect from people of a certain class, “He will deal. It’s in his nature.”

Compel: your disdain for lower castes is hard to hide, “Shake hands? Too distasteful I’m afraid.”

SHELTERED

Invoke: you know where to find the people who handle certain menial tasks, “I’m sure this gentleman will take care of that.”

Compel: certain everyday skills are far beyond you, “Sorry for the fire. I was trying to make toast.”

SERENITY IS BORN FROM CONTINUITY

Invoke: when you’re in your groove, nothing can phase you, “Following the check-out procedure eliminates uncertainty.”

Compel: you’re easily shaken when things are out of whack, “What do you mean ‘improvise?’”

EVIDENT DISDAIN

Invoke: you radiate a sense of class, “Your table is right here. Sorry to make you wait.”

Compel: you think you’re entitled to special treatment, “Wait in line? Like a peasant?”

Elumicid Species Abilities [-1]**Immortal [0]**

Elumicid are effectively invulnerable to the ravages of time and can live hundreds if not thousands of years under natural circumstances. You are not affected by age during play.

Keen Vision [-1]

Adapted to the low-light conditions and visual stimulus of their home, the Elumicid have a refined vision. When making a vision related skill roll, you gain a +2 to your roll.

Locals: Kreekt

The Kreekt are average 1.7 meters (5’5”) height, with wide chests, and covered with fine, russet body hair except for occasional white markings on the chest, hands, or tail. They have fluffy, round ears sitting high on their head, and a large, bushy tail that they elevate behind them. They are less technologically advanced than the Elumicid, more likely to use primitive projectiles and melee weapons than any energy-based devices. What they lack in technological skills, they make up for with physical dexterity. They are innately curious with short attention spans. The Kreekt have natural claws on feet and hands that enable them to climb the massive trees of the inland forest with ease.





Kreekt Names

Kreekt names are not differentiated between males and females. Kreekt do not take family names, they have large, extended clans rather than tight families. All clans are simply called the Clan, or Clutch, or Nest, with the names used interchangeably. Most Kreekt know which clan is being referred to in conversation.

Personal Names: Bushtail, Fighter, Green Eyes, Guardian, Howler, Jumper, Leaper, Long Claws, One Eye, Patches, Ranger, Red Star, Scrapper, Scolder, Screecher, Soldier, Token, Twirler, Warden, White Tail.

Typical Kreekt Aspects

CLEVER PAWS

Invoke: your manual dexterity is excellent, “That’s a SecurTec lock, there’s no way...oh, you got it open.”

Compel: you can’t keep those hands to yourself, “My credstick is missing...damn it, Red Star, give that back.”

FLUFFY

Invoke: you’re so cute, “Oh, I can’t stay mad at you!”

Compel: you shed a lot when things get warm, “For the love of all that’s holy, clean the shower drain!”

INSTINCTIVE CLIMBER

Invoke: vertical surfaces are no problem, “Fruit! Imma gonna git it!”

Compel: why walk when you can scamper and climb, “Whaddaya mean I wadn’t there when ya needed me? I was right there, inna tree!”

TECHNOLOGICALLY BACKWARD

Invoke: you can make do in primitive circumstances, “She made a bow out of sticks and deer guts.”

Compel: high tech stuff can be confusing, “What’s this? You say aim over there?”

AT HOME IN THE WOODS

Invoke: you’ve got the advantage in any wooded area, “Ah! Trees! Imma get up there and attack from above.”

Compel: you’re not at home outside the woods, “This wall is to slick for climbing, it sucks.”

HYPERACTIVE CURIOSITY

Invoke: you’re supremely alert and likely to spot something out of place, “Hi, mister sniper!”

Compel: it can be difficult to hone in on a single task without getting distracted, “I know there’s a fire-fight, but there’s a cool looking nut up in that tree.”

EASILY EXCITABLE

Invoke: you throw yourself into every task with 100% enthusiasm, “Whadda we doin’ now? Yeah! Let’s go!”

Compel: some situations call for calmer heads, “They’re shooting! Ahhh!”

Kreekt Species Abilities [-4]

Claws [-2]

Sharp and tough to assist in climbing the tough, barked trees of their home, the Kreekt claws act as weapons in a pinch. You inflict Damage: 2 when you attack with Fists.

Leap [-1]

The Kreekt are used to clearing large distances between tree branches. This gives you a +2 bonus when using Athletics to jump.

Strong Sense of Smell [-1]

Kreekt have a very keen sense of smell. When making a perception related skills roll where sense of scent may be applied, you gain a +2 bonus.

Plot Hooks

1. Off-world business interests seek to skirt the matriarch’s influence (and thus taxation) and start harvesting resources without a license from the interior. They offer a good price to a cargo crew willing to break a few laws to pick up a shipment of these unlicensed goods.
2. One of the characters gets robbed by a curious Kreekt. Is she willing to follow this thief into the nearby high forest canopy, or does she seek another solution to get back what was stolen?
3. Shadow-raiders have been spotted in the city – dark figures that swoop from the canopy and carry people off never to be seen again. When one of the crew is attacked by these raiders, he finds out these creatures are nothing more than clever slavers with glider rigs and low-light goggles, raiding the port city for slave stock.
4. The crew is in a pub when a fight breaks out between a rival crew and some Elumucid locals. The locals are in danger, greatly overpowered, and, it turns out, distantly related to the planet’s matriarch. A crew who steps up to help would be rewarded with a valuable, but potentially dangerous cargo mission.

Characters

Token

A Kreekt pickpocket and thief usually working freelance, but sometimes in the reluctant employ of various criminal enterprises. She steals a credstick from the party by tumbling into them by “accident.” If they manage to notice the theft and catch her, she spins a very true story about having to buy her family out of



captivity. Is the crew willing to take on this criminal enterprise for justice, or perhaps just to shake down the bad guys for money?

Pendo

A stocky Elumicid crime boss affiliated with a vast criminal organization called the Temple of Sirius. He runs slavery operations and boosts cargo on occasion. He sees a profit in kidnapping and selling one of the more physically impressive crew members – either for a specific job, or a collector. If he succeeds, the crew has a limited time-frame to rescue their companion before their crewmate is shipped off to a buyer.

Kassus

An Elumicid broker who occasionally trades in exotic cargos, selling them locally or finding a perfect market off-world. He approaches the captain while on leave, trying to sell an exotic cargo for quick off-world sale. The cargo in question is a series of paintings stolen from the government museum. The paintings are well stashed, and whether the party takes the unspecified cargo gig or not, they're marked by local security as smugglers for the remainder of their stay. But if they take the job and manage to make it off planet, they could be rewarded nicely for their trouble.



Gunbarrel Station

[PLANET: NONE]

Planet: None

Climate

Life Support, standard gravity, dry and stale recycled air.

Weapon Restrictions

Explosive, incendiary, and armor piercing weapons are forbidden as they might compromise the hull of the station. All other weapons are legal, but any harm done to the station is heavily fined.

Port Description

The station is a long, hollow tube rotating on its long axis to provide gravity along the inside of the tube. Ships dock on the outside surface and enter through the hull to a grand promenade several miles long. At either end are blossom-like structures full of algae to produce oxygen. The port does not produce anything, and is more of a way-station. It is a good place to resupply, swap cargos with another ship, repair your ship, or find new crew members. The station has security forces that act on the central rule of “protect the station at all costs.” The security captain on current shift is as close to a governmental leader as the station has.

Because of the prohibition on heavy weapons, it is rare to find any for sale at the Gunbarrel, but a wide variety of smaller arms, melee weapons, and pharmaceuticals are generally available. Lodging is available, but spartan – not much more than coffin-hotels and one-hour love hotels.

Aspects

“YOU GOT MONEY, WE GOT WHAT YOU WANT.”

Invoke: there’s a good chance that what you want, someone here can find, “I have a case of those I’m trying to unload. I’ll cut you a deal.”

Compel: someone will be more than happy to screw you out of your money, “They said that shipment would be in any day now. Trust me.”

NO GRENADES MEANS NO GRENADES

Invoke: your enemies won’t be carrying heavy ordinance, “Thank goodness that mob only has chainswords!”

Compel: you won’t be carrying heavy ordinance either, “I picked a bad day to bring a knife to a gun fight!”

“YOUR SHIP HIRING? FOR ANY POSITION?”

Invoke: someone is guaranteed to be looking for work, “Gunner? Sure, I served two tours in the local militia.”

Compel: you’re swamped by people looking for work as soon as you step off the ship, “Your cargo loader looks gimpy. I’d do a better job for cheaper, I’ll bet!”

Locals: Spacers

As a space station, there aren’t any true natives. Gunbarrel Station was built by Arsubarans, and they still make up the majority of residents. Spacers of all species can be found here, though.

Plot Hooks

1. A crew member hits the town and finds love – or so she thinks, before waking up in a coffin-hotel with all of her gear missing. It’s enough to make a lady track down the little lovebird and get some return on the investment.
2. The ship needs a part, something non-crucial, but still difficult to find. A vendor claims he has the part, but money isn’t the object – he needs another trade good somewhere else on the station that is likewise difficult to obtain. This sends the crew scrambling on a complicated mission of deal making around the station to get the one part they need.
3. An injured security force stumbles onto a crew member far from the ship. She has been stripped of her communicator and left for dead, and she claims that someone has planted a bomb on the station. It’s only a matter of time until the hull is breached. Does the crew try to flee before the bomb goes off, or try to stop the explosion from happening in the first place? Something the crew can’t leave without (a crew member in holding, a valuable cargo, etc.) might compel them to stay and do the right thing.

■ GUNBARREL STATION ■

[PLOT HOOKS]

Characters



[CHARACTERS]

Browr

A pale-furred Ryjyllian with a cybernetic left arm, she's an engineer aboard a Ryjyllian mercenary cutter, and has a chip on her shoulder over the missing arm. She's frequently looking for a way to prove herself and blows even an accidental slight completely out of proportion.

Roimonde Star

An Arsubaran bounty-hunter and former soldier, she is a drinker, gambler, trouble maker, and all-around carouser. Despite (or perhaps because of) the lengthy scar across the top of her head, she's still a commanding presence. If the party has any outstanding warrants, she will make it her mission to bring them in.

Hans Cummings

Cummings is a portly Arsubaran broker with a gift for being repellant yet still effective at getting what he wants. He stops just shy of being a mobster, but has delusions of more. He offers to buy the crew's cargo, negotiating for a good price, then starts applying fees to squeeze out an additional profit. Refusal to pay the extra fees will be met with vague threats about breach of contract claims being brought up to station authorities.



■ GUNBARREL STATION ■

[CHARACTERS]



Cira Station

[PLANET: GOSOS]

Planet: Gosos

Climate

Life support, cool with persistent methane smell.

Weapon Restrictions

No large caliber weapons of any kind allowed, and firearms of any kind are discouraged, but not prohibited. No restriction on melee weapons.

Port Description

Cira Station was originally built as a research station to withstand the gravity well and thermal extreme of the system's sun, but before it could be commissioned, the funding was cut. An Arsubaran consortium saw the potential and bought the station on the cheap and moved it to the frigid world of Gosos. It was towed into place, the lowest tip of the station dipped below the surface of the hydrogen ocean. Essentially a trio of large rings attached to a tapered central spike by wide spokes, the station uses the planet's hydrogen to fuel the reactors that shield the station from the extreme cold and high gravity. A very specialized port, it exports power cells and water – a by-product of their massive generators. They import everything else to the year-round population of approximately 500 people.

Accommodations are limited, and sparse enough that staying on ship is frequently preferable to most crews. There is little in the way of shopping to be had, though the view of the hydrogen ocean from the observation platform is worth seeing. Independent stills have begun to spring up among the locals, so small-batch artisan alcohol can be found in tiny bars and sold out of homes throughout the station, but the quality will vary wildly from premium hooch to paint-thinner.

Aspects

"BOY, ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU!"

Invoke: they don't get many people out to the Cira, "A murderer? You don't say! Well how about that?"

Compel: supplies are limited unless you want cheap (and horrible) booze, "I make it in my tub. Can I put you down for a case?"

SEALED UP TIGHT

Invoke: you're safe from prying eyes if anyone's trying to track you down, "It's like we fell down a big, frozen hole."

Compel: the isolation can drive a person crazy, "All work and no play makes Captain Otto something something!"

THIS PLACE IS HAUNTED

Invoke: there is something else out there, "Drinks are on me, as long as you don't leave me here alone."

Compel: it's drawn to and kills electronics, "How the hell did the ship's doors short out AGAIN?"

Locals: Vapors

The station is an Arsubaran-run facility, but they are not local. It is widely believed that the planet, with its enormous ocean of liquid hydrogen, cannot sustain life.

However, an energy-based life-form has managed to develop. Essentially a sentient energy wave-form, their presence is explained away by the Arsubarans as atmospheric anomalies. They can manifest as shimmering clouds just beyond the station's support shields, and will attempt communication with electrical devices. They cannot maintain form within the adjusted gravity and temperatures of the station, but can survive long enough to short out electrical systems on the station and on ships. Their intelligence level is undetermined.

Due to their delicate nature, the Vapors aren't really a playable race. They serve a more atmospheric role. No aspects or species abilities have been created for them.

Plot Hooks

1. The pursuit for a case of premium liquor becomes dangerous when rival distillers try to limit the competition.
2. There's a ghost in the machine, or at the very least a confused native life-form trapped within the station with less than an hour to live. Will the crew recognize it for what it is, or will it merely destroy some of their sensitive electrical systems?
3. Baby, it's cold outside! And it's getting cold in the station as well, as a freak electrical event starts taking the station's heating system off-line. Can the

■ CIRA STATION ■

[PLOT HOOKS]

crew get to their ship before they freeze to death, or will they assist in fixing the station's cascading system failures?



[CHARACTERS]

Characters

Couretton Dalton

Arsubaran tech assigned to emergency repairs, he largely follows around and patches up after the damage caused by "Sparks." He's confident that they're sentient, but has been told not to worry about it or talk to anyone about his theory. If the crew's ship is hit by a spark, he's more than happy to share his theory.

Broome

Arsubaran gas miner who's converted several vacant compartments into a hydroponic growing operation where she farms narcotics. Originally started just for the extra light and warmth of the grow-lights, she saw the chance to turn a profit. Any crew looking for warmth, greenery, or herbal medication will be surreptitiously approached by Broome. She's not the best with bargaining, but knows she has product and services that no one else on the station can provide.

Woolish

Tetsuashan port tech, it can help secure limited parts for the crew if there are repairs to be made, and it will act as concierge as necessary. Since it's largely unnoticed by the other crew on the station, it's more plugged in on what's going on at Cira Station than most people realize.



■ CIRA STATION ■

[CHARACTERS]



Melus Tor

[PLANET: KIN'MIK]

Planet: Kin'mik

Climate

Temperate and dry.

Weapon Restrictions

None.

Port Description

With a population hovering around 3,000 people, Melus Tor is constructed on a high, windy plain studied with giant, gray, stone deposits towering amid the grasses. A web of steel rails stretches from the large, smoke-belching smelter on the edge of town to multiple ore mines. The port itself is an area of scorched earth with a cluster of support buildings and limited repair facilities. Numerous lodging options are available to crew members seeking shore leave, and like many frontier towns, there are plenty of entertainment opportunities, from drinking, gambling, to more intimate options if the price is right. The town is surrounded by a "Red Zone" of 15 meters (50 feet) and with an electrical fence beyond that. The fence is a recent addition to defend against increasingly hostile locals. The smoke from the smelter is unpleasant and toxic with prolonged exposure. For this reason, the buildings are all air-sealed, and locals wear filter masks when outside. These filter masks can be purchased for a reasonable price at the port and will fit all but the most exotic species. There is a city sanitation crew that hoses down the streets and buildings in the pre-dawn hours, washing the soot into an underground filter/recycling system.

The mines and the smelter are the big money in this town, and the only reason this port exists. The manager of the smelter, a Ken Reeg named Mick Smiley, wields considerable power in the town, and is the closest thing Melus Tor has to centralized government. The smelter's private security forces act as limited law enforcement for the town.

Aspects

It's Our Planet Now

Invoke: you play to the colonists' eminent domain mindset, "Glad you see it our way!"

Compel: that sense of ownership really gets under your skin fast, "I didn't know you could buy a planet with native blood."

Now, That's a Blade!

Invoke: you want a huge, expertly crafted bladed weapon, "This baby can shave a Saldrallan from two meters away."

Compel: you get in a knife fight, "Clearly, you're compensating for something. That's all I meant."

"Filter Masks On!"

Invoke: people look pretty much the same under a filter mask, "We're not the spacers you're looking for."

Compel: you don't get that mask on quick enough, "It appears you're coughing up radioactive gravel."

Locals: Tovh'Ree

The locals are low-tech nomads, considered barbarians by the settlers of Melus Tor. Called the Tovh'Ree, they average 2.1 meters (7 feet) tall, are powerfully built, and have light gray skin and full, copper-colored hair over much of their body. The Tovh'Ree ride shaggy six-legged mounts and use massive steel melee weapons. They believe that ranged weapons are cowardly, and hold a low opinion of those who use them. Their individual clans drive herds of large flightless birds, three meters (10 feet) high on average, across the grassy plateau, and occasionally come close to the port itself. They have an antagonistic relationship with the mostly Arsubaran colonists who built the port, and a downright hostile attitude towards the many ore convoys that connect Melus Tor to the multiple mines nearby. Despite their nomadic nature, the Tovh'Ree are accomplished weapon-smiths, and their bladed weapons, while very large, are exceptionally well made.

Tovh'Ree Names

The Tovh'Ree use personal and family names in the typical galactic pattern, but family names are passed down according to the fame of the parent's line. If an individual's mother is from a line with more heroes than his father's line, he will take on his mother's family name. The personal name is strung together with the family line like so: Koch-vak-Hal.

Male names: Chav, Chov, Crot, Crut, Gakk, Gann, Gruk, Grut, Kagg, Kakk, Koch, Krav, Kruk, Tavv, Toch, Toth, Vagg, Vakk, Vath, Vukk.

Female names: Akal, Anak, Avan, Avis, Edil, Ekel, Ekon, Enek, Idis, Ikil, Inel, Ivil, Okal, Okon, Onal, Onan, Udon, Ulis, Ulon, Uvan.

■ MELUS TOR ■

[LOCALS: TOVH'REE]



Family Names: mek-Hak, mek-Kan, mek-Kav, mek-Ran, mek-Tok, mek-Vek, mek-Vol, vak-Hal, vak-Hek, vak-Kal, vak-Kok, vak-Tan, vak-Tov, vak-Vek, vek-Ark, vek-Fec, vek-Kev, vek-Rak, vek-Tek, vek-Van.

Typical Tovh'Ree Aspects

POWERFUL BODY

Invoke: you have a frame build for feats of strength, "Allow me to lift it."

Compel: your massive rippling muscles aren't inconspicuous, "Who's the big guy over there?"

DAUNTING VISAGE

Invoke: you're terrifying in full melee charge, "Sir, permission to soil myself?"

Compel: peaceful negotiation can be a bit difficult, "For the love of all that's holy, fire!"

NOMADIC

Invoke: few people know the land as well as you, "The rock in the picture? I can take you there."

Compel: you hate to be tied to any one place for too long, "We have been here too long already. Already a week!"

HATRED OF OUTSIDERS

Invoke: you want to start something with an off-worlder, "My blade will drink of your blood, outsider."

Compel: you refuse to work with any non-Tovh'Ree, "I spit on your ancestors. We must each make our own way out of here."

WEDDED TO THE BLADE

Invoke: you're a fearsome sight in melee combat. "Your blood will slake my blade's hunger, invader."

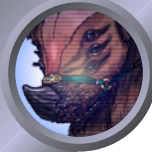
Compel: you won't switch to a gun in a fight, "If I die, I die with steel in my hand and honor in my heart."

PROUD AND FREE

Invoke: your pride will not allow you to give up, "You think I am bested? Think again."

Compel: you don't react well to being told what to do, "Give up my blade? I will give up my arm first."





Tovh'Ree Species Abilities [-1]

Tovh'Ree Steel [-1]

The Tovh'Ree spend a lot of time and effort on their blades. You would never be found without one if you can help it, preferably a weapon from your home world. Add Damage +2 to any non-powered bladed weapon you carry.

Damage Resistance [-1]

The Tovh'Ree are built tough to survive their environment. You may take an additional mild physical consequence.

Barbarous Reputation [+1]

Space-faring races are quick to discount the Tovh'Ree as dull-witted throwbacks. You suffer a -1 penalty when making social interaction rolls when dealing with characters of species other than your own.

Genevieve Nolan

An Arsubaran sociologist who came to the planet to study Tovh'Ree culture, she knows more about the warrior clans than any non-native on the planet. She's very convincing, at least among those who don't have a vested financial interest in continuing to exploit the planet.

K. Reed Zesiger

An Arsubaran mining executive, he's willing to pay good money to protect ore shipments into the city. If he had his way, the Tovh'Ree would be relocated elsewhere on the planet. He plays on the crew's gullibility to stir up trouble with the local tribes, hoping to push the mining company to finally take drastic action against the Tovh-Ree.

Plot Hooks

1. In the wake of increasingly damaging attacks on ore trams, Mick Smiley has a broker hire the crew to protect an incoming delivery. In exchange, they are promised a significant profit margin on a shipment of ore off Melus Tor if they can protect the delivery.
2. There are barbarians at the gates, or more specifically, crashing the fence to strike at ships resting on the landing field. The timing is horrible, with only part of the crew is on the ship while the others are taking care of business in town.
3. An anthropologist visiting Melus Tor seeks escorts out onto the plains to meet with and study the Tovh'Ree. She would go alone, but her insurance will not permit it, and none of the locals will risk it. When she and the crew see the damage the smelter is causing to the health of the local tribes, how will they react?

Characters

Tokk-mek-Tov

A Tovh'Ree warrior chieftain, he prowls near the horizon, looking for parlay or perhaps another chance to attack. He wields a fierce cleaving blade almost as large as his torso. If any crew members leave the town for any reason, they encounter Tokk-mek-Tov. He entreats the crew to stop the poison smoke and return to where they came from.

Hidna



[PLANET: SHANKOW]

Planet: Shankow

Climate

Warm, dry, breathable atmosphere with other hazards.

Weapon Restrictions

Heavy weapons restricted to vehicle mounts only, concealed weapons prohibited.

Port Description

Jagged black spires jut from red, alkaloid-rich soil while lightning splits the dry, boiling red sky. Just another lovely day at Hidna, a port comprised of hundreds of basalt towers with a large central docking facility. The massive but shallow seas of the planet are lush with algae, providing a breathable but foul-smelling atmosphere. The soil outside the city is caustic, and occasional wind storms buffet the defensive power screens with dust heavy with lye, but otherwise, life at this port is relatively pleasant.

The port boasts above-average repair and refitting facilities, and the lodgings have a level of decadence rarely seen outside of Stakes. This is part of a very deliberate plan by the High Counselor of Hidna to diversify the economy with tourism. From port labor to the hotel brothels, the service personnel is 80% robotic, and is very well maintained. As for the High Councilor, he remains locked into the top of one of the many short towers that make up the town, served by a loyal, all robotic staff. No one knows what his name is, nor his species, but the rumors whispered in the casinos and luxurious hotels is that he won the title in a high-stakes game of cards.

The chief exports are industrial chemicals and, as the ads say, "Smiles!" They import consumables but make that money back in tourist revenue and mark-ups.

Aspects

WE CAN EXTEND A LINE OF CREDIT

Invoke: you're not as broke as you thought, "That's a nice blaster. We can front you half its value in chips."

Compel: if you keep losing, that's a long walk home, "So, about the ship..."

ANOTHER DRINK AND HAND OF CARDS

Invoke: the casinos are happy to entertain you as long as you want, "As long as Jongo is busy, I guess I'll have another free beer."

Compel: there are no clocks in the Hidna casinos, "You're kidding. The ship left without me?"

"OUR DROIDS ARE FULLY FUNCTIONAL. FULLY."

Invoke: if you don't mind robotic companionship, it's there for the rental, "Hello there, stud."

Compel: some will just stun you and rob you blind, "Oh, not again!"



■ HIDNA ■

[PLANET: SHANKOW]



Locals: Stinging Scorpids

The local fauna is limited largely to sea-going invertebrates. While most are confined to the shallow algae seas, there is a species of amphibious scorpids averaging 1.8 meters (6') long with prominent stinging tails. The tail injects venom that is a strong base, drying out its victim from the inside. Thankfully, these creatures rarely stray far from their watery homes, and thus approach the port itself infrequently at best.

Plot Hooks

1. In what the captain will claim to have been a fixed game, he loses the ship to a proxy of the High Councilor. Will the crew stay loyal to the captain and ship while working for their new boss, or will they find a way out of the deal?
2. A virus from a robot liberation cult has infected the robot servants, sending them into a murderous rampage. Grab your weapons. It's a fight to get somewhere safe.
3. A game of chance with another ship's captain wins a hold full of unknown cargo. Now the crew has to find a place to offload the bizarre contents contained within.

Characters

Ruby 223

A robot with a heart of gold, Ruby 223 is one of the rare AI robots on planet, working as a dealer in one of the casinos part time. The rest of her time is spent doing leg work for Cookie Sunshine, a local private detective. If any crew hits the tables, she's their dealer. She engages the crew in idle conversation to see if there might be a way to direct them to Sunshine for a possible job.

Cookie Sunshine

A Ken Reeg private eye, she takes clients from off-world, as well as from locals. She isn't above working cheating-spouse cases, and has a broad list of people she can call on to get things done. Somewhat amoral, she at least keeps her word – if she gives it in the first place. If any crew members have dark secrets of some kind, there's a good chance that Sunshine has been hired by someone to sniff them out.

Mr. Wood 414

Every casino has a few Mr. Woods working the floor. A consummate pit boss, his robotic nature makes him beyond corruption, always vigilant, and able to take

care of himself in a fight. Armed with built-in defensive tasers in his hands, he's only the first line of defense if something happens on the floor – he also sends out an instant summons for bigger help should he need it. If things get rowdy or any crew member tries to cheat or grift another patron, they'll be hearing from Mr. Wood 414.

Mah-Tu Aire



[PLANET: TOYIS]

Planet: Toyis

Climate

Temperate, with prolonged monsoon season.

Weapon Restrictions

None.

Port Description

Mah-Tu Aire is series of small landing platforms built on the top levels of one of the planets enormous skyscrapers. Each platform has just enough room for a medium cargo ship. Located in the midst of a forest of ancient buildings, each approximately a mile in height, these towers were built to outlast the end of the world which is exactly what they have done. The lower levels of the buildings have been deemed uninhabitable and quarantined, so everyone in Mah-Tu Aire lives above the 90 meter (300') elevation.

The port is short on space and short on exports, but the accommodations are nicer than those found at most stopovers, with spacious rooms and large, private baths. Since the Precious are natural bargainers, there is a varied assortment of goods to be found in the many shops. Travel on the planet surface is not attempted by the locals, and getting down there requires significant effort. Travel between buildings is done by hired shuttle, rented personal air-bikes, or the dangerous cloud-boards. A captain with a bit of trading skill and a winning personality can unload just about any cargo here, but he is unlikely to get the best price for it. What the Precious can't use, they will resell.

Aspects

"YOU PET ME. THEN WE TALK PRICE."

Invoke: with a little patience and a scratch behind the ears you can save a bundle on your purchases, "The baby talk is unnecessary, but yes, I do like it when you scratch my chin."

Compel: you rub this cat the wrong way, "I've changed my mind. No sale."

TRAPPED IN A WORLD THEY NEVER MADE

Invoke: the locals don't use most of the planet, leaving it available to off-worlders, "Nice view? Oh, I guess so, if you're into that sort of thing."

Compel: the locals can't really help you with repairs or instructions, "Of course the sink is always running. It's a feature."

WATCH THAT FIRST STEP

Invoke: lots of high places to push foes to their doom, "See ya!"

Compel: lots of high places to fall to your own doom, "Oh, man, that's a long way down."

Locals: The Precious

The current residents of Toyis were once the pets of the exceptionally advanced yet now extinct original residents of the planet. When a massive plague struck the native Toyesians, they quarantined the planet until they could find a cure. It is said that the last of their kind did not die, and instead toil forever in hidden subterranean labs looking for a cure rather than risk exposing the world to their curse. But in their absence, their winged housecats gained sentience and took over the skeletal frames of the ancient skyscrapers. Calling themselves The Precious, they have become excellent tool users, though they lack the creative drive to build or fix tech. They are 30 to 40 centimeters (12" to 18") high at the shoulder, with 120 centimeter (4') wingspans. Despite their size, they are remarkably lightweight.

The Precious live in loose family groups and are strict carnivores, living on a diet of birds, flying insects, and small mammals which they hunt among the towers. They are friendly and love attention. They are also incredibly savvy. Realizing that they have no innate ability to create trade goods through manufacturing, they have instead subsidized off-world artisans, with The Precious acting as brokers between the artisans and off-world markets. This has earned them a well-deserved reputation as shrewd businessmen, despite the fact that they do not have a concept of personal wealth. All money brought into the planet is for the good of the people who live on the planet. The Precious have natural flight, as well as claws and fangs typical of an ordinary house cat.

The Precious Names

The Precious have passed down their pet names for generations. They don't find them the least bit undignified. There is a lot of crossover between male and female personal names. Family names are derived from location of birth.

Male names: Adonis, Aslan, Beans, Blue, Catsby, Duke, Dusty, Felix, Fluffy, Klaw, Lucky, Manx, Mister Whiskers, Napoleon, Oliver, Panther, Raggles, Scooter, Shiva, Thomas.

■ MAH-TU AIRE ■

[LOCALS: THE PRECIOUS]



Female names: Abby, Angel, Bast, Cleopatra, Cotton, Flower, Ginger, Isis, Java, Missy, Mittens, Princess, Prissy, Queenie, Rose, Roxy, Sabrina, Tangerine, Tigress, Zeld.

Family names: Cold Terrace, Echo Hall, Flower Court, High Balcony, Leafy Bower, Long Walk, Moss Terrace, Perfumed Hollow, Pond Court, Quiet Bedroom, Short Tower, Singing Ledge, South Tower, Sunny Rooftop, Tall Window, Twisted Hall, Vine Hollow, Warm Crèche, White Room, Windy Ledge.

Typical The Precious Aspects

CUTE AND HARMLESS

Invoke: you seem tiny and harmless, "It's just a little kitty."

Compel: you look like someone's little pet, "Into the pet carrier with you!"

CATS CAN FLY

Invoke: you can zip around with speed and agility, "Don't worry about the suppressive fire, I can make it."

Compel: you don't like being trapped indoors, "You can't go out! We're in deep space!"

PETS WITH NO OWNERS

Invoke: no one can tame you, "I may look like a pet, but I don't belong to anyone."

Compel: you're small and weak and on your own, "Anyone? A hand here?"

SELF-SUFFICIENT HUNTER

Invoke: you're death on wings to creatures smaller than you, "Missing lab rat? I'm on it."

Compel: sometimes instincts overwhelm common sense, "Ooo! A red dot! Must catch!" BANG!

BUSINESS SAVVY

Invoke: you're adept at structuring complicated trade arrangements, "Wait. What did I just agree to?"

Compel: you'd rather walk away than take a risky deal, "But if we don't agree to their terms we'll never get off-planet."

CENTER OF ATTENTION

Invoke: you prefer to have the spotlight on you, "You can read that later. I would like some attention first."

Compel: sometimes it's better to keep a low profile, "You may be a pirate, but I need my ears scratched."

The Precious Species Abilities [0]

Flight [-2]

The Precious fly freely about in the air. When in flight, you may move one additional zone without taking the -1 penalty for a supplemental action. You also suffer only a -1 penalty on zero-gravity movement and action.

Short Lived [+2]

The average life expectancy of The Precious is only 14 years. And in those last few years you're usually less than spry, which is something to consider when signing a 5-year contract.

Plot Hooks

1. The crew has to go down onto the planet surface, either forced there by malfunctioning equipment, or to look for some other trace of the planet's previous inhabitants. What they discover is that the Precious aren't the only species to evolve in new and interesting ways, and they come face to face with





the reason the lower levels are quarantined. Getting back to the safe zone is a fight for survival against voracious tentacled horrors.

2. One of the crew members becomes intrigued by the dangerous cloud-board races that have begun to spring up among adventurous transplants that came to work in the crafts industry. Does she have what it takes to win some money and respect from these daredevil stuntmen in a race around and through the city's buildings?
3. A rival ship wants a particular cargo, and the fact that your ship has already bought and loaded it isn't a deterrent. Can the crew hold them off long enough to find out what's in their seemingly unremarkable cargo that's worth killing for?

Characters

Jyava Dark Corridor

A Precious emissary, she's mottled black and brown with a curious nature and a weakness for cheese. She acts as a concierge to visiting crews, helping arrange rooms, find places to dine, while suggesting shops carrying local, artisan created goods.

White Star

A Kreekt wood-carver who maintains a shop in one of the lower levels of the tower, he employs a remote pilot to harvest wood from the upper canopy with a flying lumber-bot. The machine is his livelihood, and he does anything to protect it and keep it running. He approaches incoming crew to barter for spare parts and maybe a hand fixing his machine if there are willing engineers present.

Mittens Pleasant Landing

A powerful broker among the Precious, he is a calico mix with a shredded right ear. He's an absolutely ruthless negotiator with incredible business sense. He's sometimes consulted by other Precious businessmen when they need an outside opinion. He also attempts to muscle out competition when it comes to making deals for the crew's cargo using any means necessary.



Mugwump Gama

[PLANET: LO'SIRAN]

■ MUGWUMP GAMA ■

[LOCALS: LO'SIRANI]

Planet: Lo'siran

Climate

Chilly and stable, foggy, but constant temperatures and frequent, soft rain.

Weapon Restrictions

Explosives or large-caliber projectile weapons are prohibited. All other weapons are un-restricted.

Port Description

The landing pads at the port are literally that – pads anchored in a misty, cattail-clogged swamp, linked by floating bridges, and arranged around a central sunken city core. The port can accommodate a dozen ships for refueling and cargo transfer. Only minor repairs can be done with ease, as the humid climate and lack of covered spaces makes extensive work problematic.

The port of Mugwump Gama is primarily located below-ground in a 800 meter (½ mile) wide and 1500 meter (1 mile) deep hole bored into the swampy terrain, bolstered by crumbling re-patched concrete, and kept moderately dry by continually running sump pumps. The swamp is only ten feet deep, with twenty feet of silt below that. Moisture seeps through the top level of the Mugwump Gama core, dripping down over the walls of the city. Glittering towers climb from the base of the core, most of the way to the surface. The city has expanded deep into the bedrock around the core, but they tend to be the poorer neighborhoods, damp even by Mugwump Gama standards.

There are nice rooms to be had if you can afford them, and great food (fish, vegetables, and shellfish are common) for incredibly reasonable prices. The city is large enough and metropolitan enough that most common items and even a few uncommon ones can be found here – the exception being land-based vehicles. Lo'siran exports a variety of manufactured goods, and imports raw materials, primarily metals.

Aspects

COME IN, THE WATER'S FINE

Invoke: swimming's often the most efficient means of travel, "It's easy to get there, just across the channel."

Compel: not all of your gear can take a constant dunking, "Blasters don't work when the barrel's full of water."

SO MUCH FOR VISIBILITY...

Invoke: the fog rolls in heavy, providing thick cover, "There's no way they can spot us now!"

Compel: the fog rolls in heavy, obscuring where you are and where you are going. "Ok, now I'm truly lost. And cold and wet."

THIS WHOLE PLACE IS BELOW SWAMP LEVEL

Invoke: you use the oozing, leaky nature of the port to your advantage, "Whoops! A little slippery here, isn't it?"

Compel: there is an ever-present risk of flooding, "The pumps went down. Get to high ground!"

Locals: Lo'sirani

Called the Lo'sirani, the locals of these damp environs never moved far from the mudflats and chill fens and tide-plains which birthed them. This could be due to the fact that most of the surface of the planet is covered by water, with only 14% rising significantly above water level. The Lo'sirani are amphibious, with black skin that turns to a deep coffee color as they mature. A wide, red stripe is evident from the base of their tail, up their spine, to their skull crest. The tail is oar-like, broad and flat and hangs to their knee, moving side to side to help propel them when swimming. Their hands and feet are long with webbing between fingers and splayed toes. Lo'sirani eyes are bulbous, and sit atop their wide heads, with two sets of eyelids – one clear to protect their eyes while swimming under murky water, and one thick lid to keep out light. Their tongues are approximately 60 centimeters (2') long, bifurcated, and capable of fine motor control. Both male and females are approximately two meters (6'5") tall, but the men are wider in the torso, with more vibrant red in the striping.

Due to their amphibious nature, Lo'sirani are uncomfortable in dry environments and have to wear moisture suits if they spend more than an hour in a dry place. There is generally enough moisture in the air of their homeworld for them to go a day or more without going for a swim, but few would choose to. The Lo'sirani are personable, though they seem genuinely confused when off-worlders don't appreciate their home world's natural beauty. They are omnivorous, and eat fish, insects, and a variety of swamp roots and greens.



Lo'sirani Names

The Lo'sirani have throaty, croaking names. They shorten these for off-worlders, but in their native language even a personal name can be a long sequence of grunts, barks, and croaks. Nicknames have a short, rising syllable at the front, followed by a choppy, throaty suffix. Their family names weave in references to extended clans and sub-roots and serve almost as a family history, but are only spoken at formal occasions as they can take several minutes to recite.

Male Names: Gao'nug, Gao'oppa, Gao'oog, Goon'gerk, Greep'crew, Greep'gug, Grew'walla, Grun'noog, Grup'oog, Gurk'gulli, Gul'gerk, Gurp'goog, Gurp'nug, Nao'chip, Nao'galli, Nao'gur, Reep'gul, Reep'gug, Rep'choka, Urp'choog.

Female Names: Chi'bee, Chi'chee, Chi'seesa, Chir'lee, Cho'lee, Cho'lol, Cho'yip, Chur'fee, Chur'leep, Chur'lul, Dee'dull, Dee'lol, Dee'see, Don'tull, Don'yea, Don'yip, Yee'dull, Yee'reep, Yeep'ree, Yip'chee.



Typical Lo'Sirani Aspects

KEEP IT MOIST

Invoke: you love damp environments, "I hope it never stops raining, don't you?"

Compel: you risk drying out in dry environments, "If you need me, I'll be in the shower."

CLEAR EYELIDS

Invoke: it's impossible to tell if your eyes are open or closed, "Quit staring at me!"

Compel: you can "rest your eyes" without anyone realizing you've dozed off, "How did they get in? Weren't you on watch?"

NO ONE WANTS TO INVAD A SWAMP

Invoke: you don't fear offworlders, "He's not scared. Maybe he knows something we don't."

Compel: you don't realize how dangerous other species can be, "Oh, I'm sure it will be fine!"

NO USE FOR VEHICLES

Invoke: you've always got a way to get there even if there is no transport, "This drainage ditch goes right in! Let's just swim there."

Compel: you don't trust mechanical conveyance, "Hmm. This thing sure seems to break down a lot. Let's just walk."

SWAMP LOVING

Invoke: you're right at home in a swampy environment, "This is great, we can just slither over the mud!"

Compel: you're not a big fan of other environments, "This place is sandy and awful."

EASY GOING

Invoke: you roll with what life hands you, "On the upside, now we get to repaint the ship."

Compel: your cheery demeanor can irritate the hell out of people, "It's a disaster. Shut up!"

Lo'sirani Species Abilities [-2]

Powerful Lungs [0]

The Lo'sirani can hold their breath for extended periods of time, permitting them to stay submerged for up to half-an-hour with light activity.

Dexterous Tongue [-1]

The prehensile tongue of the Lo'sirani functions as an extra limb. During a round, they may take two actions that require a hand without the normal -1 penalty for the second action.

Amphibious [-1]

Lo'sirani are equally home in air or liquid environments provided they keep moist. They must still breathe air, but don't have



to make Athletics rolls for normal swimming movements. They can move at their normal rate through liquid.

Plot Hooks

1. The crew has a line on a salvage opportunity – ship parts and a cargo of valuable ore – but it is a few miles away in a particularly inhospitable section of swamp. The crew is going to have to be prepared to fight off some of the more tenacious wildlife – like oversized swamp lizards and another, merciless salvage crew.
2. An Arsubaran film crew has come to Lo'siran to shoot an action film deep in the swamp. But once they arrive, they have some difficulty finding a crew willing to lug their production gear out to location. If the crew is willing to take the job, it would entail loading and unloading the gear, setting up the production camp in advance of the actors getting there. But something deadly lurks in the swamp, and the locals were right to be afraid of it.
3. While laying over and waiting for cargo to be loaded the ship engineer notices that the city sump pumps are over taxed. Whether the recent storms or weakening infrastructure are to blame, the city of Mugwump Gama is days, if not hours away from a severe flooding problem. While the locals might survive, the thousands of off-worlders are certainly doomed.

Characters

Nao'galli

A Lo'sirani cargo shuttle pilot who helps ferry the cargo from landing pads to the city warehouses. He is deep in debt, and is selling information on what cargo comes in to a crime cartel. If the crew is bringing anything that could get a good price on the black market, the ferry will get robbed at gunpoint.

Chir'lee

A Lo'sirani shaman, she lives in stilt house on the edge of the Gama core. Old by Lo'sirani standards, she communes with the spirits of the many dangerous creatures which call the swamp home. Chir'lee is a good source of information for the wilderness and the dangers the crew faces if they decide to wander from the city itself.

Don'detic

A Lo'sirani business woman, she is sometimes interested in stranger cargo which she can offload to more rural markets. She is also prone to striking deals with captains willing to take risks and get more exotic, and sometimes dangerous cargos – like live animals from the depth of the swamp.

Rangell



[PLANET: AESUS]

Planet: Aesus

Climate

Temperate and dry summers, with wet, cold winters and heavy snowfall.

Weapon Restrictions

Above ground, only primitive percussion weapons and “period” weapons are allowed, but below ground the rules are more lax, allowing for “anything that fits in a holster.”

Port Description

Just as the locals have done to most other towns/cities on their world, Rangell looks like it stepped out of a pre-industrial world of steam power and buttoned waistcoats. But that is only on the surface. They have gone to such lengths to preserve the history of their towns that at a certain point in history, they began adding new layers beneath existing towns rather than improve or expand above ground facilities. This gives Rangell a theme-park look and feel – at least when above ground. The bulk of Rangell is actually underground in a series of ingenious tunnels and caverns, laid out like city streets, but with thirty-seven layers at last count.

The spaceport itself is the sole concession to the modern age, most likely as a necessity. Built on the south end of town, built along the river in a lush green valley bracketed by towering red stone cliffs, it features enough slips for eight ships, with a central administrative hub (built in what appears to be a converted or replicated train station). Cargo is transferred from ships via a lift into subterranean storage and distribution centers. Crews seeking a bit of layover are encouraged to try the many restaurants, hotels, bars, and churches of Rangell’s historic district, but there are many more modern yet less advertised facilities in the Underground.

Aspects

“NOW, WE MEAN DOWN-TOWN.”

Invoke: you realize that all the happening things in this town are subterranean, “That’s my kind of underground gambling club.”

Compel: if you don’t know where the action is, this port is like a theme park, “Don’t you have a dance club or something around here?”

NICE PLACE TO VISIT, BUT WOULDN’T WANT TO LIVE THERE

Invoke: the natural beauty is very relaxing, “Man, did I ever miss real mountain air.”

Compel: what passes for culture hurts your soul, “Do you understand the words coming out of my mouth? Dance! Club!”

“WHO YOU CALLING ‘BACKWATER,’ BUDDY?”

Invoke: that guy at the corner of the bar hasn’t seen your kind before and he’s fascinated, “So, they got a lot of your kind out there?”

Compel: that guy at the bar also has an inferiority complex and belly full of booze, “You heard me. You ain’t no better than me!”

Locals: Aesusians

The locals are known as Aesusian, and are milky blue of skin with vibrant, indigo-colored hair. Their faces are almost axe-like – narrow skull that tapers to a ridge on the front of their face, with protruding eye stalks high on the side of their heads, giving them excellent peripheral vision. They have two distinctly separate brains stacked one atop another in their skull, each smaller than their intelligence would suggest. The brains work in concert like the two lobes of an Arsubaran brain, and one can compensate if the other is injured or damaged. The Aesusian male averages 160 centimeters (5’2”) tall with the females averaging five centimeters (2”) taller, and both are slender of build. Bipedal, they have four long fingers and toes on each appendage. They are a nostalgic people, prone to melancholy, and achingly desperate to hold onto the past.

Aesusian Names

Aesusians follow an Arsubaran naming pattern. Their first and last names are similar to the Arsubaran style, and they have a personal and family name. The family name is traced through the male line.

Male names: Atilius, Brutus, Cassius, Decimus, Faustus, Florus, Gallus, Herminius, Januarius, Longinus, Lucius, Martinus, Nerva, Ovidius, Priscus, Quintillus, Regulus, Sextus, Titus, Vitus.

Female Names: Augustina, Balbina, Cloelia, Drusa, Flavia, Glaucia, Gratiana, Hilaria, Junia, Luciana, Marcellina, Maxima, Nona, Octavia, Porcia, Quintina, Rufina, Severina, Tullia, Vibiana.

Family Names: Baker, Barber, Butcher, Carpenter, Cartwright, Carver, Cook, Cooper, Farmer, Goldsmith, Hooper, Mason, Merchant, Miller, Smith, Spicer, Tanner, Taylor, Wainwright, Weaver.

■ RANGELL ■

[LOCALS: AESUSIANS]



Typical Aesusian Aspects

TWO BRAINS ARE BETTER THAN ONE

Invoke: head trauma isn't as serious as it could be, "Don't worry. I've got another brain."

Compel: the two brains don't always get along, "Yes! No! Wait a minute, I've got to work this out."

EXCELLENT PERIPHERAL VISION

Invoke: nothing sneaks up on you, "You can't get the drop on me. I saw you coming."

Compel: sometimes you're distracted by interesting things happening off to the side, "Hey, did you see those clowns? Sorry, which switch again?"

HISTORY COMES ALIVE

Invoke: history holds some treasures where you least expect it, "Oh heck, I know that name! He was stationed here for years and left these papers."

Compel: there is a lot of history in the galaxy and yours is specialized, "Templari? No, never been any Templari round here so I don't know."

FUNCTIONAL MUSEUM PIECE

Invoke: that antique-looking six shooter at your belt is a deadly and functional weapon, "Bang!"

Compel: that fancy pistol is functional, but good luck breaching armor with those tiny bullets, "Bang?"

TRADITIONALIST

Invoke: you know how to do things that more modern species have relegated to automation, "Oh come on, guys. Haven't you ever built a fire before?"

Compel: why do things the easy way when the old ways work just as well, "I won't ask you again to put that lighter away. I have this flint!"

STYLE BEFORE UTILITY

Invoke: you know how to make things look good in an antique and classy way, "You have a discerning eye, my friend. This embroidery is indeed period accurate."

Compel: useful things tend to be hidden or discarded, "Oh, fusion powered transport. No, I don't have anything like that handy."

Aesusian Species Abilities [0]

Peripheral Vision [-1]

The advantage of having eyes on stalks located on the side of your head is that it's dang difficult for someone to sneak up on you. You get a +2 to vision related perception skill rolls.

Used to a Slower Pace of Life [+1]

The rest of the galaxy can be a bit overwhelming when you've grown up in a steam-powered world, prompting a little time out to gather your thoughts. The GM can compel this attribute once per session as if it were an aspect. If the player wishes to avoid this compel, she must spend two fate points to refuse.





Plot Hooks

1. The crew lingers long enough that a massive snow-storm grounds their ship, as well as several others. The antiquated port equipment will need time to clear things up, and won't even start until there is a break in the weather. And then someone at the port goes a little snow-crazy and people start turning up dead. Who is the killer, and could someone on the crew be next?
2. The crew goes Underground in search of a good time, but run afoul of either the law or a well-armed group of Townies who take offense at the off-worlders in their fair city. Can the crew find their way from the deepest subterranean depths of Rangell when it seems a whole town might be against them?
3. The ship needs a part before it can take off, but they can't get one locally. Good thing the parts store owner has a cousin in the neighboring town with one. All the crew needs to do is wait for a few weeks until the cousin can drop it by, or they can go pick it up themselves. As long as they don't mind traveling by antique steam-train, that is.

Characters

Titus Mason

President of the Historical Preservation League, he start off as a cheerleader for the historic integrity of the town, but is likely to come into conflict with crew members should any property get damaged in the course of a spirited scuffle with locals. Clearly, the destruction is all the crew's fault!

Cassius Weaver

Weaver never amounted to much, and found himself stuck, working a tourism job where he has to bow and scrape and play "humble yokel" to visiting tours. He has a chip on his shoulder the size of the moon, and any interaction with the crew as they shop in the town will ratchet up his anger until he gets off work. Then he's going to get liquored up and show those aliens how they do things down on the farm.

Julia Tanner

A bit of a spacer groupie with a hunger for drama and alien boyfriends, she will latch on to the most volitile-looking crew member she can find by the time the crew hits the first bar. She's easy on the eyes, as far as the locals go, but is dangerously unstable, likely to provoke her new paramour into any number of fights against her small-minded neighbors.



Coja'ab

[PLANET: SIRAPOL]

■ COJA'AB ■

[CHARACTERS]

Planet: Sirapol

Climate

Engineered to be perfect, sunny, and warm every day of the year.

Weapon Restrictions

With a focus as a vacation paradise, firearms of all kinds are frowned upon, but there are no specific restrictions on handguns – however try getting a table with a visible pistol and you'll be waiting a long time. For this reason, most people who do carry weapons on Sirapol do so discreetly.

Port Description

Beautiful beaches, soothing, medicinal blue waters by day, and a glamorous nightlife of sparkling jewel skyscrapers and lights. And then twice a week for two hours in prime time, the top musical talents in the galaxy duke it out for the title of Reigning Musical Champion. The current RMC takes on a docket of fresh talents, winner take all. Some people would kill to win the showdown, and rivalry among singers and songwriters is fierce. But in the shadows of the glorious towers are the all-but-invisible hovels of failed musicians, now scraping by in service of the machine, hoping for their next big break. The port itself is tasteful and well appointed, possibly to keep spacer-rabble from being a more visible presence on their golden streets. The cargo ship slips are shielded from the city by a large, curving hotel and spacer facility. Food and lodging is very reasonable as it is subsidized by the Beautification Commission. Ships which carry people dock at a less fancy facility, with a broad tourism-centric entry plaza.

Aspects

TODAY'S DISHWASHER IS TOMORROW'S STAR

Invoke: that street kid whose life you saved last week is suddenly famous, "Hey, you remember your friends, don't you?"

Compel: your cab driver is concentrating on his audition tomorrow rather than on the road, "We're all going to die!"

GO BIG OR GO HOME

Invoke: attitude is everything, "These guys are chumps. I'm a rock star by comparison!"

Compel: you just didn't want it hard enough, "Man, those guys fought like they were trying out for an ass-kicking hall of fame!"

"HEY, DIDN'T YOU USED TO BE SOMEBODY?"

Invoke: pass off being recognized for having appeared on the show before rather than your wanted poster, "Oh wow! Aren't you drummer for Wewe Demon and the Bubbles of Carnage?"

Compel: that drummer from Bubbles of Carnage you resemble owes some bad people a lot of money, "That disguise didn't fool us. Get in the car."

Locals: Arsubarans

Sirapol is an engineered moon located very close to GCP, so there are no true locals. However, Arsubarans make up a hefty percentage of the population.

Plot Hooks

1. The crew is hired to courier a song from a reclusive legendary songwriter to a promising musician. But the musician has fallen into debt and is being held by a loan shark until he can repay it with a series of private concerts. Until they can get the song to him, they will be unable to complete their contract.
2. One of the crew members bears a striking resemblance to the current reigning champion, causing many instances of mistaken identity among a rabid fan base. When the reigning champ finds out, he suggests a temporary swap of lives so that he can have a few days of privacy. But with the next show coming up and the pop star nowhere in sight, it might be possible that the crew member is in for more than he signed up for.
3. A fallen pop idol desperate for another fifteen minutes of fame does something drastic – holding a group of people hostage in a restaurant. If only several crew members hadn't chosen that very place to get dinner. Now they have to get out alive, hopefully without drawing too much attention from the police.

Characters

Glitter Bliss

This Ken Reeg singer/songwriter has challenged two different standing champions and been defeated each time. She would do anything to win, even stealing a sure-fire hit. Thinking that she can make write a hit based on the hard-lot life of a spacer, she will glom



[CHARACTERS]

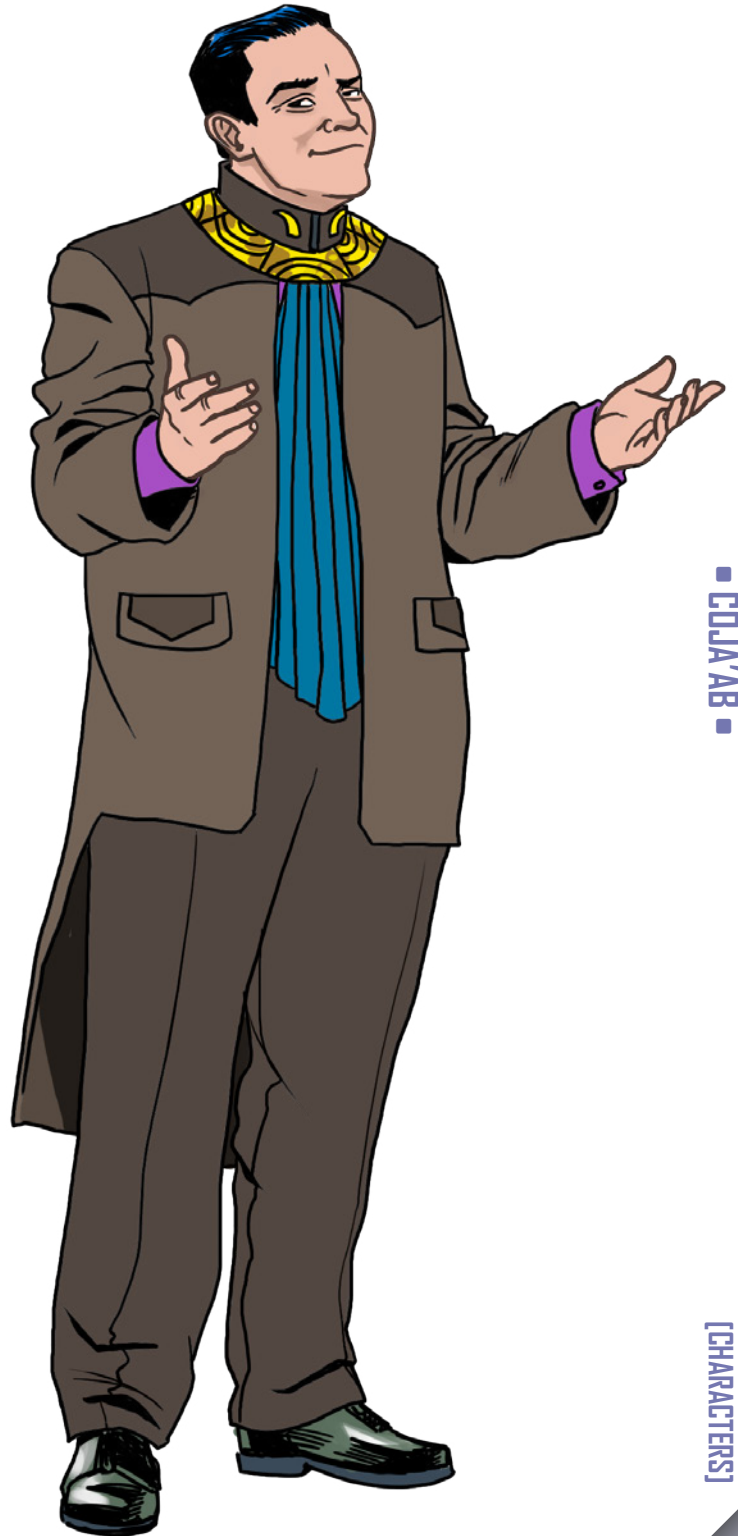
onto the party, making a nuisance of herself by asking invasive questions until shooed off. If she wins with a song plagiarizing a crew member's life, sparks are likely to fly.

Matthew Silver

A producer, promoter, and all-around swell Arsubaran. In his middle years, he oozes money and success, and is never seen without some lovely attendants on his arm. But years at the top have made him jaded and deeply afraid of losing what he has. His smile is as fake as his hair color, and like a shark, he needs to keep swimming or he'll drown. He runs into trouble when his biggest star takes a shine to a member of the crew, spotted from the window of a studio window. Hadrassus will not balk at kidnapping to keep his star happy with a new playmate.

Challon Milfoy

An Arsubaran who came to the planet on vacation and never left. She has no illusions about her own musical talent – she is as musical as a lump of coal. But she has looks, youth, and a lovely combination of ignorance and ruthlessness that make her seek fame simply by being seen with famous people. A bit of a professional stalker, she can be easily confused and might start following a crew member because she thinks they are someone famous in disguise.



■ COJA'AB ■

[CHARACTERS]



K'hame

[PLANET: TROIUS]

■ K'HAME ■

[LOCALS: TROI]

Planet: Troius

Climate

Humid and muggy in summer, icy and windy in winter.

Weapon Restrictions

They don't much care anymore, as long as you don't go shooting at people. While big weapons might still be technically illegal, the actual enforcement of the laws has been ignored for years.

Port Description

The port terminal is largely shuttered: only 10% is still in active use, with the rest locked up behind rolling accordion gates. The city itself is not much better – abandoned concrete factories and office buildings fill a blighted urban landscape while feral dog-like creatures roam in packs. A generation ago, this port was a thriving manufacturing hub, but the industry changed and moved on – different processes and cheaper labor elsewhere. Now what's left is a desperate, aging population scraping by with what few jobs remain. In an effort to remain relevant in a changing market, surviving industries and start-ups are experimenting with machinery. Sometimes crazy, sometimes deadly, they are all inventive grasps to find the “next big thing.”

Aspects

“BUDDY, I AIN'T HAD A JOB IN YEARS.”

Invoke: there's no cheaper place to find someone to do mechanical repair or engineering, “I'll fix it for a sandwich.”

Compel: the local workers are pretty rusty, “Huh... where's the carburetor on this thing?”

NO ONE MAKES 'EM LIKE THIS ANYMORE

Invoke: you can find good, cheap, solid-state hardware, provided you don't want this year's model, “This computer can stop a bullet. And probably has!”

Compel: there's a reason no one makes them like this anymore, “Wait, this thing takes a T33 power cell? Where can I find one of those?”

“HOLD ON. I GOT AN IDEA!”

Invoke: the spark of innovation runs in the blood of the locals, “I know this will look unconventional, but it will get you flying again.”

Compel: not all innovations are good ones, “The toaster oven you sold me just attacked our engineer.”

Locals: Troi

The Troi are bipedal humanoids of average height with short, thick legs, and two sets of arms – one pair long and thin for fine motor work that are situated midway down the side, and two shorter, more powerful arms at shoulder level. Their heads feature a swept-back cranium with a bony crest along the back. Their eyes are forward facing, small and solid black. They are industrious and hard-working, which is especially tragic since there is little work to be had on their world. Many have left the planet to find work elsewhere, but loyalists remain, chasing the “next big thing.”

Troi Names

Troi trace lineage through the female line, and have both personal and family names. The common family names can be seen all over the planet, decorating decaying factories and warehouses of family companies that no longer exist. Troi are fiercely proud of this tradition, so it's advisable not to badmouth any of these defunct firms.

Male Names: Banyam, Braan, Cirisk, Dannel, Dannis, Ferenk, Jobim, Jontan, Juseef, Krees, Marrak, Mikkil, Nijjul, Robir, Roos, Rugar, Sevin, Stevin, Yakkob, Yoan.

Female names: Aanla, Esta, Debla, Gabbim, Gara, Hanla, Isbrim, Kaanla, Kaatrim, Kara, Kreestim, Lura, Mara, Nowma, Rakkla, Ruuta, Taari, Ulga, Yudla, Zoi.

Family names: Bex, Den, Dex, Fee, Gan, Gol, Han, Ibi, Jax, Jee, Lee, Man, Nol, Opa, Owo, Rex, Tee, Ven, Yan, Zee.

Typical Troi Aspects

BETTER USE THE STRONG ARM

Invoke: those extra arms come in handy, “I'll just give it an extra crank. There! That ought to hold it.”

Compel: you can sometimes overdo it, “One final turn. Oops. Seems to have snapped it off.”

WORK TIL YOU DROP

Invoke: you're a tireless worker, “I wanted to keep going til the job was done.”

Compel: sometimes you just can't keep going, “No, a little more. I... ugh.”

ONCE WERE GREAT

Invoke: your foremothers were great manufacturers, “I recognize this! I Bix Model 123 o-ring. These things never wear out.”



Compel: those days are in the past, “You’ve never heard of the Yee family?”

ABJECT POVERTY

Invoke: you’re used to making due with less, “Hand me that soda. That will last me a few days.”

Compel: it sure would be nice if you had a pressure suit that wasn’t held together with Quik-Fix and tape, “Does anyone else feel a bit...vacuumy?”

NEVER SAY DIE SPIRIT

Invoke: until your last breath is drawn, you will hold onto hope, “Just a little bit more, guys.”

Compel: you’ve hitched your wagon to a dying star and you refuse to see it’s going to be the end of you, “I know it will work this time!”

SPARK OF INVENTION

Invoke: wouldn’t it be cool if the toaster was rigged with a defense grid to protect the kitchen? “Heavens help the person trying to invade this ship!”

Compel: putting a spoiler on the back of the cargo ship will not make it faster or look cooler, “I painted a lightning bolt on the cargo door, too!”

Troi Species Abilities [-2]

Extra Hands [-1]

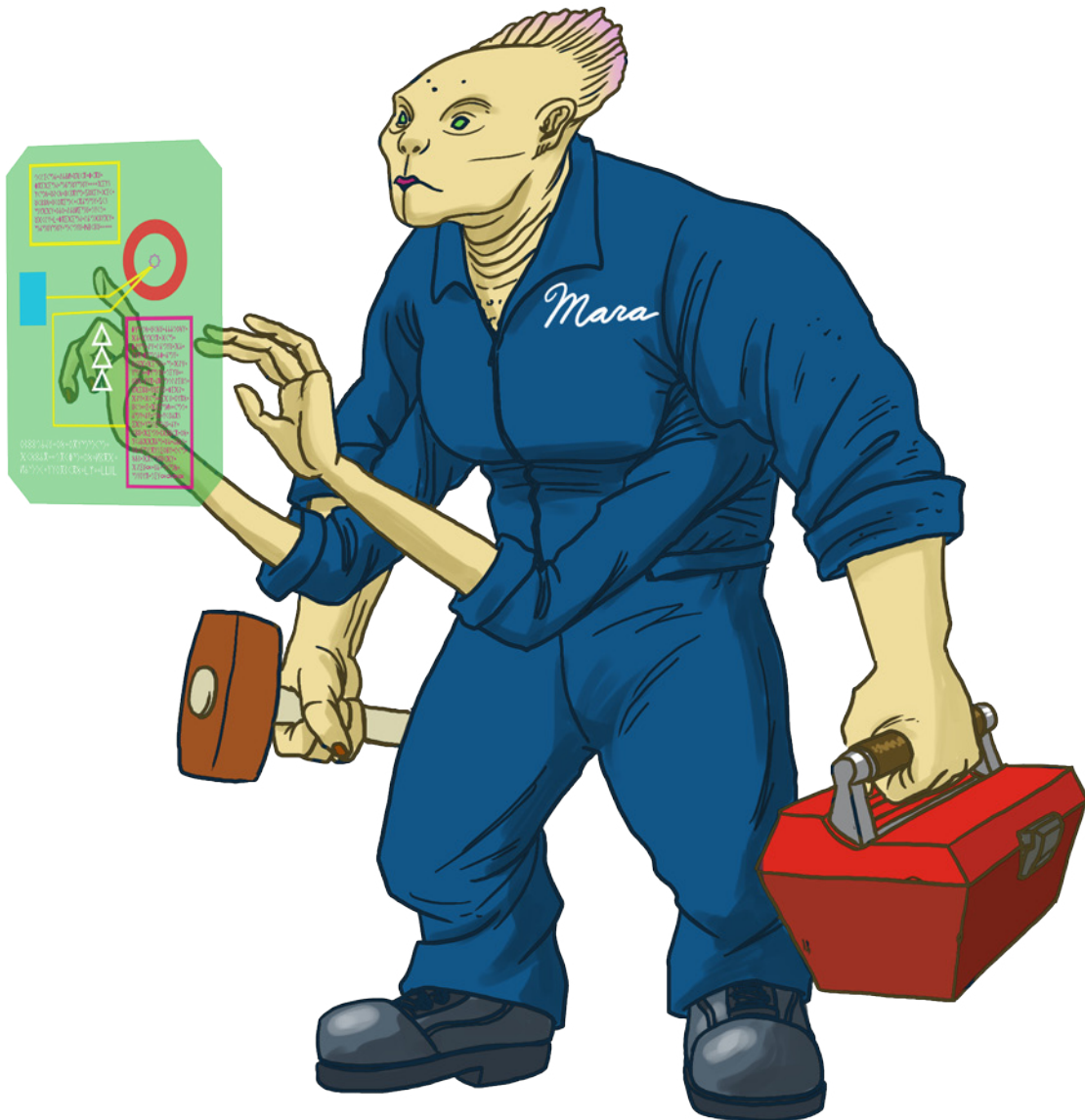
The Troi’s extra set of hands allows them to hold onto an item while still working on it. During a round, you may take two actions that require a hand without the normal -1 penalty for the second action

Who Needs Sleep? [0]

The Troi can be considered alert at all times. Any task that normally takes a few days or longer is reduced one step on the time scale if you devote yourself to it full time.

Disease Immunity [-1]

The Troi are of hearty biological stock, as required by union laws back when the unions had that kind of power. As a result, you are immune to damage, consequences, or environmental aspects related to disease.





Plot Hooks

1. One of the nearby factories is trying to create a mobile automated security system. Sure, it's incredibly efficient, lethally so. But when it develops sentience and goes on a rampage, "freeing" his automated brothers in the factory, it's a blood-soaked warzone between the crew and their ship.
2. The captain (or whoever finds potential cargo) thinks one of the smaller test labs might have discovered the "next big thing" and decides to invest in it. But when it turns out to be a shell game and the ship is out of money, it's time for some juicy vengeance and a chance to get their money back.
3. Cargo dropped off, the crew has hard times finding cargo to take off world. When one of the crew discovers a favorite company closed down in the city with inventory locked up and abandoned, the idea of salvaging the inventory for cargo to sell to collectors off-world is an attractive option. What are a few laws when it comes to making some money?

Characters

Jeccup Ven

Jeccup is a Troi who managed to hold onto a career in manufacturing until just a few years ago. He's not too old to move on and retrain in something new, but he's bitter and resentful. He will solicit work, general repairs, etc. from incoming crews, and then become belligerent if denied. Jeccup is a burly guy, and when he's been drinking, he can be dangerous, which is of course when the crew is most likely to encounter him in their drinking hole of choice.

Kastel Dwo

An ancient Troi engineer, he spent two decades building walking threshing machines before the factory closed eight years ago. He has spent that time modifying the remaining inventory, trying to make them relevant again as security robots – not that anyone wants to buy fifteen-foot tall "guard" that has rotating blades for hands. But he's going to do his best to impress upon the crew how they can benefit from owning one.

Tyssa Yan

A young Troi tagger and industrial artist, she hocks her pieces in an open-air gallery near the port, hoping to catch the eye of a traveling art lover. She'll make a deal for her large metal sculptures, as she makes them all with salvaged scrap so her costs are low. She isn't above running a few errands for an interested crew to make a few extra bucks.



Planet: Quissent

Climate

Temperate, seasonal humidity and temperature shifts. Gravity is -0.3G

Weapon Restrictions

Most firearms are prohibited, but non-lethal weapons and blades under 10 centimeters (4") are permitted.

Port Description

Grove is an agricultural port, located on a hill surrounded by a ring of food processing plants and warehousing, then farms, fields, orchards, and homes beyond. There are re-supply options at the port, and simple but comfortable rooms and dining. The main port authority has a spacers' dorm with a bunk room, showers, media-core uplink hub, and a Job Board. There are a handful of bars with watered-down drinks and frequent live entertainment. Local music is twangy, comprised of plucked or bowed string instruments and singing, but they occasionally book off-world talent. The bars are quick to cut people off if they seem antagonistic or like they've had too much, as the bar owners are responsible for violence that breaks out on their property. Grove exports fruits, vegetables, and grain in a variety of formats, from flash-frozen to processed to keep almost indefinitely. They import harvesting equipment and parts, as well as various trade goods (fabrics, manufactured goods, etc.).

Aspects

SO THIS IS WHERE FOOD COMES FROM!

Invoke: you don't remember the last time you've eaten so well, "More salad?"

Compel: it's easy to overindulge on the abundance, "Oh, man, I just want to sit here and digest."

"WHAT DO YOU DO FOR FUN AROUND HERE?"

Invoke: running and hiking stimulate the body while meditation in the gardens reinvigorate your mind, "Good air in. Bad air out."

Compel: the booze is watered and the locals are pacifists, "Time to see if I can get that guy by the buggy to fight me!"

IT'S PEACEFUL HERE; TOO PEACEFUL

Invoke: you might spend all your time on the planet without getting in fight, "I have to tell you guys: that never happens."

Compel: some might take advantage of the locals' easy-going ways, "Did you just knock the ice cream out of that guy's hand?"

Locals: A Thalís

The A Thalís are a graceful, peaceful species with an extra, backward-bent leg joint and long, slender antlers that curve back from their temples. Their legs angle back from their hips, then bend forward, then back again right above their hardened, split-toe hooves. They are exceptionally fast runners, and are lithe, averaging 170 centimeters (5'8") in height. The A Thalís are herbivores, with an elongated mouth full of broad, flat teeth, and a secondary stomach. Pacifists by nature, they have evolved a global non-violent religion around the concept that all lives are part of a central life, so by harming others, they harm themselves. The religion, called Yon Fup or "One Soul," has a near universal adherence by the A Thalís, though it tends to be a private and non-preaching practice. They will not try to convert visitors to their views, but will not allow violence on their world either.

A Thalís Names

A Thalís family names follow the male line. They give their family name first, followed by a personal name.

Male names: A Kamm, A Tuan, Annuan, Cava, Haffam, Hal Sannan, Hallam, Lam, Lammalan, Nan Lavasu, Nannuan, Sammuan, Su Fal, Su Nann, Sulluan, Summan, Ter Kelli, Ter Sannan, Thallam, Vacam.

Female names: A Halla, A Sulla, Farsalla, Fyni, Halalla, Havalla, Hillia, Hymni, Lalla, Lymni, Malalla, Sasalla, Symni, Thalalla, Thalla, Thillia, Thyni, Willia, Zillia, Zynni.

Family names: A Famied, Benied, Benief, Corsofo, Feneif, Fied, Fuleso, Henied, Holofo, Malsoro, Montono, Reif, Samsoro, Sarsofo, Sied, Sul Seloso, Theif, Thien, Zeif, Zothoso.

Typical A Thalís Aspects

DESIRABLE AND YOU KNOW IT

Invoke: you're athletic, good natured, and easy on the eyes, "I am a lover, not a fighter."

Compel: flattery really will get you everywhere, "Oh, I suppose I can let you onto the ship since we're going back to my bunk."



UNFLAGGING ENDURANCE

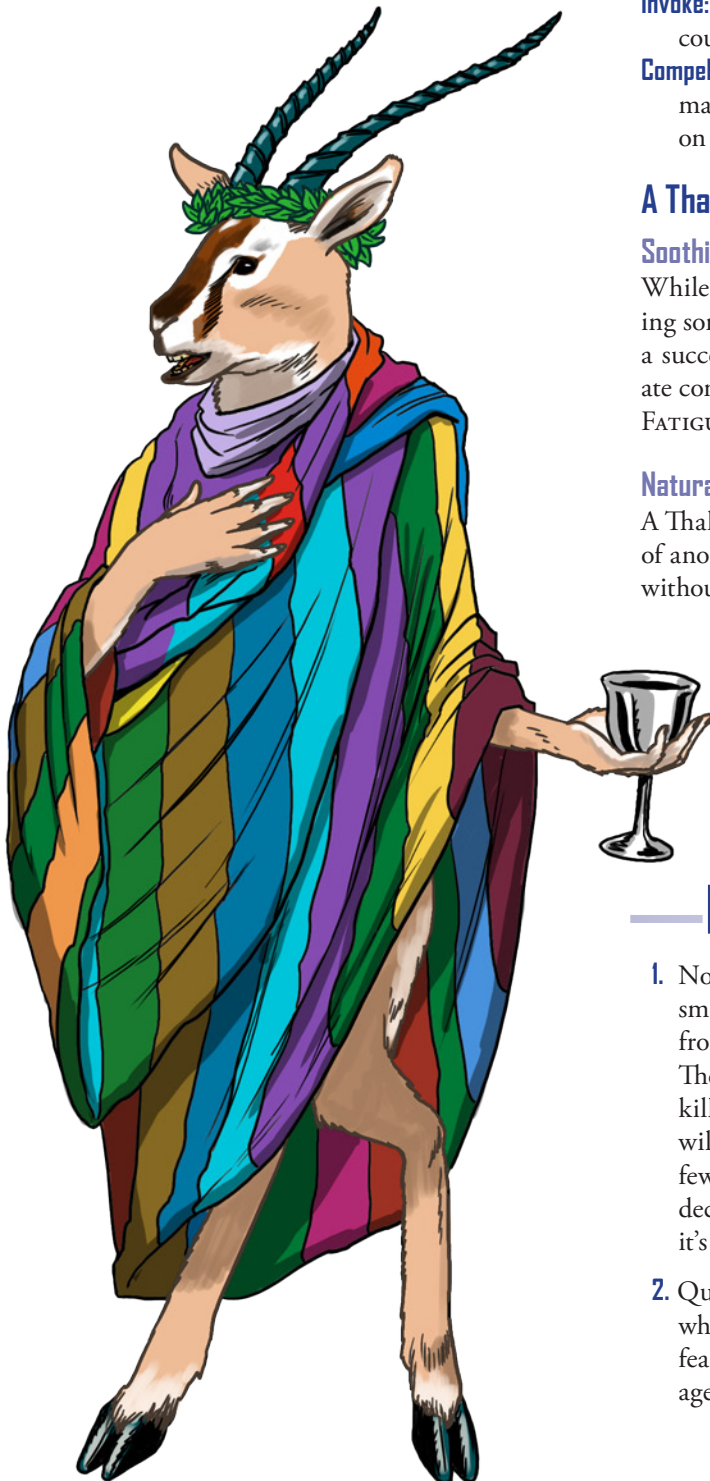
Invoke: when you absolutely, positively need to keep pushing on, “What’s a few more miles, right?”

Compel: most crew members won’t be able to keep up with you, “We’re almost there guys. Guys?”

INSULATED FROM DANGER

Invoke: your naïveté leads to great courage, “I’m sure everything will be fine, let’s go in!”

Compel: you really don’t see threats coming, “What a nice fellow. I wonder why he needs so many knives. Is he a chef?”



GREEN THUMB

Invoke: you can grow just about anything, “Just a little water and love, that’s all it takes.”

Compel: the cold, dead corridors in ships and stations are oppressive to you, “Oh, what I’d give for just one green thing.”

FREE LOVE FOR ALL

Invoke: you can get almost anyone into bed, “There’s no shame in it. Do what feels good.”

Compel: you are easy to seduce, “Well, she suggested it, so why not?”

EXTREME PACIFIST

Invoke: you turn potential fights into peaceful discourse, “Let us consider a less violent solution.”

Compel: violence of any kind isn’t tolerated, “It does not matter that they were trying to kill me. Your attack on my attacker harms us all.”

A Thalís Species Abilities [-3]

Soothing Song [-1]

While not violent, the A Thalís have developed a droning song that tires a selected target. Once per scene on a successful Rapport roll, you may place an immediate consequence on your opponent that marks them as FATIGUED. It does no other damage.

Natural Runners [-1]

A Thalís legs are build for speed. When moving as part of another activity, you may move one additional zone without taking the -1 penalty for supplemental action.

Leap [-1]

The A Thalís can leap prodigious distances. You gain a +2 bonus when using Athletics to jump.

Plot Hooks

1. Not everyone respects pacifism – particularly a small group of raiders who descend upon Grove from space to stock their diminishing food stocks. They don’t care that the locals won’t fight back, and kill indiscriminately to get what they want. What will it take for the crew to prevent a massacre? A few dead locals? How about the raider captain’s decision to take over the town and milk it for all it’s worth?
2. Quarantine! The crew is in Grove to pick up cargo when the Templari decide to quarantine the planet, fearing a food-borne contagion. Will the crew manage to make it off world past the military blockade?



Is there a dangerous food-borne illness on Grove, or are the Templari using it as an excuse to control the region's agricultural wealth?

3. A holy schism boils over in Grove, throwing a people unfamiliar with violence into an increasingly hostile argument over the one TRUE way. Will the crew find themselves caught up in the crusade, either as witnesses to history, innocent bystanders, or perhaps willing converts? And if the schism doesn't start to resolve itself, can they get off the planet unharmed?

Characters

Montano Jullija

An A Thalís farmer and long-distance runner, Jullija is a first contact person for crews looking to strike up new contracts or direct trade agreements with local farms through the co-op. She is patient and raises aloof to a fine art, though her grace and beauty generally has the men, and sometimes women, from any number of hominid species ready to make her the center of attention. She is well aware of the power this gives her, and she is not above using it.

Reif Gil Kama

The A Thalís owner of The Bushel, one of the local bars that usually features live music, he is more likely than his competitors to bring in off-world musical talent in a deliberate attempt to cultivate a spacer clientele. He does feature local musicians between sets, however, to get exposure for local acts. As long as you don't mind working only a few 10-minute sets a night for fraction of the door, he'll be more than happy to book your band.

Thempa Baragag

A Hacragorkan ship captain who happens to be in Grove. She recognizes the inherent weakness of the planetary defenses, and is not above using threats, intimidation, or outright violence to get what she wants. If that won't work, she isn't above organizing a raid with a few like-minded ship captains.



Ensanata

[PLANET: CALECKSICO]

Planet: Calecksico

Climate

Extreme desert heat on surface, temperate with average humidity below ground.

Weapon Restrictions

Sonic and stunning weapons are forbidden, arguably to preserve the integrity of the caves. Small blades (anything under 40 centimeters (16") in length) restricted for religious reasons.

Port Description

Ensanata is a somewhat bustling port city, with the port containing extensive shipyards stretching out in the shade of a jagged ridge of red stone like the front porch of the city. While there are several buildings at ground level, most of the city is nestled back in the insulating stone of the ridge. The heat is oppressive in the shade, and the direct sunlight can be deadly to those with little heat tolerance. The further one goes back into the massive cave structure, the more the temperature normalizes.

The caverns are well lit, and most public spaces are large enough to stave off claustrophobia. Smaller back alleys or private spaces are much tighter, however – possibly a result of the controlling portion of the local species spending their entire lives nestled down into a confined space. As long as the pathways are large enough for their hosts, they are large enough. As a general rule, if you feel the squeeze, consider turning back as those areas are less hospitable. People have been known to go missing, either stuck or forever lost in the labyrinthine twists of the Excovi tunnels. The public areas near the port are well appointed to deal with crews stuck there for extended layovers, with reasonably priced rooms and a variety of food options, including the spicy local dishes.

Aspects

LOCK THE DOOR AND TRUST NO ONE

Invoke: heightened vigilance will keep you safer, "I swear to you something isn't right here."

Compel: paranoia is a mind-killer, "How do I know it's really you?"

"SAY HELLO TO MY LITTLE FRIEND."

Invoke: if you understand the local population, you can deal with them, "Oh, it's like a parasite. Just smart!"

Compel: you may never sleep again, "Is one of on me? Holy Ghosts, is one of them on me?"

"ARE YOU TAKING...PASSENGERS?"

Invoke: you can make some extra money ferrying a local off planet, "You can bunk with the Ken Reeg!"

Compel: someone is looking for a new host, and the crew has potential, "I'd like you to take a look at something, captain."

Locals: Excovi

The Excovi are in fact two separate species (Covi and Exalna) living together as an amalgam called the Excovi. The Covi are 190 centimeters (6'5") on average, with deep red, hairless bodies. Humanoids resembling muscular Arusubarans in many respects, the Covi have two small, side-facing black eyes, and a single, larger milky blue eye in the center of their wrinkled forehead. The center eye has a transparent lid.

The Exalna are smaller, approximately 35 centimeters (14") across from tip to tail, and only 20 centimeters (8") across at their wider point. The Exalna have a hard exterior shell, a dozen sharp legs on each side, and a long tail with a razor tip – not that most people see them outside of their Covi hosts. The Exalna mount themselves to their host's spinal column and burrow in until only the top of the hard, black shell is showing – an oval approximately 20 centimeters (8") long by 10 centimeters (4") wide. The Covi have limited, animal intelligence on their own and an incredible physical endurance and temperature resistance. Their estimated lifespan is only 20 years, and whatever will they may have appears to be subservient to that of their Exalna masters.

The Exalna are never seen without a host, and it is theorized that they cannot survive long, if at all, without one. The average life expectancy of an Exalna has been estimated to be close to a century, but a few papers have posited that the Exalna may live for several hundred years. These studies were discounted as speciesist, claiming that the researchers were merely unable to distinguish between Exalna and thus unable to trace their lineage. The Exalna are incredibly advanced, and are well known for their work in bio-sciences and genetics. Their engineering is on the high-end of the galactic bell-curve as well, making some of their ship components particularly sought after, though they only rarely go off the planet themselves any more due largely to what they regard as xenophobia on the behalf of other species.

■ ENSANATA ■

[LOCALS: EXCOVI]



Excovi Names

The Excovi names are an amalgam, just like the Excovi themselves. The Exalna has a name, as does the Covi host. The Exalna name comes first, followed by the Covi. The Exalna keeps her name even after she changes hosts, so the second Covi name can change while the Exalna is still the same being a person may have met before. The Excovi really don't have sexually divergent names, male and female names are very similar for both Exalna and Covi.

Exalna Names: Covval, Corrula, Duwella, Fayiel, Fellal, Gallal, Geddra, Gladdara, Glemmal, Hasmin, Hassiem, Ruvella, Ruyiem, Sahalla, Sayyal, Tallal, Tannim, Tannit, Tasmin, Temmin.

Covi Names: Be, Bi, Da, De, Di, Ge, Go, Ki, Ko, Pa, Pe, Qo, Sa, So, Ta, Te, Ti, Va, Ve, Za.

Typical Excovi Aspects

SOMETHING JUST ISN'T RIGHT

Invoke: your unsettling nature makes most species nervous, "Sure, I'll tell you. Just leave me alone."

Compel: your creepy mannerisms make it difficult to earn anyone's trust, "I don't think I want to help you."

NEW BODY, SAME PERSON

Invoke: you may look different, but it's still you in there, "I don't believe we've met."

Compel: other species have a hard time with this concept, "You really remind me of that other Excovi I knew."

OUR SCIENCE MAKES US STRONG

Invoke: engineering, design, and bio-sciences are elementary to your kind, "Your ship is fast. I can make it faster."

Compel: you offer advice even when it isn't welcome, "Whoever fixed this engine last was a simpleton."

OUTSIDERS FEAR US

Invoke: threat of switching hosts is a great motivator, "Please, I'll do what you want!"

Compel: you are shunned by anyone who suspects your secret, "An Excovi? No way. I'll take another ship."

SECRETS ARE OUR STOCK IN TRADE

Invoke: protecting secrets is second nature to, "I'm afraid you're wasting your time."

Compel: a secret is only valuable as long as it's a secret, "I'm not talking."

NO FEAR OF CONFINED SPACES

Invoke: you can get into places no one would expect, "How could she have gotten through there? It doesn't look wide enough."

Compel: sometimes you get crammed in and you can't get out, "I told you it was too small."

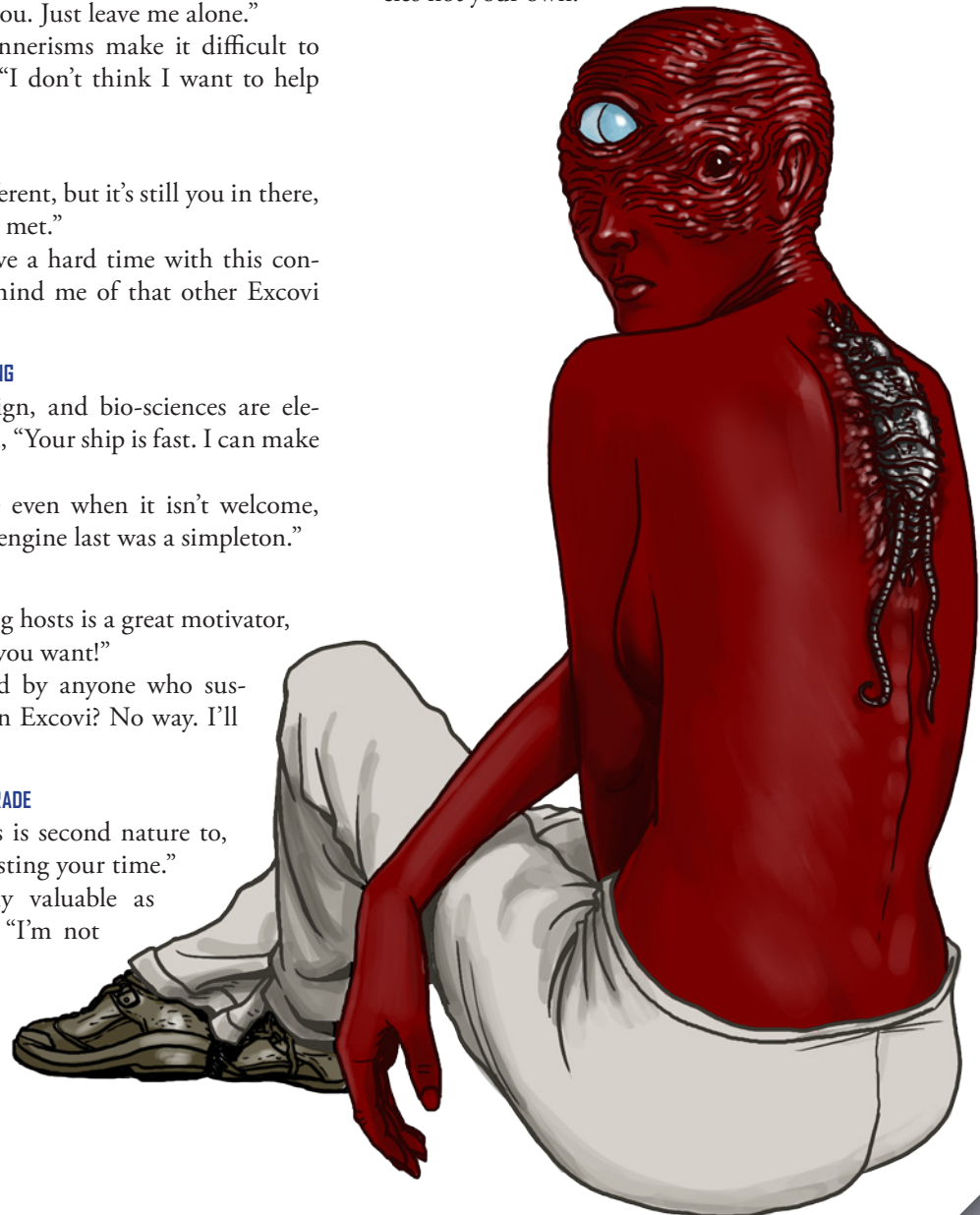
Excovi Species Abilities [0]

Immortal [0]

While the host is relatively short lived, the Exalna is effectively ageless. If deprived of a host for lengthy enough of a period, you will go into stasis until a suitable host makes itself available.

Deeply Unsettling [+1]

Cool, methodical, and with the blank stare of a sociopathic murderer, the Excovi do not play well with others. You have no concept of body language and personal space. As a result, you suffer a -1 penalty when making social interaction rolls with characters of species not your own.





Environmental Immunity [-1]

The Excovi are adept at surviving the extreme heat of their world, and you are immune to damages, consequences, or environmental aspects related to the high heat environments.

Plot Hooks

1. While the captain shops for possible ship upgrades, the rest of the crew has too much time on their hands. When a spacer from another docked ship goes missing after a night of drinking, bored crew members get involved in the search. When it looks like the Excovi might be responsible for the disappearance, the crew might be faced with some uncomfortable truths – the missing spacer is now a host.
2. One of the crew members gets lost and accidentally discovers a nursery full of Covi children. Unlike the adult hosts, the children are bright-eyed and willful. Then they discover the surgery suite, and the pen for the now hosting-prepared Covi. The Excovi have a reputation to preserve, and they will kill to keep their secrets.
3. One (or more) of the crew gets a little too drunk one night, and wanders out into the relatively cool nighttime desert. Sobriety comes with the brutal sunrise. The lost crew will have to find their way back to the city under deadly conditions, or will have to be rescued by crew back at the port.

Characters

Tannit Da

An Excovi hospitality host, he runs a small storefront adjacent to the port advertising “Visitor Services” on a sign out front. Charming and genial, he is the only person who mans the desk in the warm, yellow-lit interior. His office will sometimes erupt with noise from behind the closed door to his quarters, tucked safely behind the desk – noise he attributes to his rambunctious children wrestling with each other.

Spaceman Hyrrawl

Usually found in the streets outside the various spacer bars, Hyrrawl is a Ryjyllian down on his luck. Never seen outside of his encounter suit, he has long since gone around the bend, claiming that he wears the suit to keep “them” out of his head. Relatively harmless and unspecific as to who “they” are, he is largely ignored by most of the regulars as he mumbles and asks for creds for a drink.

Accerro Te

An Excovi shipyard rep, she is likely the person to talk to if you want to schedule major repairs on a ship. She’s a busy individual, sometimes carrying on at least one remote conversation through mobile comp or communicator while she negotiates a slip and repair schedule with you. She isn’t ruthless about her job, but she isn’t about to give any breaks either – time and space are finite quantities, and the rates are the rates.



Planet: Tremleleno

Climate

Mediterranean, with somewhat cooler and wetter winters, but never severe. Gravity is light (-0.52 G)

Weapon Restrictions

Heavy weapons prohibited. Concealed weapons prohibited. No other restrictions.

Port Description

Ryzure proudly continues to be a port city, dating back to when trade was done with tall-mast ships. Several painstaking recreations of those vintage ships dot the sapphire blue bay, hosting tours and private events. The city itself has long outgrown the cliff-shielded delta of its origins, and massive white towers jut from the dark cliff walls over the ocean and over the old port itself. Half of the sea-level city is built on an artificial land extension that juts out into the bay like a white and silvered wedge, housing the main port terminal and lodging for “smaller species.” While the Trem maintain several businesses in the main terminal, and all buildings are constructed to accommodate their size, approximately 70% of the vendors are clearly designed around a small-to-average clientele (one to two meters (4'-6')) and are run under contract by appropriately sized employees.

The terminal building has docking facilities for up to fifty ships at full capacity, including a dozen full dry-docking/repair slips. Warp core repairs, replacements, and upgrades are more expensive here than most places, but the quality of work justifies the additional charge, and it is usually handled in a very timely and efficient manner. The terminal building has a single hotel, the Ryzure Star, which is a multi-level establishment with something in most spacer's price range, from multi-bunk barracks to private suites with a view of the bay. Eating and drinking establishments are varied, featuring a cosmopolitan mix of cultures and cuisines that would be the envy of the most diverse food-courts. Tremleleno is able to support most of its needs (raw materials, food, etc.) and has little use for luxury or manufactured goods created for people less than half their size, but what they do import is ideas. Always looking for the “new,” the planet buys patterns and designs for things that they can reproduce on their own scale at an alarming rate. They also import culture, and their universities, museums, and performance spaces

are thriving. The University Ryzure has a fantastic anthropology, language, xenothology, and sociology program, though their business department is lacking.

Aspects

EVERYTHING HAS A PRICE

Invoke: you can buy up the fixtures of the store if you have the cash, “I'll take the register as well!”

Compel: your favorite hat that mom made for you has a price, too, “How much mister? I got five credits on me right now!”

“SURELY ONE MORE DRINK WILL NOT IMPAIR YOUR JUDGMENT?”

Invoke: business not conducted over drinks is not worth conducting, “Drink, then we discuss price!”

Compel: these locals sure can hold their booze, “Sign here, and we take them off your hands at cost.”

SEE THE TREASURES OF THE GALAXY ALL IN ONE DAY

Invoke: what better place to absorb galactic knowledge and culture, “How many museums?”

Compel: the museum district seems to go on forever, “I've seen enough paintings. Where is the damn bar?”

Locals: Trem

The Trem are physiologically similar to the Arsubarans in most aspects, the chief difference being their enormous size. The average Trem male tops out at 430 centimeters (14'3”) while the average female is only five centimeters (2”) shorter. Trem also have darker hair than many Arsubarans (deep brown to black), and skin-tones in the deep olive range. Their bones have a higher density to accommodate the size, but the lighter gravity of the world is more than adequate compensation. Trem are compulsive travelers and traders, but they do not claim an innate business sense. Originally a sea-faring race, they pursue new means of travel almost religiously. This may be due to their drive to see new places and acquire new things and experiences, but the end result is production of some of the finest hyperspace drives in the galaxy, moving more mass further and faster than just about anything that can be found on the open market.

Trem fashion may have strayed from the swashbuckling days of yore, but it strayed back and has remained pretty firmly fixed for the past several decades. Women favor corsets and full skirts, while men favor short pants and vests – puffy-sleeved shirts are the norm for



both sexes. While they also tend towards sabers and pistols, the blades have chain edges, and the pistols, while antiquated in appearance, fire nasty blaster bolts.

The Trem are happy-go-lucky, always ready to roll with a perceived setback, choosing to view it as an invitation to an unexpected adventure. Quick to make friends and willing to shed blood on their friend's behalf, they have a reputation for loyalty, but once crossed, they do not easily forgive.

Trem Names

Trem names follow the Arsubaran pattern, with a personal followed by a family name. Family names are traced through the male line.

Male Names: Almerico, Arcus, Balsamo, Clario, Donato, Ermolao, Frangibus, Galaxio, Jacomelo, Lenuzo, Mercurio, Oliverio, Petruccio, Philio, Raffiano, Sclavo, Triadano, Ubertino, Vincenzo, Zusto.

Female names: Agneta, Alegrezza, Annaluca, Benevenuta, Besina, Campagnola, Caterucia, Colleta, Donata, Elizabeta, Florentia, Francesca, Gerita, Luca, Micola, Pasqualina, Pencina, Richa, Rosalina, Zaneta.

Family names: Adoldo, Badoer, Caotorta, Cuerpo, Dagionne, Desiderato, Enzignerio, Felone, Gradenigo, Loredan, Marmagna, Muxe, Nani, Pagrianna, Querini, Rambaldo, Scrovegni, Thadei, Vinzetties, Zentil.

Typical Trem Aspects

SUPER-SIZED

Invoke: your sheer size is intimidating, "You sure you want to do that, little man?"

Compel: your size can make simple things inconvenient, "I guess I'll take my meal to go and eat in the parking lot, then."

LOW-GRAVITY HOME WORLD

Invoke: you are light and quick for your size, "I didn't think he could move that quick."

Compel: everything is so damn heavy off-world, "More stairs? How do you people manage it?"

SHREWD TRADER

Invoke: you know the ins and outs of a good bargain, "Take 20% off the top and I'll take the whole case."

Compel: you're always trying to squeeze a little more, "Are you sure that's the final price?"

CAN'T STAY FOR LONG

Invoke: you are an experienced traveler, "Better take your shoes off now."

Compel: you get itchy if you've been in one place too long, "When are we leaving?"

SITUATIONAL IMPROVISATION

Invoke: to you, everything is a weapon, "Duck! Table coming through!"

Compel: you didn't come prepared, "I didn't figure they'd bolt everything to the floor!"

GREAT FRIEND, WORSE ENEMY

Invoke: you give your friends absolute loyalty, "Don't worry. I've got your back."

Compel: you will stop at nothing to avenge yourself if others don't show the same, "I've been looking for 20 years, but I've finally found you."





Trem Species Abilities [0]

Venom Immunity [0]

Due to their size and metabolism, the Trem are so highly resistant to poison that they are effectively immune to it. They are immune to damage, consequences, or environmental aspects related to poison.

Plot Hooks

1. The crew happens to have an unusual species on board, and a controversial professor at University Ryzure would love to study them – under duress if necessary. If the crew member won't allow themselves to be subjected to a series of increasingly abusive tests, the professor will hire a pair of local toughs to abduct the subject for him.
2. The ship brings in a cargo of highly-varied exotic textiles to be replicated by local manufacturers, and gets rewarded by a dinner and tour of the High Wind Jamca, one of the museum ships out in the harbor. They happen to be on board when modern-day pirates come aboard demanding the valuables of the generally very wealthy clientele. An early example shows that these pirates mean business, and those who put up a fight will be dealt with violently.
3. It's all fun, games, and giant-sized drinks until someone gets hurt! A night on the town leads the crew deep into the native Trem neighborhoods. When everything is so big, the size of adventure doubles, as does the risk, as the crew discovers when they get caught up in a roaming bar fight.

Characters

Arcia Grellina

A Trem spacer and crew gunner, she spends her downtime at one of the many terminal bars. A generally likable gal, she has made friends with the crew of another ship which has been in port for the last few days for hyperdrive repairs. When the crew clashes with this other group over a game of chance, a short-tempered Trem could make it a very lopsided fight.

Maximia Tandallo

A merchant with a special interest in intellectual properties, she lurks near media kiosks at the terminal trying to keep constant tabs on cultural trends. A crew member who pays attention to such things will find a very willing listener in the elderly Trem. She might even buy a round for the table for a good lead.

Jimi Twist

A Ken Reeg mercenary sniper, he got dropped by a previous crew and is looking for work – no questions asked. He is more than willing to hire on as a gunner, systems op, or steward, though he has few skills outside of knowing how to handle a gun. And if hired, his loyalty was not necessarily part of his contract. He has a hooded chameleon-tech jacket and a prized slug-throwing rifle in a hard case, with a belt pouch full of specialized rounds that he always keeps near.



Fort Dallow

[PLANET: BEMIS]

Planet: Bemis

Climate

Mostly dry with occasional seasonal humidity, warm year round with heavier than usual gravity (+0.8 G). High winds and dust storms are regular occurrences.

Weapon Restrictions

No restrictions, incendiary weapons are actively encouraged.

Port Description

Fort Dallow was originally built as a military installation during an interstellar conflict with a neighboring culture. While the locals think of the end of hostilities a victory, history claims that the other nation saw nothing of value to continue fighting for and merely withdrew. The port is built in a wide, gently sloping plain, a common terrain feature on Bemis. Surrounded by earth-berm walls topping out at two meters (6'), the port is arranged in a giant square, with docking for six ships off to one side. The buildings here are low to the ground, only one meter (3') tall with open fronts, and built into the earth to be essentially invisible unless you're looking at them head on. The open fronts are equipped with automatic storm shutters that slam closed when sensors register sustained winds (more than 10 seconds) sufficient to provoke a dust storm.

Outside of the port is a sea of tall, red weeds with a noxious blossom that smells like hot, wet garbage. The weeds are insidious, and have to be kept at bay with microwave screens on the top of the earthen berms. While an individual can pass through with minor harm, the weeds themselves grow slowly enough that the screen prevents Fort Dallow from becoming completely overrun. Spores do catch in the dust built up in various cracks and crevices of the concrete fort interior, and will sprout into noxious weeds in less than 10 hours. A robotic crew goes through the fort in the middle of the night burning anything plantlike with built-in flame-throwers just to keep the town livable. Only about 400 locals live here, and all underground. They provide no accommodations for anyone larger than themselves, and have made no concessions for cooking to other species taste – not that anyone wants to eat around the prevailing scent.

Another reason for the storm shutters is the planet's most dangerous local flora, an omnivorous rolling weed known as bloodweed tumbler. Twice the size

of a Bemisterion, they move on the wind, consuming anything that comes in their path. When the storm sirens sound, crews are advised to get to their ships quickly, or be prepared to start some fires.

The locals import technology that makes their lives easier, things to repair said technology, and little else. They export petroleum products at low cost – the planet has enormous petroleum reserves, and uses them to fuel their flamers and to produce a wide variety of inexpensive plastic products.

Aspects

WHAT'S THAT SMELL?>

Invoke: there is only one thing anyone can smell here, "Go ahead and spread that fuel around, no one will notice unless they see it."

Compel: the overpowering stench is almost incapacitating, "Can I wear my filter mask the whole trip?"

GROWS LIKE A WEED

Invoke: weeds choke the vehicles of a rival, "Looks like they should have cleaned out their engine first!"

Compel: you track some fast growing spores back onto your ship, "What do you mean life support is clogged?"

MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

Invoke: no troublesome bounty hunters on this planet, "I'm wanted on 99 worlds but Bemis ain't one!"

Compel: your ship breaks down and there are no replacement parts to be had, "We'll have to send out for parts to get that fixed."

Locals: Bemisterions

The Bemisterions are a small, hairy people, averaging 50 centimeters (20") tall. Stocky of build, they are mostly torso, with small arms and legs. More comfortable moving on all fours when in a hurry, they can, and do, stand on their rear legs with regularity. The Bemisterions have evolved from burrowing mammals, and still have the digging claws and teeth of their ancestors. They continue to live in subterranean burrows, though their homes are much better appointed now than times past.

While technologically advanced, the Bemisterions are fundamentally lazy about most things. If boring, necessary functions can be turned over to automation, they have been. And they are unlikely to run for anything other than a free meal, or away from some of the more dangerous flora that Bemis is known for. They

■ FORT DALLOW ■

[LOCALS: BEMISTERIONS]



are well versed in robotic and computer technology, though their other sciences are somewhat behind the galactic curve. They are exceptionally good at finding ways to set things on fire, a direct result of the aggressive plant-life on the planet.

To aid them in the frequent dust storms and in burrowing deep tunnels, the Bemisterions see very well in low light, but it also means that public spaces tend towards being under-lit. They tend to dress simply in tunic-style garments in dull, earth-tones, and since they don't have much of a waist, a shoulder bag is usually more useful than a belt. Most Bemisterions carry at least a small hand-flamer, good for two shots before needing a recharge.

The local diet is root vegetables and grubs with occasional inclusion of lighter fare from off-world, though they have sensitive stomachs and will avoid anything strongly flavored with one exception – sour. One of the

staples of the local diet is a sour-flavored root that finds its way into every dish. They even brew a particularly pungent sour beer with it.

Bemisterion Names

Bemisterion names are largely outside the audible register for most galactic species. They consist of complex string on chirps and clicks, indicating parentage, gender, occupation, residence, and current mood. It's best for outsiders not even to attempt these noises and most Bemisterion go by a short nickname summarizing a bit of the information into the audible spectrum.

Bemisterion names: Kik'kik, Kik'kik'krill, Kikiti, Kikri'i, Klip, Kri'lip, Krill, Lip'trill, Liplip, Sikip, Sirri, Sri'i'i, Srik'kip, Srill, Tri'i'i, Trik'kip, Trill, Trill'i'ki, Trip, Trip'kiri.

Typical Bemisterion Aspects

SMALL AND ROLY-POLY

Invoke: you can squeeze into some tight spots when need be, "I got cover. Don't know about you giants, though."

Compel: you're a short critter in a tall critter's world, "Can someone lift me to the counter?"

SUPERSONIC HEARING

Invoke: you hear sounds others can't detect, "There's definitely some device running in here."

Compel: deafening to you, undetectable to everyone else, "You can't hear yourself think in here!"

DOES IT BURN?

Invoke: you always have a flamer on you, "Spark me, will ya kid?"

Compel: fire is your go-to solution, "Ya might want to back up...to the next town over."

GO DOWN TO ESCAPE

Invoke: you usually have some hidey hole nearby, "Where'd the little one go?"

Compel: even mild shocks send you under cover, "Hey, come on out of there. It was just a backfire."

CAN'T A MACHINE DO THAT?

Invoke: why bother getting up, "The fridge brings me a beer."

Compel: tech can't do everything, "If I can't do it from my chair, why bother?"

NEVER RUN IF YOU CAN WALK

Invoke: you're always well-rested, "Oh, I'm ready for action."

Compel: you don't get anywhere in a hurry, "She'll be here...eventually."





Bemisterion Species Abilities [+1]

Lazy as Dirt [+1]

The Bemisterions are not known for their work ethic, unless it involves destroying plant-life. The GM can compel your laziness as if it were an aspect once per session. If you wish to avoid this compel, you must spend two fate points to refuse.

No Sense of Smell [+1]

Growing up on a planet overrun by noxious weeds has made developing a sense of smell useless. The GM may assess penalties up to -4 whenever you are attempting something that requires the missing sense.

Low Light Vision [-1]

The Bemisterions have eyes better suited to seeing in poorly lit, subterranean environments. You can ignore darkness aspects, except for aspects coming from the complete absence of light.

Plot Hooks

1. The ship is coming into low orbit for a landing at the tail end of a dust storm and the radio beacon gets muddled, then blips, shifting to a slight course correction. The ground crew excuses the error as caused by the microwave screens that surround the port. As the ship readies for a landing, sharp-eyed crew might notice that the other two ships docked there seem to have been picked-over. They might even be able to do something before the wrecker's heavy mag-grapple snares the ship, hauling it in for theft and salvage. If they manage to escape, finding the actual port only four kilometers away, they might decide to head to the wrecker camp and claim some of the ill-gotten salvage from the operation there.
2. The crew is hired to take medical supplies and a pair of doctors to a small colony in the midst of an epidemic. But with the colony overrun by the noxious red weeds and a storm on the way, time is of the essence. And clearing the weeds and keeping them from the ship will be moot, once the bloodweed tumblers show up.
3. The crew is caught unprepared when a dust storm descends upon them. After suffering through what appeared to be the worst of it, the crew can't quite shake the smell of the planet once they've left. The reasons become apparent only after they're in warp – the noxious red weeds have taken root on the ship and are growing in crawl spaces and unused spaces. If left unchecked, they will overwhelm life support in a matter of hours.

Characters

Tri'lill

A Bemisterion robotics engineer, he does no construction and only minimal repairs to the many crucial Burninators at Fort Dallow. He shows a casual disinterest in the crews of incoming ships unless they have robots, which he will offer to tune up for a fee. He does good, if a bit sloppy and half-assed, work, but at least everything will run afterwards. As he puts it, he isn't paid to polish the damn things, just make sure they run.

Dimmer

An Urseminite engineer who got stranded by his crew after a "totally blown-out of proportion disagreement," he has been picking up work at Fort Dallow and living in a cramped space for a few months. He blew his nose off with a blaster pistol to get away from the stink after a week, and has the misshapen scar to show for it. He can't afford to buy passage off-planet, but if the crew needs an engineer, they could do worse than hiring him on, though he will abandon them the next port they land in, complaining the entire way.

Kri'i'kip

A Bemisterion plastics sales rep, she will try to strike up a deal for cheap plastic products before the hyperdrive is even cold. An aggressive salesbeing, she reps a marginal product at best, but at least has the decency to recognize it, hence the generous price incentives she offers. After all, what should the crew care if half the products they deliver might be defective?

Summerville



[PLANET: ESSEX]

Planet: Essex

Climate

Humid and warm, but rarely hot.

Weapon Restrictions

Essex is a very restrictive, heavily legislated society. The laws and licenses for firearms are so complicated and the penalty for transgression so severe and archaic that even the finest lawyers on the planet choose not to carry weapons of any kind.

Port Description

Summerville is a moderately sized city dominated by tightly packed gothic towers, high bridges, and elevated walkways. The buildings are largely gray stone, black metal, gilded domes, and glass, with much of the color of the city being in the colored glass that fills the buildings. The populace wears black and white, so it's even more easy than normal to spot off-worlders from a distance. The main port building is a massive H-shaped structure made of skeletal iron framework and clear glass panes like an enormous arboretum. The glass is specially treated to be as strong as steel, and the building is meticulously maintained from the top of the highest crenellated spire to the small white and black tiles on the port's walkways. Lodging is easily available but modest, and the food tends towards heavy on the meat and rich sauces. Vegetables aren't considered food—they're what food eats.

Aspects

CIVILITY ABOVE ALL ELSE

Invoke: reasoned discourse is the path to problem resolution, "I'm certain calm heads will prevail in this matter."

Compel: to show anger is to admit defeat, "With Your Honor's permission, I withdraw my statement."

"RECENT COURT RULINGS SEE IT A BIT DIFFERENTLY."

Invoke: you see the loophole, "If the glove does not fit, I'm afraid you must acquit."

Compel: legal waters are now too muddy for a clear resolution, "Though that has been interpreted different ways by different judges."

A SHIP, LIKE ARCHITECTURE, SHOULD MAKE A STATEMENT

Invoke: first class all the way! "The grand dining hall is through here."

Compel: the mundane simply will not do, "Shared bunks? This is an outrage!"

Locals: Essexians

The Essexians are a reptile race which walks upright on strong hind legs. Males average 3m (10') long tip to tail, and females larger at approximately 3.6m (12') long, but because of how their body angles forward, they're usually about 2m (6-7') tall. The Essexians are carnivores, and have large mouths full of long, pointy teeth, and their diet consists of fish, birds, and small mammals. Incredibly calm and logical, they're masters of discourse, law, and other academic matters.

The typical Essexian wears black garments with flashes of white at collars and cuffs, and carefully maintained powdered white wigs. The entire culture is in love with complexity. Their architecture is a mishmash of high gothic and byzantine style details—heavily ornamented high towers, flying buttresses, stained glass, and carefully gilded domes and accent features. This architecture translates to their massive cathedral ships, huge and strangely ornate structures incapable of entering atmosphere. Cathedral ships are fitted with small ship bays for numerous shuttles and fighter craft.

Essexian Names

Essexians have formal, Arsubaran-sounding names. Their names are always multi-syllabic, and it's considered the height of rudeness to shorten a name or refer to someone by a nickname. Official titles and stations are also very important, and the more honorifics an Essexian possesses, the more important she is.

Male Names: Alouicious, Armand, Bartholomew, Caractus, Douglas, Gareth, Goromand, Graham, Gustavus, Heinrich, Malcolm, Marcus, Robespierre, Rupert, Sebastian, Simian, Simon, Timothy, Vladimir, William.

Female Names: Amethyst, Angelina, Dorothea, Elspeth, Eloise, Esmerelda, Esperanza, Genevieve, Heloise, Hestia, Hortense, Ingrid, Jasmine, Juliet, Lorelei, Lourdes, Samantha, Serafina, Zaphora, Zelda.

Family Names: Bigglesworth, Birchbaum, Bутtenhome, Falmouth, Farnsworth, Fontleroy, Freidrichson, Gormenghast, Haverford, Helmhurst, Holmesheath, Horehound, Mountbatten, Norvenwith, Shakeshorne, Somerset, Wentworth, Willemsen, Witnerweath, Wittgenstein.

■ SUMMERVILLE ■

[LOCALS: ESSEXIANS]



Typical Essexian Aspects

STRICT CARNIVORE

Invoke: you're top of the food chain, "If things are dire, I can always eat the Urseminite."

Compel: if food options are limited, you might have to go hungry, "Tell me, what kind of creature is this... tofu?"

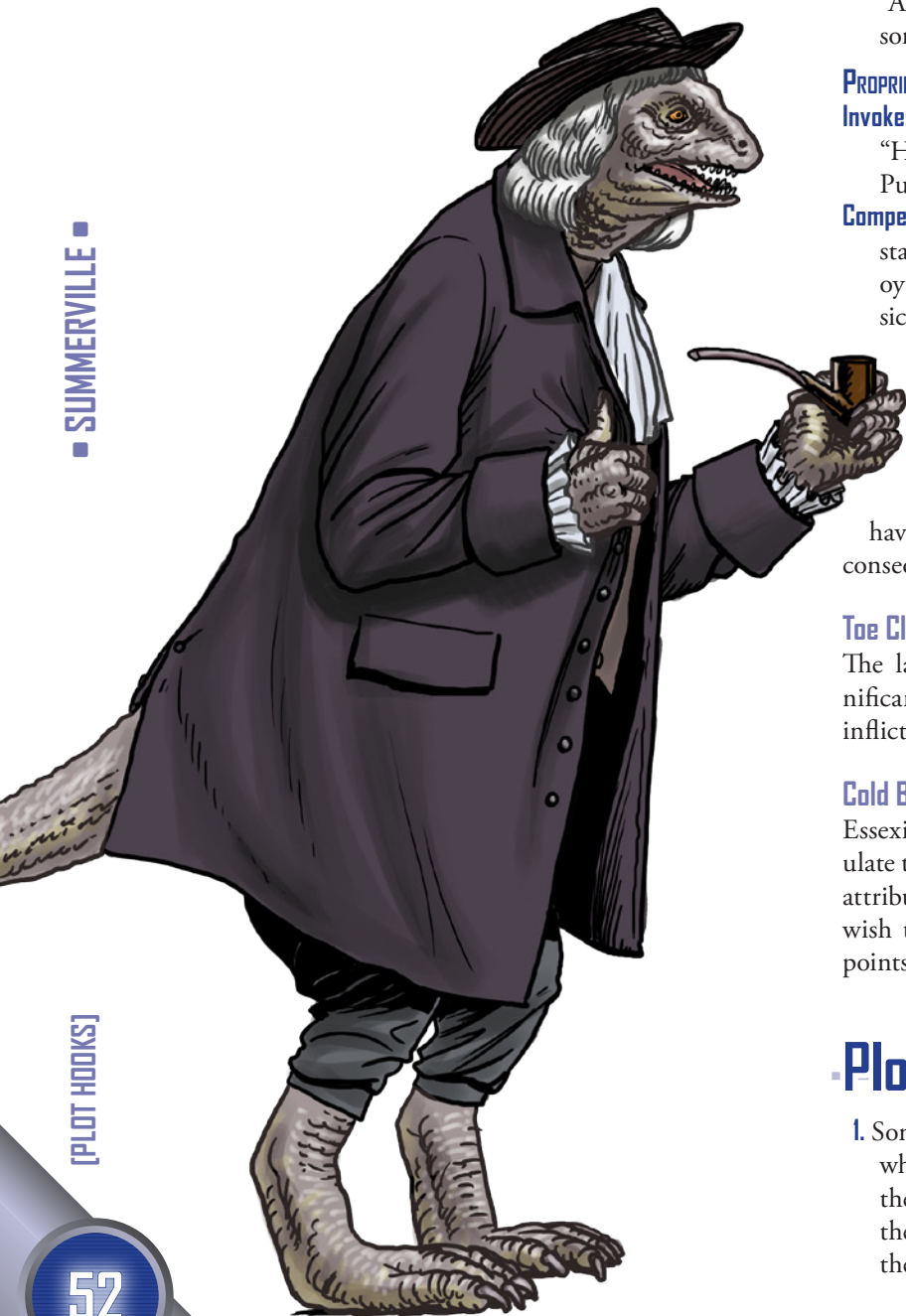
NEVER UNARMED

Invoke: your vicious toe claw is always available, "Oh my God! She sliced him open throat to thigh."

Compel: your natural weaponry is intimidating whether you like it or not, "My good fellows, no need to point firearms at me!"

[PLOT HOOKS]

■ SUMMerville ■



[PLOT HOOKS]

ORDER, ABOVE ALL ELSE

Invoke: find your center and nothing can unseat you, "You mean to tempt me, when what you offer is a clear violation of morality and law?"

Compel: it's all coming unglued, "I can't focus with all of this chaos! Will someone please put out the fire!"

THAT IS THE LAW

Invoke: you understand the nuance and complexity of legal systems, "The officer failed to present his identification, rendering the arrest invalid."

Compel: you are hesitant to break it, "Entering there is prohibited, gentlemen."

MASTER OF DISCOURSE

Invoke: words, well used, cut as keenly as knives, "There are times I wish I had settled for less, as you have. It must be liberating!"

Compel: that witty banter will get you killed one day, "A gun? How droll! Do you mean to shoot me or something vulgar like that?"

PROPRIETIES MUST BE OBSERVED

Invoke: you take someone to task for rudeness, "Hacragorkan or no, such behavior is intolerable. Put that knife down at once!"

Compel: you take offense at most species' loose understanding of manners, "Good heavens! She used the oyster spoon for her soup! I think I'm going to be sick."

Essexian Species Abilities [-4]

Damage Resistance [-2]

The Essexian have thick, scaly hides that protect them from a fair degree of damage. You have an additional stress box as well as an extra mild consequence.

Toe Claw [-3]

The large toe claw on Essexian feet can inflict significant damage when used in rare melee combats. It inflicts Damage: 3 with a Fists attack.

Cold Blooded [+1]

Essexians need external heat or cooling sources to regulate their body temperature. The GM can compel this attribute as if it were an aspect once per session. If you wish to avoid this compel, you must spend two fate points to refuse.

Plot Hooks

1. Someone on the crew gets involved in an altercation while in port, and though no one is seriously hurt, the courts are in charge of the matter now. While the arrested crew member makes new friends in the imposing and retro-modern jail tower, the crew



that remains at large has to track down witnesses and clues that'll help their lawyer free their companion from the litigation hell.

2. An unintended insult leads to a duel to the death between one unlucky crew member and a local Essexian naval officer. If the crew member loses, she'll most likely die, but if she wins, the ship might be in for a mess of legal troubles. There has to be an angle or loophole somewhere, and it'll take combing through dusty law libraries and dark alleys to find it!
3. A few ports back, someone stole the transponder code of your ship and has been engaging in illegal activities under an assumed ship identity. The chickens come home to roost when the crew arrives at Essex. The authorities won't be overt at first, merely logging the details of the ship, and thankfully one of the port workers tips a crew member off as to the mistaken identity, having sold some goods to the impersonator ship only a few days earlier. But will the crew try to make a run for it, explain the dreadful mistake to the authorities, or go out for revenge?

Characters

Octavius Dapmanger

Legal counsel and feisty hell-raiser, this young Essexian bucks convention, wearing his cuffs two inches shorter than his peers and a black ribbon in his powdered wig. He's fond of testing the limits of his society, frequently by harassing off-worlders. He might be a punk, but he's a very proper punk.

Darlafene Herringbone

An Essexian officer highly placed within the Falling Albion, a massive battleship in orbit above the city. She's in the port supervising a squad of Essexian marines on shore leave. She's no-nonsense, and trusts that her rank will back use of force if needed. When a misunderstanding between her squad and the crew erupts in a tavern, use of force will most certainly be needed.

Harrisman Wittgenstein

An Essexian banker, he has more money than common sense and an unquenchable taste for adventure. He can be found at the spacer bars most nights, listening intently to the stories told by off-worlders, buying drinks, and looking for something that is missing in his day-to-day life. The manager of the Rusted Hull keeps a close eye on him to make certain no one takes too much advantage of his best customer.



Telemetry Station 006

[PLANET: NONE]

Planet: None

Climate

The station is kept hotter than usual and the humidity levels are extremely high. Mold and other fungi seem to thrive aboard the station.

Weapon Restrictions

As a popular spacer stop off, the station has few rules. Troublemakers will be asked to leave, and very big weapons that might be a threat to the integrity of the station walls are banned, but otherwise anything goes.

Port Description

Back during the war, the Templari Security Cordon used to extend out this far. They built a series of telemetry stations in deep space to watch for incoming Saldrallan fleets. After the Treaty, the border moved light years away, and the old telemetry stations were abandoned. Station 006 was discovered by some enterprising Tetsuashans, and they have set up shop here, retooling the station as a deep space resupply depot. It's conveniently located close to a heavily trafficked hyper-space route. They don't advertise, so the clientele are all hardcore spacers. It's known as a welcoming spot for any and all travelers, and even wanted criminals and pirates are left alone so long as they don't cause trouble. That's made the port a haven for all sorts, and a great place for gossip.

The Tetsuashans running the place are great at ship repair and the heavy traffic brings in lots of parts and supplies. They do keep it comfortable for Tetsuashans, which means uncomfortably warm and swampy for just about everyone else. Station 006 is considered neutral territory, and lots of deep spacers and pirates would be very irate if something were to happen to the place.

Aspects

NEUTRAL TERRITORY

Invoke: you can find really disreputable people if you need a contact, "That guy's a Barracado!"

Compel: if you make trouble, things are going to go badly for you, "It looks like the whole station's after you!"

SWAMPY ATMOSPHERE

Invoke: your opponent steps on a slippery patch of mold, "Whoops! Down you go."

Compel: you're allergic to one of the many things growing on this station, "Achoo! I think I'll just wait in the ship."

WELL SUPPLIED

Invoke: you need to fix your ship, "They have the parts! We can be underway in six hours."

Compel: you want to unload something, but no one's interested, "We're going to need to sell these fuel hoses somewhere else."

Locals: Tetsuashans

This station is run by Tetsuashans, but people from all sorts of species can easily be found here. There aren't any unique species native to the station, however, unless it's some new type of fungus.

Plot Hooks

1. The station manager comes to the crew in some distress. A survey ship owned by the local Tetsuashans went missing in a nearby star system, prospecting for resources. He wants the crew to investigate, with a promise of free repairs. Turns out the surveyors came across a planet being used by pirates as a hideout and have been captured...
2. Lots of people come through here, including old enemies. Someone harboring a beef with one of the crew is in port here at the station and spots the crew member when they arrive. The enemy may start something here on the station, but it won't get too dangerous because no one wants to offend the station managers. This enemy might follow the crew when they leave and turn the conflict into a dangerous one.
3. A shady looking character has a load of hot goods he wants to get rid of, quick. He offers the crew a steep discount to take the stuff off his hands and then quickly leaves the station. That's when the ship he stole it from arrives, just as the crew is loading it aboard. The other ship wants their goods back, and they don't care that the crew just paid good money for the stuff.

TELEMETRY STATION 006

[PLOT HOOKS]

Characters



[CHARACTERS]

Administrator Slurph

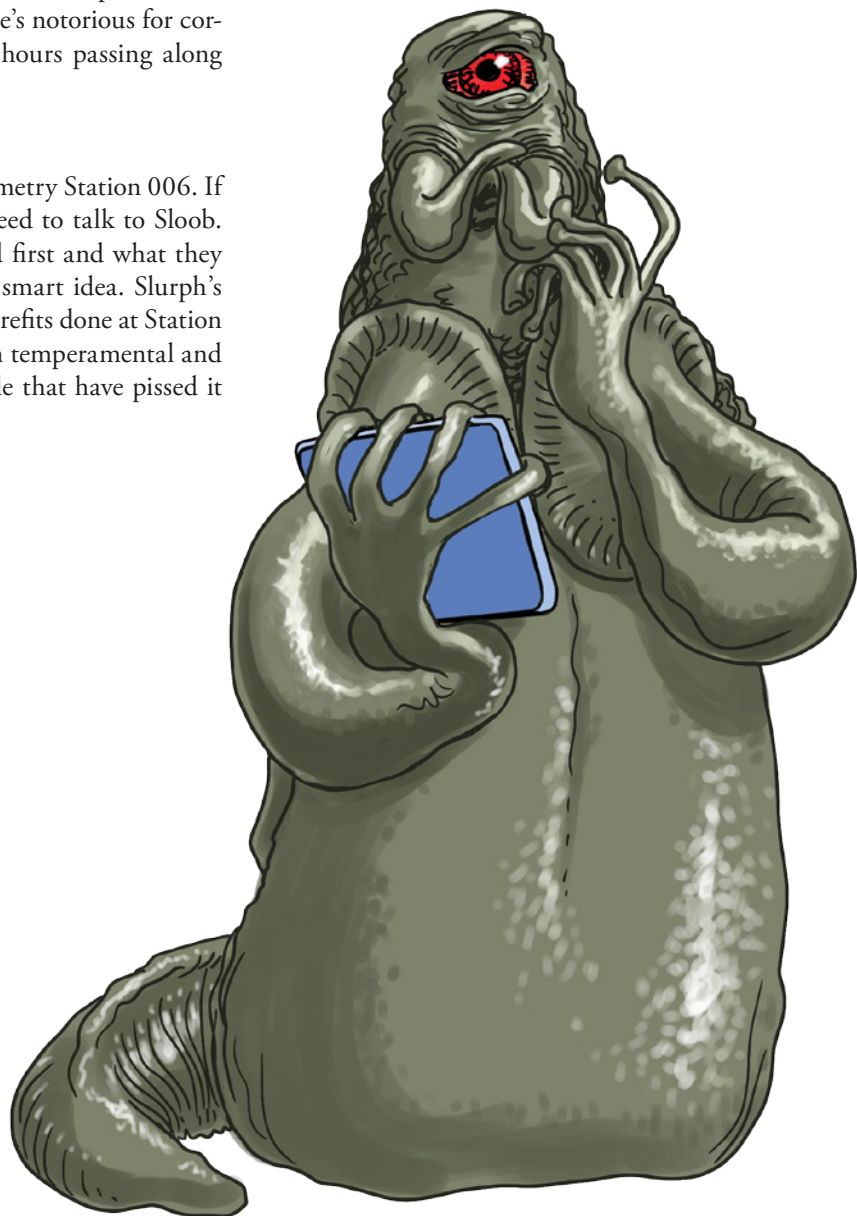
A moist and nervous Tetsuashan, Slurph is the station administrator. Slurph answers to a consortium of other Tetsuashan investors and most of them aren't local. Slurph is a bit flighty and excitable for a Tetsuashan, and gets in a panic whenever things go wrong. Slurph will often turn to the spacers on station when something happens, and is known for good compensation in these situations. An unscrupulous type might even try to take advantage.

Jane Kashabian

The Arsubaran known as Old Spacer Jane is a permanent fixture on Telemetry Station 006. She's an ancient crusty spacefarer who has retired to the station, rumor has it when her ship gave up the ghost in the dock here and she just never left. She tells stories and passes messages for a drink or a meal, and she's notorious for cornering greenhorns and spending hours passing along her hard-earned wisdom.

Sloob

Sloob runs the docks here on Telemetry Station 006. If you want something done, you need to talk to Sloob. Sloob determines who gets served first and what they get, a being on its good side is a smart idea. Slurph's very good at its job, and repairs or refits done at Station 006 are among the best, but it can temperamental and will leave little surprises for people that have pissed it off.



TELEMETRY STATION 006

[CHARACTERS]



Rescue at Sen-Gamma

[SETUP: MISSING CREW]

A private Tetsuashan surveying group has lost one of their ships in an uncharted region of space. Can you and your crew find the ship and save its cargo and crew of lovable slug-beings? One thing is for sure, someone is gonna shoot at you if you try.

Setup: Missing Crew

En route with a TransGalaxy-approved cargo, the crew stop off at **Telemetry Station 006**, a popular spot for long-haul freighters to refuel and resupply.

The station is small, with a docking area capable of accommodating a dozen ships, a small boarding house for stranded travelers, living quarters for the station crew, and a bar and diner for entertainment and to provide food for visitors. The station still has a lot of its telemetry apparatus attached, although there is little reason to use it. The station has also been equipped with four large blast cannons and half-a-dozen ship-to-ship torpedoes it can fire to defend itself if necessary. There is only one tube, however, so the torpedoes can be fired only one at a time. It relies mostly on its reputation as a safe haven. The pirates, smugglers, and long-haul transport spacers would be very angry at anyone who harmed the station.

The crew disembarks on the tiny station for a short while as their ship is refueled and repaired. There is the only vessel docked at the station when they arrive, and they can make their way to the bar while work is done.

After only a few minutes, the station administrator **Slurph** (see character writeups starting page 60) will arrive in the bar (or come to the ship, if they avoided disembarking) and introduce himself to the crew. He informs them that he has need of assistance. He seems quite worried, wringing his pseudopods and repeatedly blinking his giant eye. One of his survey vessels, the **Black Mold**, has become stranded in a nearby system a few minutes of hyperspace travel away, and he has lost contact with them. None of his other ships are close enough to help. He offers the crew the job.

Setup: Sen-Gamma

The coordinates of the lost ship are in a lightly explored system nearby. The crew's databanks will have only the most rudimentary information on the system, based on a 50-year-old exploratory survey. This information can be found with a Fair (+2) **Systems** roll. The system is called **Sen-Gamma** and has five planets: four large gaseous planets and a smallish terrestrial planet that

can support life. According to the survey, the system is uninhabited except for a group of primitive (non-starfaring) natives on the small planet. No other data is available.

When the crew arrives in the Sen-Gamma system, they can scan the system to attempt to find the Black Mold. An Average (+1) **Systems** roll to operate the sensors will reveal that the old survey is correct regarding the system's particulars—number of planets, no sign of advanced technology, etc. A Good (+3) **Systems** roll will also identify a vessel orbiting the terrestrial planet. Any attempts to hail this ship will fail. It will take roughly half an hour for the characters' ship to travel there on sub-light engines. If the scanning roll gets a Superb (+5) result, a faint, shielded power signature from the terrestrial planet's surface will also be detected. This one detail doesn't square with the data, but the power signature can't be triangulated and seems to fade in and out. As soon as the crew's ship enters orbit around the planet, the Black Mold begins transmitting a distress signal.

Problem: Nobody Home

When the crew arrives at the distress beacon, they find the Black Mold orbiting the planet. A quick scan indicates no life signs aboard. A more thorough scan, a Good (+3) **Systems** roll, will reveal that the vessel is in shutdown mode, only minimal systems and life support operational. There is no visible external damage to the ship. The ship's orbit is also starting to decay. It will begin to skim the atmosphere in a few hours, and will crash into the planet itself within an afternoon.

To deal with the decaying orbit, the player characters can dock with the ship and drag it back into a stable orbit, a Good (+3) **Pilot** roll, since there is no crew on the other ship to assist. The crew may wish to board the Black Mold as well. They can easily do this once the pilot has docked the ship. To gain access to the airlock, they will need to break it open, as they do not have any access codes. This will require a Good (+3) **Burglary** or **Systems** roll.

The Black Mold is all low corridors and small sleeping quarters. The walkways have seamless textured surfacing, the better for the slug-like Tetsuashans to crawl upon. Taller crew members will be forced to stoop to walk around the ship, and anything Dolom sized probably can't fit in at all. The whole place has an odd smell, and eerie reddish emergency lighting is the only illumination. As the crew explores, they will be behind to suffer from sore throats. This is because of a malfunction in

RESCUE AT SEN-GAMMA

[PROBLEM: NOBODY HOME]



the environment controls—the humidity is near 0%, something any Tetsuashan will immediately notice as its skin begins to dry. For a Tetsuashan, the atmosphere aboard ship is an intensity 1 environmental hazard (pg 76 in the **Bulldogs!** core book). This is, of course, why none of the original crew are to be found aboard.

In the cockpit, a red warning alarm indicates that the ship's orbit is beginning to decay. Additionally, the consoles show the malfunction in life support, as well as a power failure in the fusion bottle that is too severe to be repaired with the parts on board. The life support problem can be fixed in a few hours with a Good (+3) **Engineering** roll, using parts on board.

Ship logs reveal that an escape pod was launched to the planet's surface nearly 24 hours earlier. Interestingly, the distress signal began to transmit after the pod's launch and shows no interruptions in the ship's log, despite the fact that the crew didn't receive it until they arrived at the planet.

Problem: Out of Touch

As soon as they moved into orbit around the planet, the crew entered a communications blackout zone, although they are very unlikely to detect this. Signals within the blackout zone still work, but any message sent beyond the planet's orbital area is blocked. There is no indication to the sender that this has happened. The Tetsuashan crew was unaware that their distress calls had not reached their employer.

It requires a Fantastic (+6) **Systems** roll to notice without specifically looking for it. If they suspect something, perhaps due to the pod's distress beacon, it only takes a Good (+3) **Systems** roll to identify it. The source is harder to pinpoint, since it is shielded. A Great (+4) **Systems** roll can identify where the signal is coming from on the planet's surface.

Setup: Sen-Gamma I

The planet **Sen-Gamma I** is a watery, life-supporting world. The pod is very near the equator, in a region that seems lush and wet. The terrain consists almost entirely of immense, white-trunked trees, as large as redwoods, with occasional red-turf clearings scattered throughout. The area is completely saturated with water, and the trees have huge prop roots that lift them from the mire. The earth around the base of the trees is a thick, rust-colored mud. The red clearings are in fact thick weeds growing directly out of the water. Any ship landing there will sink deep down into the turf.

Walking through the turf is extremely difficult, as the crew will sink up to their armpits in the stuff. All crew members with leg-based locomotion must make an Fair (+2) **Athletics** roll just to move one zone. The mud is a bit easier to navigate, but crew members can move a maximum of two zones through the mud in any one exchange. Species with a more distributed style of movement, such as Saldrellans and Tetsuashans, are unaffected by either the mud or the turf.

No Solid Ground

Invoke: you can get your opponent to slip, "Lost your footing, did you?"

Compel: it's a struggle to move anywhere, "I think I lost my boot."

Swarming with Hostile Lifeforms

Invoke: you use local fauna to your advantage, "I backed him into some sort of hive."

Compel: everything has teeth here, "I thought I stepped in a hole, but it turned out to be a mouth."

Hot and Sticky

Invoke: enemies try to stay out of the heat, "It doesn't look guarded."

Compel: heavy exertion is very taxing, "I think I'm about to die of heat stroke."

Problem: Swamp Planet

It's easy enough to locate the escape pod. It emits a locator beacon that will lead the crew right to it. Any attempt to raise communications from the Black Mold's escape pod is unsuccessful. To discover what has happened to them, the crew must make planetfall.

The pod is located in one of the clearings among the massive trees. A Fair (+2) **Alertness** roll by the pilot or anyone else looking reveals that the pod is half-sunken in the reddish turf of the clearing, a warning that the surface is not solid. There is little choice in landing spots outside the clearing, though. When the ship lands on this turf, it will sink deep into the stuff, more than halfway up the sides of the vessel. This may make it difficult to exit the ship, depending on the position of the airlock.

Once outside, the crew can struggle over to the landing pod and take a look. The pod seems to have landed successfully, but it is empty. It is still transmitting its locator beacon. Whatever crew came down to the



planet's surface seemed to exit the pod in good order, as the survival kits and first aid kits are missing, and the pod's door is secured (but not locked). Attempts to hail the Tetsuashan crew from the pod or the character's ship will meet with no success.

A grim-seeming clue is discovered nearby, however. A Tetsuashan arm lies among the trees. To track the Tetsuashan crew requires a Good (+3) **Investigation** or **Survival** roll. There are traces of the Tetsuashan crew moving from the clearing into the trees, in a westerly direction. Some other strange, wide tracks can also be detected, but what formed them is a bit mysterious.

Though the Bulldogs crew does not know this, smugglers from a hideout nearby detected the landing escape pod, and, fearing discovery, came to the pod and captured the distressed crew.

Problem: Hostile Natives

Sen-Gamma I is inhabited by some non-spacefaring natives. These are an Arsubaran-derived species, perhaps descendants of ancient colonists. The smugglers have made an alliance with the local natives, buying them off with high-tech trinkets in exchange for peaceful relations. The smugglers' ship is not here, it is off making a delivery, but the remainder of the smuggling gang has monitored the crew's arrival with increasing alarm. When they make their landing, the smugglers decide to take action and contact their native allies, telling them to send warriors to take care of the intruders.

As the crew are making their investigation of the pod landing site, the **warriors** (see character writeups starting page 60) approach. The group consists of two warriors per crew member, with a tamed **chagn-fa**, one of the local multi-legged crocodile-like predators. The warriors are camouflaged and are almost invisible when moving among the trees (+2 bonus to **Stealth** rolls). Four of the warriors have energy rifles, and any others only have handmade bows. The chagn-fa can move across the turf or mud with no difficulty due to its many legs. The warriors aren't going to put up too great an assault, they don't want to get killed, so if it looks like the crew is getting the better of them they'll run off.

Some of the warriors are probably going to be left behind or captured, taken out one way or another, and these can be searched. Apart from the rifles, one of the warriors has a power pac in his handmade leather pouch, and another has a necklace of synthetic beads. The rest of their gear is handmade from organic local materials. It's clear these natives have been trading with someone from off-world.

A taken out warrior can answer their questions, since the locals surprisingly speak Galactic. Strangers came to a cave near his village, and they gave valuable gifts to his tribe, including the energy rifles. In return, the tribe agreed to protect the strangers from other natives and outsiders. He and his fellow warriors received word that more strangers had come, and came to take care of the problem. He can give the characters directions to the smugglers' cave.

Problem: Smugglers' Cave

The **smugglers** (see character writeups starting page 60) are using a cave inside a steep hill a few miles from the pod landing site as a hideout. The hills are quite rocky, and instead of the tall, white-trunked trees, smaller yellowish trees and thick brambles cover it. The hill doesn't have the soft ground that the lowlands do.

The smugglers have a lookout at the cave entrance, but most of them are inside. There are a dozen smugglers, plus one more for each crew member. The smugglers' ship is away from the planet, along with their leader, a Hacragorkan named **Raf Blutaxt** (see character writeups starting page 60). Blutaxt's second in command, an Arsubaran named **Nick Bate** (see character writeups starting page 60), is here on planet, and will coordinate the defense of the cave. They are on guard because they know the crew are on planet, but they have not yet had word from their native friends about the failed attack.

The cave has a large central chamber that the smugglers are using as a storeroom, and several tunnels leading back from that contain a control room with the jamming apparatus, a dingy cell where the Tetsuashans are being held, and another chamber with living quarters for the smugglers here on Sen Gamma I.

If the crew makes a determined assault, Bate sets up a barricade deeper in the cave and try to hold them off. He knows Blutaxt is coming back soon, and tries to hold off the crew until his boss gets back.

Problem: Blutaxt Returns

The rest of the smugglers gang, led by Raf Blutaxt aboard their own vessel the **Lucky Strike** (see character writeups starting page 60), will return as the characters are finishing up in the cave. Blutaxt was alerted by smugglers on the ground, and is ready for a fight. If the crew stays on the ground, the smugglers will assault them there. If the crew heads for space, the smugglers will pursue in the Lucky Strike.

If the crew is trying to flee, they will definitely need to leave the Black Mold behind. There is no way to tow the ship and run from the Lucky Strike at the same



time. If the smugglers are soundly defeated, the crew can tow the Black Mold back to Telemetry Station 006 with no difficulty.

Wrapup: Rescue Complete

Once the crew returns to Telemetry Station 006, Slurph will meet with them on arrival. If the crew managed to rescue the crew and return with the ship, Slurph is overjoyed, or as overjoyed as a Tetsuashan can be. He will offer them a free berth at the station in perpetuity, along with discounted fuel and repairs. If they managed to bring back the crew but had to leave the ship behind, he is less happy, but still glad to have the crew back safe and sound. He will give them a big payout in this case. If they couldn't even rescue the crew, Slurph is not happy with them, and they will no longer be welcome at Telemetry Station 006.

[WRAPUP: RESCUE COMPLETE]

■ RESCUE AT SEN-GAMMA ■

[WRAPUP: RESCUE COMPLETE]



Fresh Meat

[ADMINISTRATOR SLURPH]

Administrator Slurph

A moist and nervous Tetsuashan, Slurph is the station administrator. Slurph is a bit flighty and excitable for a Tetsuashan, and gets in a panic whenever things go wrong. Slurph will often turn to the spacers on station when something happens.

Stress: □□□
Armor/Shields: None
Fate: 1

Skills

Contacting Good (+3), Leadership Good (+3), Empathy Fair (+2), Trading Fair (+2), Rapport Fair (+2), Academics Average (+1), Alertness Average (+1), Deceit Average (+1), Systems Average (+1)

Aspects

SLUG-LIKE FORM; SPACE IS HOME; "I'M NOT CUT OUT FOR THIS."; OH, DEAR; A BIT OF A PUSHOVER; THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE

Stunts & Species Abilities

Slime Trail (pg. 35), Squish (pg. 35), Resilient (pg. 35), Regenerative Powers (pg. 35), Poisoned by Salt (pg. 35), Reduced Speed (pg. 35), Well Known: Spacers (pg. 110)

Gear

Administrator's Tablet (+2 Systems aboard the station)

Telemetry Station 006 Security

Fair (+2) Physical minions, armed with batons (Damage: 1, 2 vs shields, -1 vs. armor) and stunners (Damage: 2, Range: 2, Non-Lethal, Persistent Effect: DAZED).

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Sen Gamma I Warriors

The warriors of Sen Gamma I come from an Arsubaran-derived species, and they wear few clothes in their hot and humid land. They are Average (+1) Physical minions armed with bows and arrows (Damage: 1, 2 vs shields, -1 vs. armor, Range: 2), spears (Damage: 2, 3 vs shields, 0 vs. armor, Range: 1), and turtle shell shields (Armor: 1). Four of them have energy rifles (Damage: 2, Accuracy: 1, Range: 3).

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■ FRESH MEAT ■

[SEN GAMMA I WARRIORS]

Fresh Meat



[CHAGN-FA]

Chagn-Fa

A local predator, the chagn-fa resembles a 10-foot long centipede with a crocodile head. It is equally at home on land and in the water, and can climb trees quickly and easily. The locals have tamed one and use it to help them fight enemies.

Stress: □□□ □□
Armor/Shields: Armor 1
Fate: 1

Skills

Fists Good (+3), Athletics Good (+3), Alertness Good (+3), Endurance Fair (+2), Intimidation Fair (+2), Stealth Fair (+2), Survival Average (+1), Might Average (+1), Investigation Average (+1)

Aspects

ALL LEGS AND TEETH; AT HOME IN THE SWAMP; FASTER THAN IT LOOKS; TURNS SUDDENLY; ALWAYS HUNGRY

Stunts & Species Abilities

Thick Skinned (pg. 112), Scary (pg. 115), Shadowed Strike (pg. 120)

Gear

Snapping Jaws (Damage: 2, 3 vs shields, 0 vs. armor, Persistent Effect: SEIZED), Thick Skin (Armor 1)

Nick Bate

Bate is a rough customer. Although this is a gang of smugglers, not pirates per se, they are aggressive in defending their hideout. Bate is a calculating and clever man, he's responsible for the deal with the natives. When attacked, he looks for the best strategy and tries to implement it.

Stress: □□□ □□
Armor/Shields: Armor 1, Shields 1
Fate: 2

Skills

Leadership Great (+4), Guns Great (+4), Resolve Good (+3), Deceit Good (+3), Intimidation Fair (+2), Fists Fair (+2), Stealth Average (+1), Alertness Average (+1)

Aspects

NATURAL ADAPTABILITY; "I'LL DO THAT!"; ONE STEP AHEAD; ROUGH CUSTOMER; TAKE THE SMART PLAY; DON'T MESS WITH MY CREW

Stunts & Species Abilities

There's a Familiar Face (pg. 21), Chain of Command (pg. 116), Still Standing (pg. 119)

Gear

Heavy Blast Pistol (Damage 3, Range 2, BIG AND INTIMIDATING), Ballistic Cloth (Armor 1, HARD TO DETECT), Defense Screen (Shields 1)

Smuggler Gang

Average (+1) Physical minions, armed with knives (Damage: 1, 2 vs shields, -1 vs. armor) and blast pistols (Damage: 2, Range: 2).

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■ FRESH MEAT ■

[NICK BATE]





Fresh Meat

[RAF BLUTAXT]

Raf Blutaxt

Unlike his second in command, Blutaxt is the kind of guy who operates on instinct. He's impulsive and unpredictable. He also has a short temper. If he finds his hideout overrun by Bulldogs, and all his men dead or captured, he's liable to try to come in with overwhelming force.

Stress: □□□ □□

Armor/Shields: Armor 1, Shields 1

Fate: 3

Skills

Might Great (+4), Weapons Great (+4), Leadership Good (+3), Endurance Good (+3), Intimidation Fair (+2), Guns Fair (+2), Alertness Average (+1), Athletics Average (+1)

Aspects

CAN TAKE A HIT; BATTLE-SCARRED; I RUN A SMUGGLER'S GANG; SECRECY IS ESSENTIAL; SHORT FUSE; LET'S TRY OVERWHELMING FORCE

Stunts & Species Abilities

Quick Healer (pg. 24), Dangerous Bearing (pg. 24), Pugnacious (pg. 24), Close at Hand (pg. 122), Strike to the Heart (pg. 122), Aura of Menace (pg. 115)

Gear

Heavy Blast Pistol (Damage 3, Range 2, BIG AND INTIMIDATING), Vibrosword (Damage 4, Accuracy -1), Ballistic Cloth (Armor 1, HARD TO DETECT), Defense Screen (Shields 1)

Blutaxt's Smugglers

Average (+1) Physical minions, armed with knives (Damage: 1, 2 vs shields, -1 vs. armor) and blast pistols (Damage: 2, Range: 2).

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■ FRESH MEAT ■

[LUCKY STRIKE]

Lucky Strike

The smuggler ship the Lucky Strike is a nondescript, deceptively fast vessel, as to be expected from a bunch of illicit traders. It has ample cargo space with many hiding places, and is an old ship kept in good condition.

Stress: □□□ □□□

Base Cost: Superb (+5)

Maneuverability: Average (+1)

Speed: Fair (+2)

Shields: 1

Improvements

Power Boost (pg. 142)

Aspects

JUST AN AVERAGE SHIP; SMUGGLERS' HEAVEN; SUDDEN BURST OF SPEED

Weapons

Laser Cannon (Damage 2, 1 vs. shields, Accuracy 1, Range 3)

Crew

Pilot Fair (+2), Engineer Fair (+2), Systems Tech Fair (+2), Gunner Fair (+2)

Trouble



[ADMINISTRATOR SLURPH]

Administrator Slurph

A moist and nervous Tetsuashan, Slurph is the station administrator. Slurph is a bit flighty and excitable for a Tetsuashan, and gets in a panic whenever things go wrong. Slurph will often turn to the spacers on station when something happens.

Stress: □□□ □
Armor/Shields: None
Fate: 1

Skills

Contacting Good (+3), Leadership Good (+3), Empathy Good (+3), Trading Fair (+2), Rapport Fair (+2), Academics Fair (+2), Alertness Average (+1), Deceit Average (+1), Systems Average (+1), Investigation Average (+1), Resolve Average (+1)

Aspects

SLUG-LIKE FORM; SPACE IS HOME; "I'M NOT CUT OUT FOR THIS."; OH, DEAR; A BIT OF A PUSHOVER; THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE

Stunts & Species Abilities

Slime Trail (pg. 35), Squish (pg. 35), Resilient (pg. 35), Regenerative Powers (pg. 35), Poisoned by Salt (pg. 35), Reduced Speed (pg. 35), Well Known: Spacers (pg. 110)

Gear

Administrator's Tablet (+2 Systems aboard the station)

Telemetry Station 006 Security

Fair (+2) Physical minions, with Armor: 1, armed with batons (Damage: 1, 2 vs shields, -1 vs. armor) and stunners (Damage: 2, Range: 2, Non-Lethal, Persistent Effect: DAZED).

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Sen Gamma I Warriors

The warriors of Sen Gamma I come from an Arsubaran-derived species, and they wear few clothes in their hot and humid land. They are Fair (+2) Physical minions armed with bows and arrows (Damage: 1, 2 vs shields, -1 vs. armor, Range: 2), spears (Damage: 2, 3 vs shields, 0 vs. armor, Range: 1), and turtle shell shields (Armor: 1). Four of them have energy rifles (Damage: 2, Accuracy: 1, Range: 3).

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▪ TROUBLE ▪

[SEN GAMMA I WARRIORS]





Trouble

[CHAGN-FA]

Chagn-Fa

A local predator, the chagn-fa resembles a 10-foot long centipede with a crocodile head. It is equally at home on land and in the water, and can climb trees quickly and easily. The locals have tamed one and use it to help them fight enemies.

Stress: □□□ □□
Armor/Shields: Armor 1
Fate: 2

Skills

Fists Great (+4), Athletics Great (+4), Alertness Good (+3), Endurance Good (+3), Intimidation Fair (+2), Stealth Fair (+2), Survival Fair (+2), Might Average (+1), Investigation Average (+1)

Aspects

ALL LEGS AND TEETH; AT HOME IN THE SWAMP; FASTER THAN IT LOOKS; TURNS SUDDENLY; ALWAYS HUNGRY

Stunts & Species Abilities

Thick Skinned (pg. 112), Scary (pg. 115), Shadowed Strike (pg. 120)

Gear

Snapping Jaws (Damage: 2, 3 vs shields, 0 vs. armor, Persistent Effect: SEIZED), Thick Skin (Armor: 1)

Nick Bate

Bate is a rough customer. Although this is a gang of smugglers, not pirates per se, they are aggressive in defending their hideout. Bate is a calculating and clever man, he's responsible for the deal with the natives. When attacked, he looks for the best strategy and tries to implement it.

Stress: □□□ □□□
Armor/Shields: Armor 1, Shields 1
Fate: 4

Skills

Leadership Great (+4), Guns Good (+3), Resolve Good (+3), Deceit Fair (+2), Intimidation Fair (+2), Fists Fair (+2), Stealth Fair (+2), Alertness Average (+1), Trading Average (+1), Athletics Average (+1), Burglary Average (+1), Endurance Average (+1), Survival Average (+1), Fists Average (+1)

Aspects

NATURAL ADAPTABILITY; "I'LL DO THAT!"; ONE STEP AHEAD; ROUGH CUSTOMER; TAKE THE SMART PLAY; DON'T MESS WITH MY CREW

Stunts & Species Abilities

There's a Familiar Face (pg. 21), Chain of Command (pg. 116), Still Standing (pg. 119)

Gear

Heavy Blast Pistol (Damage: 3, Range: 2, BIG AND INTIMIDATING), Ballistic Cloth (Armor: 1, HARD TO DETECT), Defense Screen (Shields: 1)

Smuggler Gang

Fair (+2) Physical minions, with Armor: 1, armed with knives (Damage: 1, 2 vs shields, -1 vs. armor) and blast pistols (Damage: 2, Range: 2).

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■ TROUBLE ■

[NICK BATE]

Trouble



[RAF BLUTAXT]

Raf Blutaxt

Unlike his second in command, Blutaxt is the kind of guy who operates on instinct. He's impulsive and unpredictable. He also has a short temper. If he finds his hideout overrun by Bulldogs, and all his men dead or captured, he's liable to try to come in with overwhelming force.

Stress: □□□ □□□

Armor/Shields: Armor 1, Shields 1

Fate: 4

Skills

Might Great (+4), Weapons Great (+4), Leadership Good (+3), Endurance Good (+3), Intimidation Fair (+2), Guns Fair (+2), Alertness Fair (+3), Athletics Average (+1), Fists Average (+1), Contacting Average (+1), Burglary Average (+1), Resolve Average (+1)

Aspects

CAN TAKE A HIT; BATTLE-SCARRED; I RUN A SMUGGLER'S GANG; SECRECY IS ESSENTIAL; SHORT FUSE; LET'S TRY OVERWHELMING FORCE

Stunts & Species Abilities

Quick Healer (pg. 24), Dangerous Bearing (pg. 24), Pugnacious (pg. 24), Close at Hand (pg. 122), Strike to the Heart (pg. 122), Aura of Menace (pg. 115), Unstoppable (pg. 117)

Gear

Heavy Blast Pistol (Damage: 3, Range: 2, BIG AND INTIMIDATING), Vibrosword (Damage: 4, Accuracy: -1), Ballistic Cloth (Armor: 1, HARD TO DETECT), Defense Screen (Shields: 1)

Blutaxt's Smugglers

Fair (+2) Physical minions, with Armor: 1, armed with knives (Damage: 1, 2 vs shields, -1 vs. armor) and blast pistols (Damage: 2, Range: 2).

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Lucky Strike

The smuggler ship the Lucky Strike is a nondescript, deceptively fast vessel, as to be expected from a bunch of illicit traders. It has ample cargo space with many hiding places, and is an old ship kept in good condition.

Stress: □□□ □□□

Base Cost: Superb (+5)

Maneuverability: Average (+1)

Speed: Fair (+2)

Shields: 1

Improvements

Power Boost (pg. 142)

Aspects

JUST AN AVERAGE SHIP; SMUGGLERS' HEAVEN; SUDDEN BURST OF SPEED

Weapons

Laser Cannon (Damage: 2, 1 vs. shields, Accuracy: 1, Range: 3)

Crew

Pilot Good (+3), Engineer Fair (+2), Systems Tech Fair (+2), Gunner Good (+3)

■ TROUBLE ■

[LUCKY STRIKE]



Hard Boiled

[ADMINISTRATOR SLURPH]

Administrator Slurph

A moist and nervous Tetsuashan, Slurph is the station administrator. Slurph is a bit flighty and excitable for a Tetsuashan, and gets in a panic whenever things go wrong. Slurph will often turn to the spacers on station when something happens.

Stress: □□□ □
Armor/Shields: None
Fate: 2

Skills

Contacting Great (+4), Leadership Great (+4), Empathy Good (+3), Trading Good (+3), Rapport Fair (+2), Academics Fair (+2), Alertness Fair (+2), Deceit Average (+1), Systems Average (+1), Investigation Average (+1), Resolve Average (+1), Gambling Average (+1)

Aspects

SLUG-LIKE FORM; SPACE IS HOME; "I'M NOT CUT OUT FOR THIS."; OH, DEAR; A BIT OF A PUSHOVER; THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE

Stunts & Species Abilities

Slime Trail (pg. 35), Squish (pg. 35), Resilient (pg. 35), Regenerative Powers (pg. 35), Poisoned by Salt (pg. 35), Reduced Speed (pg. 35), Well Known: Spacers (pg. 110)

Gear

Administrator's Tablet (+2 Systems aboard the station)

Telemetry Station 006 Security

Good (+3) Physical minions, with Armor: 1 and Shields: 1, armed with batons (Damage: 1, 2 vs shields, -1 vs. armor) and stunners (Damage: 2, Range: 2, Non-Lethal, Persistent Effect: DAZED).

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Sen Gamma I Warriors

The warriors of Sen Gamma I come from an Arsubaran-derived species, and they wear few clothes in their hot and humid land. They are Fair (+2) Physical minions armed with bows and arrows (Damage: 1, 2 vs shields, -1 vs. armor, Range: 2), spears (Damage: 2, 3 vs shields, 0 vs. armor, Range: 1), and turtle shell shields (Armor: 1). Four of them have energy rifles (Damage: 2, Accuracy: 1, Range: 3).

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■ HARD BOILED ■

[SEN GAMMA I WARRIORS]



Hard Boiled



[CHAGN-FA]

Chagn-Fa

A local predator, the chagn-fa resembles a 10-foot long centipede with a crocodile head. It is equally at home on land and in the water, and can climb trees quickly and easily. The locals have tamed one and use it to help them fight enemies.

Stress: □□□ □□
Armor/Shields: Armor 2
Fate: 3

Skills

Fists Superb (+5), Athletics Superb (+5), Alertness Great (+4), Endurance Great (+4), Intimidation Good (+3), Stealth Good (+3), Survival Fair (+2), Might Fair (+2), Investigation Average (+1)

Aspects

ALL LEGS AND TEETH; AT HOME IN THE SWAMP; FASTER THAN IT LOOKS; TURNS SUDDENLY; ALWAYS HUNGRY

Stunts & Species Abilities

Thick Skinned (pg. 112), Scary (pg. 115), Shadowed Strike (pg. 120)

Gear

Snapping Jaws (Damage: 2, 3 vs shields, 0 vs. armor, Persistent Effect: SEIZED), Thick Skin (Armor: 2)

Nick Bate

Bate is a rough customer. Although this is a gang of smugglers, not pirates per se, they are aggressive in defending their hideout. Bate is a calculating and clever man, he's responsible for the deal with the natives. When attacked, he looks for the best strategy and tries to implement it.

Stress: □□□ □□□
Armor/Shields: Armor 2, Shields 1
Fate: 5

Skills

Leadership Great (+4), Guns Great (+4), Resolve Good (+3), Deceit Good (+3), Intimidation Good (+3), Fists Fair (+2), Stealth Fair (+2), Alertness Fair (+2), Trading Fair (+2), Athletics Average (+1), Burglary Average (+1), Endurance Average (+1), Survival Average (+1), Fists Average (+1)

Aspects

NATURAL ADAPTABILITY; "I'LL DO THAT!"; ONE STEP AHEAD; ROUGH CUSTOMER; TAKE THE SMART PLAY; DON'T MESS WITH MY CREW

Stunts & Species Abilities

There's a Familiar Face (pg. 21), Chain of Command (pg. 116), Still Standing (pg. 119)

Gear

Heavy Blast Pistol (Damage: 3, Range: 2, BIG AND INTIMIDATING), Synthetic Mesh (Armor: 2, HARD TO DETECT), Defense Screen (Shields: 1)

Smuggler Gang

Fair (+2) Physical minions, with Armor: 1 and Shields: 1, armed with cutlasses (Damage: 2, 3 vs shields, 0 vs. armor) and blast pistols (Damage: 2, Range: 2).

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■ HARD BOILED ■

[NICK BATE]



Hard Boiled

[RAF BLUTAXT]

Raf Blutaxt

Unlike his second in command, Blutaxt is the kind of guy who operates on instinct. He's impulsive and unpredictable. He also has a short temper. If he finds his hideout overrun by Bulldogs, and all his men dead or captured, he's liable to try to come in with overwhelming force.

Stress: □□□ □□□

Armor/Shields: Armor 2, Shields 1

Fate: 5

Skills

Might Great (+4), Weapons Great (+4), Leadership Great (+4), Endurance Good (+3), Intimidation Good (+3), Guns Good (+3), Alertness Fair (+3), Athletics Fair (+2), Fists Fair (+2), Contacting Average (+1), Burglary Average (+1), Resolve Average (+1)

Aspects

CAN TAKE A HIT; BATTLE-SCARRED; I RUN A SMUGGLER'S GANG; SECRECY IS ESSENTIAL; SHORT FUSE; LET'S TRY OVERWHELMING FORCE

Stunts & Species Abilities

Quick Healer (pg. 24), Dangerous Bearing (pg. 24), Pugnacious (pg. 24), Close at Hand (pg. 122), Strike to the Heart (pg. 122), Aura of Menace (pg. 115), Unstoppable (pg. 117)

Gear

Heavy Blast Pistol (Damage: 3, Range: 2, BIG AND INTIMIDATING), Vibrosword (Damage: 4, Accuracy: -1), Synthetic Mesh (Armor: 2, HARD TO DETECT), Defense Screen (Shields: 1)

Blutaxt's Smugglers

Fair (+2) Physical minions, with Armor: 1 and Shields: 1, armed with cutlasses (Damage: 2, 3 vs shields, 0 vs. armor) and blast pistols (Damage: 2, Range: 2).

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Lucky Strike

The smuggler ship the Lucky Strike is a nondescript, deceptively fast vessel, as to be expected from a bunch of illicit traders. It has ample cargo space with many hiding places, and is an old ship kept in good condition.

Stress: □□□ □□□

Base Cost: Superb (+5)

Maneuverability: Average (+1)

Speed: Fair (+2)

Shields: 1

Improvements

Power Boost (pg. 142)

Aspects

JUST AN AVERAGE SHIP; SMUGGLERS' HEAVEN; SUDDEN BURST OF SPEED

Weapons

Two Laser Cannons (Damage: 2, 1 vs. shields, Accuracy: 1, Range: 3)

Crew

Pilot Good (+3), Engineer Good (+3), Systems Tech Fair (+2), Gunner Good (+3)

■ HARD BOILED ■

[LUCKY STRIKE]

Serious Badass



[ADMINISTRATOR SLURPH]

■ SERIOUS BADASS ■

[SEN GAMMA I WARRIORS]

Administrator Slurph

A moist and nervous Tetsuashan, Slurph is the station administrator. Slurph is a bit flighty and excitable for a Tetsuashan, and gets in a panic whenever things go wrong. Slurph will often turn to the spacers on station when something happens.

Stress: □□□ □
Armor/Shields: None
Fate: 2

Skills

Contacting Great (+4), Leadership Great (+4), Empathy Great (+4), Trading Good (+3), Rapport Good (+3), Academics Good (+3), Alertness Fair (+2), Deceit Fair (+2), Systems Fair (+2), Investigation Average (+1), Resolve Average (+1), Gambling Average (+1)

Aspects

SLUG-LIKE FORM; SPACE IS HOME; "I'M NOT CUT OUT FOR THIS."; OH, DEAR; A BIT OF A PUSHOVER; THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE

Stunts & Species Abilities

Slime Trail (pg. 35), Squish (pg. 35), Resilient (pg. 35), Regenerative Powers (pg. 35), Poisoned by Salt (pg. 35), Reduced Speed (pg. 35), Well Known: Spacers (pg. 110)

Gear

Administrator's Tablet (+2 Systems aboard the station)

Telemetry Station 006 Security

Good (+3) Physical minions, with Armor: 2 and Shields: 2, armed with batons (Damage: 1, 2 vs shields, -1 vs. armor) and stunners (Damage: 2, Range: 2, Non-Lethal, Persistent Effect: DAZED).

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Serious Badass

[CHAGN-FA]

Chagn-Fa

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Stress: □□□ □□
Armor/Shields: Armor 2
Fate: 3

Skills

Fists Superb (+5), Athletics Superb (+5), Alertness Great (+4), Endurance Great (+4), Intimidation Good (+3), Stealth Good (+3), Survival Fair (+2), Might Fair (+2), Investigation Average (+1)

Aspects

ALL LEGS AND TEETH; AT HOME IN THE SWAMP; FASTER THAN IT LOOKS; TURNS SUDDENLY; ALWAYS HUNGRY

Stunts & Species Abilities

Thick Skinned (pg. 112), Scary (pg. 115), Shadowed Strike (pg. 120)

Gear

Snapping Jaws (Damage: 2, 3 vs shields, 0 vs. armor, Persistent Effect: SEIZED), Thick Skin (Armor: 2)

Nick Bate

Bate is a rough customer. Although this is a gang of smugglers, not pirates per se, they are aggressive in defending their hideout. Bate is a calculating and clever man, he's responsible for the deal with the natives. When attacked, he looks for the best strategy and tries to implement it.

Stress: □□□ □□□
Armor/Shields: Armor 2, Shields 2
Fate: 5

Skills

Leadership Superb (+5), Guns Superb (+5), Resolve Great (+4), Deceit Great (+4), Intimidation Good (+3), Fists Good (+3), Stealth Fair (+2), Alertness Fair (+2), Trading Fair (+2), Athletics Average (+1), Burglary Average (+1), Endurance Average (+1), Survival Average (+1), Fists Average (+1)

Aspects

NATURAL ADAPTABILITY; "I'LL DO THAT!"; ONE STEP AHEAD; ROUGH CUSTOMER; TAKE THE SMART PLAY; DON'T MESS WITH MY CREW

Stunts & Species Abilities

There's a Familiar Face (pg. 21), Chain of Command (pg. 116), Still Standing (pg. 119)

Gear

Heavy Blast Pistol (Damage: 3, Range: 2, BIG AND INTIMIDATING), Synthetic Mesh (Armor: 2, HARD TO DETECT), Combat Screen (Shields: 2)

Smuggler Gang

Good (+3) Physical minions, with Armor: 2 and Shields: 2, armed with cutlasses (Damage: 2, 3 vs shields, 0 vs. armor) and blast pistols (Damage: 2, Range: 2).

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■ SERIOUS BADASS ■

[NICK BATE]

Serious Badass



[RAF BLUTAXT]

Raf Blutaxt

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Stress: □□□ □□□

Armor/Shields: Armor 2, Shields 2

Fate: 5

Skills

Might Superb (+5), Weapons Superb (+5), Leadership Great (+4), Endurance Great (+4), Intimidation Good (+3), Guns Good (+3), Alertness Fair (+3), Athletics Fair (+2), Fists Fair (+2), Contacting Average (+1), Burglary Average (+1), Resolve Average (+1), Stealth Average (+1), Survival Average (+1)

Aspects

CAN TAKE A HIT; BATTLE-SCARRED; I RUN A SMUGGLER'S GANG; SECRECY IS ESSENTIAL; SHORT FUSE; LET'S TRY OVERWHELMING FORCE

Stunts & Species Abilities

Quick Healer (pg. 24), Dangerous Bearing (pg. 24), Pugnacious (pg. 24), Close at Hand (pg. 122), Strike to the Heart (pg. 122), Aura of Menace (pg. 115), Unstoppable (pg. 117)

Gear

Heavy Blast Pistol (Damage: 3, Range: 2, BIG AND INTIMIDATING), Vibrosword (Damage: 4, Accuracy: -1), Synthetic Mesh (Armor: 2, HARD TO DETECT), Combat Screen (Shields: 2)

Blutaxt's Smugglers

Good (+3) Physical minions, with Armor: 2 and Shields: 2, armed with cutlasses (Damage: 2, 3 vs shields, 0 vs. armor) and blast pistols (Damage: 2, Range: 2).

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Lucky Strike

The smuggler ship the Lucky Strike is a nondescript, deceptively fast vessel, as to be expected from a bunch of illicit traders. It has ample cargo space with many hiding places, and is an old ship kept in good condition.

Stress: □□□ □□□

Base Cost: Superb (+5)

Maneuverability: Average (+1)

Speed: Fair (+2)

Shields: 2

Improvements

Power Boost (pg. 142)

Aspects

JUST AN AVERAGE SHIP; SMUGGLERS' HEAVEN; SUDDEN BURST OF SPEED

Weapons

Two Laser Cannons (Damage: 2, 1 vs. shields, Accuracy: 1, Range: 3)

Crew

Pilot Good (+3), Engineer Good (+3), Systems Tech Good (+3), Gunner Good (+3)

■ SERIOUS BADASS ■

[LUCKY STRIKE]