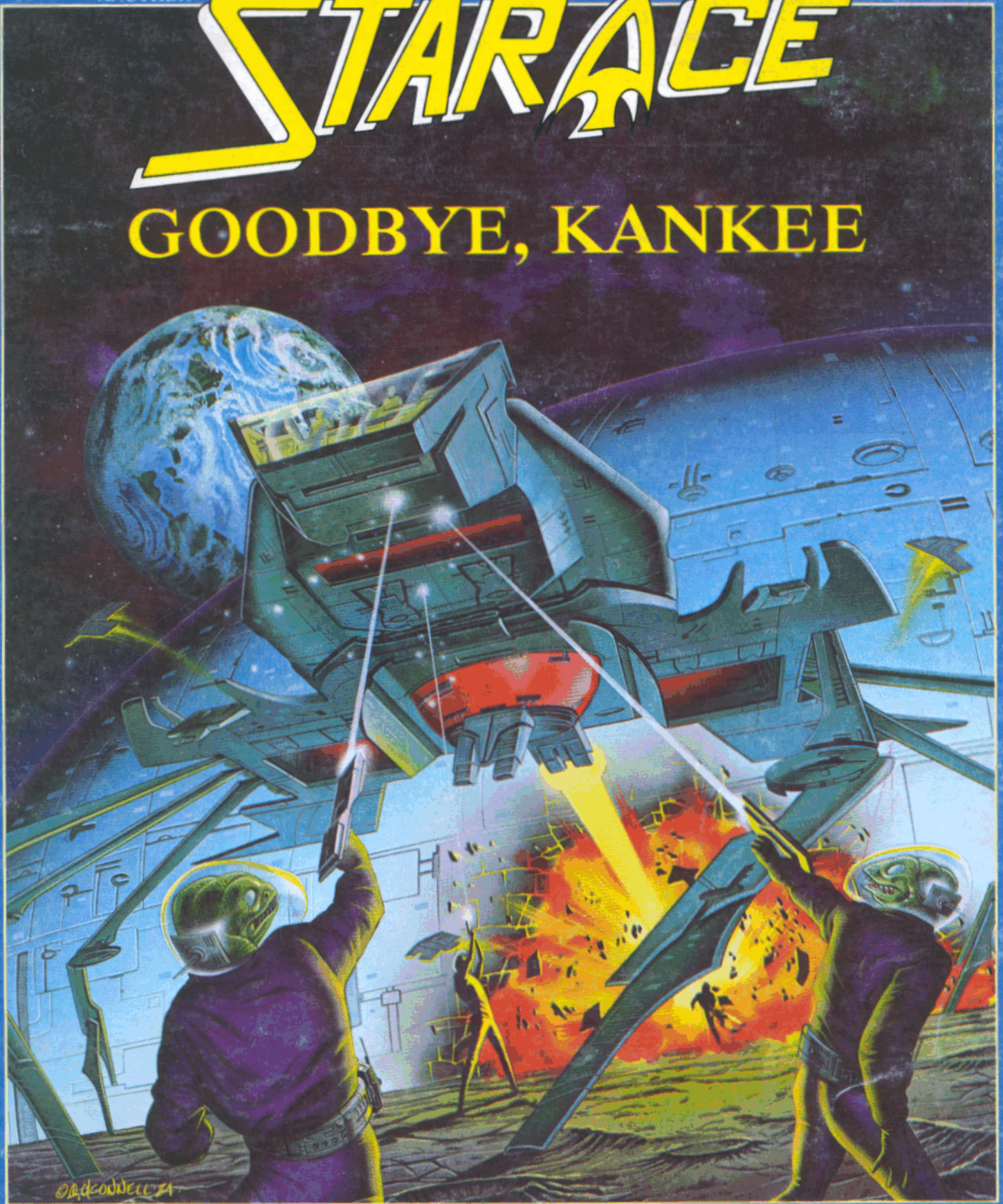
ANOTHER

STAR ACE™

ADVENTURE

GOODBYE, KANKEE



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STAR ACE™

GOODBYE, KANKEE

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Goodbye, Kankee*, Pacesetter's first adventure on the final frontier. You'll need the following to play: the STAR ACE™ game, a CM, and up to eight rookie Star Team rebels (three to five are ideal). If you wish to play one of those rebels, stop reading. The information below is intended for the CM only.

Note: This adventure is designed for *deuces*, or player characters new to the STAR ACE world. If you wish to use more advanced player characters, just make the NPCs and spacecraft more powerful.

USING THIS SCENARIO

Preparing to run a STAR ACE adventure is a little like preparing to direct a science fiction movie—one that's outlandish, and has a lot of action. Like a director, the CM must be familiar with the cast, the story, and the setting. *Then* he or she can pull it together into a fine production. This section explains what you, the CM, should do before actually playing *Goodbye, Kankee.*

First and foremost, you should read the entire adventure. Familiarize yourself with the story and study the important NPCs. If you know the story well and role-play the NPCs vividly, the adventure will be exciting. If you don't, it may be dull. Furthermore, if you understand how and why things happen, you should be able to handle any of the surprising things your PCs will do.

As you read through the text, make a note of which sections involve rules you don't understand. Then look up those rules before you play. Of course, you don't have to memorize the *Basic Training Manual* word for word. But you should know the game well enough to run the adventure smoothly, keeping the action at a fast pace.

The object of this adventure is to ensure that your players have *fun.* And you, as the CM, may adjust any rule or scenario to make sure they do. That means if the players are struggling miserably, you can help them along a bit. But if they are breezing through the encounters, you should make their opposition tougher! Don't be afraid to let things get a little crazy; that's the whole point of a STAR ACE adventure.

Format

The encounters in this adventure include boxed text, which you should read directly to the players. Reveal the other information only as the PCs themselves discover it.

Like the encounters in *Deuces Wild* (the mini-adventure in the game box), the encounters in *Goodbye, Kankee* include listings of NPCs and spacecraft. Use these listings to keep track of wounds and damage boxes; this will help keep scrap paper from piling up. The abbreviations for NPC and spacecraft match those in the STAR ACE game.

The center pages of this adventure contain eight player character cards. Each card features a PC that one of your players can use. Of course, your players are free to run their own PCs if they wish. The pregenerated characters are presented to save time and illustrate the type of skills that will be helpful in *Goodbye, Kankee.*

THE ADVENTURE

Goodbye, Kankee consists of six sequential episodes. All are linked together, like the chapters in a book. Often, players can devote no more than an evening to each gaming session. For those players, the episodes should be especially useful; in one sitting, they can play a scenario with a beginning and an end, without searching for a good place to stop.

The six episodes tell the story of a Crassite female named Nisha Yanayir, alias Kankee. Nisha is the daughter Duke Yanayir, head of the Empire's secret police (ICE). This parentage makes Nisha a dangerous prospect to encounter, even for a Star Team Ace. Fortunately, Imperial nobles often become entangled in their own plots and counterplots, limiting their power. That's what happens in *Goodbye, Kankee.* If the PCs make the right contacts, they might escape this adventure alive.

The adventure begins on the planet Wilderness. The rookie rebels, our PCs, have just completed three days of Star Team duty. A unit commander gives them a tip, sending them to Stalitsa in search of a lucrative job. The PCs don't just show up at the employment office, though; they must visit Felix's, an old Stalitsan nightclub.

Now, Felix's (officially "Felix's Clubhouse of Fun") is not what you'd call a family place. But that's okay. The PCs are looking for black market business, a topic that doesn't often surface at the G-rated drive-in. After a nightclub brawl (there's always a brawl at Felix's), they meet Yazir Zig'el, Crassite smuggling king. Zig'el sets the PCs up with a smuggling contract.

The job is hauling jewels—a hot item, indeed. The PCs must make a run from Tamilla to Emniyet to Shamba, with a challenging task at every stop. The gem buyer is a "hot item," too. She's none other than Nisha Yanayir, daughter of the ICE commander in chief. But the PCs do not know this.

When they deliver Nisha's money to Zig'el, the PCs discover she has

cheated them. She paid for the jewels with counterfeit funds. Zig'el, who is in a good mood despite the PCs' blunder, decides not to have them killed. Instead, he helps them see how, together, they can all plot revenge against Nisha. They plan a little thievery of their own.

The PCs attempt to steal Nisha's yacht in outer space, plus everything onboard. Nisha is not supposed to be present. But unbeknownst even to most of her bodyguards, this Crassite is on the yacht, enroute to a secret rendezvous. (Like her father, Nisha's always working on a scheme.)

When the PCs steal her ship, Nisha hides in the vault. After a short while, she lets them know she's onboard. A high-pitched Crassite whine echoes over the ship intercom: "Boy, are you guys in trouble...."

With Nisha as their cargo, the PCs *are* in trouble. If they harm her, Duke Yanayir will use all the resources of ICE to ensure the rebels' untimely demise.

So what do the PCs do with Nisha Yanayir? In a matter of hours, the player characters receive all sorts of suggestions—from people who want their plans kept secret. A Gorlon clan wants to murder Nisha, and kill all the Star Team rebels, too. An ICE unit commander, assigned to watch the slippery Crassite, wants Nisha back before the boss (Nisha's father) finds out. And last but not least, a rival of Duke Yanayir wants to use Nisha as the punchline of an expensive political joke (designed to discredit her father).

The PCs are caught in the middle of an Imperial stew. Their best move is to deal with Duke Yanayir's rival. They can take just about all the marbles, and have the last laugh. Their worst move is to deal with the ICE team. If they do that, well. . .this may be their last adventure.

KANKEE

When the PCs steal Nisha's yacht, they will be surprised to find Nisha on the ship. They may also be surprised to discover that her father nicknamed her "Kankee," after a diamond mine on Earth in which he has considerable interest. Until they capture the yacht, the PCs will not be able to discover the significance of the name "Kankee"; if asked about it, NPCs simply say that it's the name of Earth's newest diamond mine.

TRANSLIGHT JUMPS

When the PCs travel as a group, roll only one check to determine the length of translight travel. All PCs make the trip in equal time. Do make separate checks for stress damage. The checks reflect each pilot's luck and skill.

BEASTS, GOODS, & GADGETS

Stunner
SMV: 3 chips
Availability: Black market

The stunner is a new laser pistol attachment. When used successfully, this gadget immediately renders a victim unconscious for 1d10 minutes without causing bodily harm. Successful use requires a called shot to the victim's unprotected head. If the shot hits elsewhere, the target is bathed in a flash of light, but he suffers no damage. It takes one full round to set or disengage the stun mode on a laser pistol.

Several other new items are described in this adventure. Watch for the **dogbot**, a robotic drudge in Episode 2, and the **walboar**, a new beast in Episode 3.

MAJOR NPCS

Nisha Yanayir, Crassite

STR	70	DEX	52	AGL	40
WPR	50	PER	30	PCN	76
STA	38	UMS	55	WNDS	12

Skills: Sensory Knife, Rookie 76; Laser Pistol, Rookie 67
Weapons: Sensory knife, laser pistol
Current Sta:
Wounds: □□□□□□□□□□□□

Nisha is a wealthy, spoiled Crassite whose mouth is always open. Because her father runs ICE, few dare ask her to close it. Of course, Nisha always believes what she says is important; it usually concerns herself.

Nisha's Yanayir's greatest love is Nisha Yanayir. Her second love is money, followed closely by anything money can buy. Her hobbies include seeking adoration and doting on pet hairy slugs named Precious.

Yazir Zig'el, Crassite

STR	60	DEX	50	AGL	52
WPR	78	PER	44	PCN	80
STA	50	UMS	56	WNDS	13

Skills: Sensory Knife, Vet 85; Laser Pistol, Ace 105; Spacecraft Piloting, Rookie 76; Deep Space Tracking, Rookie 95; Investigation, Vet 98; Bargaining, Ace 146; Gambling, Vet 95; Theft, Rookie 85.
Weapons: Sensory Knife, Laser Pistol
Current Sta:
Wounds: □□□□□□□□□□□□

Yazir Zig'el survives solely on black market dealings. He survives rather well, however. A stable of bodyguards stands at his beck and call, while an army of tough lackies does his dirty work throughout the Wilderness Region.

Zig'el's greatest joy is making money. His hobby is having the last laugh.

EPISODE 1: SOMETHING TO DO

1. WHAT NEXT?

When you are ready to begin the adventure, inform the PCs they are in the barracks on Wilderness. They have been serving the obligatory 3 days' duty to their Star Team base. Read the text below aloud:

"So how was duty in the mess hall? Not much of a challenge this month, I hear," purrs Yasni, a Trakan unit commander. "Hey, not to worry. Your next job is planetside, checking sensors."

The Trakan chuckles, then continues, "You know, this room here only seems free. You haven't quite earned it yet. How'd you like a line on a little action? Say on that old planetary playpen, Stalitsa? I guarantee, it's action that'll make you happy to fork 5 percent back to the Star Team. Whatdaya say?"

The player characters are recent Star Team recruits, and are therefore assigned all of the dirty jobs during their duty-time. Their commander knows they have no plans for the near future. He's decided to help them out.

Even if the PCs show little interest, he offers additional encouragement: "I might suggest, if you like Chips the way everyone else does, that you check out this tip. There's a hot nightclub—a little tough, maybe rough—in the capital city, Old Stalitsa. If you're looking, opportunities are waiting. Nothing will be easy, but the jobs are worth the risk. Interested?"

He pauses for a few seconds, then continues. "The joint's called Felix's. It's run by a Trakan, of course. The clientele alone's worth the trip. A real show, I mean. But there's more than smoke floatin' in the air there. If you catch my drift. Check it out, folks. That's an order."

He winks slyly (as Trakans tend to do) and leaves.

2. THE TRIP

Read the following description to the PCs as they leave the Star Team base:

> The huge metal doors part slowly, and the taxi-area guide waves a go-ahead. A feminine voice from control reports the conditions outside: "Winds, NW at 70 mph. Temperature 102 degrees. No precipitation. Fauna interference is negligible. Conditions are excellent. Your take-off is cleared." An instant after you accelerate, the vast tubernet plain spreads below your starfighters, the thorns of the tubernet plants shimmering in the wind.

As Star Team deuces, the player characters most likely own nothing more than single seat Phoenix fighters. These craft are described fully in Chapter V of *The Star Team Basic Training Manual.*

Use the rules in Chapter V to handle the trip to Stalitsa. Ask the PCs how they wish to make the trip: in one translight jump or with a hop or two across communication bases? Either way, normal stress damage is possible, and must be dealt with upon arrival at Stalitsa. Characters with Engineering skill can repair stress damage. Services are available in the local hangar, if none of the PCs can do the work.

3. FELIX'S CLUBHOUSE OF FUN

Read the text below aloud when the PCs arrive at Felix's nightclub.

> Old Stalitsa has all the fervor of a Mardi Gras, so the noise coming from the club indicates nothing special. But at the entrance, you see that the decor in Felix's is a bit more original. It moves. Tinted, tangible smoke swirls through the room in streams of red and grimy gray.
>
> A Trakan slides out of the crowd and meets you at the door. "It'll cost you 10 gold bits to hang around or come inside. Make up your mind."

Each character must fork over the 10 bits before entering the bar. If they ask what it's for, the Trakan replies, "It buys meat to feed my friends." He motions to a couple of stuffed monkey heads on the wall. "Any more bright questions?" As the PCs pay, he says, "Drinks are extra. Don't eat anything if you're suction dancing. Take a table on the right."

The club ceiling is not visible; the murky air creates a heay black mist about twelve feet from the floor. The mist, which is nearly three feet deep, provides a clandestine meeting place for those who can stomach the fumes.

A menagerie of thugs with musical instruments passes as Felix's band. The patrons seem to like the peculiar din; many appear to be dancing. The younger, more fad-conscious customers pursue the latest craze: they have squeaky springs attached to the bottom of their boots. These frisky dancers hop straight up and down, creaking to the beat.

Less energetic clientele levitate a couple feet from the floor. They nod to the music with closed eyes. They also respond to the feel of the smoke, holding their arms slightly away from their bodies, stiffening them from time to time.

The rest of the dancers haven't outgrown the last craze: suction dancing. They hang from the ceiling and writhe upside down, growing light-headed and nauseated from the effort. Of course, the haze obscures the dancers' lower bodies and the suction cups on their boots. The PCs can see only their upper torso, head, and arms, wriggling below the mist.

Some of the non-dancing clientele mill around a bit, but few seem interested in making contact with a stranger. One or two loners hang out near the wall and watch the action. Most patrons are seated in small groups. Only people with something to sell (or *things* with something to sell—, depending upon your point of view) strike up a conversation. Most of the peddlars are club employees, offering drinks and dancing paraphernalia.

If the PCs ask around about jobs, they get no positive response. Some creatures raise an eyebrow. Others offer a rude "Lose yourself, bud." Most simply ignore any approach.

Finally, a Kleibor waitress drops a hint to the PCs. "What are you, tin-

horns? Around here, the offers come to you, not the other way around. Button your lips if you like the way they're sitting on your face." She pauses. "So. How 'bout it if we please both me and the boss and call it a Gray Fizz for everyone? Ten bits a shot."

4. BAR TROUBLE BREWING

The encounter below occurs after the PCs sit in Felix's for at least fifteen minutes, or after they return to Felix's from Encounter 5.

As the player characters sit at their table, a green Gorlon female slithers through the black mist on the ceiling. Gorlons don't normally move this way in public, but several drinks have colored the female's judgement. She's feeling pretty Imperial, and decides to hassle the PCs, who look like possible rebels. Of course, the PCs outnumber her, but she has a few friends in the bar who are itching for excitement. She singles a PC out at random and begins some devious flirting.

Note: As CM, you can adjust this situation as you choose. The Gorlon may be male, and the PC victim anyone appropriate, rather than a random choice. After you pick the victim, read the text below to the appropriate player. Change "she" to "he" for the Gorlon, if you have structured the encounter that way.

> A rough, wet object flicks you gently behind the ear. A Gorlon hangs her head and neck out of the mist. She unleashes her long, forked tongue for another zap, as if plucking a fly from your neck. "SSSSay," she hisses coyly. "Nice-sss lobes. Care to come with me and curl some ssscales?"

If the object of her affections answers rudely, the Gorlon drops from the ceiling, landing on the PC who insulted her. This action constitutes an unarmed melee attack; check for surprise normally. With opportunity now calling, the Gorlon's brawl-hungry pals stand up to help. See the NPC statistics below to run the ensuing fight.

If the PC ignores the Gorlon's proposition or declines with some amount of grace, the Gorlon retracts into the mist and scurries off. She drops out of the haze several tables away, joining her Gorlon friends (one for each PC except the victim of her proposal). She sits there despondently for a few moments, then whispers to a companion. The companion, a male, glances at the PCs.

The male Gorlon saunters over to the PCs' table. "You really insulted the lady," he says. "How much can I pay you to go with her?" No matter what the PCs respond, he says, "How about this much?" and draws a laser pistol from his pocket.

Unless the PCs have drawn their own weapons, the Gorlon has the benefit of surprise. Unfortunately, his eyes are so sensitive to the smoke inside Felix's that he suffers a -40 modifier. As soon as he attacks, the other Gorlons sneer, "Star Team maggots-sss," and slither over to aid their friend.

If the PC is foolish enough to go with the Gorlon female when she makes her request, she replies "SSSuper. Follow me."She drops to

the floor, landing beside the table. "Let's go ssssomeplace more private," she says. Any PC passing a Perception check notices that two Gorlons at a nearby table stand up to follow the new "couple." If the PC says anything about the tag-alongs, the female responds, "Oh, those are my friends. We'd ALL like to get to know a SSStar Team rebel."

Any PC changing his mind at this point prompts the Gorlon's anger. In this case, she screams, "You cad!" and makes a melee attack. The brawl begins.

If the PC leaves the bar with her, one of the two following the couple fires a laser pistol at the PC's back as he nears the door. The other Gorlons (still at the table) rise to tangle with the other PCs.

The PCs have no chance of avoiding an encounter with these lizards. The Gorlons are eager to bag a few rebels as a memento of their vacation. They will even attack if the PCs aren't wearing Star Team emblems; they know a Star Team rebel when they see one.

Expanding the Brawl

Six Kleibor and four humans in the bar are willing to fight on the side of the PCs. The PCs must ask for help first, however, unless they are in clear danger of losing. If things look grim for the PCs, a Kleibor taps a PC on the shoulder: "Golly," he drawls, "are you guys Star Team members? We'd really like to help some Star Team members!"

Unfortunately, six fresh Gorlons jump into the brawl as soon as any patrons come to the PCs' aid. The non-violent members of the crowd keep as clear of the ruckus as possible. A few die-hards even continue dancing.

NPCs

Flirting Gorlon

STR	62	DEX	50	AGL	70
WPR	40	PER	30	PCN	40
STA	72	UMS	66	WNDS	15

Skills: Martial Arts, Rookie 71
Current Sta:
Wounds: □□□□□□□□□□
□□□□

Gorlon Friends
(Match number of PCs minus one)

STR	65	DEX	50	AGL	50
WPR	35	PER	35	PCN	40
STA	80	UMS	63	WNDS	15

Skills: Laser Pistol, Rookie 65
Weapons: Laser pistol
Current Sta:
Wounds:
#1 □□□□□□□□□□□□□□
#2 □□□□□□□□□□□□□□
#3 □□□□□□□□□□□□□□
#4 □□□□□□□□□□□□□□

(CM must tally wounds for any additional Gorlon friends.)

Six Unknown Gorlons

STR	60	DEX	60	AGL	50
WPR	45	PER	30	PCN	40
STA	55	UMS	55	WNDS	13

Weapons: Bottles, chairlegs, etc.
Current Sta:
Wounds:
#1 □□□□□□□□□□□□□
#2 □□□□□□□□□□□□□
#3 □□□□□□□□□□□□□
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#5 □□□□□□□□□□□□□
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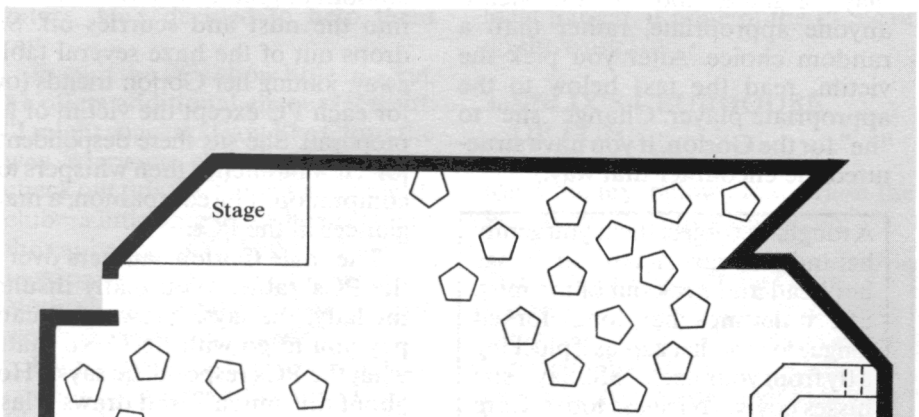
Six Kleibor



EPISODE 2: THE JOB BEGINS

1. SEALING THE DEAL

Read the text below to the PCs after they accept the Crassite's offer.

"You have made the correct choice, my friends. Now, simply, you must continue to make correct choices in order to collect on our contract. I'll pay you ten percent of the shipment's value, plus expenses. No more, no less. For once, I've no time to bargain. Listen carefully; I don't like to repeat instructions.

"The gems lie on Tamilla. Of course, Tamilla is not open to Alliance citizens, much less rebel smugglers. But I have secured a clearance code which allows you passage to the planet's surface. You must go directly to a hangar on the fringes of the mining camp Karlok. I'll give you the coordinates before you leave. I have a connection who runs the hangar. He can take care of necessary repairs to your ship—for a price, of course. Do not stay long on the planet, however. You must load and leave quickly.

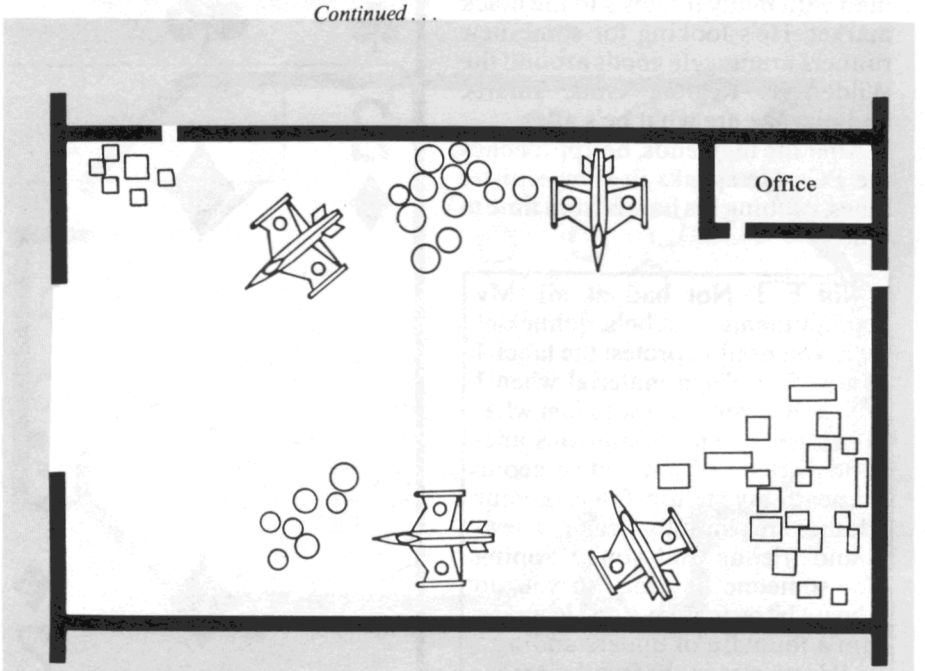
"Next, you deliver the goods. The buyer awaits you on the far side of Emniyet, where only crazed snowsport addicts venture. My client is a Crassite woman, whose business I would like very much to keep. Her payment, you see, is 3000 chips per cargo unit. Do not consider stealing from either her or myself. You aren't yet clever enough to survive such folly. Not only would you never work again, I would ensure your death at my earliest convenience. But let's not dally on unpleasantries. There is honor among thieves. And if you do this job well, better opportunities await. . . .

"Take the buyer's payment to Shamba. I trust you can deal with the customs agents on that planet; most are crooked. My contact awaits you in room 32 at the spa on Lake Fuchsia. You must give the buyer's payment to him. And then, my good friends, your own generous payment shall meet properly with your sticky little fingers." [He looks at any Kleibor(s) in the group and adds, "Or paws, as the case may be."]

If the PCs request that he repeat the information, Zig'el does so only once. He does not reveal the identity of the Crassite buyer. He does not provide the PCs with any advance payment, even for expenses, unless they clearly cannot fund the trip themselves. (They should take at least 22 chips each; especially to cover repairs.)

Before the PCs leave, Zig'el gives them the exact coordinates of the landing sites on Tamilla and Emniyet. He provides them with the Tamillan clearance code. Finally, he shakes hands and thanks them for their "signature." If they ask what he means by signature, he replies, "The signature you have made with your honor. If not your honor, then of course your blood."

Continued . . .



SIMIL'S HANGAR

2. ON TO TAMILLA

In this encounter, characters travel to Tamilla. Pull out the big color game map to plot their course and activity. The rules in Chapter V explain how to calculate the stress damage from translight travel.

Ask the PCs how they wish to make the trip from Stalitsa to Tamilla. The characters can fly nonstop (about 9 GSS) or hop over several communication points. If they are foolish enough to choose a route through the dust storm, calculate the added risks according to the rules in Chapter V of *The Star Team Basic Training Manual.*

After the PCs make their jump, tell them how many stress points of damage their craft sustained during the translight journey. Assuming nothing impedes their trip, Tumilla lies three hours ahead after the PCs lurch back to sublight speeds at the edge of the system. They can expect a security check as they approach the planet's atmosphere. . . .

A man's voice crackles over the radio, "You are now approaching the Imperial planet Tamilla. Status: restricted to Empire personnel with clearance level 2 and above. Please transmit your access code now."

If the PCs transmit the code that Zig'el has given them, roll 1d10. The number rolled equals the number of minutes security personnel spend "processing" the code.

When the code has been processed, continue reading:

> "Thank you, Commander Pierce. Your party may now proceed. I hope your inspection finds everything in order, sir. Hail to His Royal Highness, Emperor Frederick Constantine the Second."

The PCs may proceed to the contact's hangar without difficulty. The hangar is large enough to accomodate all of their ships. A small brown Gorlon instructs them to park inside, where a seven-foot brown Gorlon waits.

3. LOADING UP

> A seven-foot Brown stands before you. "Gentlemen. [Ladies.] I have been expecting you. You are of course Zig'el's recruits from Stalitsa. My own name is not important. Your ships undoubtedly have suffered a bit of damage from the long trip. Please, feel free to make use of my facilities. If you desire Engineering skill and assistance, Rasil, the little fellow who directed you into the hangar, can oblige for a reasonable fee. Make your repairs first. Then we will load the shipment."

The Gorlon speaking is Rispo Simil, a Brown assigned to life's duty on the planet of Tamilla. He has worked well in the system, and is now in charge of the storage and repair hangar that the PCs occupy.

Use the Engineering skill rules to determine how long it takes to repair the ships. The PCs may decide not to make repairs, of course, but that would be unwise. If they encounter any resistance during the coming trip, their ships should be as ready as possible.

After the repairs are complete, the larger Gorlon dismisses his assistant. He then bolts all doors to the hangar and begins pulling unlabeled crates from a storage unit beneath the floor. Inside are sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds, each gem wrapped in a small, soft cloth. Assume it takes 20 minutes to load each vessel to its maximum—.2 (1/5) c.u. for a single-seater Phoenix. There are enough gems to fill all the ships.

4. HUNG UP AT THE HANGAR

> A human voice sounds outside the hangar doors: "Hey, Simil! It's Clemmins. Open up!" The intruder shakes the side door vigorously. "Everything O.K. in there?"
>
> The Gorlon gestures for each of you to hide—in the ships, behind crates, wherever is closest. "Keep quiet and stay put. I'll handle this myself. I know who it is."

Simil opens the door. A burly human in a guard's uniform stands outside. He is apparently on a routine patrol. The two civil servants shake hands in greeting, and begin to talk casually. Any PC within 15 feet can overhear.

"What's up, Simil? Closing shop early?" The guard brushes past, glancing around, then turns to wait for an answer. Simil replies with a laugh. "Oh, you know me. I'm just in here committing all crimes known to the Empire. Ha Ha. Actually, I had a shy friend with me, who just left through the back way."

The guard comes a little further into the hangar, looking toward the back door. Simil follows. The two are now within earshot of any PC in the back half of the hanger. With a note of suspicion, the guard asks who owns all the little ships.

"I don't know, really," Simil replies. "I'm low lizard on the totem pole around here. You know. A camp official asked me to reserve the space, so I did."

"Which camp official?" the guard asks, putting a small silver object to his lips.

"Roberts," Simil replies, swishing his tail nervously.

Two small drudge robots enter the room. They are from the K series, a mid-sized line of dogbots. "You don't mind if my dogs check around, do you Simil?" the human asks, raising his communicator to his lips. If the PCs allow it, he begins to speak softly into the device.

Simil gives the human a jovial slap on the arm, knocking the communicator away from his face. "Hey, wait, pal. No need for trouble. Who are you calling?"

"Roberts," the human replies. The two "dogs" now move slowly along the wall, "sniffing out" all advanced lifeforms. As soon as a PC is in range, the dogs issue a low electronic growl, and begin to beep.

If the PCs still have not interfered when Simil knocks the communicator away from the human, Simil begins to wrestle with the human, calling for assistance. In turn, the human yells "K-247, K-248, random attack!"

One dogbot returns to blast at Simil. The other attacks the first PC in range.

NPCs

Simil

STR	64	DEX	60	AGL	70
WPR	50	PER	40	PCN	50
STA	70	UMS	66	WNDS	15

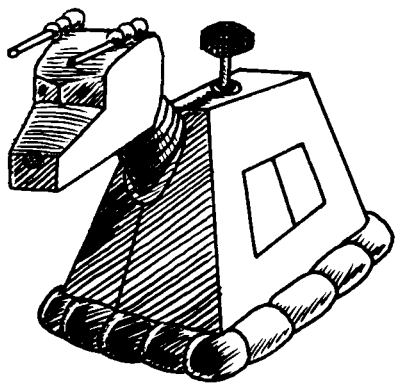
Skills: Bargaining, Vet 75; Wrestling, Rookie 92
Current Sta:
Wounds: □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

As a brown Gorlon, Simil resents the Empire's support of Gorlon Apartheid. He does not feel inferior to green lizards without tails in any way. Simil has chosen to make himself as wealthy as any Green he knows. To do so, he works outside of Imperial law, stealing gems. Zig'el, the PCs' employer, buys the gems and makes arrangements for removing them from Tamilla.

Human Patrolman

STR	75	DEX	63	AGL	57
WPR	54	PER	50	PCN	48
STA	72	UMS	66	WNDS	15

Skills: Laser Pistol, Vet 93; Short-handled Weapons, Ace 121.
Weapons: Laser pistol, shock mace.
Armor: Reflector Plate
Current Sta:
Wounds: □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□



Two Dogbots
Cost: 15 Chips
Availability: 1 Open Market

Dogbots are a form of robotic drudge, or service machine. They have a limited "intelligence," slightly more advanced than an actual dog's. They react to high-frequency whistles and their owner's voice command.

The most common purpose of these machines is to sniff-out organic substances. K-247 and K-248 are programmed to sense advanced life forms. They can detect and identify any creature whose race is common to the Wilderness Region. Their sensors have a range of 15 feet in all directions, and can detect life through walls.

K-247 and K-248 also have limited attack abilities. Each has two forward-firing laser beams, which they can fire once per round. Treat the beams as laser pistols. The dogbots have a "skill score" of 100.

Characters with Computer and Engineering skills can repair and reprogram these machines. Engineering skill allows a character to repair stress point damage, permitting the dogbot to move and fire. Computer skill allows a character to reprogram and repair the machine's "brain."

Currently, these two K models are programmed to respond only to the human guard's voice. Until they are reduced to just 1 stress point, they will shoot anything that tries to touch them without their master's permission. When they have no stress points left, the dogbots are irreparably damaged.

5. THE FLIGHT OUT

After taking care of the hang-up in the hanger, characters are free to leave the planet. They encounter no trouble taking off, but must pass a routine radio security check just before leaving the atmosphere.

> "Thank you for visiting the Imperial planet of Tamilla. Stand by for exit security procedure. . . We are now ready to accept your clearance code. Please transmit."

If characters transmit the code supplied by Zig'el, roll 1d10 to determine the number of minutes required to process the code. After planetary officials have processed the code, continue reading:

> "Have a safe flight, Commander Arnold. [pause] Or is that Commander Pierce?"

Whatever the PCs answer, the voice responds, "Hail to His Royal Highness the Emperor Frederick Constantine the Second. Permission granted to proceed."

6. PLANET PATROL

> Leaving Tamilla's atmosphere is like diving through a wall of flames; the outer layer is dense and hot, shimmering with superheated gas.
>
> You must be leaving one hotbed for another, however. Your scanners blip frantically as you break through the upper atmosphere into space. A swarm of small vessels is approaching from the planet.

The vessels are Tamillan interceptors. There is one for each PC. Their shields are up and they have identified the PCs as enemy craft. If the guard had a chance to use his communicator, he alerted authorities about the suspicious craft he found in Simil's hangar. The final security check also aroused suspicion, for the real Commander Pierce arrived while the PCs were on-planet.

Use the battle board on the back of the game map to run this space battle. Place counters for the PC vessels in the middle of the map, 20 hexes from the line of Imperial craft. Refer to the dogfighting rules in Chapter V to handle the action. The interceptors will fight until half their forces have been destroyed; then they'll retreat.

On the third round of combat, more Imperial vessels come onto the map: one IMP fighter for each PC. Like the original vessels, these fighters will retreat when half of their number has been destroyed.

On the fifth round of combat, PC scanners pick up a destroyer coming into range. Place it on the game map at a range of 20 hexes. The characters know that this vessel is immensely more powerful than their own craft, but that it sacrifices speed for strength.

On the seventh round of combat, the destroyer opens fire if the PCs are still within range.

After the combat, characters must travel 3 hours at sublight speed to reach the edge of the Tamilla system. If they attempt to jump to translight before reaching the system's edge, they face enormous risks; refer to Chapter V of *The Star Team Basic Training Manual*.

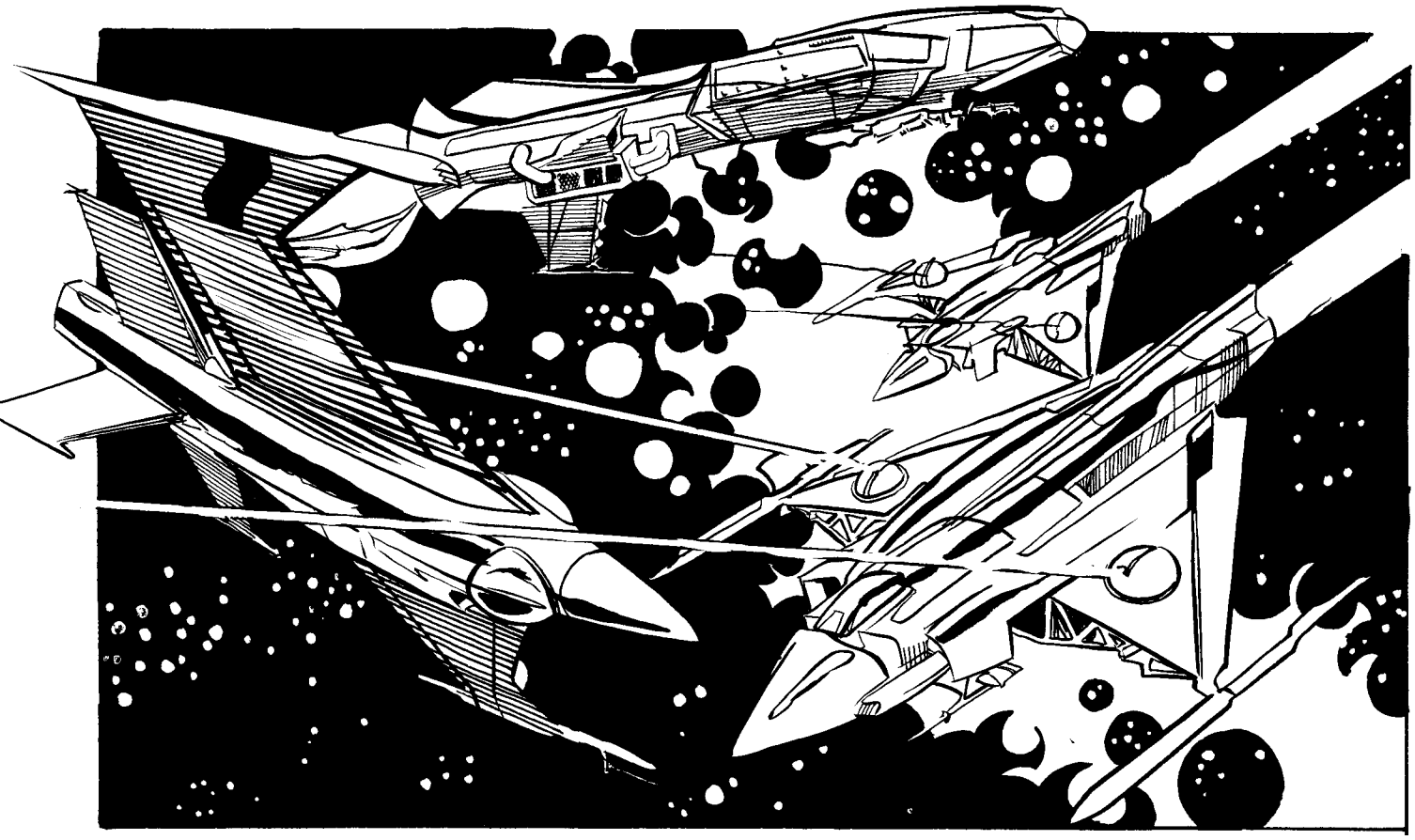
Turn the map over so the players can view the Wilderness system as they plot their trip to Emniyet. Allow them to choose the route; then calculate the stress damage and the number of hours spent traveling. As this episode comes to an end, the players are on their way to Emniyet.

NPC CRAFT STATISTICS

Imperial Interceptors (1/PC)

Stress pts: 10 Combat speed: 8
VCR: 50 Crew: 1

Ship	Damage Boxes	
#1	☐ Front laser	☐ Drive
#2	☐ Front laser	☐ Drive
#3	☐ Front laser	☐ Drive
#4	☐ Front laser	☐ Drive
#5	☐ Front laser	☐ Drive
#6	☐ Front laser	☐ Drive
#7	☐ Front laser	☐ Drive
#8	☐ Front laser	☐ Drive



Stress Point Damage Tally

#1	#2
#3	#4
#5	#6
#7	#8

Imperial Fighters
(One for each PC)

Stress Pts: 60 Combat Speed: 9
VCR: 60 Crew: 1
Ship Damage Boxes

#1 ☐ Front laser ☐ Rear missile ☐ Drive ☐ Control
#2 ☐ Front laser ☐ Rear missile ☐ Drive ☐ Control
#3 ☐ Front laser ☐ Rear missile ☐ Drive ☐ Control
#4 ☐ Front laser ☐ Rear missile ☐ Drive ☐ Control
#5 ☐ Front laser ☐ Rear missile ☐ Drive ☐ Control
#6 ☐ Front laser ☐ Rear missile ☐ Drive ☐ Control
#7 ☐ Front laser ☐ Rear missile ☐ Drive ☐ Control
#8 ☐ Front laser ☐ Rear missile ☐ Drive ☐ Control

Stress Point Damage Tally

#1	#2
#3	#4
#5	#6
#7	#8

Destroyer

Stress Points: 500 Combat Speed: 6
VCR: 70 Crew: 150

Damage Boxes:
Weapons
☐ Front & Side: +30 laser
☐☐ Front: two +20 lasers
☐☐ Front: two +10 lasers
☐☐ Front: two laser
☐☐ Front: two missile launchers

☐ Rear & Side: +30 laser
☐☐ Rear: two +20 lasers
☐☐ Rear: two +10 lasers
☐☐ Rear: two lasers
☐☐ Rear: two missile launchers

☐☐ Right: two +10 lasers
☐☐ Right: two lasers
☐☐ Right: two missile launchers

☐☐ Left: two +10 lasers
☐☐ Left: two lasers
☐☐ Left: two missile launchers

Drive: ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
Control: ☐☐☐☐☐☐

Stress Point Damage Tally:

EPISODE 3: BEARLAND

1. CUSTOMS CONTROL

As the PCs approach Emniyet, two customs escorts come up from the planet to meet them.

> "Greetings, friends of the Empire. Welcome to Emniyet, the polar paradise. Stand by for customs procedure."

The planet Emniyet lies 6 hours from the edge of the Emniyet system. The customs escorts alongside the PCs are standard procedure.

Although Emniyet is not officially the property of the Empire, it is clearly dominated by Imperial might. To preserve "official" neutral status, however, the Empire keeps the planet open to all travelers.

A bored man in one of the escorts questions the pilot of each ship:

1. *"State your name and place of origin."*

Player characters may say anything but Tamilla or Asfalia, which are Imperial planets. If they answer "Tamilla" or "Asfalia," the escort requests their Imperial Registration Codes, which they do not have. (The Tamillan security code does apply in this situation.) If the escorts receive false registration numbers, they request immediate on-planet inspection. If the PCs refuse to cooperate or attempt to leave, the escorts open fire. Each round, two more escorts enter the fight.

2. *"Please state your travel permit number."*

Non-imperial citizens may travel to "open" Imperial planets if they have purchased a travel permit from the Empire. These permits enable the Empire to keep tabs on beings not normally under their control.

The PCs all have permits in good standing. They are free to use them here without any problem. If they get into a battle with these (or any other) customs officials, they must purchase a new "manufactured" permit through the Star Team before they will be permitted to land on an Imperial "open" world. Computer experts on Wilderness will complete the transaction for 10 C.

3. *"State your reason for visiting Emniyet."*

Just about anything will do here; the officials simply record the answer, but do not normally check it. If the customs officials are suspicious for any reason, they can reference past records of visits under that permit number and use them as a basis for questioning.

The best answer the characters can give is "snowsport." They are meeting the buyer on the snowy part of the planet, where few people normally venture. If a routine surface patrol were to fly by, the characters would have a registered reason for being in such a secluded spot.

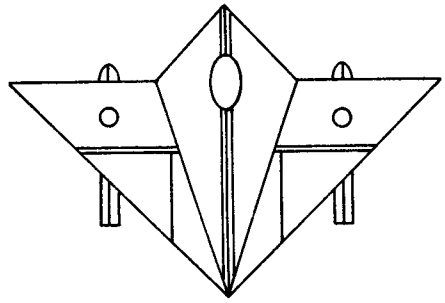
4. *"How much money are you bringing to Emniyet?"*

If the characters claim any amount under 7 C per ship, the official replies, "I'm sorry; those are insufficient funds to visit this planet. The Emniyet Welfare Institute ensures the safety of all citizens by prohibiting the entry of the potentially poor. Please exit the system in an orderly fashion." If the PCs do not comply, the escorts open fire. Two additional escorts appear every other round until the PCs escape or explode.

If the characters claim over 15 C apiece, the official requests an immediate on-planet inspection. He's greedy, and expects a piece of the PCs' pocketbooks.

If the PCs alarm the customs official with their answers to the questions above, he will expect twice the normal bribe to release them (at least ten chips). If the PCs fail to bribe him and fail this interrogation, the customs official attempts to arrest them and have them deported to the slave mines.

Even if they answer all of the questions correctly, the official in charge still calls the PCs to an on-planet inspection. Since he is far less than honest, he routinely calls inspections on vehicles that appear to be "Star Team." See the next encounter for a description of the official and his "business proposition."



NPC VESSELS

Customs Escort

Stress Pts:50 **Combat Speed:** 9
VCR: 60 **Crew:** 2
Cost: 2000 C **Type:** Tactical

Damage Boxes:
Weapons:
☐ front laser ☐ rear laser
☐ front missile launcher
Sublight drive: ☐
Capacity: .5 cargo units

This small vessel was created especially for the customs officials of Emniyet. Like the Imperial interceptors, the ship has only sublight drive; it is not meant to travel beyond the system. The escort is quite heavily armed, however, surpassing the "Imp" fighter in firepower. This adds a note of seriousness to all customs inspections, which pleases both honest and dishonest officials.

2. ON-PLANET INSPECTION

Read the description below to the PCs as soon as they agree to the on-planet inspection.

> "Thank you for your cooperation, gentlemen. Please proceed to landing bay Q-X7 on the surface for a routine check of your papers. Just follow the escort before you."
>
> A small vessel moves to the front of your group, and descends toward the planet. The remaining escort

Continued . . .

swings in behind you. Two more escorts quickly join the original.

Only one escort lands with the PCs; the others return to active patrol. On the planet surface, Arnold Dietmeyer, crooked customs agent, greets the PCs. They recognize his voice as that of the official who questioned them. Two human guards in full armor accompany Arnold, each carrying a laser pistol and rifle. A small army of customs agents and guards swarm throughout the nearby area, but most ignore Dietmeyer and the PCs.

Dietmeyer asks to see the PCs' papers. While he thumbs through their papers, he talks about the high cost of living. He glances only briefly at each document, asking the PCs if they travel frequently. "I don't get around much myself," he says sadly. "Salary doesn't allow it, you know. But then, the fringe benefits one can earn sometimes makes working for the bureaucrats worthwhile." If the PCs begin to offer a bribe, he smiles and skirts the issue.

"You see," he continues, "my hourly rate is quite minimal. So is that of my two friends here. But we do earn a small percentage of anything confiscated in the name of the Empire. Which makes searches much more appealing, and potentially quite profitable."

Dietmeyer never accepts a bribe lower than 5 Chips. Use the bargaining rules in Chapter 6 of *The Wilderness Briefing Manual* to determine how much haggling takes place before he strikes a deal with the PCs.

After paying Dietmeyer, the PCs are free to go. If they refuse to pay him, Dietmeyer searches the ships and "confiscates" .2 c.u. of the gems. Zig'el will expect PCs to reimburse him for this loss, since stupidity is not one of the risks the employer normally assumes when associating with hired smugglers.

NPCs

Arnold Dietmeyer, Human

All ability scores: 50
Skills: Short-handled Weapons, Ace 105; Martial Arts, Rookie 65; Laser Pistol; Ace 105.
Weapons: Shock mace, laser pistol.

Guards (50 within shouting distance)

All ability scores: 50
Skills: Laser rifle, Ace 105; Laser pistol, Ace 105.
Weapons: Laser rifle, laser pistol.
Armor: reflector plate.

These guards are all within 100 feet of the PCs. Two accompany Dietmeyer. Ten are within 20 feet.

3. POLAR RENDEZVOUS

Zig'el's directions lead to a wasteland on the far side of the planet. No major city lies nearby, and the closest outpost is 50 miles south.

The coordinates lead to a large, snowy basin. A snow-covered space yacht is parked on the west side of the basin, and three Imperial fighters rest nearby. Whoever she is, the buyer doesn't travel alone.

When the PCs land and climb out of their fighters, a Crassite female approaches them from the yacht. She is flanked by three Gorlon bodyguards. The Crassite is extremely large, and wears a stange leathery jumpsuit which accentuates her corpulent form. (Crassites find obesity attactive; it represents wealth and the capacity to shun physical labor.)

As she approaches within earshot, she whines loudly, "Well?! What took you so long? It's freezing out here. Truly freezing! Fortunately I'm well-endowed, or I wouldn't have survived this iceblock another minute. We Crassites can take cold, but this is ridiculous! Well?! What have you to say? Do you think this is a vacation paradise?! Ha! *Pink!* That's the natural color of my flesh. Rose petal pink. And I'm positively purple with cold." (Actually, she looks gray, like most Crassites.)

When she walks to within 10 feet of the PCs, she stops, extends a gloved hand to be kissed, and waits for the PCs to come to her. "Tisha Raminor," she says simply. "That's who I am. Wealthy, healthy—except for this cold—and wonderfully wise."

A guard begins to caution her about revealing her name. "Tsk tsk tsk. Remember your place, Sowil." She turns back toward the PCs. "I really don't care what your names are. What *you* are is at my service. And I want to see my gems." (Clearly, she has a liking for jewels; a rash of sparkling stones studs her nose and ears.)

The PCs must show her a few samples of the cargo before she talks money. When she sees the gems, she squeals, "Oh marvelous! Marvelous! These are exactly as promised. My darling Green will hardly resist me now! Sowil, have your lizards bring the trunks from the ship." Sowil mumbles into a communicator.

Nisha turns back to the PCs. "And how much do you earn for bringing these precious beautifuls to me? Five percent? Ten? For such a mottly bunch, you are paid too well for your efforts. Too well indeed. Hmmph. It's not my concern, though."

Five green Gorlon workers exit the ship, each carrying a large enameled box. They also carry laser pistols. Without waiting for permission from the PCs, they begin to load the cargo into the enamel boxes. (If the PCs object, Nisha reminds them that she is one of Zig'el's best customers and this is the way they always do business.) When all the gems are loaded and the boxes are sitting in the snow, Nisha tells Sowil to call for the payment. Another Gorlon brings out a sack of chips.

"Well, now. I have what I want. And you shall soon have what you want: my payment. I should warn you not to try anything silly. I have six more guards watching from my ship, and a hovertank just over the ridge. Your ragtag bodies and ships don't look like much to me, but I imagine *you* value them. I'm sure you wouldn't want Sowil and his friends to cripple them. Ta Ta. It's been a pleasure meeting me, I'm sure. Pay them, Sowil."

Sowil motions to a guard, who opens the sack and pays the PCs 3000 chips for each c.u. of gems delivered. (Remember, Phoenix fighters carry only .2 c.u. each.)

After paying the PCs, Nisha turns toward her bodyguards. A look of dismay falls over her pink, pudgy face. "Sowil, have you seen my Precious?" (Precious is her pet hairy slug.) She starts to waddle back toward the ship, dragging two guards along bodily. "Precious, my dear little pet! Precious!" she calls. "Where are you, my babykins?" The rest of the guards pick up the gems and start toward the space yacht.

NPCS

Nisha Yanayir

STR	70	DEX	52	AGL	40
WPR	50	PER	30	PCN	76
STA	38	UMS	55	WNDS	12

Skills: Sensory Knife, Rookie 70; Laser pistol, Rookie 67
Weapons: Sensory knife, laser pistol
Current Sta:
Wounds: ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Gorlon Guards (15 available)

STR	58	DEX	50	AGL	76
WPR	50	PER	32	PCN	48
STA	76	UMS	67	WNDS	15

Skills: Beam Weapons, Vet 80
Weapons: Laser rifle, laser pistol, PPR (on ship)
Armor: Reflector plate and helmets
Wounds: 15 each

Hovertank

Stress Pts: 100 Combat Speed: 7*
VCR: 50 Crew: 4

*100-yard hexes per round.
Weapons:
- ☐ front laser
- ☐ 360° turret +20 laser
- ☐ Left Side PPR
- ☐ Right Side PPR

The hovertank has shields that operate just as spacecraft shields do. It takes full damage from spacecraft weapons and PPRs (½ when shields are up). Frag grenades do a maximum of ½ damage. Hand-held small arms have no effect. The tank is crewed by four guards with statistics and equipment equal to those above. Refer to Chapter VII: "Equipment" for a complete description of this tank.

Imperial IMP Fighters

Stress Pts: 60 Combat Speed: 9
VCR: 60 Crew: 1

#1 ☐ Front laser ☐ Rear missile ☐ Drive ☐ Control
#2 ☐ Front laser ☐ Rear missile ☐ Drive ☐ Control

Nisha's Space Yacht

See Episode 4, Encounter 5: "Taking the Ship", for statistics on Nisha's space yacht.

4. AAIEEH! WALBOARS!

Just as you turn back to your craft, Nisha screams, "Aaieeh! Walboars!" A blurry line of humps covers the entire rim of the basin. They appear to be beating a vibration on the snow.

A small hairy slug wriggles up the icy embankment, bleeting at the walboars. "Oh, no!" Nisha squeals. "Precious, come back!" But Precious wriggles boldly onward, ready to battle the herd alone. All at once, 30 great, tusked lumps launch themselves from the rim and slide down the embankment. As the first walboar meets Nisha's pet, it lowers its tusk, then jerks its head. The little animal's dark body flies over walboar's head. Precious, the hairy slug, is dead.

In a matter of seconds, ten beasts will close in on you and your ships. They're sliding down the basin walls at over 20 miles per hour, and they're still gaining speed. What are you going to do?

Use the battle board for this encounter. Each hex represents 25 feet. Set up counters according to the sketch map below. The characters are in the center of the map, and the walboars circle

BASIC STATISTICS

Strength	62	**Perception**	76
Dexterity	70	**Stamina**	52
Agility	56	**Luck**	54
Willpower	60	**Wounds**	13
Personality	40	**UMS**	59

Current Stamina:
Wounds: □□□□□□□□□□□□□

SKILLS

Name	Level	Score
Spacecraft Piloting	Rookie	83
Noetic Defense Mode	Rookie	83
Demolitions	Rookie	103
Aut. Rifle (PPR)	Rookie	85
Emergency Spacecraft Repair	Rookie	99
Engineering	Rookie	99

AIVOT VASARA

BASIC STATISTICS

Strength	60	**Perception**	70
Dexterity	58	**Stamina**	50
Agility	60	**Luck**	58
Willpower	42	**Wounds**	13
Personality	26	**UMS**	60

Current Stamina:
Wounds: □□□□□□□□□□□□□

SKILLS

Name	Level	Score
Spacecraft Piloting	Rookie	78
Noetic Defense Mode	Rookie	71
Medicine	Rookie	76
Laser Pistol	Rookie	73
Emergency Spacecraft Repair	Rookie	87
Sword	Rookie	75

OLUT MAATALO

BASIC STATISTICS

Strength	48	**Perception**	60
Dexterity	68	**Stamina**	40
Agility	62	**Luck**	70
Willpower	50	**Wounds**	12
Personality	70	**UMS**	55

Current Stamina:
Wounds: □□□□□□□□□□□□

SKILLS

Name	Level	Score
Spacecraft Piloting	Rookie	79
Noetic Defense Mode	Rookie	70
Mirage Missiles	Rookie	94
Investigation	Rookie	81
Sensory Knife	Rookie	73

KŌSHKA KRASIVI

BASIC STATISTICS

Strength	50	**Perception**	58
Dexterity	68	**Stamina**	40
Agility	64	**Luck**	70
Willpower	50	**Wounds**	12
Personality	70	**UMS**	57

Current Stamina:
Wounds: □□□□□□□□□□□□

SKILLS

Name	Level	Score
Spacecraft Piloting	Rookie	79
Noetic Defense Mode	Rookie	69
Mirage Missiles	Rookie	93
Bargaining	Rookie	99
Emergency Spacecraft Repair	Rookie	74

LYEF SABÓR

ORDER/RANK: Heart/Deuce

RACE: Crystal Clone

RACIAL ABILITY:
Energy beam from hand

PERSONAL DATA:

Sex: Male
Age: 28
Height: 5'7"
Weight: 118 pounds

EQUIPMENT AND FUNDS:

Proton Projector Rifle
Laser Pistol
Monofilament Sword
Mechanical, Medical Kits

Star Team FX-80 Phoenix Fighter
LSS Body Suit
LSS Helmet
30 Chips

Maatalo's Crystal Purpose is to serve the Star Teams. His human parent, selected by the Crystal Folk, was a Star Team Ace of Spades–a crack pilot. The Crystal Folk instructed Maatalo to study under this human, but not to inform the human of their relationship. Perhaps, they believed, Maatalo could become a Spade as well, which not many clones do. Unfortunately, the instructor bled to death before training began; an ICE trooper attacked Maatalo's human parent with a monofilament sword. Maatalo decided to become a Heart, specializing in Medicine. Of course, this decision was practical, not emotional. He also learned how to use a monofilament sword.

ORDER/RANK: Heart/Deuce

RACE: Crystal Clone

RACIAL ABILITY:
Energy beam from hand

PERSONAL DATA:

Sex: Female
Age: 33
Height: 5'6"
Weight: 105 pounds

EQUIPMENT AND FUNDS:

Star Team FX-80 Phoenix Starfighter
Proton Projector Rifle
Laser Pistol
Mechanical, demolitions kits

LSS Helmet
LSS Body Suit
Grenade Launcher
30 Chips

Vasara is a Ruokan spacecraft mechanic and demolitions expert. The mechanical skills were taught her by the Crystal Folk. The demolitions, apparently, are simply in her blood; her mother was a hard-rock miner who specialized in blasting. Like most clones, Vasara's Crystal Purpose is to protect Ruoka; more specifically, it is to destroy Imperial weapons and equipment which may threaten the safety of her native planet. The Star Team recruited her when they learned she had successfully sabotaged a small fleet of Imperial vessels, which were on a spy mission to Ruoka. The vessels exploded in space. Vasara was never implicated in the crime.

Note that Vasara's mechanical kit includes the tools she needs for both Engineering and Emergency Spacecraft Repair. Engineering repairs still require parts and materials, however; see Chapter V in the 64-page rule book.

ORDER/RANK: Diamond/Deuce

RACE: Trakan

RACIAL ABILITY:
Stealth, night vision

PERSONAL DATA:

Sex: Male
Age: 29
Height: 6'6"
Weight: 170 pounds

EQUIPMENT AND FUNDS:

Proton Projector Rifle
Laser Pistol (stunner)
Beam Saber
Mechanical Kit

Star Team FX-80 Phoenix Fighter
LSS Body Suit
LSS Helmet
30 Chips

Sabor (pronounced "Sa bor'") is a Trakan businessman who owns a pawnshop and second-hand store on Stalitsa. Before joining the Star Teams, he spent his days buying and selling just about anything he could find. He was recruited by the Teams after he sold an Imperial thug a fighter that malfunctioned and crashed on Asfalia. That alone may not seem like much. But Sabor always liked to check out his customers, especially those from the Empire. With the help of Lady Luck, he discovered the thug was an ICE hitman enroute to an Imperial arms depot. Sabor bought a worthless old spacecraft, jury-rigged some repairs to get it going, then sold it to the thug as "custom rebuilt." When the fighter crashed, it blew up the arms depot.

ORDER/RANK: Diamond/Deuce

RACE: Trakan

RACIAL ABILITY:
Stealth, night vision

PERSONAL DATA:

Sex: Female
Age: 22
Height: 6'2"
Weight: 140 pounds

EQUIPMENT AND FUNDS:

Proton Projector Rifle
Laser Pistol
Sensory Knife
Throwing Rope

Star Team FX-80 Phoenix Fighter
LSS Body Suit
LSS Helmet
30 Chips

Krasivi is a Stalitsan jill-of-all-trades. Like most Trakans, she grew up on the streets, learning to survive in the best manner possible. She became an entertainer, capitalizing on her good looks and artistic talents. At 17, she began working the luxury nightclub circuit, which was frequented by wealthy and powerful members of the Empire. At age 20, she took on a second profession; she became a free-lance spy. As she worked through the audience, singing and telling stories, she picked up Imperial secrets. A couple Star Team Aces recruited her after she sold them information on an arms shipment. Her work was thorough and accurate; the Team intercepted the goods.

BASIC STATISTICS

Strength	70	**Perception**	50
Dexterity	54	**Stamina**	62
Agility	52	**Luck**	56
Willpower	68	**Wounds**	14
Personality	46	**UMS**	61

Current Stamina:
Wounds: □□□□□□□□□□□□□□

SKILLS

Name	Level	Score
Spacecraft Piloting	Rookie	82
Noetic Defense Mode	Rookie	74
Shield Ship	Rookie	84
Aut. Rifle (PPR)	Rookie	84
Blackjack	Rookie	91

CELIK TAS

BASIC STATISTICS

Strength	60	**Perception**	62
Dexterity	40	**Stamina**	58
Agility	50	**Luck**	56
Willpower	76	**Wounds**	13
Personality	60	**UMS**	55

Current Stamina:
Wounds: □□□□□□□□□□□□□

SKILLS

Name	Level	Score
Spacecraft Piloting	Rookie	66
Noetic Defense Mode	Rookie	96
Shield Ship	Rookie	95
Thought Probe	Rookie	94
Shock	Rookie	94

BAHAR HUSUSI

BASIC STATISTICS

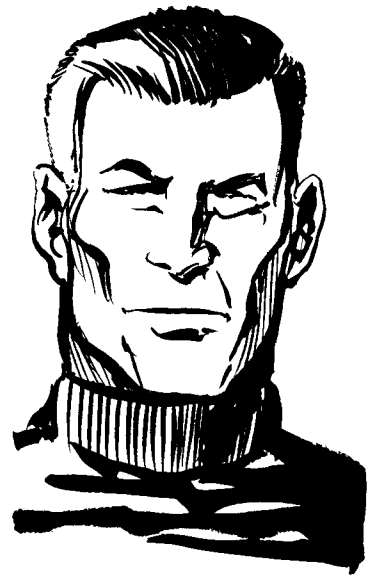
Strength	50	**Perception**	62
Dexterity	68	**Stamina**	58
Agility	66	**Luck**	48
Willpower	74	**Wounds**	13
Personality	56	**UMS**	58

Current Stamina:
Wounds: □□□□□□□□□□□□□

SKILLS

Name	Level	Score
Spacecraft Piloting	Rookie	81
Noetic Defense Mode	Rookie	98
Shock	Rookie	92
Levitation	Rookie	92
Laser Rifle	Rookie	83

SYBIL CANE



BASIC STATISTICS

Strength	50	**Perception**	64
Dexterity	70	**Stamina**	56
Agility	62	**Luck**	50
Willpower	40	**Wounds**	13
Personality	50	**UMS**	56

Current Stamina:
Wounds: □□□□□□□□□□□□□

SKILLS

Name	Level	Score
Spacecraft Piloting	Rookie	96
Noetic Defense Mode	Rookie	67
Laser Pistol	Rookie	100
Martial Arts	Vet	101
Emergency Spacecraft Repair	Rookie	67

JACK DALEN

ORDER/RANK: Club/Deuce

RACE: Kleibor

RACIAL ABILITY:
Telepathy, 1WPR/word; Learn Language, 1d10 rnds; Transfer Stamina, 1 pt/rnd

PERSONAL DATA:

Sex: Female
Age: 50
Height: 12'0"
Weight: 1000 pounds

EQUIPMENT AND FUNDS:

Proton Projector Rifle	Star Team FX-80 Phoenix Fighter
Laser Rifle	LSS Body Suit
Laser Pistol	LSS Helmet
Baseball Bat (billy club)	30 Chips

Bahar is a proud Kleibor who is extremely loyal to the Star Teams' cause. Her family has a history of rebel activity; her mother and three sisters fought in the Four Hundred Years War. Her mother died in combat. Her father (a younger Kleibor) joined Emniyet's resistance force shortly thereafter. Her sisters, over 100 years old now, have retired. Her father, though elderly, still does intelligence work.

Bahar relies on her exceptional noetic talents to pull her through tough situations. She does use weapons on occasion, however. She prefers the PPR to her laser pistol, because it doesn't demand tricky thumb action. This Kleibor's hobbies include playing Dort (she's a noetic noisemaker), wrestling in slush, and entering demolition derbies that feature toboggans.

ORDER/RANK: Spade/Deuce

RACE: Kleibor

RACIAL ABILITY:
Telepathy, 1 WPR/word; Learn Language, 1d10 rnds; Transfer Stamina, 1 pt/rnd

PERSONAL DATA:

Sex: Male
Age: 26
Height: 12'6"
Weight: 1300 pounds

EQUIPMENT AND FUNDS:

Proton Projector Rifle	Star Team FX-80 Phoenix Fighter
Laser Rifle	LSS Body Suit
Blackjack	LSS Helmet
Lantern	30 Chips

Kleibor are said to have a fierce joy of life. For Celik Tas, the key word is *fierce*. At 26, he is just a Kleibor cub, but already he has become a valuable Star Team warrior. His parents were both rebels—two Club Aces. From them, Tas inherited an intense dislike for the Imperial regime, which has control of his native planet. In spite of his parents' loving caution, this Kleibor's behavior is sometimes gruff. His friends say, "he grows on you"— not "you'll like him straight off." Celik's middling Personality and high Dexterity (for a Kleibor) led him to pass up duty as a Club and seek the life of a Star Team Spade.

ORDER/RANK: Spade/Deuce

RACE: Human

RACIAL ABILITY:
None

PERSONAL DATA:

Sex: Male
Age: 42
Height: 6'7"
Weight: 240 pounds

EQUIPMENT AND FUNDS:

Proton Projector Rifle	Star Team FX-80 Phoenix Fighter
Laser Pistol (stunner)	LSS Body Suit
	Nunchakus LSS Helmet
Mechanical Kit	30 Chips

Dalen has wanted to be a pilot since he was a young boy. His mother was a spacecraft mechanic and his father flew a shuttle between Earth and Asfalia. When he was 20, Dalen received a pilot's license and went to work for a commercial spaceline. When he was 40, his parents received the death sentence and went to the Empire's electric chair. (His mother it was discovered, did free repair work for Star Team spaceraft. His father carried messages from Earth's resistance force to Asfalia's.) When his parents were killed, Dalen decided to fight the Empire, too. He joined a Star Team.

As a Spade, this human has become an excellent shot with a laser pistol. In fact, he uses most ranged weapons well, thanks to his nimble fingers and sharp eyes. He knows these weapons are props, and only good at a distance, however. Close up and on his own, he uses the martial arts.

ORDER/RANK: Club/Deuce

RACE: Human

RACIAL ABILITY:
None

PERSONAL DATA:

Sex: Female
Age: 32
Height: 6'2"
Weight: 145 pounds

EQUIPMENT AND FUNDS:

Proton Projector Rifle	Star Team FX-80 Phoenix Fighter
Laser Pistol (stunner)	LSS Body Suit
Laser Rifle	LSS Helmet
6 Light Grenades	30 Chips

Before joining the Star Teams, Cane was a physical therapist on Earth. She maintained a private practice in Alaska, where she treated Kleibor and Crassites with bad backs. Using her Levitation skill, she often alleviated patients' problems while suspending them upside down. Like many humans, she disliked the Empire, but distrusted the Star Team rebels. One day a Crassite client insulted her during treatment. Cane lost her concentration and dropped him on his head. The Crassite, not to be outdone, put her to sleep and sold her to a brown Gorlon in Arizona. Fortunately, this Brown was an honorable sort who belonged to Earth's resistance forces. Before long, Cane was a Star Team Club.

the edge. On one side, 75 feet from the characters, lie Nisha's vehicles. On the opposite side lie the PCs', also 75 feet away. The 30 walboars are evenly spaced along the edge of the rim, but they will descend into the basin unevenly. The first ten will arrive in two rounds; after that, 5 will arrive every round until all 30 are in the basin with the characters.

Walboars are huge polar beasts resembling walrusses. Each animal weighs more than 500 pounds. The walboars attempt to slide directly into the characters, using their fins to direct themselves. Characters must pass a general Agility check to dive out of a walboar's path. As it strikes its target, the walboar tries to bring its tusks to bear. If the walboar hits, using its UMS, the tusks inflict armed combat damage.

A walboar that has suffered a "C" result on the Armed Combat Results table will not jerk its tusks. It can still slide, however (even when dead, it slides with momentum), and a target unlucky enough to fail a general Agility check suffers unarmed combat damage from the injured beast.

Characters always win initiative, but they can move only two hexes per round across the ice and snow. The walboars, on the other hand, move 10 hexes per round when sliding at top speed, and 2 hexes per round when pushing themselves on flat ground. They can turn 360 degrees without sacrificing movement. If they are not swooping down on their prey, the walboars use their tusks to attack normally (with their UMS).

The Gorlons run toward their ships and form a line to protect the space yacht. From time to time, Nisha yells, "Oh, Sowil, get me a walboar rug! A *big* one!" Run the Gorlon's combat abstractly (without doing the actual figuring). Assume they are fairly successful.

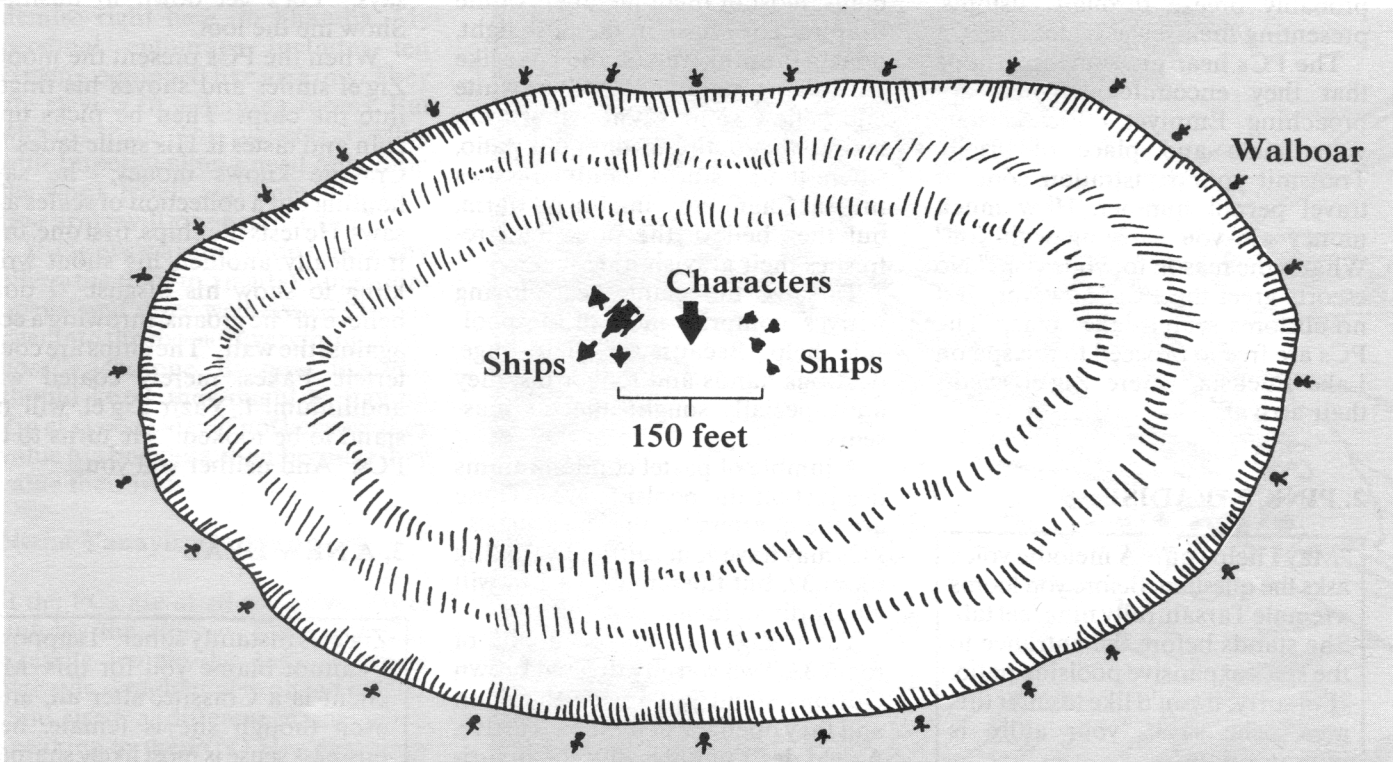
Unless the PCs clear the walboars out of the basin, they must pass a general Piloting check before they can take off. If they fail the check, they must abort the run; they have walboars under their ships and will crash if they continue. It takes two PCs to drag a walboar carcass out of the way.

Thirty Walboars

STR	160	DEX	NA	AGL	40/80*
WPR	NA	PER	NA	PCN	40
STA	120	UMS	100	WNDS	28

*40 on land/80 in water
Move: 250 ft./round on sloped ground. 50 feet per round on level ground.

Combat Tally:
Stamina Wounds



WALBOAR ATTACK

SCALE: Basin covers width of battle board

EPISODE 4: GREASED PIGS

1. ARRIVAL

When the PCs wish to make the translight jump from Emniyet to Shamba, ask the players to outline their course. Then make the calculations for stress damage and length of translight travel.

The planet of Shamba lies approximately seven hours from the system's edge. As the PCs approach the planet, a female voice from ground patrol addresses them on common frequencies:

> "You are now entering space governed by the planet of Shamba. Welcome to the pink and green paradise. Please stand by for a routine customs inquiry."

Like Emniyet, Shamba is open to all travelers, including citizens of the Alliance. But Shamba has a thriving tourist industry far beyond that of its polar neighbor. The high volume of traffic has lead Shamba to relax its controls. Unless the characters have an invalid travel permit, they can probably breeze through customs, presenting themselves as tourists.

The PCs hear the same questions that they encountered when approaching Emniyet: "Please state your name and place of origin. Transmit your registration code or travel permit number. How much money are you carrying with you? What is the reason for your visit?" No escorts greet the PCs, however, and no customs search takes place. The PCs are free to proceed to the spa on Lake Fuchsia, where Zig'el awaits their arrival.

2. PINK PARADISE

> "May I help you?" A melodic voice asks the question. Before you looms a female Tarsan, fully nine feet tall. She stands before the entrance to the spa's expansive poolside patio. "I'm sorry; if you'd like to enter this area," she says, "your attire is inappropriate."
>
> Behind her, sprawled on a maze of furniture, a bevy of half-clothed Crassites and well-oiled humans bask in the pink light. The temperature is 72 degrees Fahrenheit.
>
> A male Tarsan looms over a Crassite on a nearby table, massaging his client's mottled, fleshy back. The Tarsan is dressed in white. The Crassite, also male, smokes a cigar and sweats profusely. (Crassites find 72 degrees quite warm.)
>
> A tiny blue furball rolls up beneath the massage table, gazing into the Crassite's face. The furball squeaks a greeting. "Stinking fuzzbits," the Crassite growls, batting the animal off into the bushes. The Tarsan frowns and rubs a little harder. The Crassite grunts in pleasure.
>
> Impatiently, the female Tarsan taps her long, elegant fingers against her knee, stretching her arm to its full length. "I said," she repeats, "may I help you?"

Continued . . .

The spa on Lake Fuchsia is a gathering place for elitist Crassites and humans, most of them members of the Empire. They bask in the pink light, float in the pink waters, and bake like greased pigs upon the glittering white and yellow sands. When that's too taxing, they retire to the pool patio, where the PCs now stand. Crassites find the Shamban climate a bit warm, but they believe the pink light refreshes their grayish hide.

Tarsans, the giant, peace-loving natives, comprise most of the poolside help. Because of their huge, dextrous hands and long arms, they are especially sought after as masseurs.

A jumble of pastel condominiums lies just off the poolside area. These are the quarters for the spa's guests. PCs may have some difficulty finding room 32, but the female Tarsan will gladly direct them.

Yazir Zig'el is the occupant of room 32. Two warmly dressed brown Gorlons stand just inside the door, and they open it when the PCs arrive. A cold draft tumbles out; the luxurious room is heavily air-conditioned.

Inside, Zig'el and two other Crassites sit around a small table. The three are drinking, smoking, and laughing, and they gesture for the PCs to join them.

"So!" Zig'el bellows. "Here are my fine friends back again! Wonderful! And how was your trip? Pray tell, what have you brought for my enjoyment?" All three break into a chorus of nasal laughter, tugging at the bracelets on their snouts.

If any PCs stayed outside the room, Zig'el insists that they join him before the proceedings get underway. "I want to celebrate with all of you," he says jovially. "And talk a little more business. I've got some better offers if you've done well. Xantium crystals. Arms shipments. But I make no deals without everyone present. If you're worried about your ships, I'll have Slabeed there (he motions to one of his brown Gorlon guards) call up some help. But you've nothing to worry about. This is paradise!" He tugs on his nose ring again, honking a nasal laugh.

When all the PCs are present, Zig'el straightens up in the chair and says, "Let's get down to business. Show me the loot."

When the PCs present the money, Zig'el smiles and shoves his fingers into the chips. Then he picks up a coin and tastes it. His smile fades. "A Crassite knows money," he says, hauling out a collection of scales and saws. He tests the chips, first one, then frantically another, his snout wrinkling to show his disgust. "I don't believe it!" he groans, throwing a coin against the wall. "The chips are counterfeit. Fakes, merely coated with andilinium! I, Yazir Zig'el, will not stand to be rooked!" He turns to the PCs. "And neither will you."

3. A NEW DEAL

> Zig'el is instantly sober. "I suppose I cannot blame you for this. My client is a Crassite, after all, and even though she is female, her business sense is most likely sharper than yours. Still, I cannot allow your services to end here, when we

Continued . . .

both have lost so much. I could let you go without payment, with nothing to show for your work, but we would both suffer on that arrangement. So I must make you a generous proposal. With my guidance, my proteges, we will all get even with the thief. We will steal a little in return. No, not a little. A lot. Together, we will teach my client a lesson.

Zig'el is giving a charming performance, because he prefers not to force the PCs into working for him. He does not intend to let them get away if his charm doesn't work, however. He is out a great deal of money. Simply refusing to pay the PCs would hardly take care of his losses. At a minimum, he must steal back the gems or something of equal value.

If the PCs hesitate or react negatively, Zig'el informs them they haven't much choice in this matter: "You can be rich. Or you can be dead. I may toy with your life for a while, if you're lucky. You'll survive, but you'll find no work. *Then* you'll die. Or...I could be merciful, and arrange for your demise right here on Shamba. My personal entourage includes ten Greens, equipped like an army. They are staying in adjoining rooms. But why risk them? This planet is crawling with Imperial elite; I need only drop the word 'rebel,' and immediately, a true army will rise against you."

If Zig'el's warnings don't have any effect, the door to an adjoining room opens, and three well-armed Greens peer into the room. "Everything okay, boss?" asks one. By now, the PCs should know they ought to stay on Zig'el's good side—if not because they value his business, then because they value their lives.

Nisha Yanayir, Daddy's Girl

If the PCs are at all receptive, Zig'el unfolds the story of his client. The Crassite female, he says, is Nisha Yanayir, daughter of the head of ICE. (She used a different name when speaking to the PCs.) Her parentage makes her a dangerous prospect. "To harm her in any way would be suicide, if it got back to her father. Mark my words," Zig'el says. "Yet I am no fool. On every client, I hold a couple of very good cards.

"The Crassite woman is devious," Zig'el continues. "I could see that from the start. She used an alias with me, but I knew her anyway. She wanted the purchase kept secret. But just how secret? Let us consider.... Of course! Only her father would care whether she purchased the gems, since her bank account is his own. If she wanted this secret from him, she would have been forced to use conterfeit funds! Aha, yes!" he grunts gleefully. "Under these conditions, we might steal something from her, and she could never complain!" Zig'el claps his hands and rubs them together. His friends tug on their nose rings and honk merrily.

Zig'el also knows that Nisha is fond of the spa at Lake Fusia. "She makes weekly visits to the spa to keep her skin pink," he says. "It is only a matter of time before she returns. After Emniyet, she'll want a bit of pampering, I'm sure. We need only to sit here and wait."

Zig'el makes a call, and arranges for a little surveillance. "As soon as Nisha arrives, we will hear of it. At the very least, my men will tell us when she is coming."

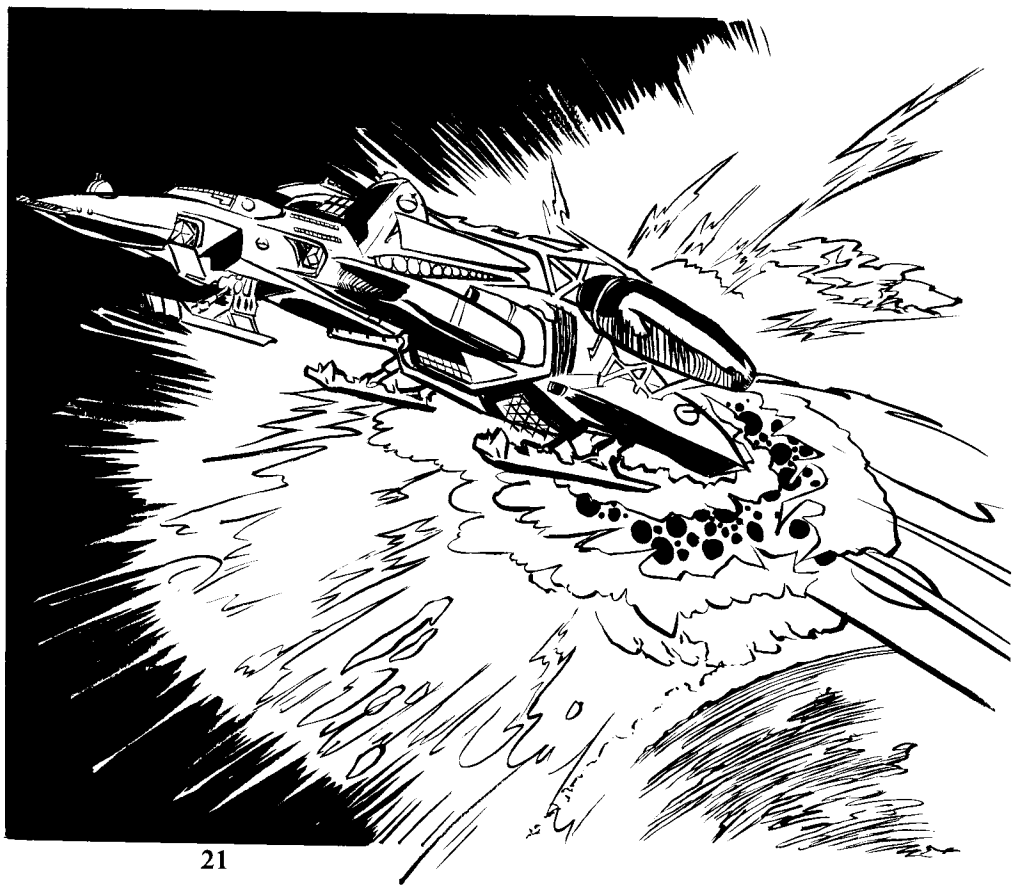
"When she arrives," he says, "you and I shall plot our revenge. I promise you, you shall receive a great deal of money—perhaps even more than the gems' value.

If the PCs at any time try to leave the room, or start any sort of ruckus, Zig'el's forces fight back. Use the statistics below to handle the encounter. Zig'el attempts to remain charming and persuasive, even if the PCs resist.

NPCs

Yazir Zig'el, Crassite

STR	60	DEX	50	AGL	52
WPR	78	PER	44	PCN	80
STA	50	UMS	56	WNDS	13



Skills: Sensory Knife, Vet 85; Laser Pistol, Ace 105; Spacecraft Piloting, Rookie 76; Deep Space Tracking, Rookie 95; Investigation, Vet 98; Bargaining, Ace 146; Gambling, Vet 95; Theft, Rookie 85.
Weapons: Sensory knife (fancy), laser pistol, jewel encrusted PPR (under table)
Armor: Field armor
Current Sta:
Wounds: □□□□□□□□□□□□□

Zig'el's Two Pals, Crassites

STR	64	DEX	46	AGL	46
WPR	60	PER	40	PCN	72
STA	38	UMS	55	WNDS	12

Skills: Laser pistol, Vet 76
Weapons: Laser pistol
Current Sta:
Wounds:
#1 □□□□□□□□□□□□□
#2 □□□□□□□□□□□□□

Two Bodyguards, Brown Gorlon

STR	70	DEX	60	AGL	65
WPR	60	PER	30	PCN	46
STA	80	UMS	68	WNDS	15

Skills: Martial Arts, Ace 119; Short-handled Weapons, Ace 123; Laser Pistol, Ace 105; Laser Rifle, Vet 90; PPR, Vet 90; Sensory Knife, Ace 123
Weapons: Sensory knife, shock mace, laser pistol, PPR
Armor: Field Armor
Current Sta:
Wounds:
#1 □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
#2 □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

Ten Guards, Green Gorlon

STR	62	DEX	60	AGL	78
WPR	50	PER	30	PCN	56
STA	80	UMS	70	WNDS	15

Skills: Laser Rifle, Ace 115; Shock Mace, Vet 100; Laser Pistol, Ace 115
Weapons: Laser rifle, laser pistol, shock mace
Armor: Reflector plates, helmets
Current Sta:
Wounds:
#1 □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
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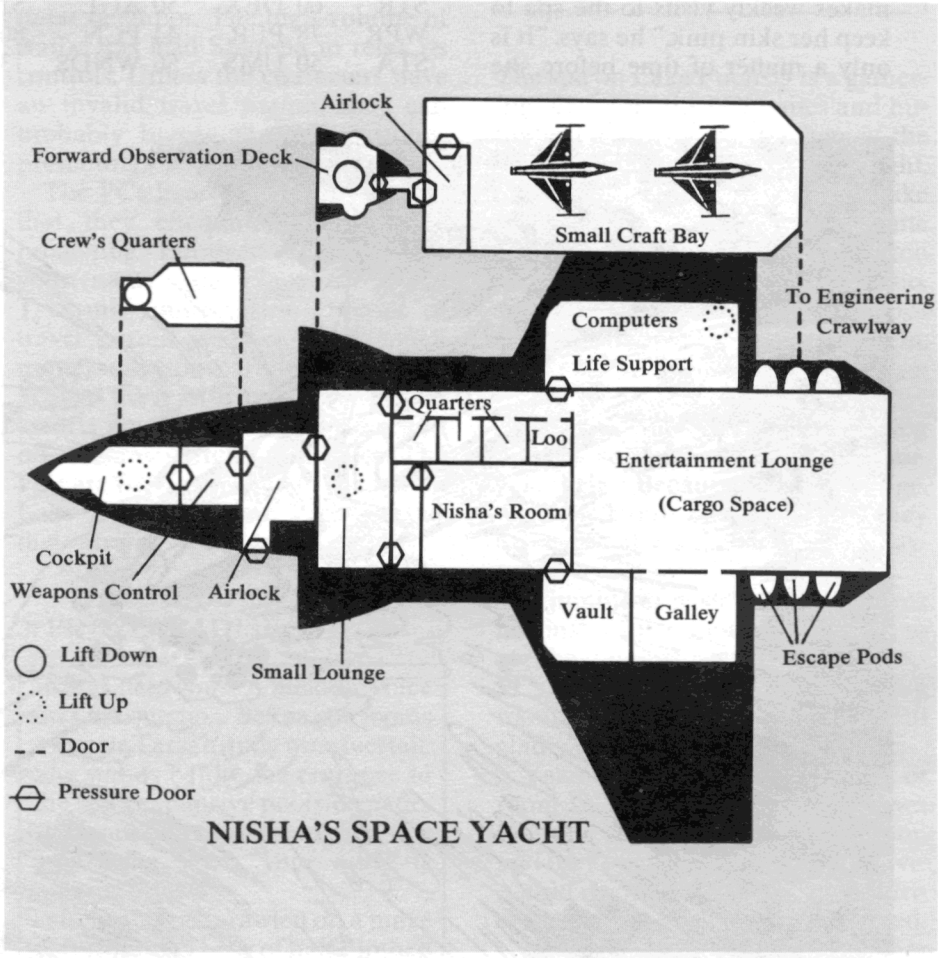

NISHA'S SPACE YACHT

4. THE PLAN COMES TOGETHER

Zig'el offers the PCs a drink, and asks them to join his friends at the table. After a short time, a knock sounds at the door. Read the text below:

> A green Gorlon comes to the door, and delivers a small piece of paper. Zig'el reads it, a smile spreading below his snout. "My intelligence work has paid off. The Crassite female is here, pinking up as usual. Come, my friends. It's time we had a look at our prey."

Zig'el and a number of his guards (at least two—more if the PCs are acting hostile) travel with the PCs to the spa's landing base. There, in a private hangar, they discover Nisha's space yacht and eight Imp fighters. Thirty Gorlon guards in reflector plate armor mill about the hangar, chatting casually, as if on a break. Nisha is nowhere in sight.

"Ahhh," says Zig'el. "For starters, I'd like that space yacht. That's worth even more than my jewels. The question is, does she still have the stones on board? That would be doubly pleasing. Or perhaps she has stashed something more from her little shopping spree? What would you like, my friends? Furs? Gems? Money? Arms? It may all be waiting in there."

He looks at the PCs—especially any Trakans among them. "I think it's time for you to begin redeeming

yourselves. Let's see what kind of plan you can devise for getting me that ship. If I get the ship, what's on it, whatever that may be, is yours. If you succeed, at a minimum you shall receive expenses, plus your original fee for this job."

Allow the PCs to figure out how they will steal the ship. Zig'el will not give them any of his men for help; he wants to keep a low profile. "After all," he says, "I may someday wish to do business with this female again. I must keep my name free of this scheme." He offers them guidance, however, if they come up with a plan doomed to failure.

The following information is available to discerning PCs. Entries beginning with a * indicate information available only through investigation.

1. The 30 Gorlon guards outside all wear reflector plate armor, including helmets, and they carry laser pistols. They also have PPRs and laser rifles, one slung over each shoulder. The 10 closest to the ship have grenade launchers. "They are not guarding an empty ship," Zig'el says, stroking his long snout. "No, indeed. The goods must still be onboard."

2. Hangar bookings are handled by a central office at the spa. If the PCs bribe an official there with 1 chip or more, the official will tell them that the yacht is scheduled to leave for the CRP between Earth and Shamba early in the morning. It should return the following day.

*3. Nisha has a favorite masseur at the spa. If the PCs think to track him down, he will tell them (for a small fee) that she has bragged about having her yacht redecorated at the CRP, in preparation for some kind of intimate party.

*4. Nisha Yanayir has booked a five-day stay in the spa. For 50 bits (paid either to the masseur or some other spa employee), the PCs discover she has not availed herself of the spa's security facilities for valuables. She rarely does, trusting the local ICE guards more. She is (the NPC says) holed up in a remote corner of the spa, heavily guarded.

It is next to impossible for the PCs to steal Nisha's ship at the hangar. Their best bet is to take it in space, when it leaves for the CRP the next day. If the PCs suggest trying to battle the 30 guards, Zig'el attempts to discourage it. "Are you fools? To be that obvious under the nose of ICE?"

Once the plan for taking the ship is complete, Zig'el tells them he will meet them on Stalitsa. "If not quite soon, then surely later. If you understand. I, of course, will contact you at the appropriate time. You needn't come looking for me.

"Oh, and of course, you should bring the space yacht. You might forge a new registration number on her, just in case someone checks it upon arrival. Her make is otherwise indistinctive."

5. TAKING THE SHIP

The following morning, right on schedule, Nisha's ship readies for take-off. Four fighters appear to be leaving as well.

Use the battle board and the statistics below to handle the theft of Nisha's ship. Two fighters are positioned on each side of the space yacht. Place the PCs 20 hexes away, in any arrangement they choose.

The primary objective of the Imps is to protect Nisha's ship. As soon as two Imps have been destroyed, two more exit the garage of Nisha's ship. All six Imps fight to the death.

If Nisha's ship nears destruction, having 30 or fewer stress points, the pilot will radio a surrender. He does not wish to explode, not even in the service of Nisha Yanayir. He will allow the PCs to board.

Refer to the "Boarding Action" rules in Chapter V of *The Basic Training Manual* when the PCs attempt to take possession of the yacht. Two guards on board try to thwart the PCs at the airlock. The pilot remains on the bridge, making no attempt to fight.

VESSELS

Nisha's Space Yacht

Stress Pts: 120 Combat Speed: 5
VCR: 60 Crew: 4
Cost: 7500 C Type: Strategic
Capacity: 100 passengers or 2 c.u.
Damage Boxes:
☐ Front laser ☐ Rear laser
☐ Drive ☐ Control

Nisha's yacht accomodates up to 100 people. It has a "garage" that holds 2 fighters. The exterior is not distinctive.

Normally, the craft is crewed by four people, but one can pilot it alone. A second person is required to handle the space yacht's weapons.

Six Imperial "Imp" Fighters

Stress Pts: 60 Combat Speed: 10
VCR: 60 Crew: 1
Ship Damage

#1	☐ Front laser	☐ Rear missile
	☐ Drive	☐ Control
#2	☐ Front laser	☐ Rear missile
	☐ Drive	☐ Control
#3	☐ Front laser	☐ Rear missile
	☐ Drive	☐ Control
#4	☐ Front laser	☐ Rear missile
	☐ Drive	☐ Control
#5	☐ Front laser	☐ Rear missile
	☐ Drive	☐ Control
#6	☐ Front laser	☐ Rear missile
	☐ Drive	☐ Control

Stress Damage Tally

#1	#2
#3	#4
#5	#6

NPCS

Yacht Pilot, Human

Ability Scores: 50
UMS: 50
Wounds: ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
No armor or weapons.

Two Bodyguards, Green Gorlon

STR	58	DEX	50	AGI	76
WPR	50	PER	32	PCN	48
STA	76	UMS	67	WNDS	15

Skills: All Beam Weapons, Vet 80
Weapons: Laser pistol
Armor: Reflector plate, helmets
Wounds:
#1 ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
#2 ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

EPISODE 5: HELLO, KANKEE

1. MEET KANKEE

No one follows the PCs after they steal Nisha's ship, so they have little reason to risk an in-system translight jump. It takes them seven hours to reach the outer edge of the Shamba system while traveling at sublight speeds. As the PCs sail along, read the following. A whining female Crassite begins speaking on the yacht's on-ship intercom:

> "Boy, are you guys in trouble. I mean big trouble. Do you have any idea what you've done? You are dead. Absolutely dead. Do you know who I am? Take this ship to Asfalia right now. Wait 'till my Daddy finds out! No, wait. Not to Asfalia. I mean....Boy, are you guys in trouble!"

The voice belongs to Nisha Yanayir. The PCs should recognize it at once, having heard it already on Emniyet. Nisha is hiding in the ship's vault, surrounded by her furs and gems.

From inside the vault, Nisha can talk to any room on the ship—or all rooms if she chooses. After a short while (CM's discretion), she figures out how to listen to any room as well.

What Nisha Knows

Nisha is—or rather was—on her way to a secret rendezvous with Bisslador Sillith. Bisslador is the son of Count Gril Sillith, a Gorlon who owns most of the Wilderness Region. Because of these connections, Duke Yanayir wants Nisha to marry Bisslador. If such a marriage took place, the Duke could then kill off both son and father, and seize the Sillith holdings.

Nisha, however, has other plans. She wants to marry the Gorlon boy, yes, but she only wants to kill the father-in-law. As Bisslador's widow, she would have nothing, because her father controls her property. (Crassite women have few rights.) As Bisslador's wife, she still wouldn't own anything officially, but she might have some control. "Surely," Nisha tells herself, "but surely I can handle a Gorlon."

Nisha's father might still pose a problem if Nisha attains her goal. "Maybe I'll have to kill poor Daddy to keep things in order...," she thinks. But for now, "Daddy" is a distant problem. First, Nisha must woo Bisslador.

Wooing Bisslador is just what Nisha has been doing lately. It is he she plans to meet secretly on earth. She is on her way when the PCs attack. The new jewels, furs, and riches— these are a sample dowry of sorts, intended to dazzle Bisslador.

Only Nisha's closest bodyguards know her plan. They accompany her on this flight; but they may be dead, if the PCs have been ruthless.

Back at Shamba, the army of ICE troopers belongs to a unit routinely assigned to protect Duke Yanayir's daughter. When Nisha takes off in her yacht, the guards think she's snug in her suite. During the battle for her ship, however, an Imp fighter relays news of the theft in progress. When the guards attempt to inform Nisha, they discover she is missing.

Nisha in the Vault

The PCs must search the ship to find the source of Nisha's voice. She complains from time to time, calls for her guards, and asks, "Who are you guys, anyway? Is anybody out there? Sowil, I'm hungry! And my new Precious is thirsty." (She's got a new hairy slug, which is keeping her company in the vault.)

Characters can simply find the vault and knock on the door. Nisha will respond from the other side. "You better not hurt me, whoever you are. My father is the head of the Imperial Command Enforcement. And he thinks the world of me, so you better watch out. He'll kill you if I say you've hurt me. He'll do worse than kill you if you kill me. Do you know what he calls me? His little Kankee. You know, after the new diamond mine on Earth. Get it? Lots of gemstones. I'm his priceless little treasure chest. So you better not lay a hand on me OR my stuff."

She waits for a moment after this tyrade, then says, "WELL?! What have you got to say for yourselves? Can I trust you and come out?"

If Nisha believes the PCs may harm her, she'll stay in the vault as long as possible. (Remember, she can listen to their conversations.) The vault's door is 30 stress points strong. A PPR can break through it, but of course, such an assault might destroy the contents of the vault, including Nisha. The PCs should realize they may be forced to die or retire to life on Wilderness if they harm this Crassite female.

The security code for opening the vault is registered in the ship's computer system. If Nisha hears the PCs say they want to kill her, however, she may simply change the code from the inside, using her voice command. The computer acknowledges the change, but Nisha does not need a terminal to make it.

Nisha would prefer not to stay shut up in the vault, of course, even though all her riches surround her. If she believes the PCs won't harm her, or thinks she can sneak around the yacht, she opens the door and leaves.

Whether she's in or out of the vault, Nisha tries to maintain communication with the PCs. She doesn't want to go to Asfalia, where she might have to explain a lot to Daddy. So she insists they take her to the shared CRP between Earth and Stalitsa (near the dust cloud). "My guardian ICE man is there. I can persuade him to go easy on you if you let me go. And Daddy will never know who you are. Honest."

Nisha likes to talk, so she may tell the PCs quite a bit about the "behind the scenes" political action in this adventure, especially if they encourage her. Use this NPC to share the story with the players.

The Loot

Nisha's vault contains the following valuables:the gems from Zig'el, at 3000 C per cargo unit; 100 chips worth of furs, 100 chips worth of art and collectibles, 10 chips worth of fine liquor, 10 chips worth of chocolate and fish eggs (some of which she may have eaten already).

2. MESSAGE FROM THE GORLON CLAN

"The Crassite pig is ours. Deliver her to Earth's moon, at the Sea of Tranquility. There is an abandoned military base there. We shall ask no questions of you. You shall ask no questions of us. This is a personal matter. Money is no object. We will pay you well upon arrival."

The message above is stored in the ship's communicator. (In other words, Nisha's space yacht has an answering machine.) From time to time, a blurb appears on the ships' computer screens: "Message waiting. Please retrieve." Anyone with Computer or Electronics skill can automatically retrieve the message. If they don't have these skills, they must pass a general Perception check to figure out how. Nisha can retrieve it automatically, too.

A small Gorlon clan has had a vendetta against Nisha for some time. A female from their clan once planned to marry Bisslador, Count Sillith's son. The two young Gorlons were in love. But politically, the match would have been a failure, so Count Sillith persuaded his son to cancel the wedding. Shortly thereafter, the Gorlon girl died of an apparent suicide.

In actuality, Nisha's father had the female Gorlon killed. The girl, he reasoned, might pose a problem to him in the future. But the Gorlon clan has decided to cause problems all on their own. Suspecting foul play, they blame Nisha for their daughter's death. And they are determined to take a life for a life. Such are the daily trials of the Empire's noble families.

It is the Gorlon clan who has sent the message to Nisha's ship. They have no money. If the PCs go to the moon, the clan attempts to kill them along with Nisha. This encounter is described below, under "Fly Me Not to the Moon."

3. WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE

When the PCs are planning a translight jump from the Shamba system (after they've traveled to the edge, if they're smart), they notice two Imp fighters at 20 hexes. The fighters do not move to attack, however. They try to avoid it. The Imps simply lurk just beyond striking range, trying to see where the PCs are going.

If the players plot a translight jump to a nearby Star Team CRP, they may be followed, giving away the CRP's secret location. In fact, since Tracking skill provides only a -10 modifer for each hex jumped, with a base score of 60 on Imp fighters, the PCs have a chance of being followed to any place less than 6 hexes away.

When the PCs make their jump, make two Tracking skill checks against 60. If the PCs are tracked to their next destination, they must battle twice the number of fighters as described in Encounter 5 below. Refer to the section marked "ICE Skirmish, You Skirmish."

4. FLY ME NOT TO THE MOON

Read the following if the PCs decide to plot a course for the moon after receiving the Gorlon clan's message.

"Oh, but you can't take me to the Earth moon!" Nisha whines. "What a horrible place to visit! Besides, I'm supposed to meet a very important person on the planet Earth itself. That's nearby, you know. And when I don't show up, it's going to mean trouble! Really! Besides, I know who wants to meet me on the moon. And they won't pay you a cent. They'll kill us all!"

Everything that Nisha has said is true, except for the comment about someone on Earth causing trouble. Sillith's son takes action when Nisha doesn't show up, but in the end, this

action may benefit the PCs. He tells his father about the missing Crassite, and his father tells Duke Metellus, Yanayir's arch-rival. Metellus begins to make a plan which may work in the PCs' favor.

If the PCs ask Nisha who wants to meet them on the moon, she tells them about the Gorlon clan. "Daddy didn't kill the Gorlon girl, of course. The little lizard did it to herself. It was, after all, probably her only chance for marriage. But try and tell those big Greens that. Until now, they've only been minor pests, since my guards can handle them well. You, on the other hand...."

At present, no Imperial troops are on the moon. They have relocated to a nearby space station, which is much better equipped than their old base. The abandoned moon base looks like a huge metallic bubble. A couple "I" walkers stand inside, but not much else is there. Not much, that is, except 10 green Gorlon goons. These are not the goons who sent the message. They are members of the same clan, however, and they share the same plan. Having heard that the PCs may be coming, they have set up an ambush at the base.

It takes 10 hours to reach the moon from the edge of Earth's system. Each game hour, make a secret percentage roll, as if to check for random patrols. Allow the PCs to proceed to the Sea of Tranquility with no interference, however. The dice rolls are simply meant to unnerve the players.

The interior of the moon base is round, about 200 feet in diameter. At its center, the dome rises 100 feet. Crates and worthless old vehicle parts lie in the back of the building, away from the huge doors designed for passage of heavy machinery. The walkers are parked in the center of the building.

When the PCs arrive, two Gorlons stand in the center of the base. They are armed with laser rifles, but wear no armor. "Give us the Crassite pig," one hisses. "Then we'll pay you." If the PCs don't produce Nisha, or hesitate in any way, the two Gorlons start to open fire.

One Gorlon is clinging to the ceiling of the dome, armed with 2 frag grenades. The ceiling is dark, so characters cannot see the lizard without purposely staring upward. If a player states that his or her character is searching the ceiling, roll a general Perception check with a -20 modifier. If the character passes, he or she sees the Gorlon.

One round after the first Gorlons start fighting, all others in the hangar join in. This includes the Gorlon on the ceiling. Four additional lizards are in the back of the dome, partially covered. They fire laser rifles.

Three Gorlons are hiding outside when the fighting begins. Two rounds later, they join in, attempting to sandwich the PCs between the two Gorlon groups. The Gorlons outside also have laser rifles. Two of them have frag grenades, one apiece.

Because they are natural climbers, the Gorlons can easily make their way up both the inside and outside of the dome for positioning. The PCs cannot.

The Gorlons have a great sense of duty in this matter. They will toss a grenade at another Gorlon if they think they can kill a PC in the process. Perhaps this remarkable sense of duty stems from their Perception scores, which are extremely low.

The two "I" walkers do not need recharging. They do however, need a bit of repair. Only a character with Emergency Repair skill can get them up and running.

After the fight, the player characters may wish to look around for the Gorlons' ship, in hopes of making an easy theft. They do not find one. If they remain in the area of the Gorlons, a small sublight communicator on one of the lizards activates. The PCs hear the following: "Did you get the pig, Zip? Ready for transport? Zip? Zip? Come in, Zip."

NPCs

Ten Goons, Green Gorlon

STR	58	DEX	50	AGL	76
WPR	45	PER	30	PCN	20
STA	76	UMS	67	WNDS	15

Weapons: Frag grenades (as described above), laser rifles
Current Sta:
Wounds:

#1	□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
#2	□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
#3	□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
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#6	□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
#7	□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
#8	□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
#9	□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
#10	□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

Vessels

"I" Walker

Stress Pts: 80 Combat speed: 3*
VCR: 50 Crew: 2

*100-yard hexes per round

The "I" Walker is armed with two +20 lasers: one forward, one rear. Like a spacecraft, it has shields which can cut most damage incurred in half. Refer to Chapter VI in the *Basic Training Manual* for a complete description of the walker.

5. ICE SKIRMISH, YOU SKIRMISH

> Blip! Blip Blip! Blip Blip Blip! The scanners ping out a warning. Imperial fighters assuming formation. Two. Three. Now four.

As soon as the PCs have Nisha's ship, members of the ICE unit assigned to her begin searching. They plant lookouts and patrols in likely places—especially around Earth and Stalitsa. Word of the search does not go beyond the unit, however. The ICE officer in charge knows he will lose his head if Yanayir's daughter is harmed. For as long as possible, he intends to keep her capture known only to his own men. Such are the workings of a tyrannical bureaucracy.

The ICE officer, a Crassite named Ishalef, does not know whether Nisha's surprise trip was meant to be kept from her father; that is not his concern.

He knows that simply getting Nisha back unharmed may not be enough to maintain his position. He must bring the rebels' scalps back to Duke Yanayir, as a token of his own abilities.

Use Ishalef's ICE patrols to keep the PCs on their toes. As soon as the PCs pop out of translight after leaving Shamba, let them know they've got company. There is one exception: if the PCs are traveling to Earth's moon to meet the Gorlons, let them encounter the ICE ships after they leave the moon.

If the PCs are in danger of losing the battle with the ICE men near Earth or Stalista, an Imperial destroyer mysteriously assists the PCs. Duke Yanayir's arch-rival, Aurelius Metellus, is tinkering with the situation at hand.

The PCs face enough ICE Imp fighters to battle one-on-one, plus two more Imps. (The PCs are outnumbered by two.) The ICE ships will not destroy Nisha's yacht; they attempt to disable and board it. As for the PCs' own ships, the Imps intend to destroy them. It's a fight to the death.

NPC VESSELS

Imperial "Imp" Fighters
(Number of PCs plus two)

Stress Pts: 60 Combat Speed: 9
VCR: 60 Crew: 1

Damage Boxes

#1	☐ Front laser	☐ Rear missile
	☐ Drive	☐ Control
#2	☐ Front laser	☐ Rear missile
	☐ Drive	☐ Control
#3	☐ Front laser	☐ Rear missile
	☐ Drive	☐ Control
#4	☐ Front laser	☐ Rear missile
	☐ Drive	☐ Control
#5	☐ Front laser	☐ Rear missile
	☐ Drive	☐ Control
#6	☐ Front laser	☐ Rear missile
	☐ Drive	☐ Control
#7	☐ Front laser	☐ Rear missile
	☐ Drive	☐ Control
#8	☐ Front laser	☐ Rear missile
	☐ Drive	☐ Control
#9	☐ Front laser	☐ Rear missile
	☐ Drive	☐ Control
#10	☐ Front laser	☐ Rear missile
	☐ Drive	☐ Control

Stress Point Tally

#1	#2
#3	#4
#5	#6
#7	#8
#9	#10

6. THE ICE OFFER

> "Give the lady and her ship to us, and we'll permit you to live. Refuse our generous offer, and the wrath of ICE shall fall upon you. Think carefully. If you do not deal with us peacefully now, you shall deal with us later, on less than favorable terms."

After the PCs skirmish with the ICE ships, they receive the offer above. The ICE group asks the PCs to drop Nisha off at the shared CRP between Earth and Stalitsa (near the dust cloud), leaving both the Crassite and her ship in tact. "Pull into Hangar 27 for repairs. Do not declare any intent to stay, or you shall be searched. We will contact you in the hangar."

Nisha herself is all for this offer, if she knows about it. "It's the only solution. I know the men haven't told Daddy about this. You'd be dead by now if all of ICE knew. But Ishalef—the ICE officer who was supposed to watch me—well, Ishalef knows he'll be dead if Daddy finds out I'm missing. And I won't tell Daddy a thing. Really. This is your only chance to survive."

6. METELLUS' MOVE

> "We have an offer for your precious cargo. 1000 chips. Easy delivery promised. You keep the ship, with no interference. The cargo must be alive. Repeat: alive. Political maneuver. We have no interest in you, just in the Crassite cargo."

The message above is from Duke Aurelius Metellus, arch-rival of Duke Yanayir, and superior of Count Sillith. Metellus has used his extensive power and contacts to get a message to the PCs. If the PCs are on Nisha's ship, he contacts them directly, on her private band. If the PCs make any kind of stop elsewhere— at a Star Team CRP, in Stalitsa's system—they receive it through Star Team channels. If possible, the contact should take place after the PCs have battled the ICE ships, and heard the ICE offer.

Metellus, you'll remember, discovered Nisha was missing when Bisslador Sillith told his father about the rendezvous. (Bisslador does not really want to marry Nisha, but he felt it wise to humor her.) Playing a long shot, Metellus dropped his message into Star Team grapevine, using a Stalitsan ambassador as a connection. By using the ambassador, Metellus hopes he can earn the PCs' trust. He only wants the girl.

Because Nisha's rendezvous was supposed to take place on Earth, Metellus' connections there keep a close watch on the system's activity. They also lurk just beyond the Stalitsan system. If the PCs approach either system, Metellus' men find out. They transmit a message to Nisha's ship (after the moon battle, if this is to take place). If Metellus' destroyer was forced to help the PCs in the ICE encounter, he takes credit for this action, to prove his good intentions.

Through whatever manner possible, Metellus attempts to get complete instructions to the PCs. He wants them to fly over Old Stalitsa without landing. He instructs them to leave Nisha's ship behind, because it might be recognized. The PCs must pass over the Grand Banquet Hall in Old Stalitsa at precisely 1900 hours the following day, and drop Nisha off in a paraglide (an advanced parachute). The timing and position must be exact: The PCs must drop her so she drifts before the windows of the banquet hall, and her flight must occur at exactly 1900 hours. The payment, 1000 C, will be made through the Stalitsan ambassador to Earth, who is currently at home in Old Stalitsa. The festivity is an attempt to discredit the head of ICE, so the PCs should be more than happy to help out.

EPISODE 6: GOODBYE, KANKEE

1. GOODBYE, PCS

If the PCs decide to accept the offer from ICE, follow the spaceship rules in Chapter V of the *Basic Training Manual* to handle their trip to the CRP. When the PCs reach their destination, read them the text below. A bored male voice asks the questions—an Imperial bureaucrat, stuck in a desk job. The questions reflect the CRP's standard check-in procedure.

Customs procedure, the PCs know, is usually followed only if the characters wish to leave the docking ring for the inner station. Ships that stop in solely for repairs are not routinely searched. Their owners are not searched either, unless they advertise their Star Team connections.

> "Welcome to the Constantine II Communications Relay Station. Please state your registration code or travel permit number, and the purpose of your visit. How many are in your party? Do you intend to visit our center? Or will you remain strictly in the docking ring for vessel maintenance?"

After the characters answer these questions, the interviewer says stiffly, "Thank you. We can accommodate you in Hangar 13." This, of course, is not the hangar that Ishalef specified. If the PCs ask for Hangar 27, the voice replies suspiciously, "What's it to you?" The interviewer drags out the procedure, enjoying his small moment of power. "How about Hangar 14? Or 15?"

If the PCs insist on docking in Hangar 27, the interviewer says, "Well, I can accomodate some of you in Hangar 27, but not all. We are two berths short." If the PCs have left the yacht garage empty, they may park two fighters inside the yacht, and all may proceed to 27. If the yacht garage is full, the extra PCs must make other arrangements.

"Vessels garaged in the yacht require full payment," the interviewer says. "Fees are 3 chips daily for the single-seaters, 7 for the yacht. Half that if you restrict your visit to the hangar area. Proceed."

Hangar 27

To reach Hangar 27, the PCs simply fly around the ring of the station until they see the huge airlock doors marked "27." A voice from Traffic Control guides them through the outer doors into the airlock, then through the doors into the hangar itself.

The hangar is pressurized (allowing characters to breathe normally), but it has no gravity. That makes heavy repairs easier, and melee rather difficult. All melee attacks are made with a -10 modifier here.

Assume that the PCs all have boots with soft magnetic soles, allowing them to walk about in the hangar at normal speeds without floating in mid-air. If the PCs take off the boots, they may pull themselves along the walls and other surfaces at a normal walking rate. If they end up drifting without a nearby anchor, they must float until they get assistance. All personnel in the hangar are wearing magnetic apparel.

The PCs can see that the hangar is full as they pass through the second set of doors. A shuttle is parked at one end, next to a standard cargo vessel. Two Imperial Gremlins (interceptors) and a Star Team Griffin four-seater take up the remaining space.

Twenty-five people are in the main area of the hangar, away from the check-in desks. Fifteen engineers attend to the ships. Five Gorlon guards in reflector plate armor patrol the hangar, observing carefully. Each guard has a PPR and a laser pistol.

A sinister Crassite in expensive civilian garb stands with arms crossed near the entrance to the main station. Four human guards stand beside him, each with a PPR slung over his back and a laser pistol on his belt. All wear field armor, which is invisible.

Only the Crassite and the nine guards appear threatening. In reality, all of the 25 people listed above are ICE plants, including the engineers.

Seven desk attendants are also in the hangar: three at the check-in desk, where fees are paid, and four at the customs desk before the entrance to the rest of the station. At each desk, one person wears civilian clothing; the rest wear reflector plate armor. These are standard human NPCs.

Repairs and Procedure

When the PCs park their ships, they are expected to proceed immediately to the check-in desk. At the desk, they must pay the appropriate fees. "That's some ship you've got there," says the person in charge, exhaling a low whistle. Of course, she's looking at the space yacht—assuming the PCs brought it.

The attendant asks the PCs if they wish to do their own repairs, or need assistance. If the PCs need repair assistance, she yells over to a workman on the Star Team vessel. "Hey, Joe! Line up a crew and see what you can do for these folks!" "Yo!" Joe replies. One repairman works on each PC vessel for which repairs are requested.

If the PCs do not request repair assistance, a repairman offers to help the PCs, or attempts to tinker with their ships when the PCs aren't looking. The ICE repairmen intend to sabotage the rebel ships. They need less than a minute to destroy both drive and control systems.

A Greeting

After a few moments, the Crassite and his four human guards stroll over to the PCs. The Crassite is Ishalef. He speaks slowly, in menacing tones. "I've waited so long to meet you. How fortunate you could make it. Now, let's see what you have brought. When I have had a chance to examine your product, I will pay for it in full. Bring it out."

Ishalef will tolerate no games or maneuvers here; he insists that Nisha be escorted into the open, where he can see her. "Your lives for hers," he says. "Don't be fools. You're outnumbered here more than you know. Cross me, and this CRP's Imperial force of 300 will smear you on the walls like flies. And that would make my Gorlon friends," he says, nodding toward the five reptilian guards, "very happy."

Ishalef's utmost concern is ensuring

that Nisha survives the transfer. Almost as strong, however, is his desire to kill the PCs. His 24 henchmen share that desire.

If the PCs should by chance manage to capture Ishalef, the ploy will not work long. Virtually every ICE employee in the hangar is looking for his own glory, wanting to claim responsibility for saving Nisha Yanayir. They don't care whether Ishalef lives. In fact, a few may even help his death along, for a chance to take over his command.

As soon as Nisha is free, or when the PCs provoke action, the fighting begins. All non-ICE personnel take cover. If Ishalef has Nisha, he calls in the station's Imperial troops for help—he's got nothing to hide anymore. Twenty-five Imperial guards stream through the door near the customs desk every fifth round.

The PCs have a very slight chance of escaping, if they can fly their ships out the hangar doors. Sabotaged fighters, however, will not operate unless the PC uses Emergency Repair skill successfully. To get their fighters out, the PCs must first break through the two sets of doors. Each set has 60 stress points.

Of course, breaking out the doors alerts CRP personnel. If the PCs somehow manage to leave with Nisha, 10 Imp fighters attack them, attempting to destroy the PCs' fighters, and disable Nisha's ship. They will not destroy Nisha's ship.

If the PCs manage to get away without Nisha, the 10 fighters still appear. In addition, the station turns its own guns upon the fleeing rebels.

NPCS

ICE Officer Ishalef, Crassite

STR	60	DEX	50 AGL	40
WPR	70	PER	40 PCN	70
STA	40	UMS	50 WNDS	12

Skills: Investigation, Ace 105; Bargaining, Ace 155; Sensory Knife, Vet 85; Laser Pistol, Rookie 65.
Weapons: Sensory knife, laser pistol
Armor: Field armor
Current Sta:
Wounds:
#1 □□□□□□□□□□□□

Four ICE Guards, Human

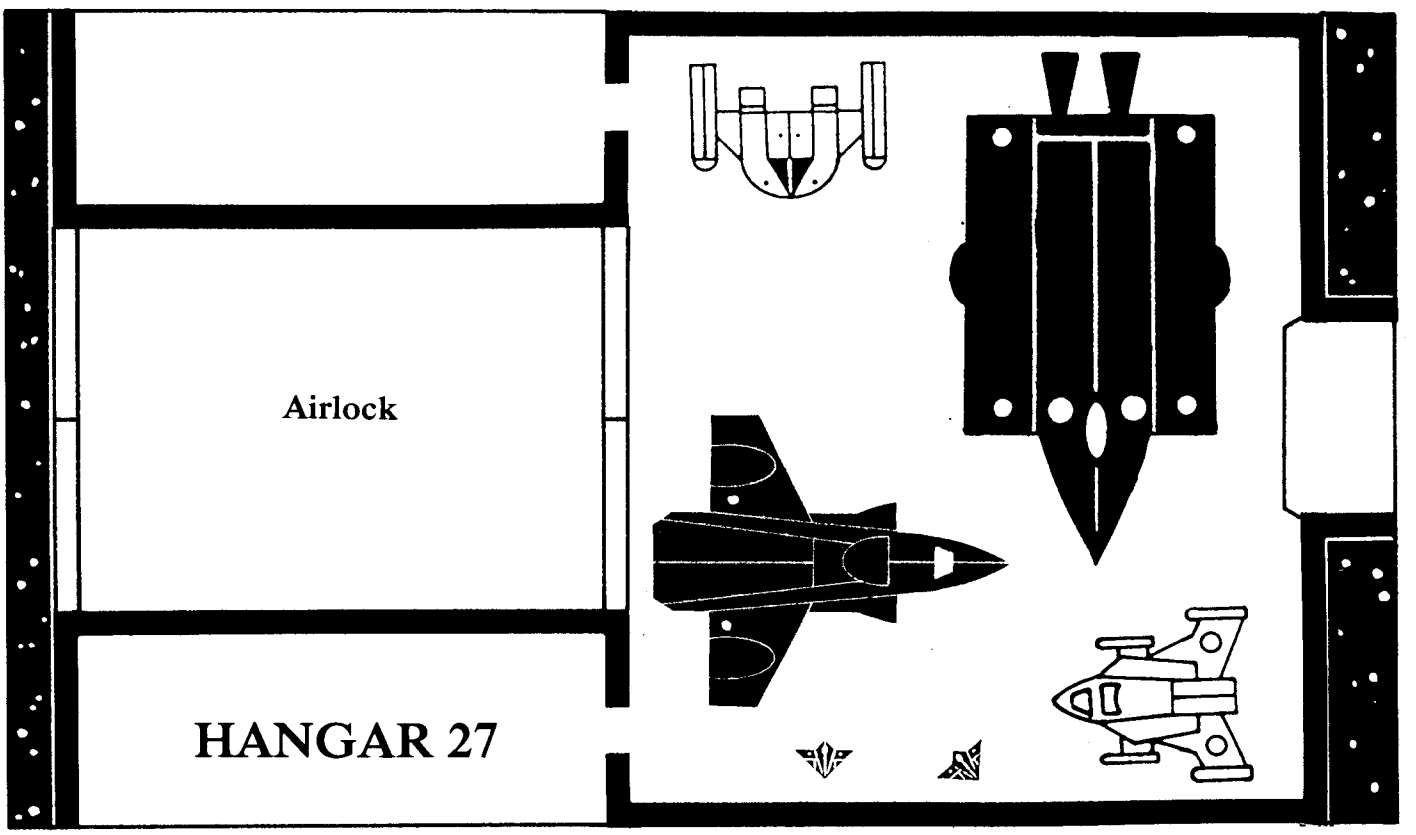
STR	70	DEX	70 AGL	70
WPR	50	PER	50 PCN	50
STA	50	UMS	70 WNDS	13

Skills: All Beam Weapons, Ace 125; Sensory Knives, Ace 125
Weapons: PPR, laser pistol, sensory knife
Armor: Field armor
Current Sta:
Wounds:
#1 □□□□□□□□□□□□
#2 □□□□□□□□□□□□
#3 □□□□□□□□□□□□
#4 □□□□□□□□□□□□

Five ICE Guards, Green Gorlon

STR	80	DEX	60 AGL	80
WPR	50	PER	28 PCN	50
STA	80	UMS	80 WNDS	15

Skills: All Beam Weapons, Ace 105
Weapons: PPRs, laser pistols



Armor: Reflector plates, helmets
Current Sta:
Wounds:
#1 □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
#2 □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
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Fifteen ICE Engineers, Human

All Ability Scores: 50
UMS: 50
Wounds: 13
Skills: Engineering, Vet 80; Laser Pistol, Ace 105; Laser Rifle, Vet 80; PPR, Rookie 65
Weapons: Laser pistol, laser rifle, PPR
Armor: None
Current Sta:
Wounds:
#1 □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
#2 □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
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The Engineers carry hidden laser pistols on their person. PPRs and laser rifles are stashed in the nearby ships. Assume that it takes 1 round for an Engineer to get either large weapon in a fight—2 rounds if the Engineer is working on a PC's ship.

Imperial Troops

All Ability Scores: 50
UMS: 50
Wounds: 13
Skills: Laser rifle, Rookie 65
Weapons: Laser rifle
Armor: Reflector plates

Use these scores if Imperial troops begin streaming into the hangar.

2. GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER

If the PCs accept Metellus' offer and decide to use a fighter to drop Nisha at the banquet hall, they must first land and harbor the yacht. To carry Nisha to the banquet, they must stuff her in the rescue compartment of one of their fighters. (Let them figure this out themselves.)

Flying a single-seater through the skyscraper district of a city takes substantial piloting skill. The character must come in close to the banquet hall, as requested, and then pull out before crashing. He or she will also have to slow down considerably before opening the rescue bay; otherwise Nisha will remain stuck inside.

Explain to the PCs that a series of skill checks will determine whether a pilot can make the drop correctly. First, the PC makes a general skill check against his or her Spacecraft Piloting score to drop Nisha from the bay. If the PC fails the check, she's still clinging inside. Immediately after attempting to drop Nisha, the pilot

must pass a second general check to avoid crashing into a building. The buildings have a hazard rating of 1, so the check is made with a -10 modifier. If the PC fails the check, he or she crashes into the banquet hall building, landing on the roof. Characters in a crashing aircraft suffer 175% catastrophic damage. At these speeds, the craft will probably survive; the player must roll 3d10 x 2 to determine the amount of stress points lost.

If a character fails to drop Nisha but doesn't crash, he or she may make another pass and try again. The same two checks apply.

If a character crashes, personnel from the banquet hall and guests at the banquet run up to see what has happened. They reach the roof (or what's left of it) in a matter of minutes. If Nisha is present, the PC in the craft had better find a way to get rid of her (perhaps pushing her off the roof in her chute). If the PC is found with Nisha, he or she may face an untimely death from an ICE weapon.

If characters attempt to pay an experienced pilot to make the drop, roll a situation check to determine the mood of the NPC. Then roll a direct action check on Column 5 of the Action Table. Only a "C" result indicates that the pilot is willing, providing the price is 10 C or more. Failure indicates that the NPC is an Imperial thug looking for a kill; 1d10 rounds after the thug leaves, the PCs face 10 standard human NPCs with field armor and laser pistols, each with a weapon skill score of 65. The NPCs are off-duty Imperial soldiers.

If characters wish to find out exactly why Metellus arranged the drop as he did, they can sneak into the banquet. From a back-row seat, they view Metellus at a table near the front, seated next to Duke Yanayir, Nisha's father. Metellus has arranged the banquet in Yanayir's honor, as a sort of "roast." More than 100 Imperial guests are in attendance, including a number of "off-duty" ICE personnel.

Various Imperial celebrities rise and tell faintly amusing stories about the Duke--how he wrestled a Kleibor on Emniyet, and had it made into a rug, how he wrestled his own mother, and lost, how once he got his snout stuck in a bottle of liquor—but it was expensive liquor, and he lived happily for a month....

As 1900 hours approaches, Metellus rises to tell stories of his own. He relays several dull tales about his "good friend's" harmless bumbling. The other guests chuckle politely. Finally, Metellus announces that he has a "gift" for his "revered guest.... A big surprise."

When Nisha drifts past the window, Metellus proclaims that he has purchased her from a band of rebels, after Yanayir's men managed to "misplace" her. The crowd in the banquet hall bursts into laughter. Flash bulbs burst to the rhythym of their guffaws, securing pictures for the latest tabloid. The crowd out on the street looks up and cheers. Yanayir's mouth drops open.

3. MISSING METELLUS' MONEY

If the PCs drop Nisha unharmed, so that Metellus has his fun, then the Stalitsan ambassador receives the 1000 C payment for the PCs. (The ambassador attended the banquet, but the PCs are not told this.) According to Metellus' instructions, the PCs should meet the ambassador at his apartment at 2 a.m. following the banquet.

If the PCs arrive at 2 a.m., read the following:

> The door is slightly ajar. The ambassador lies within, bound and tied. A note is taped to his forehead: "Felix's. My friends." The money is gone.

The ambassador (a standard human NPC) explains that he was hit from behind when entering his apartment. He knows nothing about who took the money, but thinks there may have been "perhaps 20" thugs in his apartment.

If the PCs think to stake out the apartment, or arrive before 1 a.m., they may encounter eight of Zig'el's guards. The following occurs if the PCs do not interfere: At approximately midnight, the guards arrive. Four place themselves in the apartment. The others lurk in the bushes outside. At 1 a.m., the ambassador comes home, and is stunned. After taking the money, all of the guards leave, one by one. They proceed to Felix's, where Zig'el is waiting. Only a Trakan can follow the guards successfully, provided he or she passes a general Agility check. If anyone accompanies the Trakan, the cat-person cannot sneak behind the guards; the Gorlons notice, and change course until the Trakan cannot follow. To the average PC, or the unsuccessful Trakan, the guards simply blend into the colorful nightlife of Old Stalitsa, becoming lost in the crowds on the street.

NPCS

Eight Guards, Green Gorlon

STR	58	DEX	50	AGL	76
WPR	50	PER	32	PCN	48
STA	76	UMS	67	WNDS	15

Skills: Laser Pistol, Ace 105; Sensory Knife, Ace 122
Weapons: Laser pistol, sensory knife, blackjack
Armor: Reflector plates
Current Sta:
Wounds:
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4. SETTLING UP WITH ZIG'EL

If the PCs receive the note in the ambassador's apartment, and proceed to Felix's, read them the boxed text below.

If the PCs do not go to Felix's on their own, then Zig'el must seek them out. Ten Gorlon guards (use the statistics in the last encounter, adding two) find the PCs and politely request they accompany them back to the bar, where Zig'el is waiting to discuss

the spoils. If the PCs comply, read them the text below. If the PCs do not come along peaceably, a battle must ensue. It is a fight to the death.

> Zig'el is seated at a table in the corner, twiddling his pudgy, bejeweled thumbs. Five Gorlons are seated around him, dressed in dazzling civilian garb.
>
> The Crassite spots you. His pink eyes twinkle above his snout. A toothy sneer spreads below. "How kind of you to come," he says lightly. Then, as if some private joke is finally out, he breaks into laughter, tugging at his nose ring to render three hearty Crassite honks. "My friends, you are always so much fun!" The five Gorlons each flash the blade of a sensory knife and smile.

Zig'el's five Green guards all wear field armor. They carry sensory knives and laser pistols, displaying both openly.

If the PCs were escorted to the the bar, that means up to 10 other guards may also be present. If the PCs followed a Gorlon from the ambassador's apartment, then up to 8 may be present, in addition to the 5 at Zig'el's table. If the PCs kill off a few guards, or come on their own, adjust the setting so that at least 10 guards remain to face them in the bar.

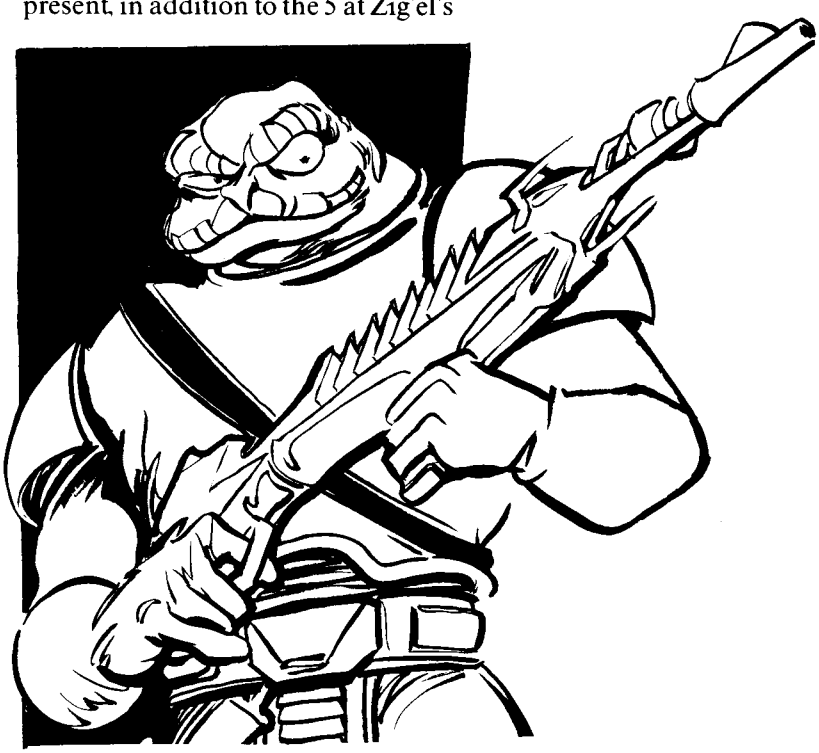
Zig'el is not in a foul mood unless the PCs have clearly crossed him. He just wants to settle up. If he receives Nisha's yacht, then he is satisfied. The PCs may keep the rest. If the PCs earned 1000 C for Nisha, then Zig'el may want a small piece of that, too. (CM's discretion.) He's probably got it already, anyway. He may tell the PCs that only 800 C were at the apartment, insisting that Metellus paid no more. "Perhaps you bungled the job somehow," he says. Whatever the case, Zig'el is determined to at least get the price of his jewels.

NPCs

Yazir Zig'el, Crassite

STR	60	DEX	50	AGL	52
WPR	78	PER	44	PCN	80
STA	50	UMS	56	WNDS	13

Skills: Sensory Knife, Vet 85; Laser Pistol, Ace 105; Spacecraft Piloting, Rookie 76; Deep Space Tracking, Rookie 95; Investigation, Vet 98; Bargaining, Ace 146; Gambling, Vet 95; Theft, Rookie 85
Weapons: Sensory knife, laser pistol
Armor: Field armor
Current Sta:
Wounds: □□□□□□□□□□□□



Five Bodyguards, Green Gorlon

STR	70	DEX	60	AGL	65
WPR	60	PER	30	PCN	46
STA	80	UMS	68	WNDS	15

Skills: Sensory Knife, Ace 123; Laser Pistol, Ace 105, Boxing, Ace 125
Weapons: Sensory knife, laser pistol
Armor: Field armor
Current Sta:
Wounds:
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Assorted Guards, Green Gorlon

STR	58	DEX	50	AGL	76
WPR	50	PER	32	PCN	48
STA	76	UMS	67	WNDS	15

Skills: Laser Pistol, Ace 105; Sensory Knife, Ace 122
Weapons: Laser pistol, sensory knife, blackjack
Armor: Reflector plates
Current Sta:
Wounds:
#1 □□□□□□□□□□□□□□□
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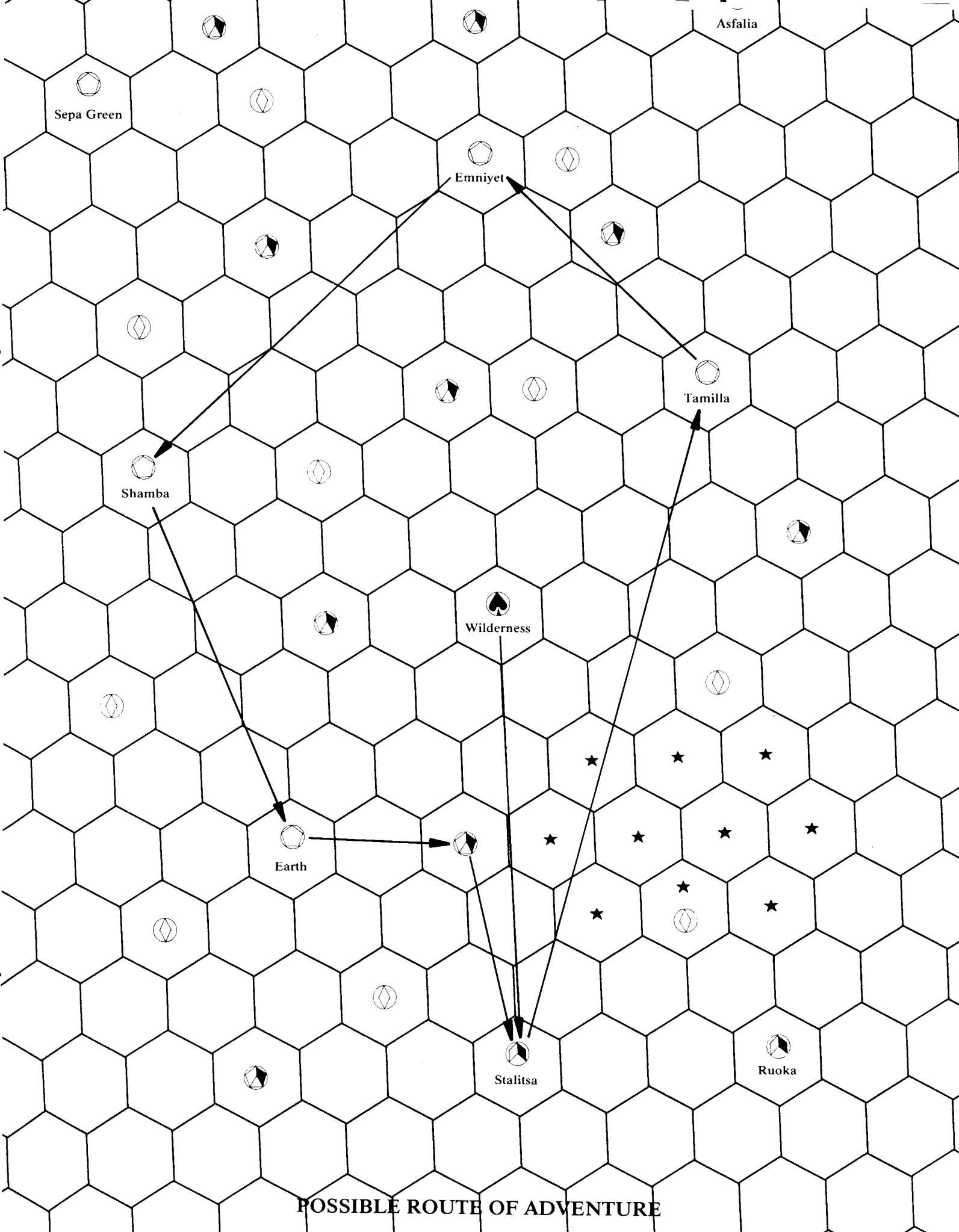

POSSIBLE ROUTE OF ADVENTURE

GOODBYE, KANKEE

By A. L. Hayday

A lizard-beast slithers up the side of your hijacked walker and starts to plant an explosive device. Clyde, your bearish partner, cracks a smile. "Eeeehaaa!" he bellows, pushing his huge, furry mitt through the glass. The lizard tumbles head over claws with a squeal, the device exploding in its hand.

"How'd we get into this MESS?" you yell, beaming a few shots below.

"Hey, don't look at me, pal. I didn't scoop up no long-nosed nobleman's daughter. I just wanted the loot." Clyde steers the space walker over a reptile, and crushes the scaly creature beneath a three-ton metal foot. "Eeeehaaa!"

"Oh, SURE," you retort. "Next time we rip off a ship to shake 3 zillion Imperial thugs from our tail, I'll ask the cops to check things out before we leave. Yeah, right." You prime the laser for another blast.

"Well, NEXT time," Clyde replies, "I say we don't even touch a ship, if it's got anything to do with Kankee." He reels the walker around, heading toward your vessel.

"If there IS a next time," you yell, winging a frag grenade to the right, "From word 'go', it's. . . GOODBYE, KANKEE."

GOODBYE, KANKEE is a STAR ACE™ game adventure packed with enough action, sizzle, and surprise to challenge any new Star Team rebel and smuggler. Inside you'll find an exciting story in several linked episodes, each designed for an evening of play. You'll also find character cards, maps, new ships and robots, and hours of role-playing fun. Be sure to look for other fine products from Pacesetter.

Pacesetter

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