

SPACE 1889

CARTER JOHNSON, RED CAPTAIN OF MARS CHARACTER DESCRIPTION BY MARK CELINAS INTRODUCTION

Most of the Red Captains of Mars are British. This is not true of Carter Johnson, who is one of the few Americans on Mars filling that capacity.

CHILDHOOD

Carter was born on December 11, 1854. His parents were Buster and Carol Johnson of Norfolk, Virginia. Carter was not old enough to serve in the American Civil War. His father served on the side of the Confederacy, and gave his life for their cause in the battle of Gettysburg. Carter took care of his mother after his father's death. She died of grief in 1874 when Carter was 19.

Growing up in the Hampton Roads area of Virginia, Johnson learned a lot about the sea. He claims to have witnessed the battle between the U.S.S. MONITOR and the C.S.S. VIRGINIA. Shortly after his mother's death, a carpetbagger was killed, and Johnson was blamed. Rather than try to prove his innocence, he fled the country aboard an English merchantman.

EXPERIENCE

Carter served with the merchant for a year. Then he was pressed into the Royal Navy. Here he served well, gaining skill and experience. When an opportunity presented itself to become an officer, he accepted.

As an officer, Mr. Johnson truly showed his abilities. He quickly advanced to the rank of Lieutenant. When Britain started sending Naval vessels to Mars, Lt. Carter Johnson heard the sound of adventure calling and managed to obtain a billet aboard one of the vessels going to Mars.

On Mars, he fought well in the Second War of the Pharhoon Succession. In one particularly violent battle, he had the opportunity to command his vessel when his superiors were incapacitated. His valiant efforts enabled his badly damaged vessel to return to port. Stating that it would be too expensive to repair, the High Command decided to scrap the vessel.

Carter fell in love with this rugged new world and the adventure it offered. Starting to feel stifled in the Royal Navy, he resigned his commission and worked his way to the American enclave. Adventuring across the red planet left him with more cash than he knew what to do with. He also had a deep yearning to get back into the skies again. Then he had an idea. He approached the Royal Navy with an offer to buy the scrapped gunboat. After removing her weapons they agreed. With a largely Martian crew, Carter nursed the ship across many treacherous miles to the American enclave.

There, he repaired and rearmed her. He christened the refitted vessel the FAIR DELLA and once again took to the skies searching for prizes.

CURRENT SITUATION

Operating out of the American enclave at Thymiamata, Captain Johnson has fared well. Except for his engineer, the ship's doctor, and a few others, the crew of the FAIR DELLA is largely Martian. The FAIR DELLA is a steam gunboat. The First Mate of the FAIR DELLA is a very competent Martian named Maal.

Captain Johnson's love interest is the beautiful Della Thornton. Her father, Col. Jedediah Thornton, has made a considerable fortune growing cotton in the red soil of Mars. He also controls several small industries around Thymiamata, including a small shipyard. Carter intends to marry the beautiful Della Thornton when he returns from his current voyage.

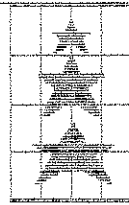
PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION

Captain Carter Johnson is 34. He stands six foot two inches tall and weighs 203 pounds. He has dark blonde hair and ice blue eyes. His left cheek bears the scar from a High Martian spear. Although weathered from years of wind and wave, his face retains an air of youth.

GOALS AND ATTITUDES

Carter loves his native land and his adopted planet. Most of all he loves the beautiful Della Thornton, and would go to the ends of the universe for her. He would like one day to return to the United States but is not sure that it is safe there yet. He has a deep enmity for Simon Lafogue, the man who framed him for murder. He will not fight against the British, unless they threaten his home, family or country.

ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THIS CHARACTER AND ONE OF E.R.B.'S IS PURELY INTENTIONAL. I DID NOT MODEL THIS CHARACTER AFTER THE ORIGINAL, BUT INTENDED IT AS A TRIBUTE TO E.R.B. AND HIS WORKS.

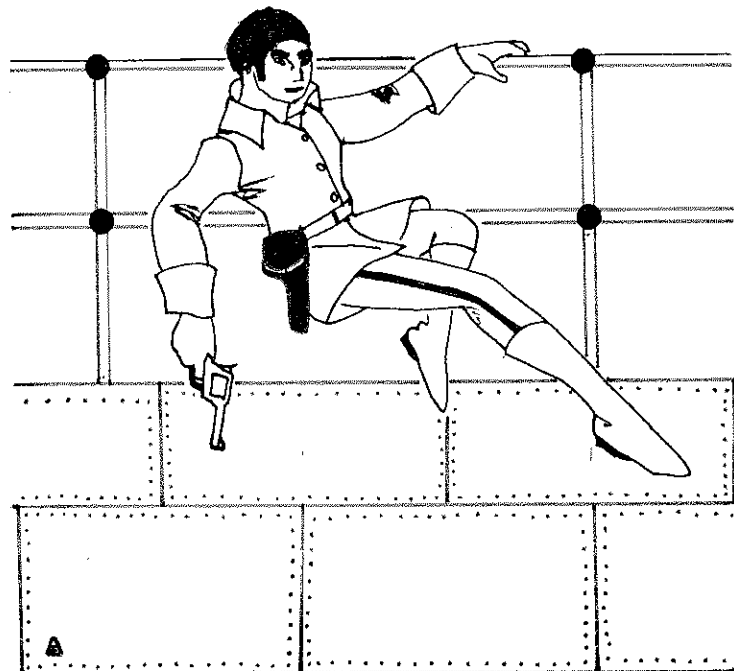


DIASPORA: STARLANE TO THE CORE

SUBSECTORS AND NOBILITY

Because the Imperium is an Empire, run by an Emperor and Nobles who owe fealty to him, Nobles will play an important part in the era of the Rebellion. Listed below are the 16 sub-sectors of the Diaspora Sector. Next to each sub-sector name is the name of the senior noble of that sub-sector. When the assassination of Strepthon was announced on Libert, most of these had already arrived there. They had been summoned by Sector Duke Eneri Askiragemar and urged to travel to Libert by the fastest available ship. These nobles will shortly have to decide the fate of the Diaspora Sector during the crisis.

SS	NAME	SENIOR NOBLE
A	Narquel	Duke Argaageluka
B	Libert	Sector Duke Aakiragemar
C	Sufren	Duke Ilirikgaadli
D	Khayle	Duchess McDouglas II
E	Shadigbi	Duke Summers
F	Kushga	Duchess Duraarka
G	Alurza	Duke Geraldo
H	Pasdaruu	Duke Withers V
I	Ebasha	Duke Jerome II
J	Iusea	Duchess Aamgakhi
K	The Blight	Duke Martinique III
L	Promise	Duke Hess
M	Hijiri	Duchess Norland
N	Shumisdi	Duchess Kukipmen
O	Madoc	Duke Osami VII
P	Khulam	Duchess Angiimu



SPACE 1889

BRITISH NORFOLK-CLASS AERIAL GUNBOAT

The Norfolk class is at the low end of the medium range of British gunboats. There were two of these vessels produced, the Norfolk and the Suffolk. A third, the Bedford is in production at the British yards in Syrtis Major. The Suffolk suffered severe damage during a battle in the Second War of the Parhoon Succession and was subsequently set aside for scrap. After removing her weapons, the British sold the Suffolk to Carter Johnson, an American. The Norfolk and her sister ships carry a crew of 22 and have an endurance of 20 days steaming. They are armed with a 4" Long cannon, two 6 lb. Hotchkiss Rotating cannons, and two 5 barrel Nordenfelts. There are two power grappnels on board, one on each beam. Because the Norfolk class an older design, they do not have a forced draught steam engine, and there are no plans to refit them. The Norfolk's engines can produce 375 horsepower and give her a top speed of 30 knots. Wt: 296 Tons. Price: Not for sale, but the originals cost the British 35,518 Pounds Sterling.



DIASPORA: STARLANE TO THE CORE

NOBILITY PROFILES

SECTOR DUKE ENERI AAKIRAGEMAR

BY MARK "GOD" SELINAS HING DIASPORA SECTOR ANALYST

Sector Duke (R-5), Diaspora Sector (1116)
475A8F Age 53 (53) 9 Terms Imperial Nobility
Born 202-1063

Noble Titles: Knight in the Order of de Fleur-de-Lis (Messier), Baron Von Burgundy (Messier), Marquis de Messier, Count Libert, Duke Libert

Special Assignments: Participant in Noble Games of Messier, Executive Vice President of Ragemar LIC, Noble Courier to Libert, President of Ragemar LIC, War Material Logistics Coordinator Diaspora, Interstellar Disputes Mediator, Advisory Council to Sector Duke

Skills: Environ (Early Firearms-1, Equestrian-1); Gun Combat (Rifleman-0); Inborn (Leader-1); Interpersonal (Admin-4); Science (Biobour-1); Technical (Computer-0); Vehicle (Grav Vehicle-0); Vice (Bribery-2)

Homeworld: Messier (Diaspora 1111 B-4538AB-E N HD Starport B, Small World, Standard Atmosphere, Wet World, HI Population, Extreme Law, HI Stellar)

Background Description: Sector Duke Eneri Aakiragemar is the second child of Gami Aakiragemar, who at Eneri's birth was president of Ragemar LIC. The Ragemars (as they frequently abbreviate their name) are a wealthy family of largely Wani stock. Although Ragemar LIC, is not a megacorporation, it is a very large corporation in the Diaspora Sector. As second child, Eneri never expected to take control of the corporation, so he enjoyed the benefits of the family's wealth. He was a very bright child but very lazy, giving little thought to his education. Therefore, he could not gain admission to the University of Messier.

Being very athletic, Eneri spent the next four years pursuing sports activities. In 1066, Eneri participated in the Noble Games on Messier, held in honor of the end of the Fourth Frontier War. He received a Knighthood in the order of de Fleur-de-Lis because of his success in those games. He used his newfound status for carousing. This misconduct nearly cost him his Knighthood, but he called in some favors to remain in the order.

This incident sobered up Eneri. He accepted the position of Executive Vice President in the corporation now run by his older brother. His poor management nearly caused the company to go bankrupt in 1093. After losing the job, he decided that he needed to improve his administrative abilities. He would later find that he has a talent for administration.

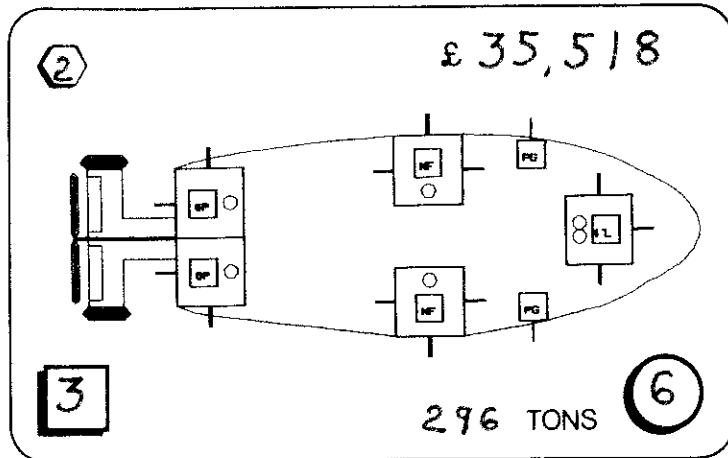
Out of a job, a more mature Eneri needed something to do, so he accepted the position of Noble Courier to Libert. This humble position allowed him to make connections with many of the sector nobles; connections he would use well in later life. While he served as courier, he married Sheila DuPont. For his efforts as courier and with a few favors, he gained a Barony on Messier.

The next several years passed relatively uneventful. 1101 saw the birth of a son, Matthew. Then in 1102, his brother died childless, and the company called on Eneri to assume control. With this position and a few favors, he advanced to the rank of Marquis. Here, Eneri really started displaying his talent for administration. He was a natural selection for the post of War Material Logistics Coordinator for the entire sector during the Fifth Frontier War. Although Diaspora is far from the Spirward Marches, Eneri's efforts to move material, destined for the front, coreward, aided the war effort.

During this time, Eneri had also been earning favors. When the Count of Libert died, Eneri saw an opportunity. He called in many favors and moved into the position of the Count of Libert. One of his first duties was to serve as a mediator between two Counties. His solution to the problem left both Counts satisfied and him with two supporters.

In 1114, Eneri served on the Advisory Council to Sector Duke Simon Shanip. When Sector Duke Shanip died on 037-1115, Count Eneri was in the right place at the right time. Eneri saw the opportunity of his life open before him.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE



Bridge **CHTSO**

Deck **P**

Maneuver

6
5
4
3
2
1

Hull Hits

H		
M		
L		
VL		

Marines

SPACE 1889

The Battle of Tusar Peak

A SKY GALLEONS OF MARS SCENARIO

SCENARIO: During the Second War of Parhoon Succession, Colonel Banes decided that an attack on the city from a northwest direction would catch the city's defenders by surprise. He took a company of riflemen aboard a Warm Winds merchant kite with the Ladybug, an Aphid class gunboat as an escort. The Ladybug was under the command of Lt. Edmund Strong, who was not pleased to be working for a soldier.

Intelligence indicated that the Parhoon fleet was occupied in the south by the Syrtis Major fleet. Departing from Gorovaan, he cut northwest to give the city of Parhoon a wide berth before approaching from its northwest side. Banes' squadron encountered a Parhoon squadron in the Astusapes Highlands. The merchant suffered several hits and was in serious trouble when Banes ordered the Ladybug to go for help. As the Ladybug departed, the merchant made a crash landing. The riflemen immediately set up defensive positions while the Parhoon ships pressed their attack. The Ladybug soon encountered the Suffolk, a Norfolk class gunboat. The Suffolk under the command of LCDR Thaddeus Drake had been on a commerce raiding mission. Taking the Ladybug with her, the Suffolk set out immediately for the site of the downed merchant. The Parhoon squadron attacked them as they approached Tusar Peak in the Highlands.

MAP: Use the highland map. Each dark brown boundary equals an elevation. The highest elevation is 10gn. The fortress is ignored.

SHIPS: The British player has one Norfolk class gunboat (TTT 21) and one Aphid class gunboat. Both British crews are crack. The Martian player has one Endtime class screw galley, one Smallbird class screw galley, and one Skyrunner class screw galley. All Martian crews are trained, and Martian marines have muskets.

SET-UP: The British player starts at High altitude within 2 hexes of the fortress peak. The Martian player may set up at any height and altitude but no closer than 5 hexes from any British vessel.

SPECIAL RULES: The Martian crews have suffered casualties of half of their deck hands and marines during their fight with the riflemen (round fractions down). Also, the Endtime lost its commanding officer, who was also the commander of the squadron, to British rifle fire. The first officer who took over command decided that a British gunboat would be a better prize and broke off the attack to pursue the Ladybug. To escape, a vessel must be able to move faster than any vessel which could pursue it.

VICTORY: COMPLETE MARTIAN VICTORY- The destruction or capture of both British vessels without the loss of any Martian vessels.

PARTIAL MARTIAN VICTORY- The destruction or capture of both British vessels with the loss of one or two Martian vessels.

PYRRHIC MARTIAN VICTORY- The destruction or capture of both British vessels with the loss of all Martian vessels. This is possible if each side's final shots finishes off the other side.

DRAW- Only one British vessel escapes but no Martian vessels are destroyed or captured.

PYRRHIC BRITISH VICTORY- Only one British vessel escapes and some or all Martians are destroyed or captured.

PARTIAL BRITISH VICTORY- Both British vessels survive, but not all Martian vessels are destroyed or captured.

COMPLETE BRITISH VICTORY- Both British vessels survive and all Martian vessels are destroyed or captured.

HISTORIC RESULT: The British squadron opened fire as soon as the Martian vessels were in range. One shot from the Suffolk disabled the lob gun on the Endtime before it could be fired. In a rage, the Martian commander ordered all vessels to concentrate fire on the Suffolk. The Suffolk returned as well as it could but started to take heavy damage. The Ladybug in the meantime first eliminated the Skyrunner and then the Smallbird. When it turned its attention to the last Martian vessel, the commander finally took a look at his losses and decided to withdraw. The Ladybug started to pursue, but was ordered to return to aid the Suffolk. After effecting some repairs, the two went and recovered the survivors of the riflemen. Colonel Banes was not among them. The Ladybug then escorted the Suffolk as she limped back to Syrtis Major. LCDR Drake was seriously wounded in the battle and retired after the war.



DIASPORA: STARLANE TO THE CORE

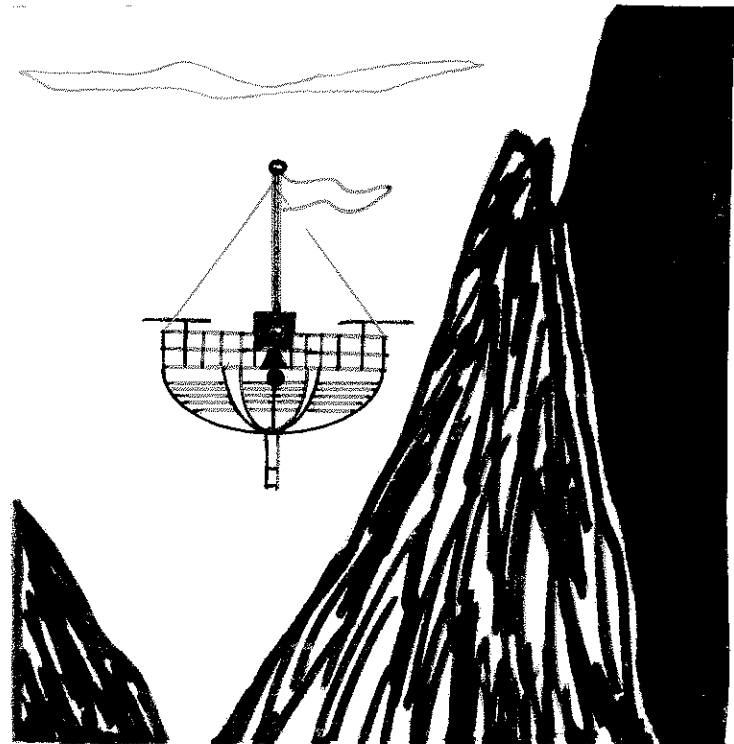
NOBILITY PROFILES

SECTOR DUKE ENERI AAKIRAGEMAR

By Mark "Geo" Gelinis HIWG Diaspora Sector Analyst

When Sector Duke Shanlip died on 037-1115, Count Eneri was in the right place at the right time. Eneri saw the opportunity of his life open before him. He used his position, administrative skill, a number of favors, and a few well placed bribes to secure the Dukedom of Libert. This dukedom is the senior dukedom in Diaspora. Sector Duke Eneri then set about to strengthen his position. Unknown to him, a Dianic Cloud would darken his efforts.

Duke Eneri is a likeable man, performing as many favors as he receives. Had the imperium not shattered, he could have administered the sector very well. With the confusion in the line of succession at Capital, what the sector needed was a leader. Eneri fell short in that capacity. Immediately, many of the Nobles began to take sides against Duke Eneri. Some brought up his checkered past. Nobles with Solomani leanings were suspicious of his Vilani background. To some, he was a commoner who bullied his way up the ranks. Nobles who had been eligible for position he took saw a way to bring him down. Sol-Sec had many nobles believing that Duke Eneri would side with a faction that noble opposed. As a result, he had little support. When faced with a choice, Eneri faltered, and the sector fragmented.



A SKYRUNNER MANEUVERING TO ATTACK

SPACE 1889

The Tortoise and the Hares

A SKY GALLEONS OF MARS SCENARIO

SCENARIO: After purchasing the ruined hulk that was the Suffolk, Carter Johnson had to get it to the yards of Thyamiamata. As a condition of the sale, all weapons were removed from the Suffolk. Thus the trip would be many days through dangerous territory with a relatively defenseless ship. As fate would have it, the ex-Suffolk engaged in a running battle with a group of three pirates.

MAP: Use the highland map. Each dark brown boundary equals an elevation. The highest elevation is high. The fortress is ignored.

SHIPS: The American player has one ex-Norfolk class gunboat (TTT 21) which is damaged. The Martian player has 3 Sky Runner screw galleys.

SET-UP: The American player can set up anywhere on the board. The Martian player can then set up anywhere but must start at least 4 squares away from the American ship.

SPECIAL RULES: The ex-Suffolk is badly damaged. She has 5 hull hits which will barely allow her to fly at medium altitude. Carter managed to purchase two Nordenfeldts and two power grapnels to replace the ones the British removed. No other weaponry is present, but the turrets remain. Johnson is carrying a full crew which leaves those who would normally operate the guns for deck duties. His crew is trained, but the only humans besides himself are the two Nordenfeldt gunners, the helmsman, the trimsmen, the engineers, and one other petty officer. The rest of the crew including the signalman, and first officer are Martians. The vessel can only make a speed of 4. Johnson's crew is armed with modern rifles. The Martian vessels have green crews with muskets. If the American vessel leaves the board, and any Martian vessels can catch it, determine what the relative positions would be and set up again. Play continues until the American is captured or destroyed, or the Martians can no longer pursue.

VICTORY: If the American vessel survives, it is the winner. If the American vessel is captured or destroyed the Martian player wins. A draw is declared if the American escapes but its Captain is killed.

HISTORIC RESULT: When Johnson saw the three vessels to his stern, he knew there was going to be trouble. He drew one away from the others and moved out of sight. As the pursuer closed, Johnson feigned that his vessel was disabled. The pursuer took the bait and closed for the capture. Meanwhile, a boarding party formed on Johnson's vessel. When the pursuer got within range, the Nordenfeldts fired and a power grapnel snared the enemy vessel. The first Sky Runner was captured with little difficulty. With another vessel, Johnson was able to defeat the pirates.



DIASPORA: STARLANE TO THE CORE

NOBILITY PROFILES

DUCHESS SHARON McDOUGLASS II

By Mark "Gen" Gelinis HNWG Diaspora Sector Analyst

Duchess (R-5), Khayle Subsector (1116)
674A9F Age 29 (29) 3 Terms Imperial Nobility
Born 052-1087

Noble Titles: Countess Khayle, Duchess Khayle

Special Assignments: Squadron Leader 195th Interceptor Squadron, Khayle COACC.

Skills: Leader-2, Pilot - 2, Nav - 1, Comp - 1, Robotics - 1, Chess - 1, Handgun - 0, Grav Vehicle - 0.

Homeworld: Khayle (2605 Diaspora B-334965-F S HD) Small World, Vacc Atmosphere, Wet World, Hi Population, Mod Law, Hi Stellar.

Faction Supported: Nominally supports Lucan, but in reality, she supports herself. She intends to watch what happens offering minimal support to any faction. While she does not believe that she will become empress of the Imperium, she recognizes that there may be opportunities to increase her personal power. She will actively support Admiral Nie in order to keep the Solomani away from her domain.

Background Description: Duchess Sharon hails from a long line of McDouglass'. Her family claims to be of pure Solomani stock from the times when nobles of that stock had power at the Iridium Throne. Granted the title of Countess at age 16, Sharon was well on her way to higher titles. Named after her grandmother who served as the Duchess of Khayle years before, Sharon is proud of her heritage. Sharon is very free spirited, and almost set aside her noble rank to live a life of adventure. A family crisis caused her to take a larger share of responsibility. With the responsibility came power, and she found that wielding power is a form of adventure that she liked. After the crisis passed, she served a term with the planet's COACC, to gain more leadership skills. When Sharon reached age 28, her mother, Duchess Amelia II, abdicated in favor of her daughter, her oldest issue. Duchess Sharon enjoys the ancient Terran game of chess, and often views life as such.



SPACE 1889

This month I bring two of the most important personalities in the series of adventures that I have or will place in this section. The first is Carter Johnson, whom you met in the first installment of this column. Now I am presenting his statistics. The second is Maal, a Martian, and second in command of the FAIR DELLA, Carter Johnson's aerial gunboat.

PERSONALITIES

CARTER JOHNSON

Height	6 Foot	Weight	200 Lbs
Income	92 Pounds	Nationality	American
1st Career	Royal Navy	2nd Career	Same
Strength	5	Intellect	4
Fisticuffs	4	Observation	5
Throwing	2		
Close Cmbt	3		
(Edged Weapon)			
Agility	6	Charisma	4
Stealth	5	Eloquence	3
Marksman	3	Linguistics	1
(Pistol)			
Endurance	2	Social Lvl	5
Wild. Travel	1	Riding	4
(Mapping)		(Horse)	
		Piloting	4
		(Aerial Flyer)	
		Leadership	4

Languages

Native	English	Primary	Parhooni
Background:	See TTT 19.		

MAAL

Height	8 Feet	Weight	180 Lbs
Income	20 Pounds	Nationality	Martian
1st Career	Cloud Sailor	2nd Career	N/A
Strength	4	Intellect	5
Fisticuffs	3	Observation	4
Throwing	2		
Close Cmbt	3		
(Polearm)			
Trimsman	2	Gunnery	3
(Cloudship)		(Mzzleldr)	
Agility	6	Charisma	1
Stealth	5	Eloquence	0
Marksman	5	Linguistics	1
(Bow)			
Endurance	2	Social Lvl	3
Wild. Travel	1	Riding	2
(Mountnrrng)		(Ruumet)	

Languages

Native	Parhooni	Primary	Koline
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Motivation: Aggression, Ruthless

Background: Born in the city of Parhoon, Maal was raised much like any other Canal Martian. Yet he was not entirely like other young Martian males. Often he would lie atop of a building and watch the cloudships sail by. He was particularly fascinated by the flying metal machines. When he was older, he learned to be a cloud sailor, and when he could, he worked with the Royal Navy. Since he was a very likeable fellow, the British tolerated him. It was there he met Carter, and the two, both foreign to the British, became friends. Later Carter chose Maal to become part of the FAIR DELLA's crew.



DIASPORA: STARLANE TO THE CORE

NOBILITY PROFILES

By Mark "Geo" Gelnas HWG Diaspora Sector Analyst

DUKE MICHAEL ARGAAGELUKA

Duke (R-5), Narquel Subsector (1115)
67798F Age 58(58) 10 Terms Imperial Nobility
Born 007-1058 Member TAS
Noble TITLES: Knight (Order of Emperor's Guards), Baron Haut Maladon (Aladon), Marquis de Aladon, Count Aladon, Duke Narquel
Special Assignments: Special Intelligence for Emperor Strephon
Skills: Leader-5, Jack-of-Trades-3, Streetwise-2, Handgun-2, Forensics-2, Artisan-1, Disguise-1, Intrusion-1, Brawling-1, Comp-0, Grav Vehicle - 0, Rifleman-0.
Homeworld: Aladon (0103 Diaspora B-6579CB-F H) B, Med World, Thin Atm, Wet World, Hi Pop, Ext Law, Hi Stellar.
Faction Supported: Currently supports Margaret, but will switch to Strephon when news of his survival reaches Diaspora.
Background Description: The son of a wealthy businessman, Michael earned a Knighthood early in his career. When Michael travelled to Capital to receive his Knighthood, Strephon, still a young emperor, was impressed with the young man. Strephon would call on Michael several times during his career to perform intelligence missions in areas only a noble could enter. It helped Michael rise in rank, but he has paid a price for it. He has been wounded in service on four separate occasions, once very seriously. At that time, he had to have several of his internal organs replaced with pseudo-biological bionic organs. Michael believes that he should have been elevated to Sector Duke, but was not chosen because he had only reached the rank of Duke just prior to that time. Duke Michael is a very capable leader, and will probably hold one of the largest areas of a fragmented Diaspora.

DUKE BRIAN ILIRIKGAADLI

Duke (R-5), Sufren Subsector (1116)
66788F Age 28 (28) 3 Terms Imperial Nobility
Born 117-1088 Member TAS
Noble Titles: Marquis de Navar, Count Navar, Duke Sufren
Special Assignments: Served as a fighter pilot in the Sufren Colonial Fleet
Skills: Ship's Boat-3, Nav-2, Stealth-1, Vaco Suit-1, Comp-0, Handgun-0, Grav Veh-0.
Homeworld: Navar (1804 Diaspora C-5479DG-B Hi In) C, Med World, Thin Atm, Wet World, Hi Pop, Ext Law, Ave Stellar)
Faction Supported: Duke Brian fully supports Emperor Lucan and urges Sector Duke Eneri to commit the sector's forces against Dullner.
Background Description: Duke Brian was born a noble. Although he did not start out as a duke, he was given the title, Marquis de Navar upon his birth. He later succeeded his father and became Count Navar. During the interim, he was given a position as a fighter pilot in the Sufren Colonial Fleet. Although he never actually saw any action as a pilot, he seemed to fit the mold of a brash young fighter jock. On one occasion the flagship of the Sufren Colonial Fleet visited Capital because her captain was being honored by Emperor Strephon. Although Brian was a noble, he was still a junior officer, and therefore did not get an audience. He did, however, have some shore leave, and by a unusual set of circumstances found himself at one of Prince Lucan's many parties. Although the two did not get much of an opportunity to talk, the meeting left an impression on Brian. As an imperial citizen, Brian, of course, mourned the passing of Emperor Strephon. However, he applauds Lucan's ascension to the Iridium Throne, believing that "this stuffy old empire could use some youthful thinking." Brian believes that by supporting Lucan, he is supporting the winning side, and will be well rewarded when the conflict is resolved. Duke Brian is somewhat inexperienced.

SPACE 1889

BETRAYAL

THE SITUATION

The crew of the Fair Della has operated several months against the pirates of Mars. During this time the First Mate, Maal, has watched Captain Johnson closely. The Fair Della is returning to Thymiamata, where Carter Johnson is to wed his fiancée, Della. Maal doesn't want a woman on board, and wants a steam vessel for his own purposes. Therefore, he feels that the time to strike is now. Maal and the Martian crew of the Fair Della are going to attempt to wrest control of the vessel from Carter Johnson.

THE SIDES

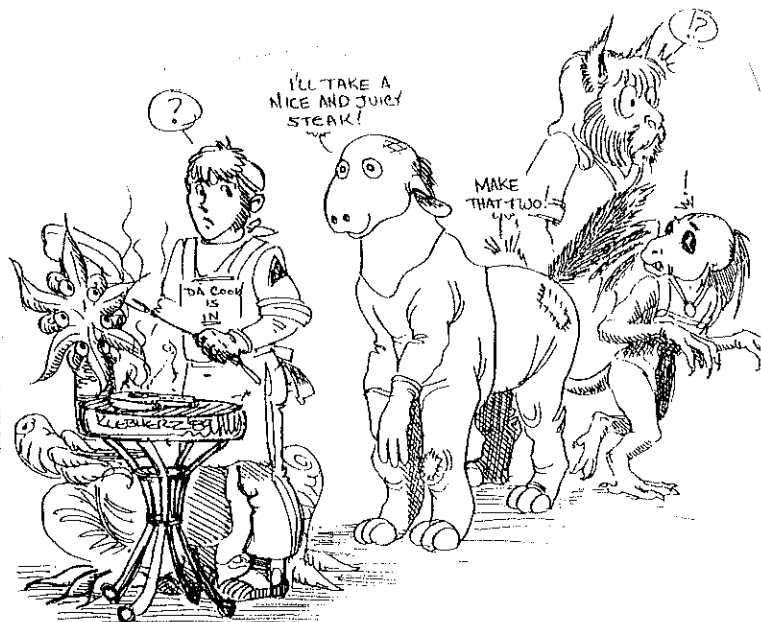
The human side has Carter, his engineer, the doctor, and 5 human hands. The Martian side has Maal, and 13 hands. The humans are veteran quality and are armed with 2-12 gauge double barrel shotguns, 2 heavy revolvers, and four light revolvers. All humans have sabers. The Martians are experienced and have sabers, 4 boarding pikes, and 2 smoothbore muskets that Maal smuggled on to the Fair Della.

THE SETUP

If you use CLOUDSHIPS AND GUNBOATS to resolve this action, use the deckplans for the H.M.S. Meliant to represent the Fair Della. Use the naval officer to represent Carter and the Martian officer to represent Maal. The other sailors can serve for Carter's crew. Use both the Martian sailors and marines to represent Maal's group. At the beginning of the action, Carter is in the pilothouse with the engineer. The doctor is belowdecks. Two human crew are topside as lookouts. Two Martian crew serve as lookout aft. Maal has assembled 6 Martians at the rear hatch. The rest wait below for his signal. Carter is alerted by an anonymous note seconds before Maal strikes.

THE SOLUTION

Historically, Maal succeeded in gaining control of the Fair Della from Carter Johnson. He was not totally ruthless though, and set the survivors down on the surface rather than throw them overboard. Carter and the humans must now make a hazardous trip across the surface of this barren planet to reach Thymiamata. But that's another story.



⊕PARTING SHOTS⊕

A COMMENTARY BY
KATE LEGERER DELMAS

PASS ME MY RUBBER SUIT

OR

WHEN TO SUSPECT YOU HAVE A VARGR POSING AS A K'KREE

(Yes, I'm back again to dust off the old soapbox and rant on another small problem.)

Have you ever wondered, while engaging in science fiction role playing, about the guy or girl that appears alien (in the game, of course) yet acts and reacts like a human? Okay, Okay - I know this schtick: "But they are human!" And that's my point.

We engage in the RPG to expand our imagination. To broaden what would otherwise be a generally xenophobic existence. Let's face it. If you didn't play science fiction RPG's, you'd probably try to nuke the first Martian you'd run across (not to say that you wouldn't do this in a RPG). We are xeno tolerant as players, meeting and dealing with aliens, subspecies of humanity, and cultures different than our own.

Now everyone has run across at least one member of the major spacefaring race/species. Some of us may be as lucky as to have met at least one member of a minor race/species, and then of course there are those of us who have met aliens not even in the book.

Now, don't get me wrong. I like aliens. They add interest to the game. What I can't abide is a player who has a character that is an alien but doesn't act like an alien... the guy who gets a K'Kree that goes out alone (heaven forbid)... the girl who has the Virushi that uses its strength to dole out punishments (say what?)... the male Asian who knows about investing, taxes, and how to get around (no way). All right. Can we say "These can't be real aliens?" Of course you can.

Now guidelines have been set up in previous JOURNALS, CHALLENGES, and ALIEN MODULES. Yet, I haven't seen too many people adhere to the original concepts. I, for one, like the weirdo Hiver that puts fuzzy dice up in the bridge of the ship and interferes with the relationships of crew and patrons just to see what happens.

There is no greater joy in life than to see Vargrs get together in a bar and bet on who will get the beer nuts (or some other object) into some poor simoe's drink using a spoon as the launching device. (Now remember, children, never try this at home. Leave this to trained professionals) Or when they spend time at Bryger King (where they char the meat) and tell K'Kree jokes (How many K'Kree does it take to change a light bulb?)(This activity is safe for anyone to do).

I'm sure you're starting to get the drift of this. All I really have to say is this: If you must play an alien, do a little research. Then get into the mindset. You'll be amazed at how much more enjoyable the game becomes when you don't think and react like a human. It will keep everyone on their toes and frosty. After all, who can predict what an alien will do the next time you see one?

TIMES SURVEY FORM

To complete this form, simply rate each item listed below using the following ratings:

- 5- the TIMES should absolutely keep this item
- 4- I like this item a lot
- 3- I am neutral about this item
- 2- I do not care for this item
- 1- the TIMES should replace this item

At the bottom of the page is a place for your comments and/or suggestions for the TIMES and/or VARIANTS.

ITEM

RATING

	HIGH	5	4	3	2	1	LOW
ARTWORK IN GENERAL.....							
COMING EVENTS.....							
CLASSIFIED ADS.....							
CYBERTALK.....							
DARK RIVER DATA.....							
DIALOG.....							
DIASPORA: STARLANE TO THE CORE.....							
EVENT HORIZON: RELEASES.....							
FORWARD OBSERVER.....							
GEO'S VARIANTS.....							
GEO NEWS SERVICE.....							
GUNNY GRUNTWORTH GROWLS.....							
HASSAN'S HINTS.....							
HIWG TO HAPPINESS.....							
PARTING SHOTS.....							
QUICK REVIEWS.....							
SPACER SAM.....							
SPACE 1889 ARTICLES.....							
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2300 AD ARTICLES.....							

COMMENTS:

SPACE 1889

CAPTURE!

if the rarified Martian atmosphere had a chill, Della did not seem to notice. She stood on the fo'c's'le of the MISTY BREEZE a WARM WINDS class merchant. She stood alone, but she didn't mind. Her thoughts were full of her troth, Carter. She knew that just as she approached Thymiamata, his ship, named for her, would soon be bound for home. Her mind drifted like a lazy cloud off to thoughts of the impending wedding, and her future aboard the FAIR DELLA with Captain Carter Johnson.

"Steamship off the starboard quarter!" A Martian sailor yelled from high above her.

Her heart started to race. This part of Mars saw few steamships. There was one that did frequent this area, the FAIR DELLA, and the thought of meeting its dashing Captain brought a slight blush to her face.

"Miss Della," a whiny voice suggested, "It would perhaps be best if you went below. This fellow could be a pirate!"

"Oh, nonsense, Quimbly!" Della replied. "It surely must be Captain Johnson come to escort us home!"

"Well, that rogue is little better than a pirate, running with Martians and all. I don't know what you see in him, Ma'am."

"I rather expect that you wouldn't. After all, I am a lady, and you could never hope to be a man like Captain Johnson."

Jealousy and rage welled up in Quimbly, but desire for the young woman before him held it in check, so he silently stormed away. Unaware of this, Della turned and tried to catch a glimpse of the dull metal hull she knew would be carrying her love.

Before long she saw puffs of smoke, and eventually a ship emerged from behind the dark red horizon. Using her spyglass for a closer look, she was certain that it was the FAIR DELLA.

Confirmation followed shortly as the the metallic ship closed with lumbering kite. First the American flag was seen flying from the mast, and then the ships name could be seen on the bow.

About a half an hour later, the FAIR DELLA had passed behind the kite and then matched course and speed. She now sailed along side the kite about 10 yards off the port beam. Della thought it odd that she didn't see any of the DELLA's human crew. Certainly Carter should have greeted her. She moved along the port rail until she was opposite of the Fair Della.

"Hello the DELLA," she cupped her hands and yelled, "Tell Captain Johnson that Miss Thorton is over here and would very much like to see him."

The Martian deck hand looked incomprehensively at her until she said the names. Then he hurried off to the deck house. Shortly, a more elegantly dressed Martian appeared. Della recognized him immediately; it was Carter's first officer, Maal.

"The Captain sends his regards," he spoke in good English, "but regrets that he cannot come topside. We have a slight problem, and the Captain is very busy. If the Lady would like, she is welcome to come on board and wait on the mess decks for him."

Della was a little disappointed at not seeing Carter, but the thought of going on board the FAIR DELLA made her feel a little scandalous. Then she replied, "Very well, Sir, I will come over."

Turning to the person who approached she said, "Quimbly, tell the Captain I am going over to the DELLA for a visit."

"To cross over there would be quite dangerous, Ma'am, I forbid you to do it."

"Excuse me, Quimbly, but Daddy hired you to be my bodyguard, not my guardian. Now that Carter is here, you are no longer needed. I want you to leave me alone."

"Very well, Ma'am, but your father shall hear of this." He threatened as he stalked off.

In the meantime, the FAIR DELLA had moved closer to the kite, and the crew was moving a boarding plank across to it. Della quickly stepped on it and crossed the three yards that separated the two ships. Far below she could see the Martian landscape move slowly by, and with a slight rush of fright, moved more quickly until she stood on the DELLA. She was escorted below while the Martian deck hands removed the boarding plank.

A few minutes later Maal appeared on the deck. "ATTENTION MISTY BREEZE! TAKE THIS MESSAGE FROM CARTER JOHNSON TO COL. THORTON: YOUR DAUGHTER IS MY PRISONER. IF YOU WANT HER BACK ALIVE YOU WILL PAY ME THE SUM OF 1 MILLION AMERICAN DOLLARS. I WILL BE IN TOUCH TO TELL YOU WHERE TO DELIVER IT. MISTY BREEZE, IF YOU ATTEMPT TO FOLLOW US, YOU WILL BE DESTROYED!"

With that, the FAIR DELLA turned away. The Captain of the MISTY BREEZE knew that he was powerless to stop it.

⊕PARTING SHOTS⊕

A COMMENTARY BY
KATE LEBHERZ GELINAS

GAMING CREATURES I HAVE SEEN PART I HOW TO RECOGNIZE A WHERE-BORE

Have you ever wondered what possesses a gamer to launch into a blow by blow description of his greatest victory to those who have heard it a million times before? Or how about the roleplayer who insists on telling you all the details, even down to the brand of underwear, about his character the instant he learns that you are a gamer? Or what about the referee who always must one-up you if you describe an adventure you ran? I believe that all these types of people have been bitten by the common where-bore.

Now I am not talking about some fantasy creature here. Heaven forbid that that genre find its way into the pages of the TIMES! I am talking about the gamer who seems like a nice enough person, yet when conditions are just right, they transform into a creature who will BORE you WHEREVER you are. What is even more tragic is that they think that they are the world's greatest conversationalists.

Where-bores are of three primary genera, the roleplayer, the board gamer, and the miniature gamer. Now there are sub-genus of these when a game might involve two or more of these activities. For example, one game which uses giant robots for combat is a board game which can also be a miniatures game. There is even a roleplaying option for it.

Although the genera are distinct, they share many characteristics. Perhaps the most common characteristic is the constant drone that usually starts out, "I had a _____ once, which" Words like battle, character, or game commonly fill the blank. Where-bores are very territorial, constantly trying to dominate any habitat they encounter. A territory fight between two where-bores is a frightening thing to behold.

Where-boredom has an infectious effect. Often other gamers listening to their call will want to raise their own call. If they are not careful, they very shortly end up becoming a where-bore themselves. Usually the older where-bore will drive the younger where-bore away. The rejected where-bore then wanders about seeking prey.

No one really knows what sets off the transmutation from human to the where-bore. Sometimes it is words, generally referring to gaming. It usually doesn't matter if the words do not pertain to the where-bore's particular genus, he knows he has found a victim. Sometimes it is the atmosphere of a gaming store. The presence of so many potential listeners causes the pulse to quicken, and before long the cry of the where-bore is heard. Sometimes it is induced by attempts to impress the opposite sex.

There are not many cures for this condition. Usually the afflicted creature must heal itself. The best the rest of us can hope to do is to avoid feeding its need. This is simply done by avoiding it when it is making its call or not appearing to have a genuine interest. By all means avoid becoming one.

ADS and ANNOUNCEMENTS

Classified Ads are \$.50 for 1 month's printing of 25 words or less.

NORTHCOAST ROLEPLAYING: A fanzine for RPG's including MEGATRAVELLER and 2300 A.D. For 6 issues, send \$8.00 to Barry Osser, 1585 Highland Ave #F, Eureka, CA 95501.

NOTICE

The first issue of CYBERTALK has been distributed. I have not received enough requests to warrant a continued publication of that newsletter. CYBERTALK, the column may appear at irregular intervals in the TIMES. The ALLIANCE ANNOUNCER has been sent to those who responded. The next issue depends on feedback. GEO

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