
Time Capsules



Adventure backgrounds for
TimeLords



Going to see ol' Adolf, 1934

Time Capsules #1

©1990 by Greg Porter

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(or a reasonably close alternate continuum)

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TimeLords is the Blacksburg Tactical Research Center trademark for its time and dimension travel role-playing game.

Welcome - Time Capsules is a set of 16 mini-adventures or adventure ideas for the **TimeLords** RPG. Each "capsule" is a multipage background sketch of an adventure, with area descriptions, sample plots, complications and NPC's. While not long enough to provide an adventure in and of themselves, they do provide a handy jumping off point for GM's who need an idea "right now", and can improvise during play. Or use them as suggestions for plot lines to be expanded upon for a multi-adventure campaign setting.

While all adventures contain some degree of risk, and tragedy can befall any group of characters, the adventures are presented generally in order of risk. That is, early adventures will be fairly safe, or have adventure options that are unlikely to result in permanent injury to the characters. As you progress, adventures become less and less tolerant of bad decisions, and adventures without potential for serious injury get further and further apart. A scale of Low, Medium and High is given for each adventure, in the categories of Danger, Tech Level and Rewards. Remember, however, that a low-tech setting can easily contain some high-tech objects. Samples of the scale are below.

Danger

Low - Only really serious cultural *faux pas* or stupid combat actions are likely to result in serious injury or death.

Medium - The situation calls for rational thought and competent tactics to avoid serious injury or death. Situations beyond the control of the characters can arise which will put them in harm's way.

High - The basic situation is one which can easily result serious injury or death to unlucky, poorly equipped or incompetent characters. Recommended for well-armed, armored or highly skilled characters only.

Tech Level

Low - The overall adventure setting is at a Dark Ages level or below. High-tech artifacts are a possibility.

Medium - The overall adventure setting is at a level of TL12 (circa 2000AD) or lower, and includes low-tech adventures on a world with this technology (like a jungle adventure set in 1960), or formerly high-tech worlds that have reverted to a lower level.

High - The overall setting is at a level of TL13 or greater, and usually includes technology that Primary Game characters will be unfamiliar with, except possibly through science fiction.

Rewards

Low - In an optimum situation, the characters escape with their lives, some or all of their equipment, and experience.

Medium - In an optimum situation, the characters leave with increased levels or quality of equipment and/or training, probably at a time of their choosing.

High - In an optimum situation, the characters gain knowledge, equipment or training of an exceptional level, sufficient that the GM may need to adjust future adventures to take it into account.

Each capsule will have an opening scene. This is how and where the characters appear, and includes most of the information characters will need or request early on. Unless specifically stated otherwise, assume that gravity, atmosphere and local plants and animals are normal for Earth, but you should *never* volunteer this information unless characters can actually check for it, and even then they should roll on appropriate skills. How do *they* know what is normal flora and fauna for Outer Mongolia? Or what the familiar constellations are for the Southern (or Northern) Hemisphere? Or what the exact trace composition of atmosphere was in 1432BC? Or the difference between .95g and 1.0g of local gravity? Never give the players more information than their characters can (and do) gather. Simply figuring out where and when you are (or aren't) is half the fun.

Table of contents - The list below gives the guidelines for each of the adventures in **Time Capsules**, so you have a quick reference for choosing adventures on a moment's notice. These are not in the order a GM should use them in, and GM's should read each thoroughly before deciding how to integrate it into their campaign.

Capsule Name	Danger	Tech	Rewards	Page
Behind the scenes	Low	High	Medium	2
That's not the sun...	Medium	High	Medium	5
The Sword	Medium	Low	Medium	6
Sargasso	Medium	Medium	High	8
Death in the Outdoors	Medium	Low	Low	10
Generation Ship	Medium	Medium	Low	11
Dark Future	High	High	Medium	13
Witch Hunt	Medium	Medium	Low	16
Paris, 1942	High	Medium	Medium	18
Black Death	Medium	Low	Low	20
Battle of Tours	Medium	Low	Medium	22
Divide and Conquer	Medium	Low	Medium	24
Warlords of Mars	Medium	Medium	High	26
Shakedown	Medium	Medium	High	29
JFK (Time Patrol)	Medium	Medium	Low	32
Enola Gay (Time Patrol)	Medium	Medium	Low	34



#1 - Behind the scenes

Opening scene - The characters appear about halfway up a grassy knoll, looking much like an alpine meadow. Knee-high grass waves in the cool breeze, and a Earth-normal sun shines very brightly down from a clear blue sky. There is no radio traffic on the airwaves, the air is close enough to Earth's as to be indistinguishable, and the plants within sight all appear to be known species. The air smells different, but the air always does, no matter when or where you jump. Scents on the breeze include those of grass, and a hint of woodsmoke. Quick exploration of the area (within 100m) will show that just around the hill and down in the valley is a medium-sized town, apparently of a medieval European type. The only possible discouraging sign is that certain forms of advanced technology the characters have will not work. Specifically, any anti-grav devices owned by the characters will not function. More specifically, all the readouts say they should be working, but they do not. An additional complication is that the site of appearance is a fairly steep slope, and it would be hazardous to attempt to drive anything down it, although with some effort, dirt bikes could be man-handled down to more level ground. It is quite likely that attempts to move other wheeled or tracked vehicles will result in them going out of control and tumbling several hundred meters downslope, although this will not result in any injury more serious than DL5 (nothing eventually fatal), for reasons you will shortly learn.



From observation or direct confrontation, this appears to be a medieval town, somewhere in or near the Alps, but speaking a tongue only remotely resembling English. Characters without translation ability will only get their Intelligence Aptitude+1 as a skill in this tongue, meaning that only gestures will be effective. If a scholar in the language can be found, perhaps a halting conversation can occur. Characters with Matrix-imprinted translation ability will have no difficulty. Things will for all appearances appear normal, until someone notices the fellow in the funny robes and pointed hat talking animatedly with a neighbor...while levitating next to the neighbor's second story window.

Backdrop - A culture advanced well beyond our current understanding. TL15 is as far as one can reasonably extrapolate with our current knowledge, and assumes TL16 is a new breakthrough in our understanding of the universe, just as TL8 and TL9 opened the doors for our current understanding of physics, medicine and science in general. The culture of this adventure has gone through at least two more of these revolutions, and managed to survive. Humanity leads a life of unrelenting leisure, with all wants and needs attended to by self-programming, self-replicating computers which effectively know all and see all. Scientists are few and far between, as even creativity and insight is available to computers. People in general do not really care what goes on elsewhere in the universe, and for the most part, the sentiences in charge of things cooperate by not telling them. Surely, there are those inquisitive souls who want to be there and see new things first hand, but so little has been discovered in the past few millennia that even these future adventurers find it a waste of time. Not that it matters a lot. Barring a tremendous cataclysm, human life is now as long as you wish it to be. Individual memories can be stored, new bodies grown, or old bodies repaired. The average age of people in any given community is measured in millennia.

For entertainment and diversion, life is one big game, a challenge whose parameters you can set, and whose risks and rewards you can choose. The area the characters will appear in is an "optimized" medieval fantasy world, optimized in that it doesn't smell, disease and filth are not rampant, and the average person doesn't die before age 35. And naturally, there is "magic". Clarke's magic, in that any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic. This technology is definitely advanced to that level. Wizards teleport from place to place by willpower alone, dragons hoard treasures, evil plots are afoot, and the poor characters will have absolutely no means of telling that it isn't real, in the sense that it is not a "real" medieval fantasy universe.

The rules of the game - The area is split into three types of zones. Areas with a predominantly green cast to them are "safe". That is, if you choose to live or visit there, you will come to no harm. An inn whose sign has a green border, a street with a green signpost, etc. These are not blatantly obvious to someone who is not looking for it, and those who play the game know what to look for. Those who wish to enjoy rest and relaxation do so here, and can simply "dream" to vicariously see and experience the adventures of other people (but not people close enough that viewing their actions would give them a local advantage in the game). The overseeing computers can prevent harm from coming to anyone in this section, and can generate plausible reasons for the event to keep from destroying the illusion. For instance, a weapon might malfunction, or a potential fight could be disrupted by a wizard who was "conveniently" in the area. In normal "play", this isn't much of a problem, as everyone knows what you can and cannot get away with, and don't bother attempting things that they know will be stopped. The characters will not have this knowledge, and as a result, they may constantly be the victims of unfavorable coincidence.

"Yellow" areas are slightly less safe. A person risking the game in a yellow area can be "injured". This will be a real injury, but it will heal. For humanity of this period, the injury is trivial. The shocking thing is the risk of pain. That is, if you get in a barroom brawl, you can get hurt, but nothing more. "Killing" is prevented by much the same means as in green areas.

"Red" zones are "at your own risk" areas. That is, anything is legal and possible. You enter such areas only deliberately, and always at your own risk. Of course, if you are "killed", you are resurrected elsewhere (sans any status you gained in the game). This doesn't prevent you from being held captive for months and tortured, though, a risk you take when playing with that sort of fire.

The object of the game, of course, is entertainment and challenge, to rise to the highest positions of power, become wealthy, or simply satisfy your innermost desires. The different areas provide a niche for every personality type, and everyone is happy. Except perhaps the characters, who have no idea what is going on.

Other information

Money - Everyone has an income proportional to their status in the game, but no one lives in poverty or actually has to do any work (at least in the green zone). Whatever you desire appears unobtrusively, and if it is within your income to purchase it, you will have the money to do so. If not, you settle for less.

Example - A citizen is at the bazaar and is hungry. Looking around, there is a convenient street vendor. Checking their money pouch, they have enough coin to purchase lunch, but *not* enough to purchase lunch for everyone.

Or while at home, it is dinnertime. Going into the kitchen, dinner is served and sitting on the table ready to eat. If the citizen was in the kitchen already, it would appear in the dining room. Items do not appear from out of nowhere unless one is a wizard. Likewise, things are cleaned up after you are finished, and you don't see it done. Richer citizens might have real or artificially created servants to do these chores, but citizens are not forced to do any menial work while in the green zone. However, there is little opportunity for advancement there. The other zones may require work and honest labor, but the potential rewards are greater.

Magic - Magic is all advanced technology. *Really* advanced technology. For play here, the magic system is very simple in concept. Citizens who have chosen a wizardly path have four levels of power: Apprentice, Journeyman, Wizard and Adept. Apprentices have an effect equal to half(u) their Willpower. Journeymen have an effect equal to their Willpower, Wizards have an effect equal to double their Willpower, and Adepts have an effect of quadruple their Willpower. "Effect" is a loose term, but translates easily into game terms. An effect is a modifier to your or someone else's attributes or skills, an attribute if used by itself, a damage, a healing of an impairment an armor, or a distance.

Example - An effect of 10 could be a telekinesis with a Strength of 10, or magical glamour with an Appearance of 10. It could be a modifier of -10 to someone else's Perception, or a +10 to someone's skill in a given area. It could be a teleport of up to 10 meters, an attack with a DV of 10, or an armor with an AV of 10/10.

A wizard can do any of these things in combination, so long as the total does not exceed their total effect. Graduating from one level to the next depends on the experience of the player, and usually takes decades (at least), and some arduous feat of daring, skill, power or treachery.

Magic items require some time and effort to make, and are either inert objects which simply are tracked by the computers that generate the actual effect, or are technological devices powered by the computers. They can be a level more powerful than the person who made them, but are delicate and can be stolen or broken.

Religion - This is a counterpart and adversary to magic, and operates much the same way, with levels ranging from Novice to High Priest. Magic is not necessarily "evil" here, and religion is not necessarily "good", this being an enlightened polytheistic society. The plethora of gods makes it much easier for the computers to interfere when things attempt to get out of bounds.

The characters - Where do they fit in? The computers that run the society obviously notice the arrival of the characters, and deduce their origin and make their decisions before the characters even regain their wits from the jump. Time travel is possible only in theory for this alternate universe. The energy cost at this particular spacetime locus is too great for it to be feasible, even for this level of science. For the characters, you can assume this jump will take the absolute maximum time to recharge from (over a month), as even the Matrix will have trouble getting out.

The decision is thus: The characters are in "the game". Unlike the average person who has had tiny implants since birth to communicate their thoughts to the computers, the characters are *not* linked. Their every wish does not become reality, although verbal comments will be interpreted as best as possible without being conspicuous. The characters have no income to speak of, and will be forced to use their own possessions as currency unless they are able to acquire more. This might be easier than expected. For instance, an archaeological researcher in the green zone might "just happen" to hear a rumor about some strange visitors, and be willing to offer money for some of their trinkets, which to him are actually artifacts of ancient civilizations. The out of place appearance of the characters will draw no comment, as stranger things have happened in the game, and staying "in" the game is very important from a social and experience gaining standpoint.

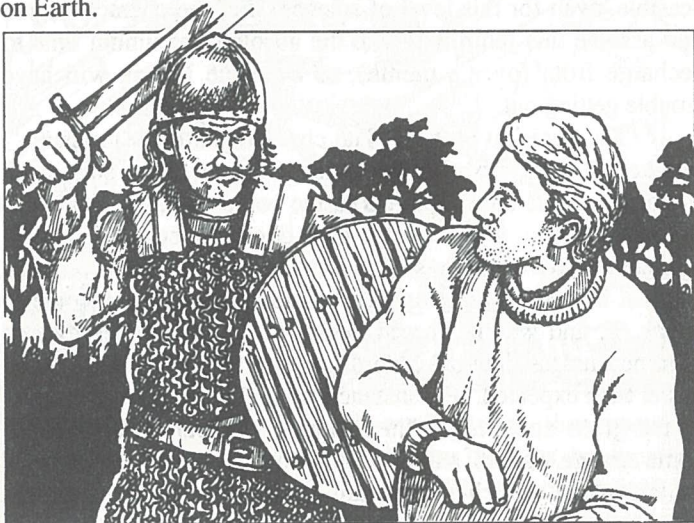
Adventure ideas - Aside from trying to fathom the almost plausible strangeness of the pseudoculture they are dropped into, there are a number of obvious adventure ideas for the GM to spring on them.

Kidnap - Some of the characters stumble into the red zone, and are taken advantage of most cruelly. Anything is possible, since those who live and "play" here enjoy the roughest kind of challenge and fun. It is up to the other characters to get them out. It would be quite realistic (and grisly) to receive assorted body parts in the mail as proof of identity and seriousness. They would grow back or be restored before the characters left the continuum, however, leaving the characters to wonder if it was the continuum, or whether the Matrix has powers that they aren't aware of.

Options - A character or characters is "killed", and resurrected elsewhere. Neither the newly resurrected characters or the remainder of the party knows the whereabouts of the other part of the group.

Subversion - The computers that run this world are somehow being subverted from the inside. They don't know how, and are powerless to do anything about it. They were able to snag the characters when their Matrix passed through this region of spacetime on its way elsewhere, however. The characters are a new force, and the computers cannot read the character's minds like they can everyone else's. Since whoever is subverting the computers has access to everyone else's knowledge, the characters are the only ones who can solve the mystery, and the culprit or culprits are based in this city.

Same place, different story - Characters eventually Jump or travel by conventional means away from here, and end up in another milieu in this same society, like feudal Japan, cyberpunk, Old West, etc. This would require some weeks of conventional travel, and may even be a sea voyage, as this "world" could be a large island, and is not necessarily (or likely) on Earth.

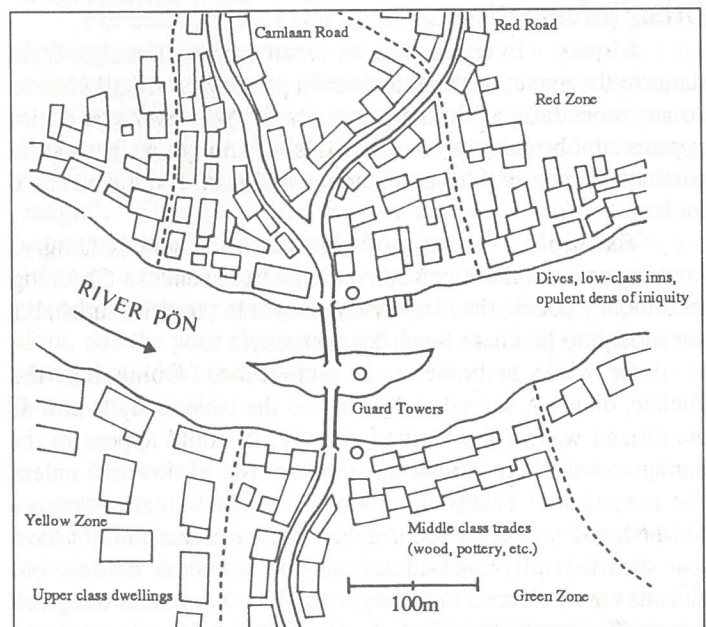


Hook, line and sinker - The GM hooks the characters into believing this is all real, and the characters spend their time and money acquiring magic items and potions, which will of course not work anywhere outside this continuum.

Smarter than that - The characters eventually figure out what is going on, and "play" for a while to increase their skills on the various areas needed for survival elsewhere. They will

not age during this time. This can also include any of the adventure possibilities mentioned so far, and might involve them becoming citizens, and having the advantages and disadvantages thereof. The disadvantage being that your every thought is monitored and your every move is watched. These people have lived with it so long it is natural, and since the computers are benevolent, it is harmless, but still, think of all the things that you do, that you would rather not have an audience for...

Worst case - The Matrix is stolen. It can happen, especially if word gets out about exactly what it is and what it can do. In fact, enough effort might be put into it that such a theft could occur in a Green zone, or characters could be kidnapped and held hostage, exchanged for the irreplaceable Matrix. Or, the computers could introduce the Matrix into the game, making it a highly sought after item for reasons of the continuing story. A powerful item introduced for the sole purpose of livening things up is entirely reasonable. Likewise, brand new "players" with seemingly unusual backgrounds will provide a bit of excitement, as the different factions "feel out" the strengths and weaknesses of a group that dares to obviously intrude on someone's else's power base.



Note - This game/story has been going on a long time. The most serious players are very good at what they do, and can be expected to have skills approaching 20, with specific skills to match in their areas of expertise. Characters can expect to be beaten soundly at just about *everything* unless they fight dirty and cheat. Especially in the red areas, the computers might let them, since it would be their only edge. For example, guns here are restricted to the level of 15th century matchlocks, except for the characters. The citizens might not even fully recognize weapons that the characters have, since they have advanced so far beyond that stage of technology, that is, they might know that something is a gun, just from the appearance, but not that it has a 30 round clip, or is capable of autofire. And, even if they did recognize it, they might not admit it, for fear of losing points or status by acting "outside the game".

#2 - That's not the sun...

Opening scene - The characters appear in a deserted city square. It is nighttime, and there is a bright aurora glow in the sky, lighting the scene with very bright moonlight. It is hot outside, perhaps 30°C or more. Looking around, there is a fountain, but it is dry. There are trees, but they are bare and spindly. The buildings around them are tall, and of advanced design. In the distance, spires can be seen that stretch up for a kilometer or more, graceful designs, but which under close inspection have seen better days. Windows are missing, and some have been damaged by fire, as large smoke stains up the sides attest. There is no radio traffic, just immense amounts of static on all frequencies.

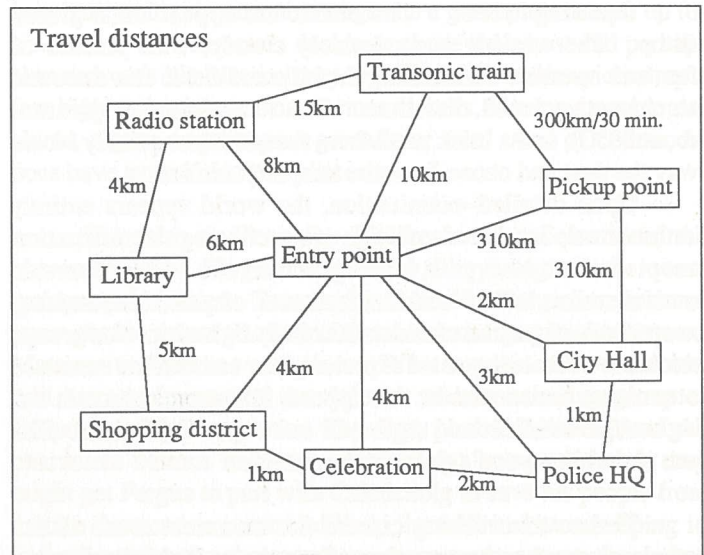
The Matrix is cold, and the streets deserted. Streetlights still shine, but almost all the windows are dark. Looking around, the buildings are nearly empty, the storefronts deserted, a few of the windows broken as dusty particles of ash swirl on the hot, dry breeze. What do the characters do?

Backdrop - What has happened is the unthinkable, an advanced human society about to lose its home planet. The sun of this planet has become unstable, and over the past several decades has grown hotter at an alarming rate, increasing the average temperature by several degrees. For any other society, this would mean extinction, but this culture was advanced enough to basically evacuate the whole world to a safer location elsewhere. Tonight is the funeral pyre for the race. The sun has not gone nova, but has given off a substantial "burp", which at this moment is melting rock on the day side of the planet. The glow at all sides of the horizon is the sun, and the magnetosphere is throwing fits, giving rise to an extraordinary display of the "northern lights". In a short amount of time, the "sun" will rise. At least it will appear to. It is actually one of the small natural satellites of this world, glowing with incandescent heat, and by itself, it casts enough light to easily read by. As it crosses the sky over the period of an hour or two, it will leave a trail like a comet, and occasionally shed chunks of debris which will trail along behind it before disappearing. In a few hours, the winds will start to build, reaching supersonic velocity some time before dawn, which will occur in about 10 hours. What traces of civilization that are left will die in the next few minutes after that, and even the deepest caverns will be crematoriums by noon. Obviously, the characters need to be gone by then.

Adventure ideas - It might take the characters a few hours to figure out the predicament they are in, or they could grasp the situation almost immediately.

End of the world party - There will undoubtedly be some individuals who would rather die than leave their homeworld, and somewhere in town, they will be celebrating like there is no tomorrow. There will probably be signs somewhere, like hastily placed readouts on advertising displays, or maybe a local radio channel that can cut through the interference over a small area. For the partiers, all inhibitions are gone, and anything goes. But what if someone had second

thoughts, and found there was a way out, not only from this place, but from this time as well?



Last train to Paris - From experience, the characters might be able to tell that their Matrix will not recharge in time for them to leave this world as anything but a hot cloud of gas. But, they find directions or hear a radio transmission giving a last chance to anyone who had second thoughts about staying and dying. A ship is waiting in the planetary shadow, waiting to drop down and pick up anyone who can make it to one of several designated pickup points in time. It will blast off and stay in the shadow until it is far enough away to be safe, when it will catch up with the rest of the evacuation fleet, or rendezvous with a scientific ship left to study the phenomenon.

But, this pickup point is quite a ways off. Can the characters get a means of transport there, and if so, can they avoid any partiers who don't want to die alone?

Loot & run - If the Matrix *will* recharge in time for some reason (or the characters have more than one), what can the characters find of value that has been left behind? Especially if they are desperately in need of certain items, they have the chance to look, but not necessarily to find. It might be easy to get trapped high in a building, or lost in subterranean structures if the group splits up, especially since almost all forms of radio communication are severely affected by atmospheric activity.

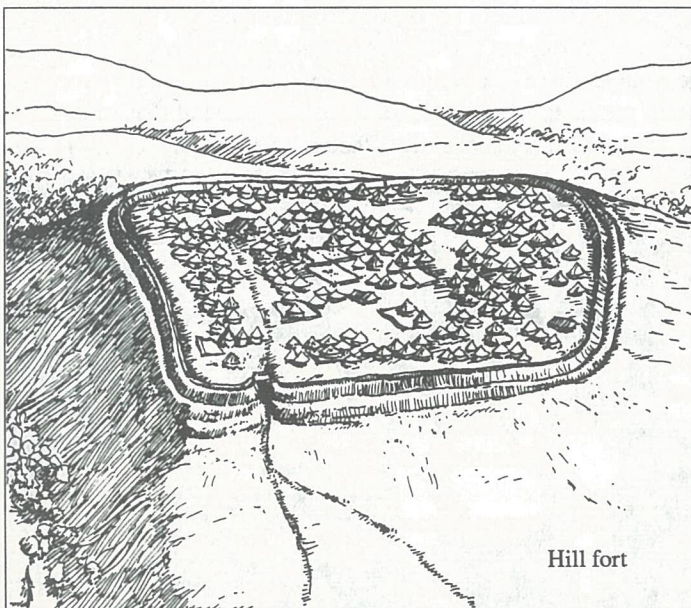


#3 - The sword

Opening scene - The characters appear on a grassy hilltop. The weather is moderately cloudy, with patches of afternoon sunshine illuminating the hills and fields that surround the characters in all directions. The temperature is pleasant (about 23°C), and a brisk wind from the northeast quickly blows away the dust and ozone from the temporal relocation.

Upon detailed examination, the world appears entirely Earth-normal, but there is no sign of a technological civilization except for a rutted path leading across the heather several hundred meters off. No radio, no traces of pollution, nothing except the background crackle of faraway lightning. For groups which have some degree of experience, or some other means of determining their location, this appears to be somewhere in the England/Ireland/Scotland region, or to be specific, Ireland. The time period is anyone's guess at the moment.

Those with tracking can tell the most recent use of the path leads to the west, and confirmation of activity in that direction can be confirmed with a detailed scan of the horizon for wisps of smoke. Travelling the path, after a few kilometers they will see a "castle". At least for this place and time. For those with the historical knowledge, it looks like an Iron Age (circa 500BC-0AD) English hill fort, a series of roughly circular stone and earthen walls atop the most commanding hill in the area, with a winding road leading up the slope to the main gate. Smoke curls lazily from the chimneys that can be seen, and the area generally seems busy and full of life, with signs of agriculture, animals husbandry, etc. all around. As the characters approach closer, the major point of difference is that the dirt track abruptly becomes "paved", that is, a thin layer of dirt and debris over an otherwise solid, unbroken surface, apparently only a few years old. Closer examination, especially around the edges, will show that the surface is glassy rock, several centimeters thick, and looks like it was melted *in situ*. Armed with this piece of interesting knowledge, how do the characters proceed?



Hill fort

Backdrop - What is going on is that Fergus mac Roy, the leader of the local Celtic tribe, has stumbled across a Matrix and a power converter. To his mind, a weapon was a sword, and that is how the power converter interpreted his wishes. It changed from the normal blob-like form to a sword. He dropped it immediately after the change began, but soon realized that the gods had given him a gift beyond measure. He sees the power converter as the magic sword, *Caladcholg*, which not only cuts like no earthly weapon, but also can attack at range with "lightning bolts". While it does not add to his substantial sword skill, it really has no need to. With a DV of 1700 and the ability to lash out similar damage at range (albeit inaccurately), he is without equal, the master of his people, and a foe that no one messes with. The paved road he made by simply riding his chariot and fusing the road behind him with a wide beam of electrical plasma. It took a while, but it beats getting bogged in the mud every time it rains. He has no knowledge of the Matrix within his "sword", but through use, he may have become attuned to it, and thus be able to detect the presence of other time travellers, some of whom may have tried to take his sword in the past.

Background culture - This capsule is based *loosely* on the legends of Celtic Ireland. There *was* a Fergus mac Roy, and the legends mention the sword *Caladcholg* (which perhaps later became *Excalibur*), which cut down entire ranks of men in one blow and supposedly decapitated three hills as well.

While we have much in the form of legends, not a lot is known about the day to day life of the Celts in this period. It is known that they were artisans, working in gold, silver, and ceramics, craftsmen in wood (they had crude lathes), and capable of making durable goods from iron like swords and chariot tires. In warfare, they were partial to the sword and spear, and while many fought on foot, chariots and cavalry were also common. They fought mainly to intimidate, and did not seem to enjoy massive bloodshed, preferring to rout opponents, or settle disputes through challenges and single combat between champions. They seemed to be very obsessed with ego, and "counting coup". Challenges would be fought over who was more worthy to receive the best piece of meat from a hunting kill, and stealing each other's prize cattle seemed to be a common pastime.

They were fond of adornment, wearing torcs of gold and silver, or bronze for the less affluent. Tattooing or body painting was common in some areas, leading the Romans to refer to some Celts as "the painted men". In their spare time, they *did* play games of dice, and pieces of board games of been found, although the rules are unknown to us.

For society, it seemed to be a complicated mix of extended family, clan and tribe. Women wore pants, and sometimes accompanied men into battle. There were some matriarchal areas, yet a common unit of currency was the *cumal*, or price of a female slave. Women (of status, at least) had equal rights to those of men, including the arbitration of disputes, ownership of property and right of divorce. Polygamy and polyandry were both practiced at times, and right of inheritance or succession could be extremely complicated. For instance, a

wife could be "leased" for a year, and the marriage made permanent if there were children. Or, status is passed entirely through the father's line, and that of the mother or her parents was of little concern. The extended family had four different groups of relations, with the outermost degree of kinship including such distant relatives as the grandsons of great-great uncles. It would be very easy for an outsider to get lost in the maze of family relationships, especially if a wife had children by more than one husband.

There was little formal authority, and even the kings were limited in their powers. Disputes were often settled privately by the parties involved, either cordially in an accidental dispute, or as a matter of private vengeance, which the injured party had a customary right to. If settlement could not be reached, arbiters from the community would decide the case, or it would be handled by druids acting as judge. Normally, there was a code of fines or penalties to be undertaken by the accused if found guilty, depending on the severity of the crime and the status of the victim. Loss of honor was also taken into account, and the penalty for a public humiliation would be worse than for one received in private. For example, the base price paid to kin for the slaying of a free man was 7 *cumal*. The price of lost honor would be added to that, but was seldom more than an equal amount. One *cumal* was worth about 3 cows, and considering that an average dairy cow today is worth \$5,000 or more, this translates into a substantial amount of money.

Adventure ideas - This could be a pleasant enough place to spend some time if the characters are well received. Warfare is not the messy, pragmatic thing it has become in recent centuries, and the Roman Empire is still a long way off. But, just because it *could* be a nice place to visit, does not necessarily mean it *will* be.

Shoot 'em down - Fergus has encountered time travellers before, and had some bad experiences with them. Attuned to time travel by the Matrix in his sword, he anticipates the arrival of the characters and ambushes them. This isn't very nice, since Caladcholg will slice in half anything short of a tank, but it was never meant to be a weapon, and its accuracy at range is pathetic. Still, he can wave it about like a plasma-shooting firehose, and will eventually connect (hopefully with something besides the passenger compartment). If the characters have been abusing a vehicle they have acquired, this is the way to get rid of it. Afterwards, the characters will probably not want to show their vehicle (if it survived), or are back on foot (if it didn't). The options are to stay and investigate what is going on, or start walking the other way, and Jump out when they can. Fergus is going to be a "typical" Celt, outspoken, emotional, blunt and proud. Apart from the slaves, so is everyone else. Since Fergus has encountered advanced technology before, he will not be awed of it as his countrymen, but he still has a bit of trepidation in dealing with the unknown. His knowledge of scientific principle is childlike at best, but he is still proud of it. His confidence in himself is bolstered, however, by the knowledge that his can cut *all* the characters in half, body armor and all, with a single swing. With a bit of Bravado, some bragging, tale-

telling and a gift or two, the characters might convince Fergus that they are not "out to get him", and they will thus gain his hospitality. In this case, this might be a good place to rest up for a while. If the characters decide to abuse their host and perhaps abscond with his Matrix, they will find that he has picked up a few high-tech trinkets from former visitors, like maybe a burglar alarm, a gun, or perhaps a grenade or two. And of course, he does have a small army at his command.

Three's a Crowd - If, like in the above idea, the characters gain Fergus' hospitality, they might have some unexpected visitors. Temporal baddies from the dimension of your choice have tracked and traced not just one, but two Matrices to this time and place. What a prize! The characters will have to be part of the defense when a scouting group of temporal enemies arrives. The fort, plus Caladcholg and the characters cannot hold out indefinitely, but in the end, they might get Fergus to part with Caladcholg to save his people from certain destruction, or more likely, he will insist on keeping it, and going with the characters to wherever they are going (won't he be surprised!).

Fergus mac Roy
Age: 31 Height: 185cm Weight: 96kg
Body Points: 33 Speed: 14

Strength : 15
Dexterity : 14
Constitution : 13
Intelligence : 12
Willpower : 13
Bravado : 17
Perception : 12
Appearance : 9
Stamina : 12
Power : 8



Skills:		Equipment:	
Sword	: 13	Bow	: 12
Knife	: 8	Gaelic	: 14
Brawling	: 12	Wrestling	: 12
Drinking	: 12	Surv., Warm	: 8
Hunting	: 13	History (local)	: 8
		Caladcholg (longsword)	
		Dagger (DV6I, 9I w/Str)	
		Horse & tack	
		Strength 14 bow (DV20I)	
		4 location shield (AV8)	

Emancipation - One of the slaves belonging to the town/fort is a previous time traveller who got caught. He or she was an innocent victim who got caught in the middle of someone else's ploy for power (perhaps renegade Time Patrol agents?), and was the only survivor. They want to leave, but are not of the personality that they would kill Fergus for his Matrix, even if they knew that is what he possessed. This person will claim extratemporal origins, and promise rewards if the characters can get them home. That could be many Jumps away, since the characters cannot always get Jumps right, and the rewards are hopeful, since this person cannot authorize such. But, the characters don't know that. If they accede, they will have to find a price for the slave, which may involve a substantial honor price, since this was a captive from something more challenging than a normal battle.

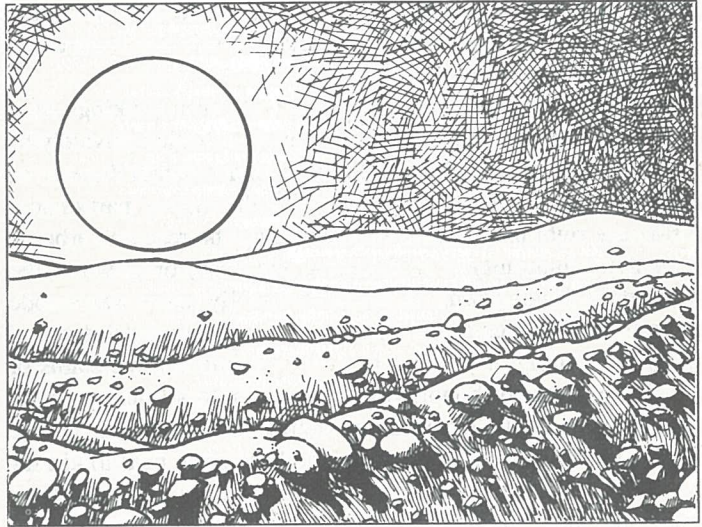
#4 - Sargasso

Opening scene - A red sun shines down from near the horizon of an orange sky. There is a slight breeze, just enough to stir up the dust, which tastes bitter and stings the eyes and throat. The temperature is about 20°C(68°F). The gravity is noticeably less than the characters are accustomed to (x.75 normal), and the air pressure is also somewhat less. In fact, there is an explosive puff of dust outwards on arrival as the pressure instantly equalizes to the 4,000m level (-5 to all Stamina rolls, vehicles at roughly 50% acceleration and capacity). Characters with ear problems or colds may be in severe pain for a few minutes until the pressure equalizes in their sinuses. The horizon seems closer than normal, and those with radios will hear only a "chirp" once every several seconds. This occurs on almost every frequency range, and a directional antenna will point toward what would be the west if this were sunset. The only thing visible in this direction is a low ridge of smooth and featureless hills. Calls on the radio get no answer. There are no clouds, and no life. Within 10 minutes, the sun has set, and it will be totally dark in 5 more. The thin atmosphere and lack of clouds mean it cools off quickly, and the temperature will be -5°C(23°F) by local midnight, and dawn is 4 hours after that.

Backdrop - Matrices are not indestructible and infallible. The first is open to interpretation, since no one has ever managed to do more than tarnish one, but the latter is a bit more common. The Designers built well, and since each Matrix is capable of self-repair, matter to energy conversion and other useful traits, serious problems seldom occur. But, they do happen. One of the more common faults is a "reference loss". That is, the Matrix loses its anchor point for determining the relative movement through time and space each Jump requires. The Designers took this possibility into account. Each Matrix has a "hardwired" return location built into it, so that if this ever occurs, the next Jump will take it "home". Home in this case is the planetary research station where most of the Matrices were constructed. Normally, this would be bad news, since Designer worlds are not compatible with human life. The good news is that after the Destroyer was through with the place, it was unsuitable for any life whatsoever. Since that time, the place has warmed significantly, and is now marginally habitable by humans. Life has been imported from other Matrices, and a sparse but self-sustaining ecology has developed in the millennia since the extinction of the Designers.

In order to recalibrate a Matrix, it simply needs to have its facets touched by another Matrix which does have a correct reference frame. The operating Matrix recalibrates the damaged one, and performs a variety of self-tests and some exchange of information. How many facets need to be touched, and in what sequence is another matter. Ordinarily, this would still be grim for the characters, since it is a fairly lonely place. But, there are a number of individuals here, either by choice or accident, some with Matrices. Some TimeLords have made a temporary home of this planet, hoping to glean bits of knowledge from the ancient Designer ruins. Others are lonely souls who were accidental time travellers, and were dropped off here to "wait for

a ride". Still others had the bad luck to have their Matrix malfunction in a more permanent fashion shortly after arrival, stranding them. By less than coincidence, they are all in the same general area, fairly close to the pre-programmed "home" location of the Matrices. All the characters have to do is get a little cooperation.



Things to see - On occasion, a really screwed-up Matrix will drag an inordinately large amount of material with it, or perhaps it is somehow linked to Designer machinery that is still working in an unknown location. Walking around the countryside, you may find chunks of terrain from a variety of cultures, including several fields of battle from throughout history, some with usable materials still lying about. There are a few Designer ruins about, but wind, weather and the Destroyer have taken care of anything that might be of more than academic interest. If there are any machines or artifacts around, no one is talking about them.

Local culture - Negligible to non-existent. Those that live here by choice are busy most of the time, and extremely competent at what they do. Getting their cooperation is easy. Getting them to make time for you is not. There are a few psychos loose, like the occasional 3rd or 4th generation TimeLord who got kicked out here and left behind, the kind of person who would do or say *anything* to get off the planet and back to someplace closer to home.

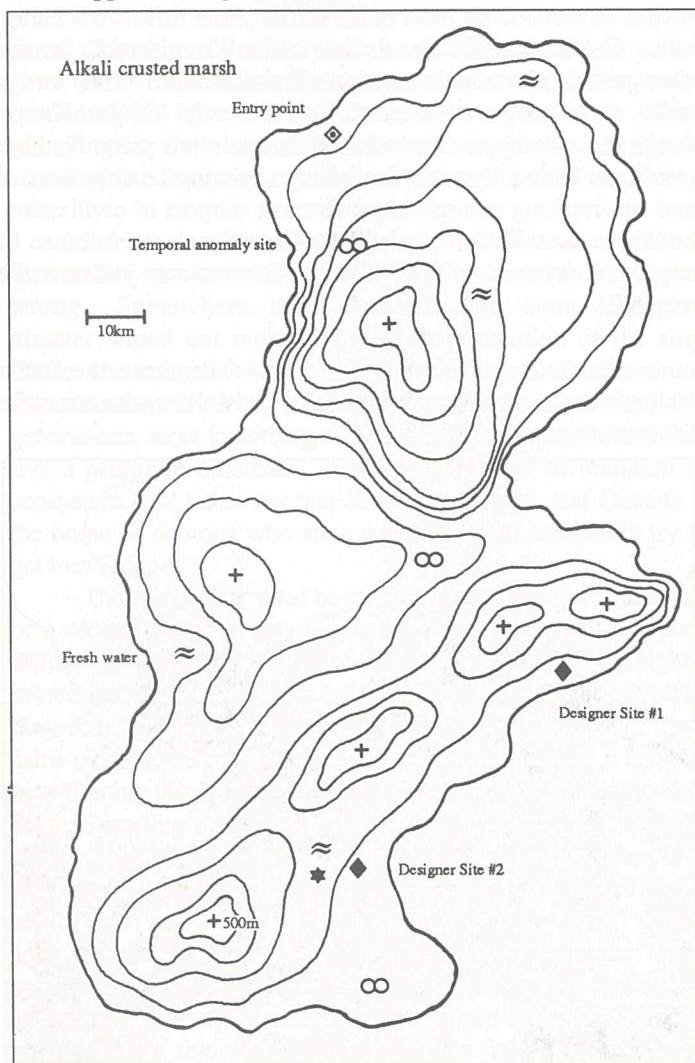
Hooks - There are a number of conditions that might prompt a Matrix to temporarily lose its spatiotemporal reference point. Among them are *extremely* long jumps, taking a Matrix through some other type of time travel device, wild probability swings, or high-tech attempts at tampering with a Matrix.

Adventure ideas - This place is not overtly hostile, but can be mercilessly ambivalent, uncaring of the wants or needs of the characters. There isn't much to be gained here except experience and knowledge. The major shock to characters may only come when they finally realize that this place will be home for the rest of their lives unless they can find a way to get their Matrix fixed.

Learning - The GM can place stranded travellers here from virtually any time or place, some who are willing to teach some needed skills to the characters for a price (like maybe a ride home). Others may be able to clue the characters in on some of the advanced uses of a Matrix, and the ins and outs of time and dimension travel.

Marooned - The character's Matrix gives up the ghost and is permanently fried, or is stolen, and the culprit Jumps away before being caught. A really depressing thought, but there is no better place for it to happen, since another will *eventually* show up. The characters are once more Ephemerals, a TimeLord term for anyone locked into a particular time and place. The characters have to find their own way out. This can be through discovery of another Matrix (very unlikely), theft from a resident TimeLord studying the Designer ruins (even less likely), or somehow managing to coerce or cajole another recent arrival to take you with them after they get their Matrix fixed (or just stealing it).

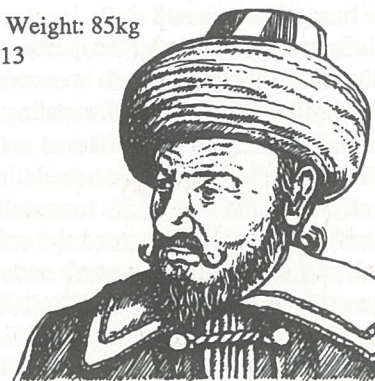
Thirst - The planet is habitable, but barely. It might be a few days walk (or drive) to the nearest source of civilization, such as it is. Another opportunity to get sunburned and windchapped in the great outdoors.



Al'Murik Obeyud

Age: 36 Height: 183cm Weight: 85kg
Body Points: 31 Speed: 13

Strength : 13
Dexterity : 14
Constitution : 13
Intelligence : 16
Willpower : 13
Bravado : 16
Perception : 12
Appearance : 8
Stamina : 13
Power : 8



Skills:
Sword : 14 English : 8 Military Sci. : 14
Knife : 9 Turkish : 14 Prying : 9
Rifle : 12 Kurdish : 12 History : 9
Pistol : 8 Arabic : 8 Religion : 8
Brawling : 13 Survival, Dry : 13

Equipment:

Horse & tack Light chain vest (8/2)
Flintlock rifle (DV35) Koran
Scimitar (DV14I, 18I w/Str) Pocket watch
Dagger (DV6I, 8I w/Str)

Al'Murik is the commander of an army belonging to Selim III, Sultan of Turkey (1789-1807). The current skirmish he is involved in is in 1790, with Russian forces in the southern Ukraine, part of a war declared in 1787. Al'Murik was educated in England, and despite his traditional appearance and attitudes, he is well-versed in many subjects, and those attempting to deceive him are likely to be unpleasantly surprised by his intellect and insight. His primary goal is to get back home, and if he joins the party as an NPC, it will only be because of that goal. As long as everyone learns to tolerate each other's attitudes, and does not attempt deception or force, he can be a welcome addition to any group. Otherwise, he will attempt to steal the Matrix and take his chances alone.

Washed ashore - Sometime after arrival, there is a severe temporal distortion that discharges every Matrix in the characters' possession and gives everyone an instant case of Matrix Lag. At the same time, a gateway several hundred meters across is opened in the nearby desert, gating in several hundred Ottoman Turks in the middle of a pitched battle. After they recover from the temporal disorientation, they all immediately start up where they left off, and the battle begins to spill over into the area where the characters are. If the characters come through this unscathed, they have to deal with the prospect of a few hundred Turks running around with scimitars and flintlocks, wondering why in hell they aren't in Paradise, and getting madder by the minute.

On the good side, the characters may be able to acquire some low-tech equipment, including horses. On the bad side, their Matrix is discharged, and even if they get it fixed immediately, they have to hang around here for another week before being able to leave. In addition, the leader of the Turks is no fool, and will make every effort to acquire a Matrix or travel with the characters once he finds out it is his only chance of getting home.

#5 - Death in the Outdoors

Opening scene - The party appears in the dark, the opening flash showing them to be surrounded by sand and rocks. A cool, dry breeze blows in, dissipating the air from the previous location. Shortly, the cool turns to chill as the characters acclimate and their equipment sheds its heat to the empty sky. The sky is clear, and the constellations familiar. The temperature is 15°C(59°F), and the radios are silent. Looking around, there is nothing but scrub and occasional cacti as far as the eye can see, with a few snowcapped mountains in the distant west, shown by the light of the full moon. A really good rangefinder would peg them at about 75km away.

Backdrop - This is Death Valley, California, the hottest place in the United States. Temperatures here have broken 55°C(131°F) on occasion, and the lowest point is 86m below sea level. It is not a pleasant place. The Matrix will not recharge for at least 3 days, and there is no one else here, at all.

Name: Sidewinder		
Strength	: 1	Length/Height: 1m
Dexterity	: 8	Mass: 3kg
Constitution	: 10	Max velocity: 3m/sec
Intelligence	: 2A	Preferred habitat: T/P/D
Willpower	: 10	Spec. Attacks: Poisonous bite, 2I
Bravado	: 14	
Perception	: 8	Body Points : 6
Appearance	: 3	Speed : 4
Stamina	: 6	Armor Value : 0
Power	: 2	Food Value : 2
		Size Var.: x.5 to x2
		Armor Material: Leather, 1

Notes: Poisonous snake from the American Southwest. Treat a bite as the equivalent of rattlesnake venom. Sidewinders may burrow into the sands to escape the heat, and may be accidentally stepped on. They will usually come out at night to hunt, or find sun-warmed rocks to ward off the night chill.



Adventure ideas - There aren't a lot. This is a good early adventure for characters who have not yet settled into a routine, or discovered who is best at what. They have to cooperate to survive, and the lack of intelligent enemies means they can get into a routine without being interrupted.

Survive - This is where the characters must keep their wits about them and use their collective survival skills. With the Matrix, their best bet is to stay put and wait, but if provided with a pressing reason, they can always start hiking towards the Sierra Madre, some 75km off. Maybe they think they can't Jump out from the same region they jumped in, but have to move some undefined distance away before the Matrix will let them leave. That would be devious, but you would have to implement it gradually, from the campaign start, to make it work.

Death Valley has little to recommend it, except as a place to be mummified. The daytime temperature will reach a mere 45°C(113°F) each day, and drop to 15-20°C each night (10 Stamina rolls each day for unprotected characters). The baked

plains are dry as a bone, and successful survival rolls will only allow the characters to find a sandy area to set up a solar still, or perhaps an overhanging rock ledge to keep out the sun. A really successful roll might allow both to be reasonably close to each other. Either of these will require the characters to be active for the time period where they are making these rolls. Almost all the natural sources of water will be undrinkable due to mineral salts, and will make characters violently ill unless it is distilled first, in which case it will just taste vile. Food will be in the form of a few edible cacti which provide a small amount of drinkable fluid, and perhaps some snake or lizard meat. The only hope a group of incompetent or extremely unlucky or unprepared characters is for rainfall, and to say that there is a 1 in 20 chance per day is being extremely generous. Characters who get within a day's walk of the mountains will get a +2 bonus on survival skills to find water.

Characters with vehicles will find it slow going. The terrain in many places allows high-speed travel, but in others it slows to a crawl. And, there is the everpresent danger of overheating. Most air conditioners will not be able to handle this level of heat, and will put a severe strain on the cooling system of the vehicle in any case. However, one day's travel should get them to the foothills, water and cooler climes, if they don't boil their radiators dry first.

Carrot and Stick - Just to make life miserable for the characters, let them see some signs of civilization. If they have a radio, they can get broadcasts from the early 1930's. If they don't, perhaps they will see an occasional mail plane fly high overhead. If they try really hard, they might just be able to move and survive long enough to get to some outpost of civilization, but more than likely they will be forced to Jump because of exposure, never knowing that the gas station was just over the next hill...

Hazards - Aside from the unrelenting heat, the Death Valley area is home to a variety of desert dwellers who can make life even more miserable than it already is.



#6 - Generation ship

Opening scene - The characters appear in a corridor about 10 meters wide and 5 meters high. It is dimly lit by some sort of panels on the ceiling, set at irregular intervals. Gravity is obviously low, and later measurement will show it to be about half normal. The air is stale and cold, about 10°C(50°F), and you can see your breath. Almost immediately, the ground the characters is on begins to sag around the edges. Those making a Dexterity roll can jump to more solid ground. Those who fail slide slowly down a crumbling ramp of earth as the soil the characters Jumped in with settles down into a pile on a nearly identical corridor beneath this one. Non-grav vehicles will essentially be immobilized, stuck between levels on a pile of dirt which will require about 6 man-hours to clear. Grav vehicles will operate at much reduced efficiency, since as will soon be revealed, there is not a planetary mass to push against.

Further observation will show the corridors to be about 70 meters long, and the upper one is sealed by sliding doors at each end. They appear to have electric controls, and readouts in some unfamiliar (not historical) language. One panel is dark, and the door is warm. The other is still operational, but the door has a large "X" painted on it. It is cold, but not noticeably colder than the other walls. The light panels on the walls and ceiling can be pried loose with tools, and seem to have no controls or moving parts. Slapping one on the wall causes it to give a wan yellow glow, which can be somewhat increased by mechanical agitation (pounding on it). The corridor below is identical. Those searching for radio signals can find a variety of weak signals, sounding like the hums and clicks of power lines and machinery.

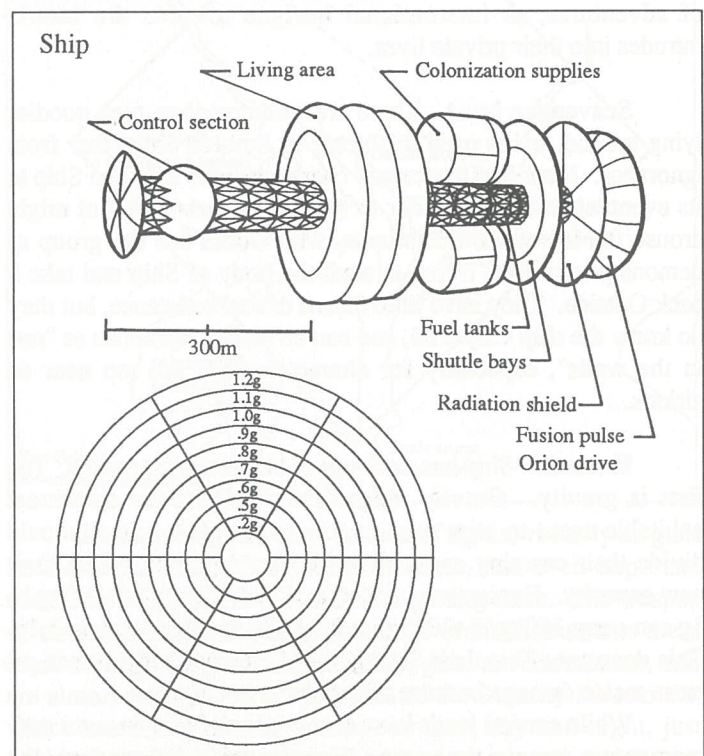
Backdrop - The characters have landed in the middle of interstellar space, on the archetypical generation ship gone wrong. Somewhere, some centuries ago, some biological disaster wiped out most of the adult population of the ship. Those who remained were insufficient to the task of maintaining the education level of those who remained, and over a few generations, most knowledge was lost. By now, the inhabitants live a primitive existence, knowing only how to maintain an ecosystem, and believing that Ship is the world, and Outside is the home of demons who suck away life, and constantly try to get into Ship.

The warm door must be manually cranked open by means of a recessed handle set into the wall near the control panel. Behind the door is the tribe of Three, several hundred slightly inbred individuals who live by growing food under glow plates they scavenge from other parts of Ship, and then using these same plants to recycle their air. Water is provided by a tap on a pipe running through Ship at this point, and water is the blood of Ship. Spending their entire lives in a .7g environment, they are not strong (average of 5-6), and have no weapons other than those made with wood, and no armor except wicker. All else is recycled.

Behind the cold door is the home of the demons. That corridor sprung a slow leak some centuries ago, and was sealed off to prevent entry of demons into this part of Ship. The long term result of this door whooshing open from a touch on the

panel is that pressure in the corridor will be dropped by about a third (up to a 2,500 meter level, -3 to Stamina rolls), and will go to a total vacuum over a period of about a week unless sealed. A more immediate consequence is that there is a column of air 70 meters long on one side of the character opening the door, and vacuum on the other. That is, a force of about 5 metric tons will shove characters down the corridor like corks out of bottle. Characters within 20 meters of the door will have to make a Dexterity roll with a -20, +1 per meter away, or be sucked down the corridor to slam into the far wall (like a fall of 10 meters). Those that make the roll found something to cling to, but characters near the door must make an extra roll to avoid being hit by characters further away who fail their rolls, counting this as a further fall, but only from 5 meters. The door at the end of this corridor has a further "X" on it, and is icy cold, the dry air giving it only the finest layer of frost. Characters foolish enough to touch it with bare skin will lose said skin as the price of their curiosity. Opening the warm door after the cold one will cause a slight pressure loss in Three, and the whistling of air whooshing through the door as it is manually opened is sure to inspire a less than friendly greeting by the inhabitants.

Ship is getting old, and is within perhaps 10 generations of dying. It missed its original planetary rendezvous some centuries ago, and what was left of the computers placed it in a parking orbit in the middle of the destination solar system. There it will orbit until its systems fail, one by one, leaving its inhabitants to die alone, in the dark.



Adventure ideas - Alas, very little high tech remains on Ship. Much of it was sacrificed as offerings to keep the demons at bay, and while it is undoubtedly well preserved throughout the ship, it is kept that way by being in a cryogenic vacuum. Unless the characters brought a spacesuit or two along, it is off-limits. But, there are things to do.

Prophecy - The tribe is being extorted by the Nines, a tribe from Out whose strength makes them feared opponents (they are closer to the edge and live in higher gravity). The characters are the ones spoken of in the old legends who will deliver them from the evil Nines and restore harmony to all the people of Ship. In return for the character's help, they may get help from some of the other tribes, including the wraith-like Zeros, who it is said know the secrets of Ship and live in its heart. The Zeros can be a subplot all to themselves, since they cannot bear children in the null-g environment at the hub, and have to steal or trade for babies from the other tribes.

Good guys - If the characters can get a guide, or cooperation, they might eventually find the control room of Ship. With a little luck, they might restore enough computer function to place it in orbit around the target planet, which for all the characters know might have already been colonized by the FTL ships that were developed in the centuries after Ship's launch. By getting a directional dish or two going, they can see if there is any local radio traffic, and there are probably a few intact observation domes with telescopes, letting them figure out which way to point them. If the characters do "rescue" the ship, they can stick around and wait for rewards and accolation...or quarantine and debriefing by a strange high-tech civilization which will undoubtedly wonder how the characters got there in the first place. The attitude and cultural outlook of the civilization is up the GM, and could result in an entirely new set of adventures, as international intrigue towards the Matrix intrudes into their private lives.

Scavenger hunt - There are some medium tech goodies lying around, being used as totems or ignored altogether from ignorance. Merciless mercenary characters who abandon Ship to its eventual fate can plunder to their heart's content, but might arouse the ire of the inhabitants, who would see the group as demons personified, trying to steal the body of Ship and take it back Outside. They have little means of real resistance, but they do know the ship very well, and can be really obnoxious as "rats in the walls", especially for characters who get too near an airlock.

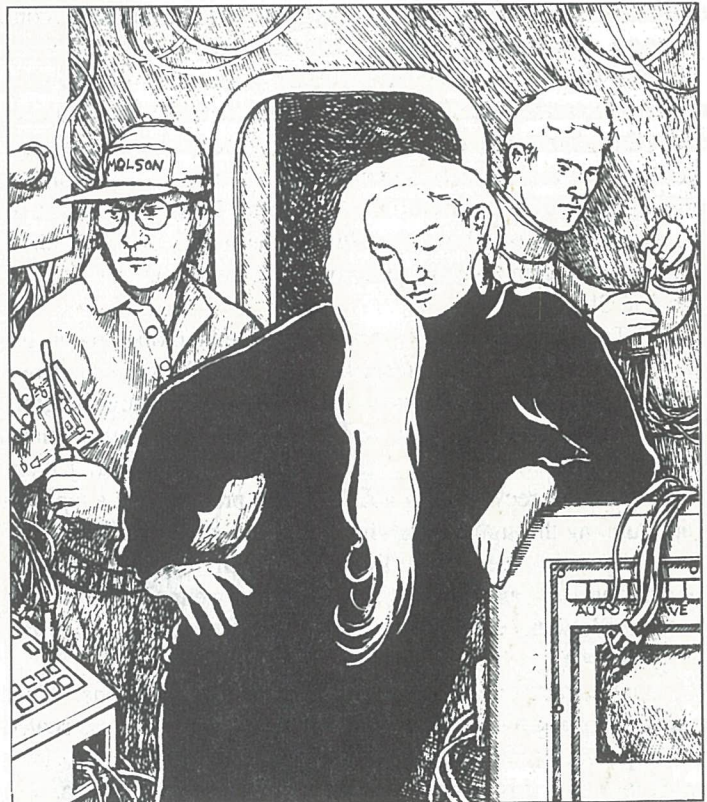
Hazards - Ship has a variety of habitats and hazards. The first is gravity. Gravity ranges from 1.1g at the outermost habitable areas to near zero in the center. Characters should divide their carrying capacity by the local gravity to get their new capacity. For instance, a character who can carry 100kg in 1g can carry $100\text{kg}/.5=200\text{kg}$ in .5g, or $100\text{kg}/1.1=91\text{kg}$ in 1.1g. This does not affect their Strength attribute, and they do not get extra melee damage because of the lower gravity.

While carried loads have less felt *weight*, their *mass* and momentum remain the same. To take this into account, the Physical Speed of the character remains as it would be in normal gravity. In addition, characters will take a -2 to all physical actions per .1g of difference from the gravity they are accustomed to. This can be negated by the special skills Zero-g and High-g, which let you act without penalty, but do not otherwise affect felt or carried weight.

Another hazard is air pressure. Characters recovering from the first bad experience with pressure doors will be very careful, but there are still areas of Ship that can be reached only through multiple airlocks, and the pressure stages up and down across them. The effective altitude a character is at will be a modifier to their Stamina rolls, as below.

Effective altitude	Minus to Stamina
Sea level	-0
1,000m	-1
2,000m	-2
3,000m	-3
4,000m	-5
5,000m	-6
6,000m	-7
7,000m	-9
8,000m	-11
9,000m	-13
10,000m	-15
11,000m	-18
12,000m	-20

The lowest pressure that anyone in Ship lives at is the 5,000m level, but some tribes may traverse 12,000m levels by using air bladders. At high altitudes, almost anything requiring a Stamina roll will fail, making characters unable to carry heavy loads, rapidly exert themselves, etc. For instance, it would take half an hour to recover from a single 100m dash at the upper levels. Characters will pass out at altitudes of over 12,000m, and die in a number of minutes equal to their Stamina. Vacuum is a special case. You take a lethal whole body effect of 1 for each second you are exposed to vacuum.



The people to really worry about are part of the Security Directorate, specifically the secret branch known as TI, or Temporal Investigations. This is the branch of the SD that controls the time travel apparatus of the First Bloc, and has unlimited authority to override all actions of the normal SD. They have the "big stick", and are not above using it. With malice aforethought, they have on occasion successfully wiped out 99% of a probability line, for instance to remove a political enemy that threatened them. With the exception of a few individuals on the fringe of events, all memory and record of that person is erased from the record, with only a few probability lines retaining their existence. The psychology of an organization that would deliberately change *its own history* to meet its ends is staggering, and makes TI *extremely* dangerous.

Adventure ideas - There are plenty, and none are likely to be fun for the characters.

Manhunt - TI starts actively looking for the characters. No one is really fond of Security, but will spill their guts in seconds rather than spend the short rest of their lives refurbishing reactor shielding. A dragnet with barbed hooks will slowly and inexorably close around the group, and the use of high-tech goods to try and escape will only exacerbate the situation. After all, the only private vehicles are in the hands of the wealthy and/or powerful, and almost all are kept track of by Transport Authority. Guns are similarly uncommon, and while people will clear a path for you, they will also clear a path for pursuit. Anyone captured might as well write their characters off, and if the Matrix is lost, the only way to get it back will be to nuke TI and then sift through the rubble, because that's the only way they'll give it up. On the plus side, it is only time travellers they are looking for, not the Matrix in particular. They have no idea what one is, but there is no chance they would miss something with its inherently unusual properties.

On the other hand, Second Bloc agents will notice the fuss, and likewise be looking for the characters. There is an underground, and it does have some authority on the street, and a few weapons it can lay claim to. While the Second Bloc will be much more friendly, you can be sure this friendliness and cooperation will last only until the characters are permanently and safely in Second Bloc hands. After that, treatment will be pretty much the same, that is, write off your character and get a new one.

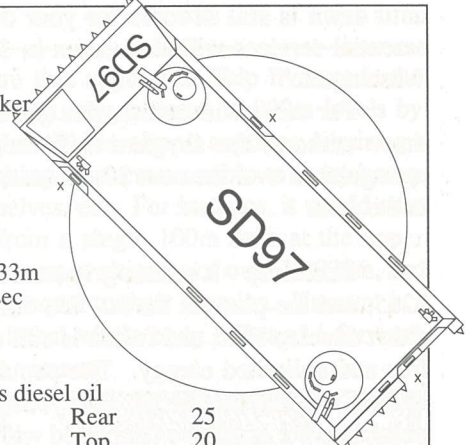
Survive - Almost all the goods the characters have are likely to be valuable, and food especially will be worth about 100 times face value. Characters strong enough to keep it will find that they can get a substantial amount of barter value for it, but the trick is finding something worth bartering. The most likely option would be for services. There are a few disenfranchised professors or other academics, as well as street fighters who might be willing to trade skills for goods, but the characters must always be sure they have a position of strength to deal from. Among the items that characters can get is information on this world's history, which is important if the characters see this as their own future and want to try and change

it. Another possibly useful class of items is museum pieces, locked away in moldy old basements, with only an ancient curator to remember where it all is. After all, a 23rd century museum might have a variety of antiques from the 20th and 21st centuries, still in mint (or at least usable) condition.

Outside looking in - This could always be a setting for a Time Patrol, where the characters work for TI, finding worlds with exploitable resources that can be brought back here to sustain a dying civilization. Naturally enough, there is more to it than just that. The Second Bloc might get the secret and an all-out time war develop. TI leaders and politicians might indulge in their secret vices in other places and times, and the characters will be expected to look the other way. TI might be highly factionalized, and timelines altered to improve the lot of one faction or the other. And of course, the realization of the scale of the corruption and intrigue will only occur over the course of many adventures, until the characters "know too much", and have to disappear, with a Matrix that they find, and all of TI on their temporal tail to get it.

Armored

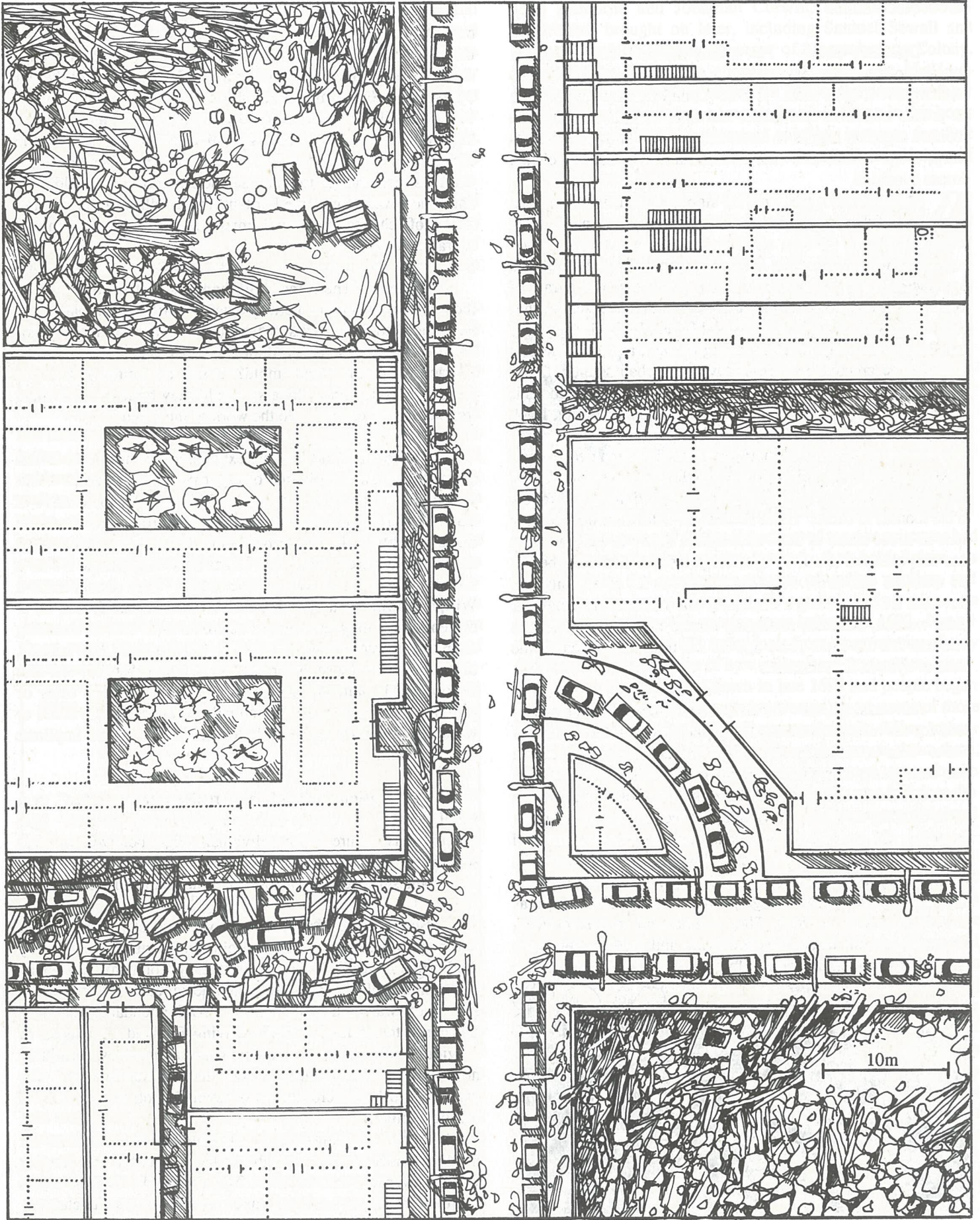
Name	- Riotbreaker		
Seating	- 16		
Mass	- 8,000kg		
Carr Cap.	- 2,000kg		
Length	- 8.0m		
Width	- 3.0m		
Height	- 2.7m		
Max speed	- 120kph/33m		
Acc/Dec	- 3m/8m/sec		
Climb/Dive	- n/a		
Turn mode	- 6		
Range	- 500km		
Fuel capacity	- 150 liters diesel oil		
Armor	Front	25	Rear 25
	R.Side	25	Top 20
	L.Side	25	Bottom 20
	Engine	15(10BP)	Tires 12(8BP)



Armament - 2 gravel guns, ROF of 10, 2,500 rounds for each
 - 2 machine guns, ROF of 10, 2,500 rounds for each

Sighting mechanism - Gravel guns, +0, machine guns, +0
 Turret traverse - Both turrets, 60° per second

Notes - This vehicle is typical of those that patrol the DC streets, especially after curfew. The quality of workmanship is crude but durable, and its only advanced technology is in electronics and night vision gear. It is equipped with two turrets, each having a gravel gun and a machine gun. A gravel gun is a pair of rubber-coated steel wheels, in contact with each other, and spinning in opposite directions. Any kind of debris fed between the wheels is ejected at high velocity, and will have a DV of 8I (roll for each hit). This is powered by an electric motor that runs off the vehicle's battery for short periods, or the engine (in normal use). The gravel gun has poor accuracy (RC1/1), but is very cheap to operate. If this is not enough, the DV80 machine guns (RC2/4) can be brought into play, and the vehicle has 4 firing ports on the sides, and 2 on the rear, allowing the carried troops to get into the act. The armor of the vehicle may seem light, but it almost never has to stop anything larger than thrown rocks, or home-made spearguns. Heavier versions are made, for areas where *serious* riots occur.



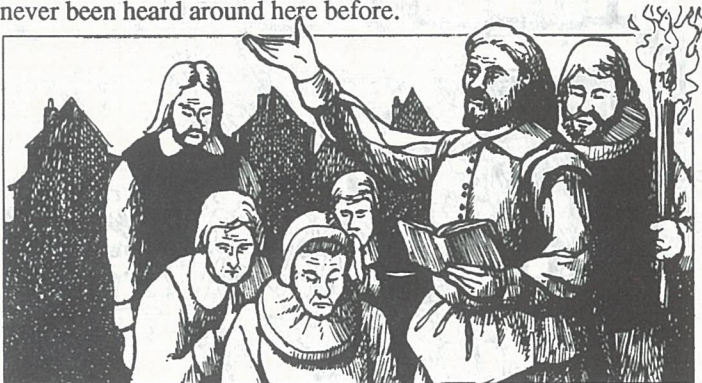
#8 - Witch hunt

Opening scene - The woods are dark and silent. A pattering of small tree branches pelts the party, but no trees come crashing down upon them. It is 25°C, and slightly humid. The air smells of leaves and grass, and after several seconds, the shocked nightlife begins to make its presence known. Crickets chirp, frogs croak, and the occasional out-of-season cicada drones overhead.

There is no radio, and no sign of civilization. Come dawn, it is fully revealed that the characters are in a climax forest, broad old trees in all directions over hills and ridges populated with hardwoods and evergreens. It looks like the Appalachians. A few hours of searching will discover a trail, of footprints made by a heeled shoe of normal human size. Further exploration will discover a cultivated field, plowed by animals, with knee-high corn, and after going through a patch of woods they will be greeted by various low-tech urban sounds, like a blacksmith, farm animals, etc. On the other side of the woods is the sleepy little village of Salem Massachusetts, circa July, 1692.

Background - The characters have appeared near Salem, Massachusetts at the height of the Witch Trials. On the 19th of this month, five accused witches will hang, and more will follow in the months to come. Those accused of witchcraft were largely done so at the hands of three schoolgirls, ages 9 to 12, who went into fits, claimed attack by spectral presences and who, before the madness was over, would have gone as far as accusing the Governor's wife of being a witch. No one was immune from jail. Men, women, children, strangers, former ministers and people who had left the town years ago all fell under suspicion on the basis of hysterical accusations.

Adventure ideas - Given a choice, most adventurers will head for the hills immediately upon finding out the time and the place. This is not altogether unwise, as the situation in Salem was something less than rational during this period. Other characters might decide to try and right the wrongs, and stay in town, trusting on their knowledge and technology to get them through. Of course, as you read the adventure ideas and background information, try and see how many of the things the characters try to do would *not* be interpreted as witchcraft. They dress funny, may show strange powers or carry talismans that they try to hide from view. They don't attend church services, they can't explain where they are from, and their accents have never been heard around here before.



Aborted escape - The trio of girls was sometimes taken on the road to "sniff out" witches, usually going into hysterical fits when they encountered one who was "spectrally tormenting" them. Those characters who attempt to flee the scene of the fun by avoiding Salem altogether should have such an encounter. The girls will be accompanied by enough armed men to make flight difficult. Those parties with high-tech vehicles can easily escape anything the local law can do, and stay ahead of arrest warrants long enough to recharge and Jump out. It wouldn't be unfair however, to give the Puritans a final volley of musket fire, on the off chance they could immobilize a vehicle and catch a character or two.

Witch! - The same thing happens, but in town, where there is less chance of getting away. Think of the black and white head-to-foot outfits of the Puritans, their somber outlook on life, and constant vigilance against outsiders. Do the characters fit their "ideal" mold? If not, they must be living in some sort of sin, and why else would they be in town in these troubled times, except to do the work of the Devil?

Tripping - One possible explanation for the hysteria that loomed over the area is that of ergot poisoning, a mold which can infect certain strains of grain. This is a natural relative of LSD, and having the entire population on chronic low doses can make for extremely erratic behavior. Rather than just a small number of accusers, everyone might be seeing things. After a few days in town, so will the characters. They should make a Willpower roll to avoid suggestive hallucinations, that is, if someone says they see the spectral form of so-and-so attacking them, the character might see it too. On especially bad failures, characters might be so under the grip of belief that they can take a non-lethal Damage Level of 1 from imaginary bites or punches. Characters might even believe themselves witches or warlocks, given enough psychological pressure, and implicate others as well.

Psi Option - Maybe there really were "witches", or a small number of people that had paranormal powers. In a superstitious culture, these individuals might believe they were servants of a higher (or lower) power. Maybe a trial or two will have some surprises not mentioned in the historical record.

Background - Salem of 1692 was a coastal town of about 600 households, surrounded by fields and pasture. Founded by the Puritan-controlled Massachusetts Bay Company, it was one of a number of Puritan settlements designed to be "free from sin". Live was hard work, prayer, church attendance and strict obedience to the law. Despite leaving England for reasons of religious intolerance, they were no better themselves, permitting none but their own faith to live in their settlements. For instance, Quakers were run out of town and left to the mercy of the local Indians.

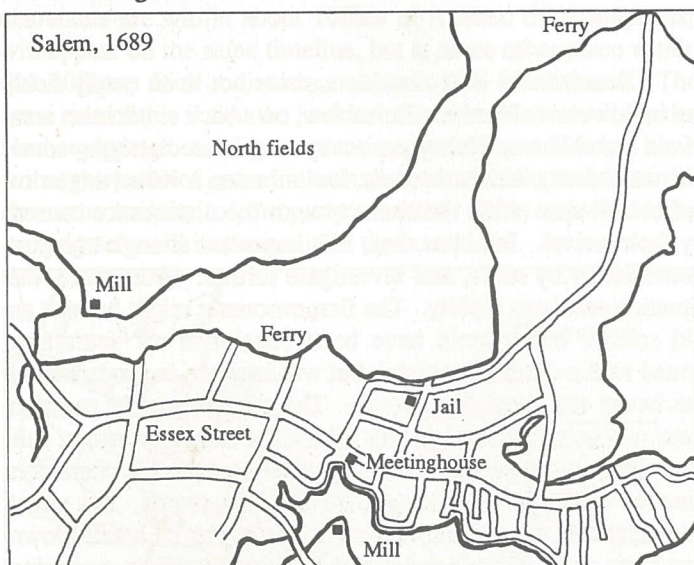
By 1692, things were not quite so bad. Salem, for instance, had a tavern, although it is telling that the first hanging was the taverner's wife on June 10 (he followed). Outside events had their influence, but there was a core of resistance to change.

The legal system for the trials was the Court of Oyer and Terminer (to hear and decide). A panel of multiple judges heard testimony and handed out verdicts and punishment, or the case was decided by jury, and punishment decided by the judge or judges. Among the other interesting quirks of the law at that time was that you could not be tried until you had pled guilty or not guilty. Those who would not plead were "pressed", that is, pinned down and weight piled on their chest until they changed their mind. Giles Cory, age 80, was crushed to death rather than plead in a case which he probably knew the outcome of. If nothing else, he prevented his property from being forfeited to the government, as happened to the others. Among the means of encouraging confessions after a plea was made were sleep deprivation and tying the heels to the neck for hours at a time.

Belief in the malign supernatural was accepted as fact. One victim, a former minister (extradited from Maine colony) denied the existence of witches altogether, which in the court's eyes made him a liar, and all his testimony suspect (he was hanged on the basis of spectral evidence).

No lawyers were allowed, as the Puritans thought them a bad influence (they had *some* sense, apparently). Another point is that a verdict could be obtained solely on hearsay and spectral evidence. Spectral evidence would be something like "I saw a malign spirit with such-and-so's face flying over my house one night, and the next day my cows stopped giving milk." No evidence, no proof, but if enough people had a grudge against you and claimed spectral harassment, it was more than enough to hang you.

"Hanging" is perhaps too generous a term for what was done. Our forefathers simply shoved them off ladders and let them strangle to death before burying them outside of consecrated ground.



The most common figure associated with the trials is Cotton Mather. Not as much a villain as might be supposed, he was more interested in the proceedings from an academic sense, trying to learn as much as possible about witches. He was also one of the first to openly question whether or not spectral evidence alone could be used to find a person guilty. Others were not so open-minded, including the original magistrates,

John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin, and the additional magistrates brought on later, including Samuel Sewall and Thomas Danforth, deputy-governor of Massachusetts Colony. All probably had some acquaintance with the *Malleus Malificarum*, or "Hammer of Evil", a 15th century tome on how to find and punish witches. Among the *nicer* things in this book is that witches should be promised anything in return for their cooperation, on the premise that promises made to minions of the Devil are not binding.



The presence of distinguished out of town magistrates had little or no influence on the hysteria that held Salem, as evidenced by the continuing stream of guilty verdicts and hangings, the last major one (8 people) taking place on September 22. Over 100 persons were indicted in 1692. Not all were found guilty, but 100 individuals from a community of only 600 families gives an idea of how widespread the problem was.

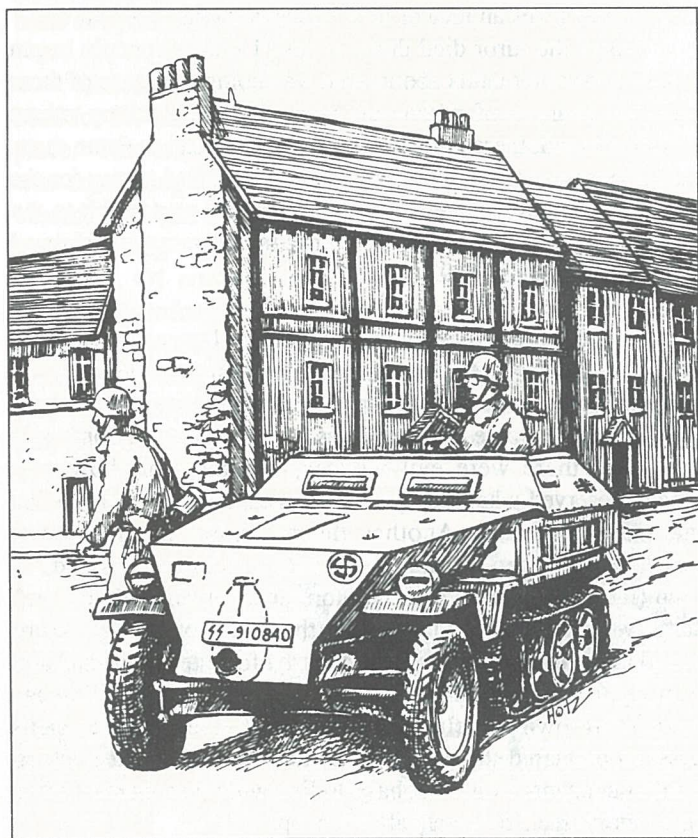
After the furor died down in late 1692 and people began to have second thoughts about what was going on, some of those jailed on charges of witchcraft were released. Many others remained in jail, there not being sufficient hearsay to damn them, one supposes. Also, jailed persons were expected to pay for the cost of housing them, and since their property was forfeit to the government, many remained there until the Governor proclaimed a general amnesty in 1693.

Final Note - We will probably never know exactly what went on at the Salem trials, despite the best guesses we can make from historical records. A large number of hypotheses have been proposed, some with more merit than others. Some still claim that there were evil witches, and most of those who hanged deserved what they got. Others espouse ergot poisoning and mass hysteria. Another theory shows an interesting correlation between the number of accusers on the west side of town (largely agrarian) and the more affluent east side of town (largely mercantile). Most agree that a lot of grudges were settled at the trials, and since the accused forfeited their land and property to the town, there was motive there as well. You can make your own conclusions. In 1957, the Massachusetts legislature cleared the names of all those jailed or executed so their descendants would not have to live with witches roosting in their family tree...265 years after it happened.

#9 - France, 1943

Opening scene - It is cloudy, but you can still tell that the sun is low in the sky. The freshly plowed field you arrived in fills the air with the smell of moist earth, but of the farmer, there is no sign. The field is irregular, and bordered by hedges or low walls of rocks that have been pulled from the field over the generations. In the distance are rugged, snowcapped peaks, and if this were Earth, they would be the Alps. This is, and they are. There is radio traffic, and if the characters cannot translate it, it is in German or French. The programs are in French, and are typical early 20th century music on the AM bands, while German traffic deals mainly with vehicle operators talking to each other, like airplane to control tower talk.

If not by this field, within a few hundred meters there will be a road, possibly of dirt, or maybe even tarred gravel or asphalt. It is one-and-a-half lanes at best, with grassy shoulders. Checking the edges, it has seen the traffic of both narrow-tired wagons, hooves and conventional pneumatic tires (10-20cm track width). If the characters travel on the road (the only other option is across muddy fields), eventually they will encounter a farmer, returning home after a hard day's work, with a pair of tired looking horses and a plow in tow. His reaction depends on the characters, and an initial encounter roll is appropriate. Especially if the characters are armed, first reactions will not be good, but may change once he realizes the characters are not soldiers. A lot depends on how the characters act, how in control of the situation they appear, and how fast they can think on their feet. After all, he is a resident of an occupied country, and is being approached by armed men who *aren't* enemy or friendly soldiers.



Backdrop - The place is near the town of Laxou, near the city of Nancy, and about 250km east of Paris. The time is April, 1943, and France has been a German-occupied territory for 34 months. There is little fighting here, and this close to Germany the occupation troops are spread thin, and of low quality, with second or third-rate equipment. Except for the Gestapo, that is. They, of course, are supposed to be the major villains, and while their evil reputation has probably been blown out of proportion by history and bad movies, they were still undoubtedly not very nice people who did commit an awful lot of atrocities. The Resistance keeps them busy, and provides them convenient excuses to do whatever they want, so long as it does not hinder production of war materials, in the local case, that being food.

The citizens of France are obviously not thrilled with their sovereignty being trampled on, but have very little say in the matter. Disarmed and demoralized for the most part, all they can do is listen to English broadcasts on illegal radios, and hope the Allies come soon. In the case of history, this will not be until June, 1944. A few of the French have become collaborators, enjoying power and privileges from the treason. They are both hated and feared by the general populace. A few others have joined the Resistance, and become partisans, harassing German supply lines and communications, and constantly dodging capture and death from Gestapo sweeps. They receive a limited amount of help from the OSS, a US organization that later became the CIA. Usually, this help was in the form of small equipment and information, but there were some OSS agents dropped behind enemy lines to aid partisan efforts.

Adventure ideas - As can be expected, there are a lot of possibilities when you arrive in the middle of someone else's war. Many of the ones outlined below are based on different arrival locations.

Breakout! - The characters arrive not in an empty field, but in downtown Nancy, after curfew, on a back street in an area of old warehouses. If they are not spotted immediately by some old watchman, within the next few minutes a Kübelwagen on patrol will spot either the characters, or the disturbance caused by their arrival. In either case, it is important enough to report immediately by radio, and investigate further. From there, the situation escalates rapidly. The first encounter might be with an old soldier who should have been pensioned off years ago, armed with a .32 caliber pistol, but will increase in proportion to the havoc the characters wreak. The relatively slow reaction time of German forces in the middle of the night might lull characters into a sense of security, but any time the characters give the enemy just tightens the noose of the search. In a worst case scenario, they could end up as the object of a full-blown manhunt, with planes, tanks and trucks of soldiers scurrying about to find the foreign spies who had to have airdropped into the middle of town. Really desperate characters might get the lucky assistance of the Resistance in finding a hiding place, but anything more than personal possessions will be lost, and confiscated by the Gestapo. To up the ante even further, the characters could instead appear in downtown Paris, or *in* the Louvre.

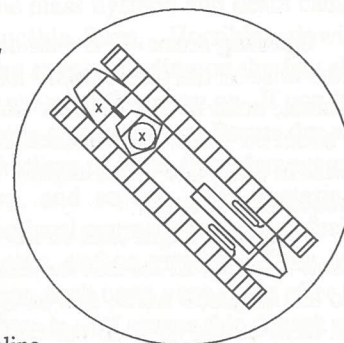
Train to nowhere - The characters appear squarely on a set of railroad tracks in the French Alps, cutting a 6 meter hole in the roadway and making them totally impassable. The only convenient means of travel for several kilometers in either direction is the small access road along the tracks. Within an hour, a small, heavily guarded steam train will chug up those tracks, carrying a load of priceless artworks from a variety of French museums. These are headed for a secret spur tunnel, where they will be stored before the tunnel is sealed up. Going down the tracks will intersect the train, while going up the tracks will be heading for the German border. But not to worry, before you get there you will encounter the landslide that has blocked the track for several months and allowed the spur tunnel to be built in secret.

Juden - Even if characters somehow manage to blend into local society for a few days or weeks, they are still culturally out of place and may tend to make *faux pas* that have more severe consequences than expected. Use of Jewish names is strictly frowned upon, as is Slavic origin. There is still some degree of anti-Semitism in the French population, and there are *always* informers. While the characters with Matrix-imprinted translation ability will speak fluent French, it will be with an accent that comes from nowhere in the country, and a plausible cover story is mandatory if you are to explain why you sound like you're from the French Bronx.

Project X - An ultrasecret research lab in the French Alps is working on one of Hitler's bizarre pet projects. Like most of them, this one will come to nothing, and no one will ever know about it. However, one of the side effects is that it consumes an inordinate amount of electrical power, and as long as the characters are within about 100km of it when they Jump, they will appear on the same timeline, but at some other place within that 100km. Pick a direction and roll 1d% for distance. The good side of this is that the backlash from the Matrix will fry the Nazi equipment, making it a one-time occurrence. The bad news is that the pulse of arrival allows directional radio finders to pin down the location of the party to within 5km, and unfriendly investigators will be there within the hour.

Armored

Name	- Renault FT-17		
Seating	- 2		
Mass	- 7,000kg		
Carr Cap.	- 600kg		
Length	- 5.0m		
Width	- 1.7m		
Height	- 2.1m		
Max speed	- 8kph/2m		
Acc/Dec	- 1m/2m/sec		
Climb/Dive	- n/a		
Turn mode	- 2		
Range	- 35km		
Fuel capacity	- 105 liters gasoline		
Armor	Front	Rear	25
	R.Side	Top	20
	L.Side	Bottom	17
	Engine	Tracks	20(40BP)



Armament - 37mm short cannon (DV120, RC3/5), 30 rounds *or*
- 8mm machine gun (DV60, RC 2/4), 2000 rounds

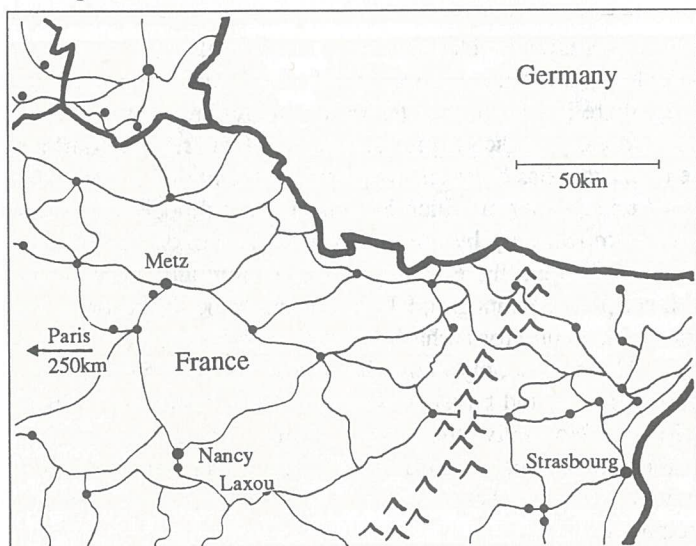
Sighting mechanism - +0 for either armament
Turret traverse - 30°per second

Notes - The FT-17 is a French tank of WWI vintage, currently used by the German occupation forces because "real" tanks were more urgently needed elsewhere. It is slow and clunky, and 25 years old, but it is *still* a tank. It has no enhancements at all except a pair of headlights. It is probably the heaviest opposition the characters are likely to encounter unless they hit something "big".

Hazards - Living in occupied territory has its problems. The biggest is that everyone is kept track of, personal rights are at the whim of the occupying force, and many items are rationed. Everyone is required to have identity papers, which may be checked at any time by any soldier of the occupying force. No papers? Off to jail! They shoot spies, you know. Fortunately, forgeries can be made if the characters have any high-tech printing gizmos, and the only way to check for forgeries is to compare them by hand against the central records, a process which takes hours at best.

While in general, troops don't barge into people's homes and steal things or ransack, they can if they want to, and your only recourse is to complain to their superior, and hope he doesn't have you beaten for insolence. Basically, if they want to search someplace, or haul someone off, they do so, and you can do nothing about it.

Anything useful to the war effort is rationed. Germany had a hard time supplying its military vehicles with gasoline. How do you think the civilians fared? It has been said that Paris had some taxis converted to steam power during WWII, using wood-fired boilers. That takes a certain amount of desperation, as well as a bit of know-how. Likewise, rubber and industrial metals would be in short supply. Characters needing vehicles repaired may be out of luck.



#10 - Black death

Opening scene - It is near dawn, judging by the visibility and the mist on the forest floor. Looking around, you are in an old forest, none of the familiar trees in sight are any younger than about 50 years. One of them has a bite taken out of it from the Matrix field, and looks slightly unstable, but shows no signs of immediate collapse.

There is a slight chill in the air, like a summer morning, and dew is heavy on the leaves. Looking around, the forest thins off to the magnetic north, and on approach, there seems to be a small farm on the edge of the woods, with cultivated fields of knee-high wheat beyond. No smoke comes from the chimney of the thatch-roofed hut, and the animal pens are empty. The only movement is that of a few crows, picking idly at the two bodies lying in front of the dwelling.

Backdrop - The year is 1347, the place is an unspecified region of France, and the world is in the grip of the Black Death (bubonic plague). By the time this year is over, one-third of the population of England will have died, and many regions of the world were totally depopulated, small villages and towns lying empty, to be claimed by weather and decay.

The bodies in the yard show no signs of violence, but it would be difficult to tell. Neither are they contagious, since the fleas that transmit the disease have died or found other hosts. The bodies are simply to put the characters on edge, and you should give everything a spooky and grim feeling just to provide atmosphere.

"As you look over the bodies, a chill envelops you. It is just the shade of a passing cloud, but the chill lingers even after the sun returns..."


Society has for all practical purposes, totally collapsed. It isn't just the death, it is the how and the why. People were terrified out of their wits. Strangers might be killed on sight. Cities walled themselves in, allowing no one to enter, inadvertently creating conditions ideal for the spread of the disease. To place it in perspective, think of how people would react today, if over the course of a year, every third person on Earth was horribly murdered while they slept, and no one could ever be caught doing it. Some force beyond scientific comprehension came in at random and ripped the life out of people, sometimes taking one person in a bed and not the other. Some people would live every day like it was their last. Others would seek solace in religion. Some would barricade themselves in their homes and some would simply go insane or kill themselves under the stress.

This is how it was during the plague. They had no medical knowledge, no idea of what caused it, and no idea how to cure it. All they knew is that it struck rich and poor alike, and while you might be struck down for associating with someone who had it, you might not. Many thought it was the last days, and was the Revelation spoken of in the Bible. Crops went untended, people living off the surplus in grainaries. Looting was common, as were all the other crimes. What could they punish you with, the threat of death? You could be thrown in a cell, and your jailer be dead by morning.

Adventure ideas - There are plenty, as is to be expected in any chaotic situation in which there is little reliable historical record.

Catch! - Someone in the group catches the plague, as in the disease section of the **TimeLords** rules. Maybe the characters have antibiotics to treat it with, in which case it isn't life threatening, but still debilitating. If the case is serious, the group may be forced to Jump to kill the germs. In the meantime though, they don't know how long before they *can* Jump, and will be forced to try and find some local way of helping.

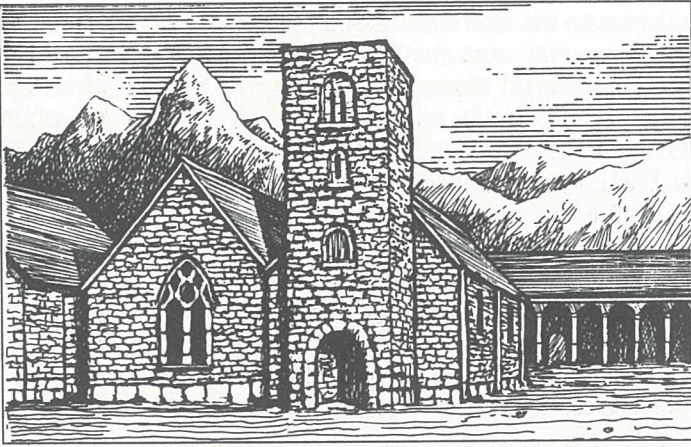
Surprise Attack - The characters approach a small, unwallled town, and when they get close, are attacked by a motley crew of local men with a variety of weapons, and bedecked with all sorts of charms and amulets to ward off the plague. This town hasn't seen more than a few cases, and is willing to kill any and all strangers, no questions asked, just to keep it that way.

Peasant Rabble				
Age:	varies		Height: 170cm	Weight: 90kg
Body Points:	28		Speed:	10
Strength	: 11		Dexterity	: 10
Constitution	: 10	Intelligence	: 7	
Willpower	: 12	Bravado	: 8	
Perception	: 10	Appearance	: 8	
Stamina	: 10	Power	: 6	
Skills:		Equipment:		
Club	: 6	Medium club (12III w/ Str)		
Area knowl.	: 6	Leather torso armor (3/2)		
Survival	: 6			

Superstitious, religious and frightened peasant rabble, trying to keep outsiders away from their areas. Conditioned to obey authority figures, and susceptible to displays of force or pyrotechnics.

Monastery - The characters stumble across a monastery in the hills, devoted to the welfare of all. While they turn no one away, there has been little traffic in this region, and they have seen few cases of the plague. Among its other creature comforts, the monastery has baths and a library. In the library are numbers of old texts, many of which have been lost to modern scholars, and are known only by references in other works. If this were not true enough, there is also a book of thin aluminum plates, with script in corrupt English, appearing to be the records of a stranded temporal (or perhaps a space) expedition.

The monks only know that it was left here some 50-odd years ago by an old traveller, who said it was bestowed to him in a dream. Normally, the monks would have considered it a heathen tome, but its unearthly qualities and incorruptibility convinced them otherwise. They, of course, were unable to decipher it.



Among other things, the tome gives the location of the original destination site, and mentions that much of the original equipment had to be left behind. The expedition was far from its planned arrival site, and was going to try to reach another expedition in the eastern Mediterranean area. For obvious reasons, it can't mention whether they got there or not. From the text, the supposed site is only about two days travel off (tailor to the movement capabilities of the group).

What is at the site after some several decades have passed? The description is good enough that given a few days' searching, the spot can be found. At the base of a hill lay some shards of plastic and metal, with the overgrown remnants of some kind of vehicle, perhaps 20 meters long, crumpled in the front from an impact, and scorched and twisted in the back from some kind of explosion. A hatch on the top still works (with a few people applying leverage to get a 500kg force). Inside it is dark except for a few wan green telltales running off tritium capsules. Water has seeped in over the years and there are muddy puddles on the floor. Whatever sort of vehicle it was, it is never going anywhere again.

Characters doing a thorough inventory can get some freeze-dried rations (3d10 man-days), perhaps some synthetic clothing, water bottles and a variety of scrap which may or may not be useful, like partially full tanks of oxygen or other compounds, first aid supplies (including antibiotics), sheet and structural aluminum, and the remnants of either a small hyperdrive, antigrav or temporal distortion generator.

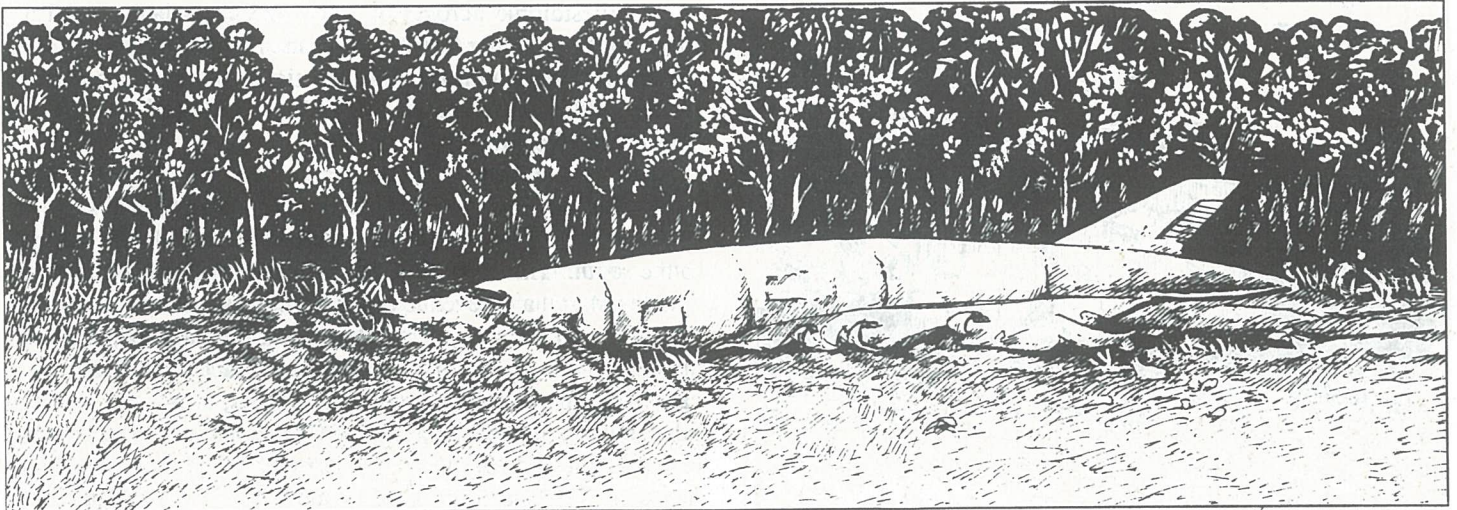
Hysteria - This isn't our Earth, but an alternate where psionic powers developed. The mass hysteria and death caused by the plague has gained tangible form. Horrible, glowing creatures of nightmare stalk the streets, feeding on the fear that created them. One's own fears are what they prey on. If you fear the loss of your eternal soul, ones that suck your Power dry will hunt you down. If you fear the fires of Hell, fiery demons will catch you and immolate you, and so on. The hysteria is controlled by the bounds of the local superstitions. They feel if you stay inside, you will be safe, and so you are. They only come out after sunset, and if you don't open your doors after the sun comes down, they can't come in. Of course this doesn't stop the plague, but you can at least take precautions against the demons you can see.

In **TimeLords** terms, every minute you spend outside at night (in a city) you have a 1 in 20 chance of being psionically assaulted, with a base effect of 1d10 for each population order of magnitude over 1,000. That is, for a population of 1,000 there would be an effect of 1d10. For a population of 10,000 it would be 2d10 and for a population of 100,000 it would be 3d10.

Once one of these latches onto you, it automatically does the rolled effect on you until you are unconscious, dead or a gibbering lump. It will automatically prey on psychological limitations first. For instance, if you have claustrophobia, you will be smothered in a confining darkness until you are too incoherent to think. A person with a fear of drowning will be dragged or levitated to the nearest well and dropped in, and so on. For those with no irrational fears, the GM can either draw something from their character's past or personality, or roll randomly between the choices of Energy attack (fire), Mind attack (pain), Mind control (possession), or Mind illusions (fear).

Just to add insult to injury, these aren't illusions, but rather the mass creation of an overwrought, unknowingly psionic populace. Disbelieving does not make it go away, although unconsciousness would.

Option - There are likely to be a small number of people, who either through "holy powers" or innate levels of Power, are too powerful, "holy" or "feared" for demons to touch. Likewise, there may also be those who are powerful enough to shape the demons to their own ends. Such are going to be very powerful and influential people who it would be unwise to antagonize.



#11 - Battle of Tours

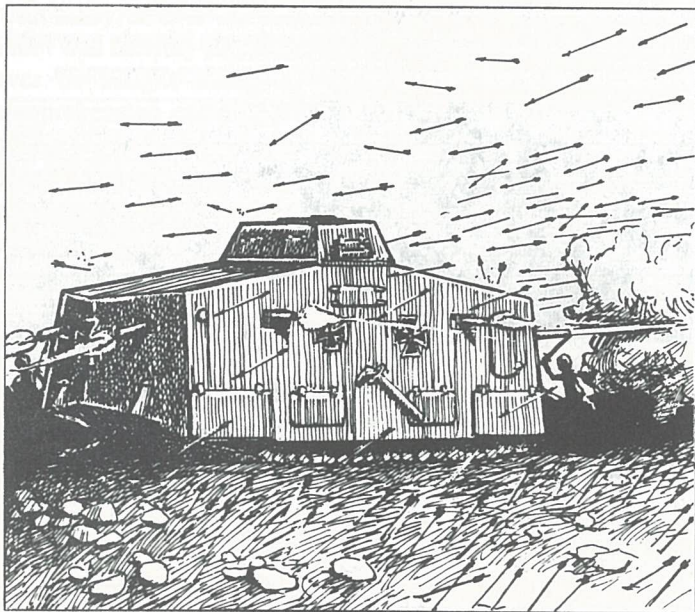
Opening scene - The sun shines down from a sky filled with fluffy cumulus clouds, casting a patchwork appearance to the fields that surround the hill you are on. The irregular fields are bordered by low stone walls or rutted paths, and thatched huts dot the terrain. For a change, there is no castle in sight, no "friendly" greeting party, nothing but the warm breeze rustling through the grass. All signs point to a historical Earth, or near alternate.

Backdrop - The characters have appeared in the Touraine province of France, near the city of Tours, about 200km southwest of Paris. The year is 732AD. Since the exact events that took place in this region are not perfectly recorded, this capsule will play fast and loose with the facts for adventures' sake. In general, the background is correct. All else should be taken with a grain of salt.

At this point in time, much of the land south of here is held by "Arabs", that is, non-Europeans following Islam, whose armies march at the orders of Caliph Yezid the Second. In common terms of the time, heathen. In later centuries, many a European army would get their noses bloodied at the hands of these Middle Eastern forces, but the First Crusade won't be for another 363 years.

The current lord of Tours is Charles Martel, later known as Charles the Hammer for the beating of the Arabs he historically delivered in 732. He is 44 years old, and Mayor of the Frankish Court. In 725, while Arab armies were ravaging southern France, he was out conquering Bavaria.

Divergence - In 675AD, Arab armies made a push northwards and were in this area, at the same time as his grandfather was the local ruler. They were perhaps more open about "pagan" practices then, for this Lord of Tours had a sorcerer living in his castle, an odd gentleman of books and letters who asked for nothing but peace and shelter, and in return worked magic for the good of all. That is, he was probably a retired TimeLord.



As the situation with the Arabs deteriorated, he was called upon to save the people, but he did not. Not until the castle itself was threatened. Then, as the near-victorious Arab army encircled the low walls around the town, he used his "magicks" and summoned a demon army into their midst. Armed with steel and fire and thunder, the two armies fell upon each other, and the forces of Tours fell upon what was left. None survived. And of the sorcerer, there was no sign. He had taken his few possessions and departed, and was never seen again. His chambers were sealed, and have remained untouched. Of the armies, they were burned or buried, except for the mightiest of the demon army, which lay dormant on the field. With the combined force of the town's oxen, it was dragged to the castle, where a stone enclosure was built to cover it, and there it has remained until now.

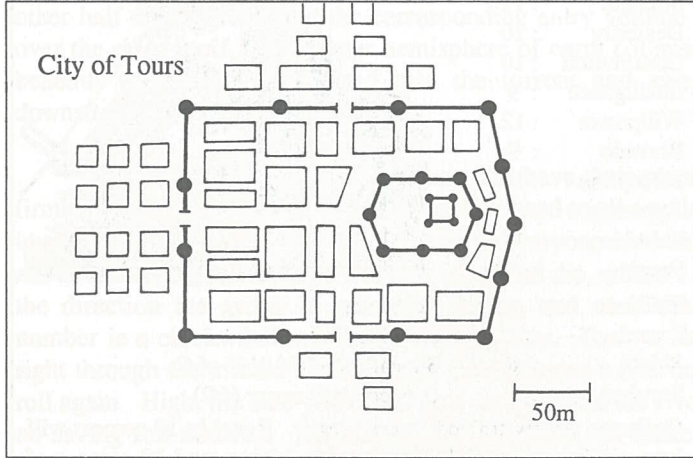
Translation - The TimeLord reached out with his power and grabbed a small portion of an advancing WWI German armored unit, with a few dozen soldiers, a machine gun or two, and an A7V tank. The situation wasn't attacking across Allied lines anymore, but was definitely hostile. Rifles are much better than swords, but the swords were greater in number and the rifles limited in ammunition. The only survivor was the A7V, which suffered a separate fate. A freak accident punctured one of the internal fuel tanks, and the vapor was ignited by the engines. The overpressure was not enough to damage the vehicle, but more than sufficient to kill the crew. The stalled A7V was dragged into town, and a stone vault built to cover it. Perhaps it could have or should have been destroyed, but one never knows when this kind of power might be useful...if it can be resurrected and given life again. The TimeLord, knowing that someone, somewhere would notice the event and come to investigate, decided simply to leave, and continue his retirement elsewhere.

Adventure ideas - The main one is the characters and the tank, and how to get the two together. Overall, this adventure should take several weeks.

Part 1 - The characters arrive. Since all directions look equally good, whichever way they head off will send them in the direction of Tours. After they leave (or if they set up camp), a local will stumble across the Jump site, associate it with the lightning and thunder heard earlier, and rush off to tell someone. Someone more important will investigate. This will be passed up the ladder until Charles Martel hears of it and investigates. This could take a few days.

Part 2 - The characters tour the countryside, and see some of the refugees passing through. They find out what is going on to the south. This may alter their plans. Somehow, somewhere, Charles Martel and revenue (he did bring a small army with him) catch up with the characters. Depending on reactions, firepower and diplomacy, he will try to enlist the characters to his aid. You can make him a real bastard, using threats, or as benevolent as 8th century commanders get. The GM should make sure to drop enough hints of extratemporal items to pique the character's interest. By consent or under armed guard, the characters go

with him, or lead him on a merry chase through the countryside until the Matrix recharges and they Jump out. This could also take a few days. Depending on the previous Jump, the Matrix may be recharged by now.



Part 3 - The characters get back to Tours. A small walled town of a few thousand people, it lies along the banks of the Loire river, and under the shadow of a small motte-and-bailey castle. The "demon" or "golem" is in a stone edifice that is part of the outer wall, just inside the moat (which was redug to include it). Their quarters and circumstance will depend on the conditions of their arrival, but can have the full range of Dark Ages amenities. Among the high points of the stay is the rifling of the "sorcerers" chambers, in an old unused section of the main tower. Almost all high-tech items have been removed by the former owner, but there is an impressive collection of period manuscripts, worth a fortune at any modern museum. Also, hidden under one of the loose flagstones on the floor is a secret compartment. In it is a stash of precious gems and gold, and a spherical electronic device about the size of a grapefruit. It has several pushbuttons, all under a spring-loaded plastic cover. The writing is not English, but characters with decent scores in Latin-based languages (French, Spanish, Italian, etc.) can make out what *might* be "Emergency", "Standard", "Message" and "Self-destruct". This is a one-use temporal beacon that the old TimeLord picked up in his travels. It activates two seconds after a button is pressed, and uses a small monopole bomb to create a tiny temporal pulse, which is monitored by whatever agency made the device. The beacon and everything within a few millimeters of it disappears (including parts of your hand if holding it), and one of four things will happen:

1. Everything within a 1.5 meter radius disappears to wherever this device called home.
2. Everything within a 3 meter radius does the same.
3. Instead of disappearing, a small light begins to glow green on the control panel. After 10 seconds, it will change to yellow for one second, and then turn red for two seconds before disappearing. Whomever recovers it at the other end will have a low quality ultracompressed sound message of what was said during the time the green light was on.
4. The device makes ominous noises for 3 seconds, explodes with a force of 50E, and alerts someone of its presence.

Among the other pleasantries on this end, any use will result in a Time Patrol investigation as soon as they can pin down where and when the beacon was activated. This could take several days, or their Jump could be several days after the activation, due to inaccuracy of the fix. From here, they can try to deduce what happened, and get a fix on where the characters Jumped to with their Matrix, and so on...

Notwithstanding that, there is a *tank* rusting in the vault...

The A7V - This is a German tank of WWI origin. It was designed to be a "land battleship". It is 8m long, 3.2m wide, 3.5m high and massed 30 metric tons. It was armed with a 57mm naval gun, and 6 Maxim guns, and had a crew of 18. Its two 100hp gas engines could propel it at up to 3m/sec, and on a full tank of 600 liters of fuel, it could travel up to 80 kilometers. What it lacked in range it made up in combat endurance, with over 200 cannon rounds and 18,000 MG rounds, plus the sidearms of the crew.

This A7V is in a dry old stone vault built into the outer wall of the castle. There is no door, and a small wall must be removed to gain access, as is done once each generation to show that it really does exist.

Once the characters gain access, they can glean the following information:

It doesn't start.

It has about 3/4 a tank of fuel, of dubious quality.

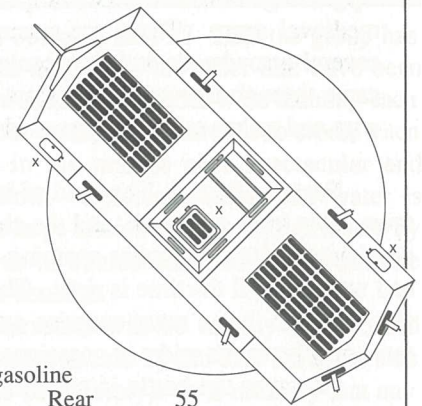
There are 123 cannon rounds left, and 11,000 MG rounds.

There are 18 skeletons inside, wearing WWI uniforms.

There are a total of 3 rifles and 6 pistols among the crew, with about 30 rounds for each.

Armored

Name	- A7V			
Seating	- 18			
Mass	- 30,000kg			
Carr Cap.	- 5,000kg			
Length	- 8.0m			
Width	- 3.2m			
Height	- 3.5m			
Max speed	- 9kph/3m			
Acc/Dec	- 1m/3m/sec			
Climb/Dive	- n/a			
Turn mode	- 5			
Range	- 80km			
Fuel capacity	- 600 liters gasoline			
Armor	Front	Rear	55	55
	R.Side	Top	55	55
	L.Side	Bottom	55	55
	Engine	13(9BP)	Tracks	50(100BP)



Armament - 57mm cannon, ROF of 1 per 3 sec, 200 rounds
- 6 Maxim guns, 3,000 rounds for each (AP ammo)

Notes - German heavy tank of the year 1918. Less than 20 of these monsters were built before the end of the war, although more than 100 were ordered. Of the crew of 18, 12 were machine-gunners, 2 operated the cannon, two were mechanics/drivers, and the last 2 were the commander and observer. Cross-country performance was roughly half of top speed.

Part 4 - The characters toil to make the damn thing work again. This can be punctuated by sighting of Arab forces, refugees being turned away from town (unless they have strong arms to lend), and preparations for a siege being made. The stone vault is the best place to work on the thing, as it is totally protected from the weather and casual view, and a chimney can be knocked in the roof to let out smoke from the torches that will be used for lighting. The GM can make specific decisions regarding what can and can't be repaired, and the time required. The thing has sat here untended for 57 years. The most likely sources or problems which the characters should work on are:

1. The suspension, which is bottomed out. It will require some timber bracing to get the proper tension back in the springs. This doesn't matter that much with a top speed of 3m/sec.
2. The fuel. The tanks must have the access covers removed, the tanks cleaned, and the fuel filtered.
3. The engines rebuilt. All the seals need to be replaced. This can be done easily with available leather, and the A7V carries a full set of tools. Each engine drives a separate gearbox, and so both are needed to do anything but drive in circles. At the very least, two people are required just to steer this thing, and neither of them can see outside while doing so, having to rely on instructions from the commanders station.
4. All lubricating fluids replaced. Nothing suitable is around, but short term substitutes like animal or vegetable oil can be procured.
5. All weapons cleaned. Due to age, all the guns are reliability class III (class II if using new ammo, class IV if the machine guns are fired without an extra character acting as loader).
6. Upgrading. This machine really wasn't built to withstand a medieval army. There are spears lying on the floor, and several arrowheads and fragments of swords that obviously came through the ventilation slots in the roof. Some barbed wire and spikes might be a good idea.

Part 5 - Battle! The field of battle is about 10km out of town. It is large and open, and the character's will have several days' notice, the two armies camping within sight of each other and waiting until the time is right. The mobilization of troops is slow enough that a mass surprise attack is unlikely, although there may be sneak raids, or occasional sentry disappearances.

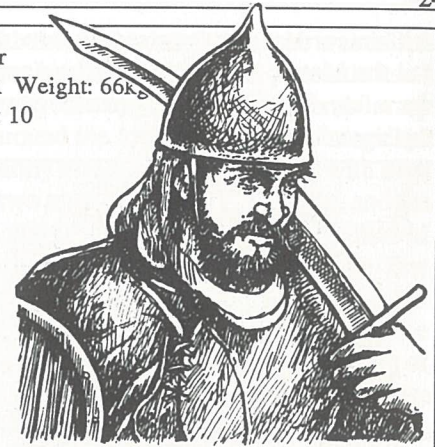
However the battle is arrayed, the characters should be fairly safe. No medieval weapon will penetrate the side of the tank. The aiming ports can be used to stick a spear or sword through, however. Also, a scimitar to the water-cooled barrels can rupture the cooling jacket or dent the barrel. On autofire, this might result in a weapon explosion, driving the bolt back through the weapon and into the firing character's chest (DV12III). Those who didn't take precautions against a fanatic army might discover a few Arabs who discovered how to open the hatches from the outside, and start running amok in the confined space with melee weapons.

If things really get out of hand, the group can always Jump out. The A7V will still be driveable if the Matrix is at the *exact* center, but be missing its front and rear armor, guns, and the commander's cupola.

Random Cannon Fodder
 Age: 23 Height: 165cm Weight: 66kg
 Body Points: 27 Speed: 10

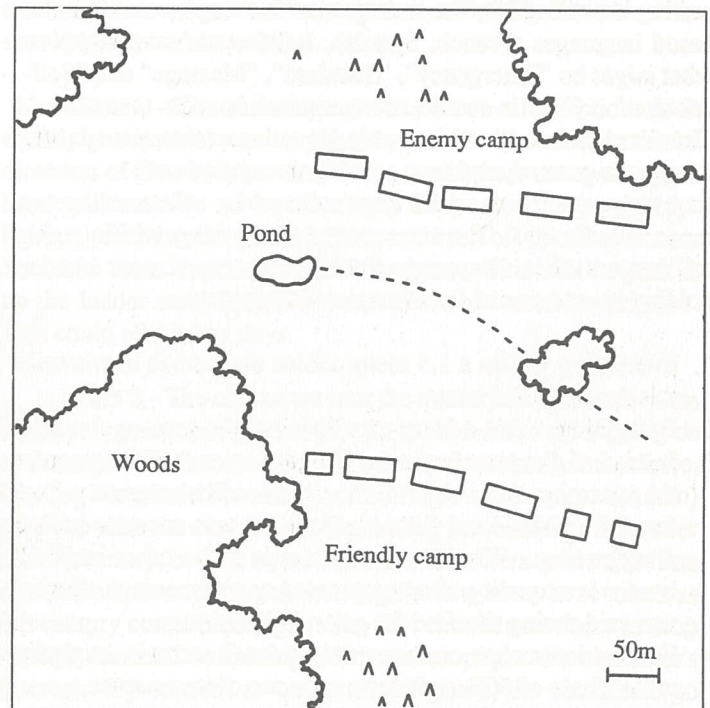
Strength : 11
 Dexterity : 10
 Constitution : 10
 Intelligence : 9
 Willpower : 12
 Bravado : 9
 Perception : 10
 Appearance : 8
 Stamina : 12
 Power : 6

Skills: Equipment:
 Sword : 8 Scimitar (15I w/Str)
 Shield : 8 3 location shield (AV of 6)
 Survival : 8 Padded cloth armor (4/2)



Ordinary, poorly trained peasant army. Roughly 10 percent will have skills or physical stats 2 points higher, and 10 percent of those will be 2 points higher still. The occasional rabid fanatic will be counted as having a berserk Strength and Willpower of 20. A small percentage of total forces will be bowmen, of same skill.

Options - Obviously, if characters already pack the firepower of an army, there will be little here to lure them, and few ways to coerce them. In this case, some other item should be substituted for the tank. An item too big to conveniently move, too inaccessible to Jump out with, or too fragile to take by force. Something the characters need the cooperation of the locals to gain full advantage of. An example might be a secret TimeLord dungeon/lab, with all sorts of records and goodies. In combination with this might be a badly injured character, who needs the high-tech medical help this lab can still provide. Any item that is a "holy grail" for the characters can be used. If they want it bad enough, they'll stay, and do anything required to get the item.



#12 - Divide and Conquer

Opening scene - You are on a small precipice overlooking a medium sized river. Half of you are, anyway. The other half of the group and the corresponding entry volume is over the river itself, and as your hemisphere of earth collapses beneath you, you are plunged into the torrent and swept downstream.

What happens - Most characters will have their places firmly in mind when they Jump, in case they need to take action immediately upon arrival, so asking where everyone is should not be necessary or suspicious. Roll a six-sided die, where 1 is the direction the group is generally facing, and each other number is a clockwise increment of 60 degrees. Draw a line right through the middle of the Matrix field, choose a side and roll again. High, the side you chose gets dumped into the river, no saving roll allowed. Anyone on the boundary can make a Dexterity roll (taking Matrix Lag into account) to stay on the dry side. Vehicles with a third or more of their footprint over the edge will tumble in sideways in as well, perhaps dragging some earth and a careless character along with them. Non floating vehicles are a total write-off at this point. Floating ones are probably half swamped and inoperable from water in the engine or flooding.

Once the Matrix Lag has worn off and people have a chance to see what is around them, the dry characters will see the not altogether pleasant sight of an armed honor guard, riding some sort of horse-like beasts, and armed with melee weapons or bows. The lead rider is very ornately armored, and has a standard bearer close behind and to the right. The two advance slowly towards the characters, with weapons sheathed. It appears to be some sort of parley group, and is making no hostile move except the advance towards the characters. If unopposed, he will dismount a dozen paces away, stride towards the group, takes off his helmet and cradles it with practiced ease, and says "Mighty sorcerers, I am Prince Vleitek of the Sidonai, and I am at your service." The actual language is a bit more flowery and formal, but that is the rough translation. If unopposed, he and his retainers will begin packing up the goods of the characters and heading away from the river. Why? A few arrows whistling past the characters and the injured yell of a retainer or two should provide sufficient answer, as on the opposite bank of the river is *another* army, and they are firing arrows in this general direction. The group will be hustled off under armed escort to safer areas. If the characters kill or injure the Prince in the initial encounter, their only option is to jump in the river and pray.

The wet group gets a slightly different treatment. The river bends here, and unless a character is an extremely powerful swimmer, they will be carried along the far bank for several score meters. The turbulence of the water is such that people might want to consider dropping heavy items. Those with irrational love for material goods should have to make several rolls on Swimming skill (with a minus) to keep the items *and* keep their heads above water. As the characters swing past the far bank, they will be snagged in (without hostile intent) by

thrown ropes, or men wading in to catch them before they are carried away. If using weapons is an immediate concern to a character, the silty water will cause an increase of 2 in the reliability of the weapon (I to III, etc.). Once fished out, they will get a similar greeting from the opposing commander, Duke Cetron, who will profusely apologize for the treatment the characters received at his hands, but he only wanted to spare their lives. And, he is sorry about their friends... With this, he will gesture to the opposite bank, where it appears the dry group is being hustled off under armed guard (which is what the dry group will see of the wet one). A flurry of arrow fire strikes into the sandy river bank, and the Duke asks "may we go to someplace less dangerous, your eminences?". The Duke will give assurances that any floating items will be recovered, but that "we must hasten to safety".



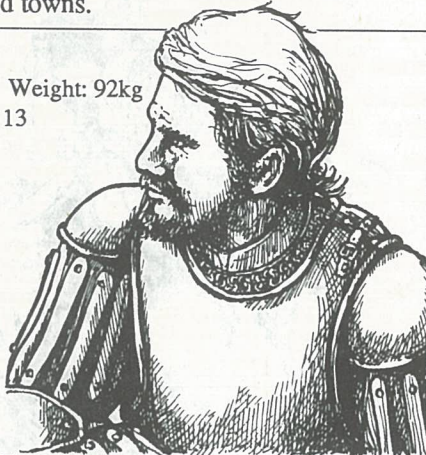
Background - It's obvious, isn't it? Half the group has just been "captured" by an army, and the other half have been "captured" by the other. In reality, both sides were taunting each other over this patch of river that is too hazardous to cross, when the characters appeared in the middle of a spectacular and extremely noisy light show. Upstream where the water is calmer, the two sides have large armies encamped, stalemated by the river. Both sides have of course heard of magic, and are smart enough to realize its benefits.

Both groups of characters will be royally treated, and given a full account of events as told by the best liars that side has to offer (i.e. *their* side of the story). It is unlikely that any conventional radios the wet characters have will have come through the dunking unscathed, giving the GM several hours at least to get the ball rolling.

The basic situation is this: Each side wants the characters to provide magical assistance to help defeat the other side, and is willing to promise wealth and power for those who do so. No mention is made of what will happen to those who don't. When the awe of the characters wears off, it will become clearer. Neither side will let one group of characters near the others, and it is likely that only *one* group has a Matrix, making such a reunion mandatory for escape.

Both sides portray their foes as "baby eaters", the worst scum of the earth, criminals, cutthroats, spies and murderers. The nice part is, both sides are right.

Prince Vlietek is the ruler of the city-state alliance of Sidonai, which holds an area about the size of Texas, somewhere to the west. His mother died of food poisoning and his younger brother just "stopped breathing" one night shortly after Vlietek's coronation at age 18. The loyalty of the local leaders under his sway is held by the fact that half their children are held ransom, being "educated" in schools far from their parents castles, and always under armed guard. He only has respect for people who stand up to him and provide him with a challenge. Those, he kills outright. The rest, he grinds underfoot first. Even he was awed by the arrival of the characters, but that will wear off all too quickly if the characters fail to produce results. If they do produce, he will treat them very well, just like any other valuable tool. His sub-commanders got where they are today by rising within this system, and aren't much better. He keeps them in line with the spoils of war and the threats he can bring to bear on their families, friends and towns.

		
Prince Vlietek Age: 35 Height: 190cm Weight: 92kg Body Points: 32 Speed: 13		
Strength	: 12	
Dexterity	: 14	
Constitution	: 14	
Intelligence	: 18	
Willpower	: 20	
Bravado	: 20	
Perception	: 12	
Appearance	: 10	
Stamina	: 12	
Power	: 9	
Skills:	Equipment:	
Sword	: 20	Light battle plate (12/9)
Military Sci.	: 16	Two longwords
Acting	: 14	Concealed daggers (poisoned)
Torture	: 12	Medieval surgery tools

Duke Cetron is a superstitious barbarian at heart. He has risen to power in a society where leadership is measured by prowess in combat. He has united what once was a quarrelsome clan society into a functioning country. He rules by fiat, but under advisement of a cadre of shamans and wise men from the various tribes he "represents". He is chauvinist to the extreme, bigoted and seldom bathes. He has had 6 wives, all of whom displeased him in some way and are no longer around to do so again. He won control of his own tribe by wresting it from his uncle in single combat, and arranged accidents for those few he felt he couldn't beat among the other tribes. He is constantly looking for omens, and has been known to impale those who, for one reason or another, bring bad omens or *are* bad omens.

He will be much more in awe of the characters than Prince Vlietek, and this will last longer, but he is a man of action. He will not brook excuses that he cannot comprehend, and is likely to spit someone with a sword just to make his point. If the characters hadn't arrived, Prince Vlietek would probably have been able to draw him out and destroy his army piecemeal, even though it is somewhat larger. With the characters here, who knows?

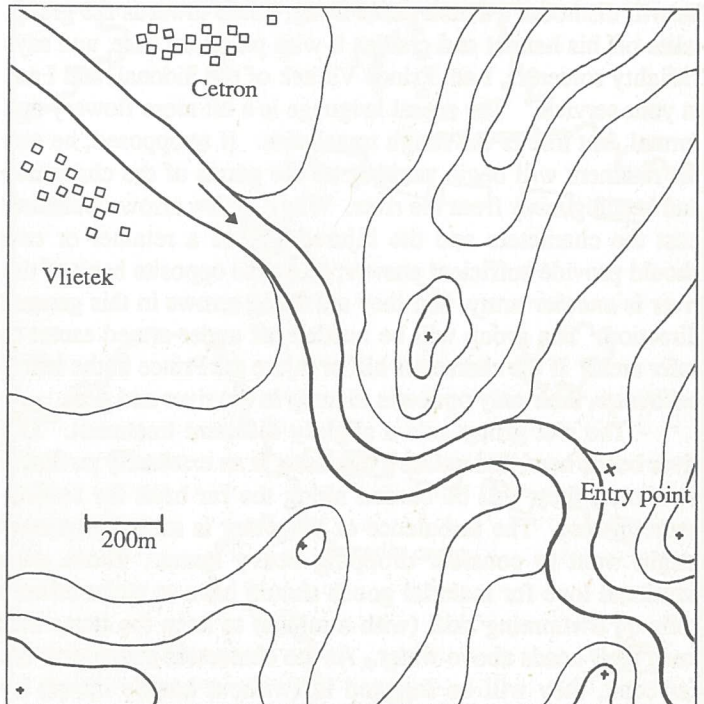
Adventure ideas - There is basically only one, that of getting back together and getting the hell out, but there are a variety of complications aside from the obvious.

For equipment building and general connivance, the characters can get any finished item from TL4 except guns, and given the raw materials, there are smiths who are capable of making TL4 firearms. There are no machine tools, and the materials of choice for items are wood, iron and brass. Crude welding is possible, but only on items that are relatively small (Medium or less).

Coup - One of the subcommanders wants to usurp power and approaches or tries to blackmail the characters into helping. If this fails, an attempt will be made to steal some sorcerous device and use it to frame the characters for a crime. Or, an attempt will be made on that character's life, just to silence their knowledge of the plot.

Jealousy - One of the wise men or viziers sees the characters as a threat to his power. He will either attempt to eliminate the characters and steal their power, or trade their power for transport to the other side of the river. Unless he is an especially kind soul, he would probably rather see the characters dead, since dead wizards don't tell tales.

Espionage - Regardless of appearances, someone will try to be within earshot of the characters at all times. Radio contact with the others *might* be interpreted as treason unless the characters have a good story to use to their advantage ("our friends across the river are captive, and are using their eldritch arts to tell the enemy plans...yeah, that's the ticket.") Treason is punishable by immediate decapitation if you are lucky. Otherwise, the penalty is being skinned alive and tumbled to death in a barrel of salt, or being roasted to death bit by bit in an iron cage (feet first). Take your pick which side does which.



#13 - Warlords of Mars

Opening scene - An explosive puff of air blasts red dust into the air in all directions, heralding arrival on a world with a lower air pressure than Earth. Some built-in function of the Matrix kicks in, preventing air bubbles from instantly forming in your blood, but the pressure equalization is still painful, to say the least. The worst of it is over by the time the dust settles, and you notice several things. One, the horizon is a lot closer than it ought to be, two, the sun is a lot smaller, and three, the gravity is much less than that of Earth. Experimentation will show that it is about 40% of Earth gravity, although the sun and constellations show every indication of being those of Earth.

About a kilometer off is a road of some type, leading arrow-straight into the distance. It will take a while to get there on foot, since the air is so thin and you have to stop for rest, and vehicles only operate at about 65% efficiency. The air is at the 6,000 meter level, which is above what human can live at for long periods of time, but for a few weeks or months, it will only be severely debilitating.

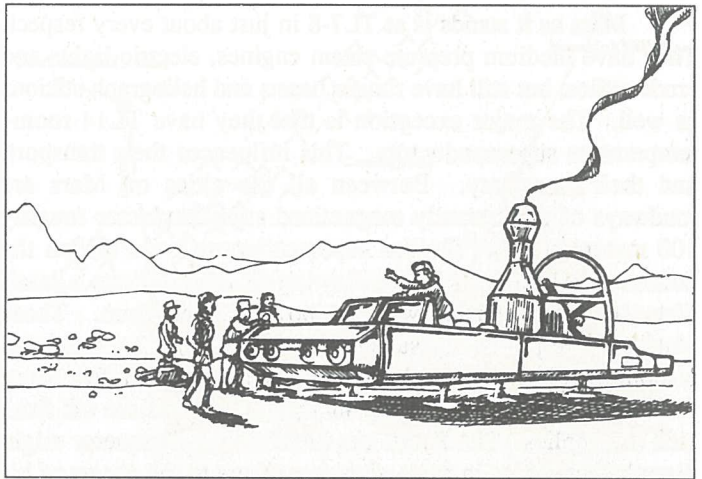
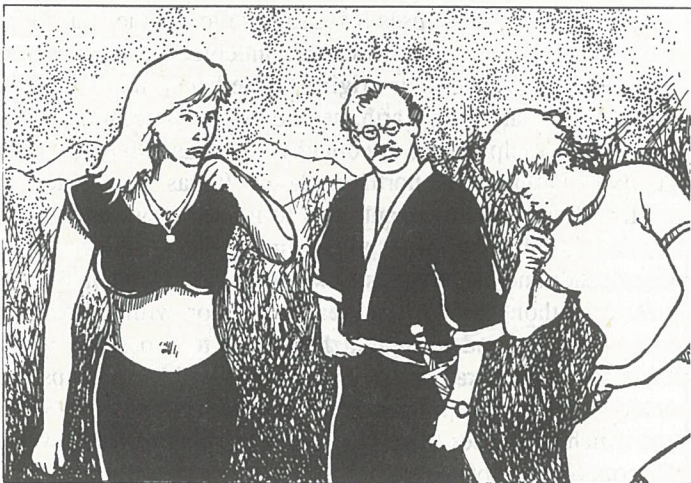
By the time the characters get within hailing distance of the road, they will see a vehicle of some type approaching. From a distance, it appears to be a steam-powered hovercraft, that is, it has a boiler and a large propellor, but it is floating above the ground with no wheels, although keen-eyed characters will see some low skids on the chassis. The vehicle is open-topped, and the lone occupant eyes the characters with curiosity rather than alarm. If the characters don't approach, he will get out a brass telescope and peer at the characters through it before putting it away and waiting some more. He won't go away.

If the characters finally confront him, he will look somewhat like a early 20th century pilot, with a leather cap, goggles and heavy driving coat. In fact, until he shows his 7 fingered hands to take off the goggles and show his vertical pupils and pointed, multilobal ears, he will look like a normal human.

"Who are you, and what are you doing out here in the middle of nowhere?"

"Ummm...we're from Earth?"

"Nonsense! The air on Earth is much too thick and wet to breathe. Still, you *aren't* from around here. Get in, and I'll take you back to my lab. I've got some questions I'd like to ask you."



Background - This isn't quite our Mars. Mars developed a culture long before humans did, and as their planet slowly died, so did their civilization. Right now they are at a year in our past remote enough that they still haven't confirmed the existence of intelligent life on Earth (light from our cities). The actual date is up to you. They are living on their ancestors, large portions of their cities left empty, technologies maintained by rote knowledge, the birthrate is declining, and the cities have taken to warfare over scarce resources.

The gentleman who offered them a lift (whether they accepted or not) is Professor Xanthon of Milatus, a notable eccentric who puzzles his way through the mysteries of his ancestors, and tries to keep the old scientific knowledge alive. He doesn't have a lot of success. He lives alone in an abandoned part of what once was a college, scrounging through old records and apparatus, supported by occasional grants from the Milatus government and fees for teaching the few students who seek more than the rituals of building they learn under the priests of various machine gods.

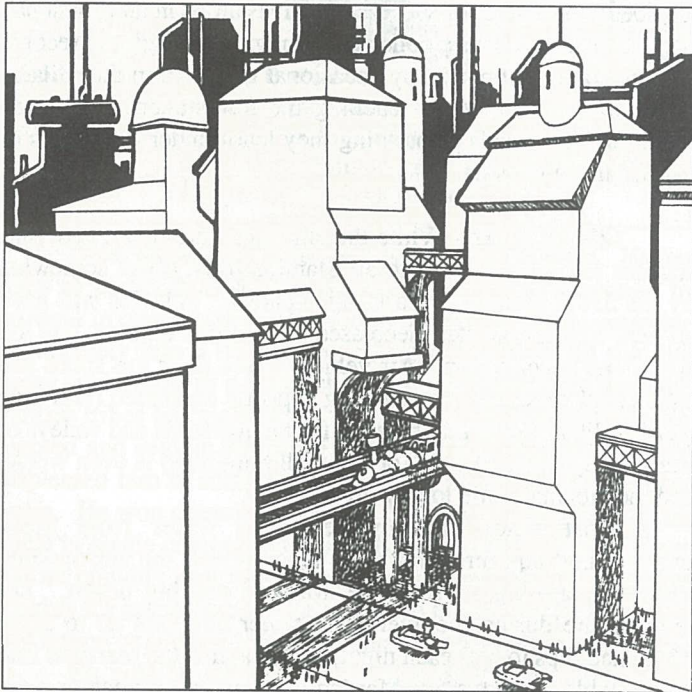
Life on Mars - While the characters are there, take into account the permanent -7 to all Stamina rolls, offset somewhat by the 250% increase in carrying capacity. Vehicles will have all their appropriate stats decreased by a similar amount, like top speed and acceleration. Air vehicles have their top speed and stall speed increased, but carrying capacity decreased (less drag and less lift). These numbers are for the lowlands and valleys of Mars. Any range of hills (or very tall buildings) is even worse, and the mountains are totally off-limits.

Most cities are supplied with water from great underground aquifers, and these also irrigate the surrounding lands for farming. Otherwise, Mars is one big desert. The temperature during the average summer day gets up to about 15°C, and dips to 5°C each night, temperatures the Martians find comfortable. The average Martian is as tall as a human or more so, with a very large chest and humanoid form. As mentioned before, their eyes have vertical pupils, they have seven fingers (two opposable thumbs), and pointed multilobal ears. Their average Strength is somewhat lower, and their skeletal system somewhat lighter. If you are into xenophilia, humans and Martians are compatible, and some may find the idea attractive (but they probably have jealous spouses).

Mars as it stands is at TL7-8 in just about every respect. They have medium pressure steam engines, electric lights and crude radios, but still have runner beasts and heliograph stations as well. The major exception is that they have TL14 room-temperature superconductors. This influences their transport, and their weaponry. Between all the cities on Mars are roadways of permanently magnetized superconductor roughly 100 meters across. Similar superconductor loops are on the bottom of all their vehicles, allowing them to levitate a small distance over the road with no power expenditure. These platforms are pushed by steam powered fans, giving rapid and smooth travel between any two cities. These roads affect every walk of life, as without them, many areas would die off from lack of supplies. The Roads are inviolate. A conqueror might disembowel babies in front of their mothers to the cheers of his troops, but those same troops would stake him out in the desert if he ordered them to touch the Roads. Since the Roads go through the cities, each city controls access to the next, and the political jockeying for trade and passage is continuous.

The Martians have no gunpowder weapons. Instead, they have railguns, using TL14 superconductors, but TL10 electronics. They make nasty weapons, but are somewhat cumbersome and slow to charge. They come in all varieties, from pistols to vehicular weapons, although the latter are never used where they might damage the Roads.

The various technology guilds make different items, like radios, weapons, vehicular lift platforms, etc., and all guard their knowledge like it was their livelihood (which it is).



Adventure ideas - This can be a relatively worry-free excursion into another probability, or yet another trip into the dangerous unknown, depending on the characters and GM. The characters do *not* under any circumstances fit in here any more than they would among an African pygmy tribe or in 5th century China. They don't look the same, walk the same, act the same or talk the same. And they will have to get used to that.

Xanthon of Milatus
 Age: 57 Height: 190cm Weight: 90kg (36kg in Martian gravity)
 Body Points: 32 Speed: 9

Strength : 6
 Dexterity : 12
 Constitution : 10
 Intelligence : 18
 Willpower : 9
 Bravado : 12
 Perception : 10
 Appearance : 12
 Stamina : 12
 Power : 6

Skills:
 Physics : 15
 Electronics : 10
 Biology : 8
 Rifle : 5
 Philosophy : 11
 Area knowl. : 10
 (politics)



Equipment:
 Universal Martian key set (80% effective)
 Small smoke grenade
 100m roll of steel wire (holds 200kg)
 Multi-tool (equivalent to Swiss army knife)

Eccentric scientist. Intensely curious about some things, but totally oblivious to others. He searches for knowledge for knowledge's sake, and generates practical applications only if it is the only way to get at some more important kind of knowledge, an example of which is his steam tractor.

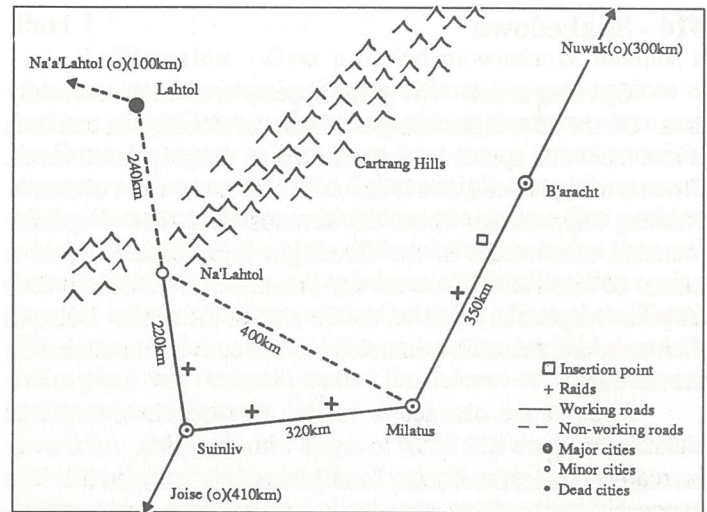
Scavenger hunt - At its peak some thousands of years ago, this culture probably reached TL14 in some areas, and TL12 in almost all. This means they had space travel, and undoubtedly visited Earth, although it would have been a hostile, uninhabitable place, with gravity over twice what they were used to and crushing air pressure. Perhaps Terran archaeologists will someday discover the remains of those expeditions on high Andean plateaus, or maybe not.

In any case, in their long slide back into obscurity devices have been left to gather dust, but may still be working. Especially indoors, the dry Martian air would tend to prevent too much decay. Characters might find useful stuff, or trip over devices sensible Martians would leave alone because of the sign that says "Do not touch! Extremely dangerous!". Of course, the characters don't read Martian...

Quest - Xanthon uses his influence to get the characters out of a bad situation, and uses this indebtedness to find out more about them, like their origins. Whether or not he can be convinced they are from Earth, he knows that open-minded and strong backed help is hard to come by. He wants to explore the lost city of Pafhk, in the northern plains. It was "lost" when its road failed and the inhabitants had to move elsewhere several centuries ago. It is rumored to hold great secrets of the past, but without roads and sure sources of water few have the initiative to try it. Xanthon has built a steam levitator with retractable driving wheels, and with this he hopes to cross the many kilometers of inoperable roadway. Armed with old maps, he wants to explore the caverns beneath the city for an object or place which he refuses to divulge to the characters until they are safely out of reach of the authorities.

Secret knowledge - Any group of mechanically inclined characters should already know most of what is hidden knowledge to much of the Martian guilds. If they start showing this knowledge for free, or find and fix a few machines that have been left broken for generations, they may start to develop a following, a following that will subtract from the fortunes of the guilds. The guilds would understandably be pissed. If the characters are in official favor, then a xenophobe movement may start up. Anti-alien slogans will appear on walls, people will be threatened for cooperating with the characters, priests will blame the characters for any chance ill event that happens, etc.

If the characters are just acting on their own without official support, more direct methods may be used, like seeing how well the characters fly from rooftops. Some of the more esoteric guilds may have secret "enforcement" or "anti-heresy" arms, and may want to do things "legally", that is, capture and trial *before* execution, rather than announcing the crimes after the fact. There are a variety of interesting Martian drugs that can be used to knock out, kill or immobilize a person, and it will take several attempts before the guilds realize that they have no effect on humans.



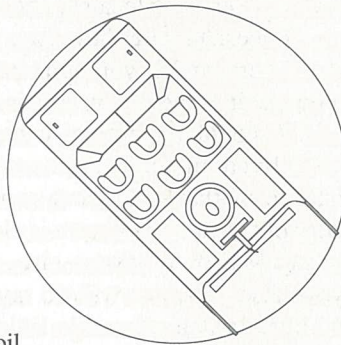
Guerrilla offensive - Control of the Roads is a primary concern to all city states, their hereditary leaders, and hereditary military commanders. Their ideas of government and warfare are quaint to say the least, and tinged through and through with the idea of sanctity of the Roads and maintaining the hereditary state of affairs, with them on top. Any decent tactician could stomp the snot out of them with 1:2 odds, and it appears that a band of desert nomads is doing just that. Under a very non-traditional leader (who maintains the sanctity of the Roads), trade caravans and their military escorts are getting totally wiped out. The few survivors were only able to babble incoherently about giant insects before expiring. It seems that someone may have found and repaired an old tripod walker and is putting it to good use. The military is treating this with less than the seriousness it deserves, and they can afford to, since they seldom get closer to battles than the planning tables in their villas. The local commanders who hold hereditary positions are not much better, being unable to tactically think of anything that is outside the centuries-old texts they were taught. The unit commanders have to obey their superiors or be shot for disloyalty, but otherwise try to keep things going the best they can. Whoever coordinates the attacks knows all the weaknesses of the system, and is exploiting them to the fullest.

In addition to the Road raids, there are apparently spies within each city, reporting on all of importance that goes on there. The characters may end up being on one of those reports, for good or ill.

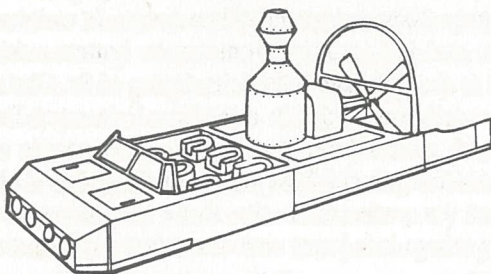


Unarmored

Name	- Road skimmer		
Seating	- 6		
Mass	- 2,000kg		
Carr Cap.	- 800kg		
Length	- 5.8m		
Width	- 2.6m		
Height	- 2.4m		
Max speed	- 120kph/33m		
Acc/Dec	-3m/3m/sec		
Climb/Dive	- n/a		
Turn mode	- 3		
Range	- 500km		
Fuel capacity	- 100 liters fuel oil		
Armor	Front	8	Rear 8
	R.Side	8	Top 0
	L.Side	8	Bottom 20
	Engine	15(15BP)	



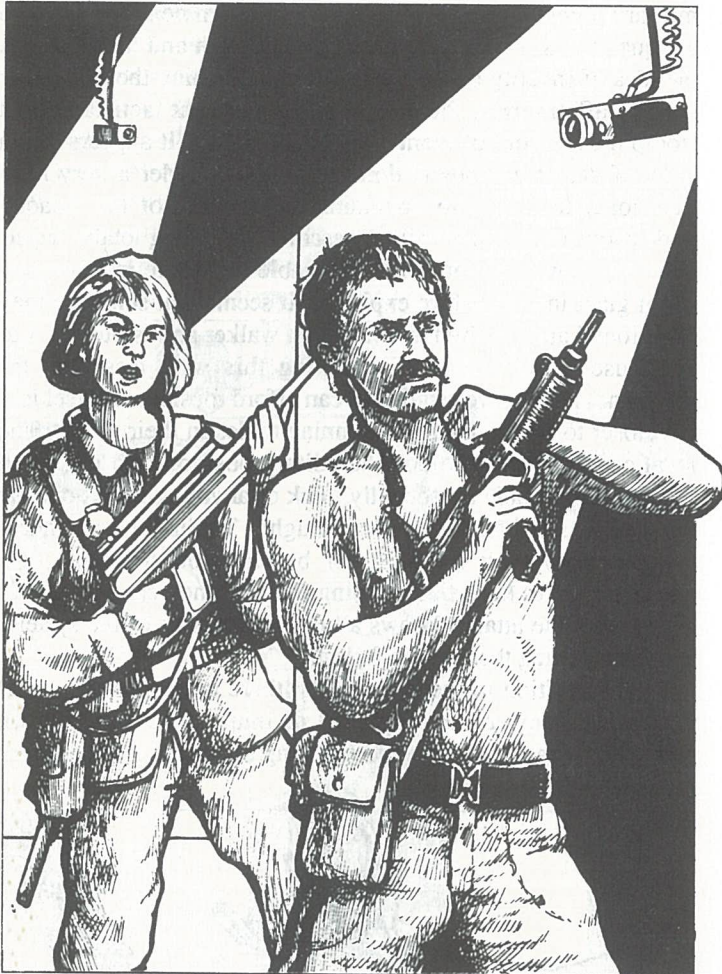
Notes - This is the low-tech equivalent of a hovercraft, designed for the unique environment of the Martian roads. The entire bottom of the skimmer is a complicated metal lattice plated with a super-conducting material, energized by a small generator attached to the vehicle's steam engine. This levitates the entire vehicle several centimeters off the ground, depending on the load carried. The large steam-powered fan propels the vehicle at a good rate, but it has poor maneuverability, since there is no contact with the ground. The driver can, however, add the acceleration of the vehicle to its turn mode or deceleration on a successful skill roll, by pointing the entire vehicle in the direction the extra thrust is needed. A failed roll has no adverse effect. From a cold start, the steam engine only gets 5% of its movement capability per minute of warm-up.



#14 - Shakedown

Opening scene - The group appears in an enclosed, sandy area. On the 20m high ceiling are banks of floodlights, and both it and the walls appear to be made out of roughly fused metal. There is a single door, and it looks as solid as the front of a tank. Nothing happens for about 30 seconds, and then a speaker mounted somewhere in the floodlight array announces in a matter-of-fact voice, "You are my prisoners. You will all drop all your weapons in a pile on the far side of the room. You will then strip and manacle yourselves to the convenient chains on the far wall."

Even if the characters realize they are in a hopeless situation, they are still likely to argue with the voice. An answer is ready. "If you don't, I will simply gas you all into unconsciousness, have someone else strip you, and perform interesting medical procedures on you to vent my frustration at being disobeyed. You have 30 seconds..."



Backdrop - The characters have not yet learned that Jumps can be altered from an outside source, and destinations can be changed (at some risk) during the actual Jump. If they did know, they might have been able to detect the tampering with their last Jump and thwarted it. As it is, they are now the prisoners of a TimeLord named Faust, who travels around the multiverse inside a small, converted asteroid. He does anything he wants, and so far has gotten away with it. He is one of the

TimeLords who has decided to promote himself to God, and treats lesser mortals with the callousness you would expect of the same.

Faust is of average height, but masses at least 150 kilos. Most of it looks like fat, and he would be almost laughable except for his voice and piercing eyes. You know this man is *dangerous*. Heeling to either side are giant wolves. Seated, the head of each one is midway to his shoulders, and they look far too intelligent to be friendly.

Faust wants an object, and he wants the characters to get it for him. He will explain this to the characters in the entry chamber as their clothes (sans weapons) are dumped in piles next to them by a very tall Amazon with pointed teeth, whose name is apparently Mary. Muted mechanical whirrings give the impression she is more than she appears, and she *appears* to be a really mondo, badass bitch.

Faust answers to no one, and he doesn't have to say why he wants the characters to fetch for him, or why he isn't doing it himself, but he does so anyway, because it pleases him.

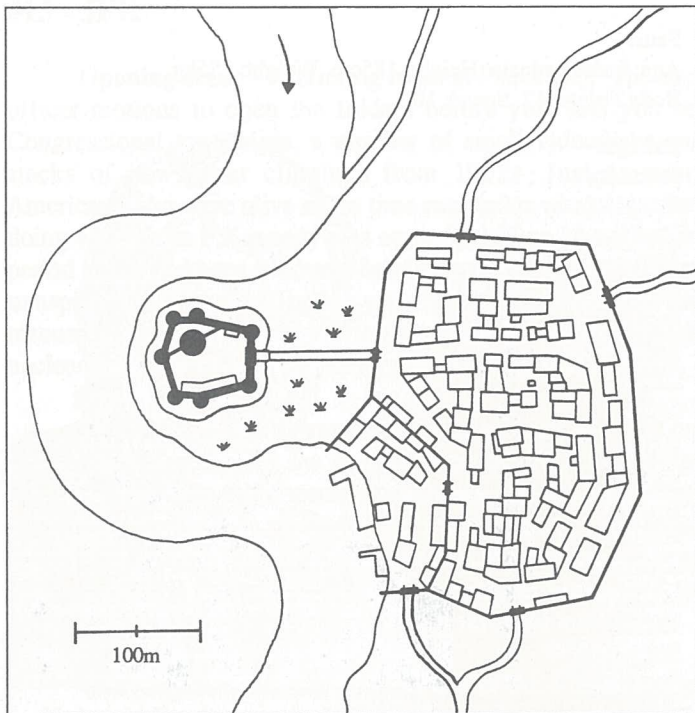
"You are going to recover the Cross of St. Christopheri for me. Why? Because I am going to program the next two jumps of your Matrix. The first will take you to the continuum and time where it is located, and the second will bring you back here. It doesn't matter how long you wait, your next Jump will be back here, and if you don't have it with you, I will kill you one by one in some grisly, artistic fashion." He continues.

"I would go and get it myself, but during my younger days I lived in that continuum, blissfully unaware of the existence of the Cross, and now, the entire period when the history of the Cross is known is closed to me. Naturally, I do not trust my Matrix to anyone else, nor do I trust the Matrices of anyone else. So, you will do my bidding, or spend the rest of your lives in that miserable little timeline wondering if I will ever send anyone to come and kill you one by one in your sleep."

While talking to the characters, he is examining their Matrix, which he finds immediately, regardless of how well it may have been concealed. He takes a similar device out of his pocket, and presses the two together. A small temporal ripple is felt by everyone in the room, and he tosses the Matrix onto the nearest convenient surface.

"Your Matrix is now recharged and ready to go. I expect it may take you a while to get the Cross, but how you do so is of no concern to me. You *will* be back." With that, he turns and leaves. The massive doors shut behind him with a hydraulic hiss, and the manacles on the character's wrists are released from some remote location.

The Cross - The Cross of St. Christopheri is a solid gold cross roughly 30cm wide and 50cm long. It weighs about 20 kilograms, and is encrusted from top to bottom with precious stones. It is the holy symbol of the Order of St. Christopheri, a benevolent religious order in a medieval alternate Earth. It is credited with several miracles, and the only people allowed to see or touch it are the highest priests of the order. Otherwise, it remains on its pedestal in the stone chambers beneath the monastery where it is kept, under constant vigil by two knights of the order.



Unknown to the characters but strongly suspected by Faust, the Cross is more than a priceless treasure. At the center of the cross is a fragment of Designer technology known as a Tetra, whose point extends out the back of the cross so that contact can be made with it. All Tetras contain the basic Matrix functions, and usually one other special purpose. The most common purpose is as a temporal "trailer", that is, when the Matrix it is linked to Jumps, the Tetra also Jumps, allowing simultaneous entry at different locations, or double the mass transfer. This *isn't* one of those. This Tetra has the function of probabilistic distortion, that is, in a general sense, certain things can be encouraged or discouraged from happening. On a small scale, this can be extremely impressive, and virtually anything can happen if you have the years of training to know how to use it. On a large scale, only the most general of actions can be enhanced, and that is largely the function of the Order of St. Christoferi. There has not been a plague, drought, earthquake or major flood within 100 kilometers of the monastery for over 200 years. The prayers of the priests and their unknowing skill with the Tetra have kept the region peaceful for as long as anyone can remember.

This is what the characters have to steal and return to Faust if they are to ever continue on their temporal adventures.

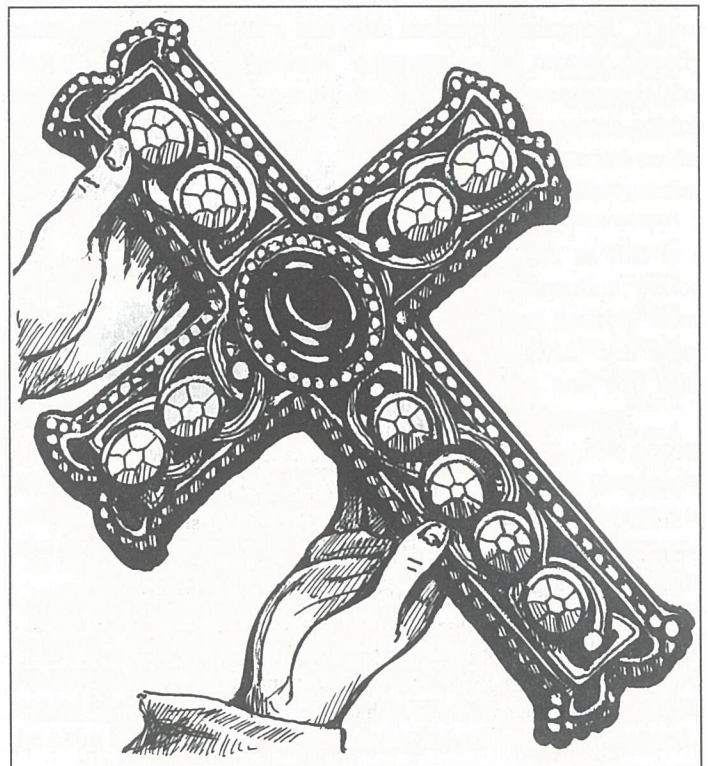
Adventure ideas - Faust is basically a bastard. If the characters bring him back the Cross and the Tetra, he'll thank them, take their Matrix as well, kill them and dump them out an airlock, unless Mary wants to save a few pieces for her dinner. He might have even programmed the second Jump to be *outside* his asteroid, just to save him the trouble of the execution (Matrices can be programmed to go *anywhere*, which is why tampering is dangerous). If they don't bring it back, he'll kill them anyway, and find some other lost souls to try for him. So, there is a dual adventure here. The first part is getting the Cross, and the second part is getting out alive.

Part 1

Infiltration - Over a period of weeks or months, a character or characters might be able to become novices or acolytes of the Order, which would not get them anywhere near the Cross, but which at least gives them access in and out of the monastery. Extremely skilled fighters might get a job as guards of the Outermost Circle, which does the same. One problem which will tinge all the plots of the characters is that they will have to make a Bravado roll to initiate any hostile action against anyone, unless in defense of the Order (an effect of the Tetra). There are no floor plans of the monastery available, and the entire place was designed around the defense of the Cross, with mazes, traps and guards.

Patience - On one day each year, the Cross is brought out for display, where it is shown from the high wall to the crowds below, many of whom have traveled for days to catch a glimpse of it and pray for miracles, which sometimes occur. Preparations for the yearly display are made several weeks in advance, and everyone knows about it, if asked. Trying to take the Cross by force might be easier here than from the vault, but then again, it will be in the hands of someone who knows how to use it. In simplest possible terms, anything attempted against the trained bearer of the Cross takes an automatic -20 modifier to succeed.

Invasion - If the characters work long and hard enough outside the region, they may be able to raise an army capable of taking the monastery by force, especially if they spend several months creating items of slightly more advanced technology, like explosives and crude firearms. This won't be easy and it won't be quick, but it is possible. It will take a dedicated propaganda campaign, and the cooperation of some disgruntled noble who has long coveted the region, but it can be done.



Part 2

TimeLord - It is always possible to run into another, more experienced TimeLord, who *for a price* is willing to use his or her Matrix to take the characters elsewhere. Eventually, they might find someone who will deactivate the second destination, but until then, they have gone from a relatively safe location to the custody of another TimeLord. If they are lucky, they will find someone with a grudge against Faust, but no one will be willing to take him on in his home turf.

The question remains as to why the TimeLord (or lords) are here at the same time as the characters. A good bet is that they are here for the Tetra as well. If the two groups are unaware of each other while plans are being made, some interesting encounters can occur later on. Naturally, the characters can't possibly let someone else Jump out with the Tetra, because then they would have no chance of ever getting out of here alive.

Time Patrol - Similar, but the characters are spotted by some agency which has this continuum in its care. Since there can be only *one* probability line with this Tetra, it stands out for anyone looking for anomalous timelines. The characters might be able to go back with the Patrol, but their Matrix is lost to them until they can unlock its destination. This would be a good way for an experienced group of characters to be inducted into a Time Patrol from the Primary Game, while at the same time giving them a good excuse to not use their Matrix for an extended period (and maybe give them Faust as an occasional enemy).

Mary

Age: Indeterminate Height: 215cm Weight: 140kg
Body Points: 40 Speed: 16

Strength : 16
Dexterity : 16
Constitution : 14
Intelligence : 14
Willpower : 30
Bravado : 20
Perception : 16
Appearance : 8
Stamina : 20
Power : 10
Skills:
Martial arts : 18
Wounding : 10
Knife : 14
Autowpn. : 14
Rifle : 18
Pistol : 14
Stealth : 14



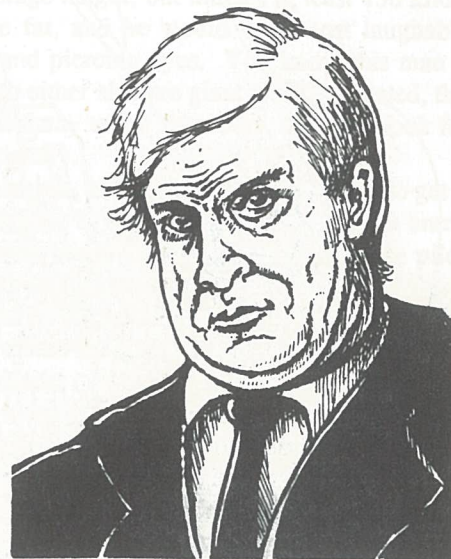
Equipment:
Matrix
Implanted head armor (12/10)
Implanted torso armor (16/0)
Laser rifle (DV100), 50 shots

Mary is part human, part machine, a futuristic combination of genetics and technology designed to make the "perfect" soldier. She is partially bulletproof, almost immune to pain, and can see in the dark. She is also genetically loyal to Faust, and trusted enough that she has her own Matrix. She does not take prisoners unless specifically ordered to, and has a fondness for human flesh (designed to inspire fear in any enemies).

Faust

Age: Indeterminate Height: 185cm Weight: 155kg
Body Points: 42 Speed: 10

Strength : 14
Dexterity : 12
Constitution : 13
Intelligence : 20
Willpower : 14
Bravado : 18
Perception : 12
Appearance : 8
Stamina : 7
Power : 12
Skills:
English : 14
Spanish : 10
French : 12
Japanese : 9
Autowpn. : 8
Pistol : 12
Rifle : 10
Brawling : 8
Cooking : 14
Temp. physics: 26
Rapier : 18
Art apprec. : 18
Philosophy : 17



Equipment:
Matrix
Concealed torso armor (40/20)
Cane with concealed autopistol
Pocket laser pistol (DV20)

Brilliant and cunning, but totally amoral. Sees the entire universe as a tool to be twisted and manipulated for his own megalomaniac ends. Extremely dangerous, as he is entirely rational, and makes no plans he is incapable of eventually carrying out. For entertainment, he enjoys executing extremely complex and twisted emotional and physical torments on his enemies, to the extent of even cloning them, implanting altered memories and dropping them into hopeless situations to die.

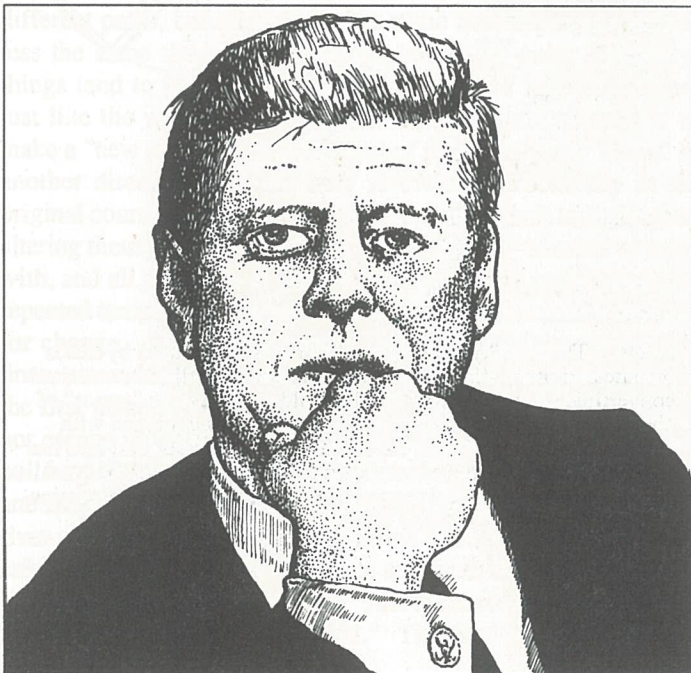
Tetra - Naturally, if the Tetra has basic Matrix functions, they can leave with it. Faust would also know this, and is clever enough to know the characters will realize the Cross is more than it seems. He is taking the reasonable chance that the spatiotemporal Jump function has been disabled somehow, otherwise the Priests of the Order would have accidentally sent themselves on a trip generations ago. He is correct. The Tetra has malfunctioned in some way. If the characters are lucky, it is only some sort of reference loss, and could possibly be corrected by controlled exposure to a properly calibrated Matrix, as per the **Sargasso** capsule. Otherwise, the only way to "fix" it will be by some other piece of Designer technology, perhaps the one this Tetra was originally housed in. Like most other Designer artifacts, it too will be virtually indestructible, and may be in the hands of someone else on the planet. Perhaps without a Matrix to power it, it is only a relic, or maybe it has some built-in power source of its own. Regardless, it will be another difficult quest to find and acquire it. To make this task somewhat easier, perhaps the Tetra can be "fixed" to the extent that it will allow hops in space, but not in time, thus cutting travel time by a considerable amount, and giving a convenient escape hatch to elsewhere on the planet should plans go awry.

#15 - JFK

Opening scene - A briefing room at Patrol HQ. The case officer motions to open the folders before you, and you see Congressional transcripts, a number of small videodisks and stacks of newspaper clippings from 1963. Just as many Americans who were alive at the time remember what they were doing when John F. Kennedy was assassinated, no history of the period can go without at least a brief mention of the events that transpired that day. For a nation with the level of population and resources available, it is amazing that some things still remain unclear about the event. You are going to rectify that problem.

Backdrop - The characters have to go back and find out what *really* happened at the assassination of JFK. Of course, events presented in this capsule are unlikely, but the uncertainty of the situation leaves room for the imagination. Conflicting reports indicate more than one assassin, but no traces were found. There is the possibility of a convergent history, where there were multiple histories, which were resolved into one.

Convergent histories - This is one of the side effects of multiple overlapping continua. It is disturbing to realize that in **TimeLords** terms, most of us don't really exist as people, but rather as a probability of existence or action. For purposes of the overall timeline, what the *majority* of your alternate selves do is important. The further you get from your own main timeline, the less important are the actions of your alternates. For instance, the majority of my alternate selves are probably sitting in front of a computer at the same time I am, writing this paragraph, but somewhere there is one of me basking in the Bahamas, having won the million dollar prize in the lottery. Likewise, there is another me doing 10 to 20 in a maximum security prison, framed for a crime I didn't commit. However, it is more likely the history of the world will be decided more by the majority than the minority, although for this example it is a moot point.



Among the other complications of these overlapping continua is that they sometimes merge. You might not realize it, but small events regularly happen that cross the dimensional boundaries. For instance, you lose your car keys. You look everywhere, and then you look again and find them in a place you *swear* you had already searched. Maybe they *weren't* there before, but this continuum merged with one where they were, and now some other poor version of you has lost *his* car keys. We won't get into such examples as socks and coat hangers.

Among the more serious ramifications of temporal convergences is that people become unsure of historical events. Eyewitnesses report differently, accounts become scrambled or conflict, and even things that capture lots of attention can still be uncertain. If nothing else, think of it as a rope. All the strands go to the same location, but follow slightly different paths to get there.

That is what has happened here. Your team is being sent back to investigate the Kennedy assassination, and determine once and for all what really happened. Was there an anomalous convergence, or was it just shoddy recordkeeping?

Equipment - All agents will be outfitted with clothing circa 1960, and a variety of high-tech recording gear, the best the agency can provide. All agents will wear glasses with a fixed focus high-res television camera concealed in the nosepiece. A microtransmitter will broadcast the signal to an optical recorder carried somewhere on the body, probably on the inside of the thigh or against a kidney. This will take pictures, one every several seconds, for the duration of the mission, but can be speeded up to constant recording by pressing a switch on the earpiece. In addition, full capability video cameras will be disguised as period film cameras, and these can be used for detailed surveillance work. Everyone will be in constant communication by means of small transmitters inserted in the ear canal, about the size of a late 20th century hearing aid. These pick up on speech vibrations to transmit, and receive directly into the ear. They have a useless range by themselves (100m outdoors), but their range is multiplied by a repeater, which catches and amplifies the signals. Again, this is carried on the person, but can be sewn into an article of clothing. The batteries should last the duration of the mission.

The need for violence is not anticipated, as this is a reconnaissance mission only, but as a safety precaution, period ballistic nylon vests (7/2) will be issued to those desiring them. Likewise, Walther PPK pistols are also available. All these devices are keyed to an implanted transmitter, and will self-destruct if moved more than 10 meters from the character.

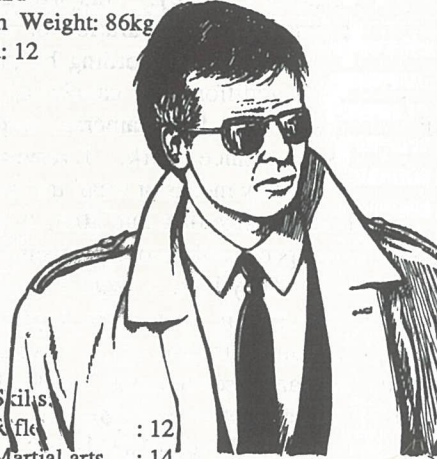
A strict non-interference policy is in effect. The agents are not to interact with locals in any way unless absolutely necessary. Only in the case of external interference are agents to take any overt action with potential to alter the course of events.

All characters will be dropped in the timestream two days before the assassination. Enough money will be supplied to overcome any problems with getting adequate lodging. Part of the money is reserved for bribery use, and has been chemically treated to disintegrate in a week or less, hopefully insuring that the extra illegal cash in someone's pocket will do them no good.

Adventure ideas - The basic search and reconnoiter mission has its perils, since after all, the President is in town, and security is tight. Suspicious individuals will be arrested simply as a precautionary measure, whether or not there exist solid legal grounds for the detainment. There will be helicopters overhead, and watchers on most of the rooftops to prevent the sort of thing that actually did occur. Aside from these hazards to getting good sound and video of the important location, there can be a number of added problems.

Interference - The characters start picking up garbled communications on their radios, which use a frequency not common in this time or place. In addition, one or more of them might experience the subtle gut feeling that sometimes hits time travellers when someone new jumps into the continuum.

Another Time Patrol, from another alternate history is here to investigate this event, which never happened in their continuum, and as a result, their history took an entirely different path. They are at the limits of their agency's temporal reach, and like the characters, are here only to observe. However, like the characters, they are highly trained, and may be able to pick out the characters with the same level of skill as the characters can pick out them. Especially if some of the intercepted communications are misinterpreted as part of another assassination attempt or unrelated temporal crime, they may decide to interfere, not knowing the true situation.

<p>Secret Service Bodyguard Age: 34 Height: 186cm Weight: 86kg Body Points: 31 Speed: 12</p>		
<p>Strength : 12 Dexterity : 13 Constitution : 13 Intelligence : 14 Willpower : 13 Bravado : 13 Perception : 14 Appearance : 10 Stamina : 11 Power : 8</p>	<p>Skills: Autowpn : 8 Pistol : 14</p>	
<p>Equipment: Colt Diamondback (DV24), 6 shots Uzi (DV24), 32 shots</p>	<p>Skills: Rifle : 12 Martial arts : 14</p> <p>Portable radio transceiver Handcuffs (AV9)</p>	

Missing man - There are in fact multiple assassins, and the spot one of the characters has chosen as a vantage point is close or in the way of one of these extra individuals. There are a number of possible interactions. The assassin could spot the character and try to move elsewhere. The character could spot the assassin and attempt to investigate. Either one could accidentally draw the notice of local police or Secret Service agents, or get in a scuffle that results in gunfire and alteration of the motorcade or course of history. Noticeably altering events will not affect the character's home timeline, but will affect the probabalistic path one takes to get home. That is, if the

characters alter the timestream, they will be taking a radically different branch than the one they came from, and it may be difficult to get back home.

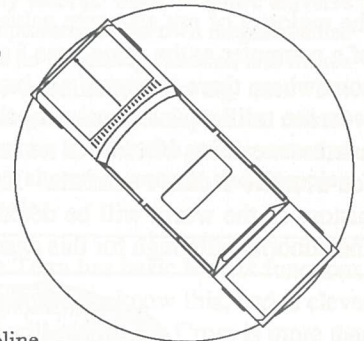
Tourists - A group of Primary Game characters with a Matrix has stumbled into the timeline, and is either actively interfering, or getting in the way simply by their presence. Unlike the agents, they are not equipped with a full range of period gear, so they stand out. On the other hand, they may be heavily armed, and make up in firepower what they lack in skill. Their aims are unclear, but such loose cannons should really be yanked out of the timestream and dragged home for proper training, if nothing else.

New starts - A character who died earlier in a campaign might have a new one introduced here, as a Secret Service agent, local cop or FBI agent. The new character picks up information that something suspicious is up (the other characters), and investigates. The main group now has the wits of another *player* to contend with, and if/when the agent finds out what is going on, they have to find a way to recruit him or her without disrupting the integrity of the timeline. For instance, in their pre-mission briefing, it might be historical knowledge that an agent disappeared without a trace shortly after the assassination, information that was withheld from the public due to the nature of the overall situation.

Armored

Name - Armored limo
 Seating - 8
 Mass - 5,000kg
 Carr Cap. - 1,000kg
 Length - 6.0m
 Width - 2.0m
 Height - 1.7m
 Max speed - 150kph/42m
 Acc/Dec - 4m/7m/sec
 Climb/Dive - n/a
 Turn mode - 7
 Range - 500km

Fuel capacity - 100 liters gasoline
 Armor Front 40 Rear 40
 R.Side 40 Top 40
 L.Side 40 Bottom 40
 Engine 20(12BP) Tires 12(5BP)



Armament - Smoke generator
 - Tear gas generator

Sighting mechanism - n/a
 Turret traverse - n/a

Notes - This is a "typical" armored limousine, as used by heads of state and other VIP's. Note that JFK was actually in a standard convertible limo in Dallas, which would only have an "armor" of about 8. The real armored limo (in 1990 use) is equipped with run-flat tires, giving it half the listed movement stats, and also has concealed firing ports and a built-in air supply. It could be used for an alternate historical scenario in which the threat of assassina- was known, and precautions taken.

#16 - Enola Gay

Opening scene - Another briefing room at headquarters. Your case officer is at the head table, and he is flanked by a couple vaguely familiar faces from Temporal Research, the "think tank" boys, as they are known.

"Gentlemen, ladies, we have a "situation". A party or parties unknown has attempted to alter the course of World War II. As usual, the chain reaction of changes was detected, and is sweeping forward even as we speak. The outcome of the war was not altered, but events have happened to force the United States to take Japan by amphibious invasion. Without waiting to see the actual ramifications, the result will be unknown, but wartime plans estimated that Japanese resistance would cost over a million US lives to be lost. The implications of this on the future need not be elaborated on. These events were precipitated by the destruction of the bomber Enola Gay, carrying the Little Boy atomic bomb, the one historically dropped on the Japanese city of Hiroshima. At the time, the US arsenal consisted of only two atom bombs, and we assume the President did not want to commit the only remaining one until another was built. This would take only a matter of days, since enough fissionables were almost ready, but there would be further delays in fabrication and transport, plus the inevitable political ramifications if word got out.

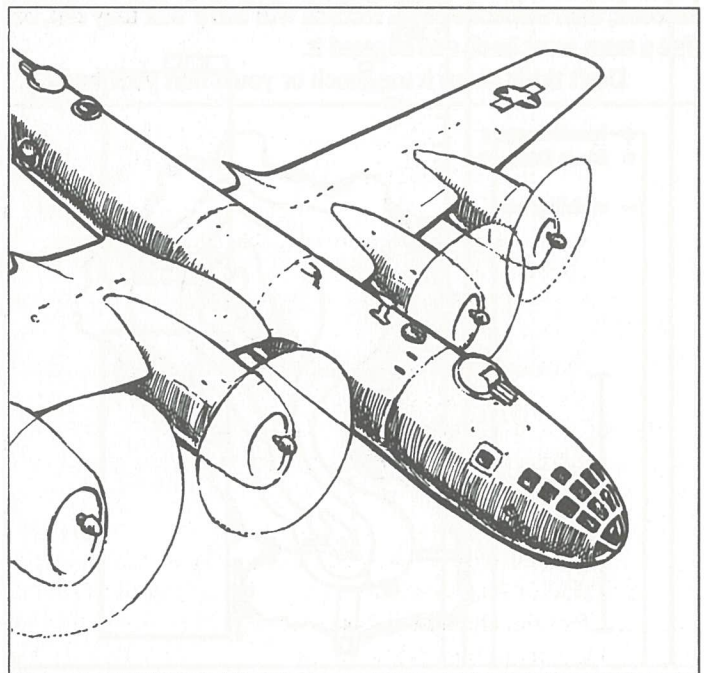
Your job is to go back and make sure the Enola Gay gets through without revealing your existence, and to prevent subsequent attempts." He sits down and nods to one of the specialists, who looks at the group with a critical eye, and begins his own lecture.

"As many of you are aware from your training, entropy is universal, and objects will tend to go from a state of higher energy to a lower energy. On a macroscopic scale, the same is true with the probability lines. An imperfect analogy is to think of a probability line as a river. The path any given particle in that river takes is an individual timestream. All the particles take different paths, but all arrive at the same destination at more or less the same time. At any given branching point in history, things tend to follow the probabilistic path of least resistance, just like the water. What you do when you alter events is to make a "new channel", so that most of the timestream "flows" in another direction, leaving only rivulets of probability in the original course. This is why changing things back is easier than altering them. You already have a fixed, "deep" channel to work with, and all you have to do is dig it a bit wider and deeper. By repeated tampering, you reduce the potential the timestream has for change. That is, by getting "work" out of the probability lines, you reduce the extra energy left over that allows change in the first place. Eventually, it becomes so sluggish that it could not escape its original channel even if it wanted to, and cannot build up new energy until a certain amount of time has passed, and turmoil and change build up again, much like a broad slow river can gain energy by going down a slope. Our theoretical calculations show that at this place and time, the chaos of WWII leaves much room to maneuver. Just because you succeed does not mean all is well. Be careful." The case officer takes over again.

"We don't know exactly who is up to no good in WWII. Obviously, anyone who has access to the raw electrical and computing power needed for temporal translation is well financed and highly organized. We don't think it is any of the groups that we know of on or near this timeline. The stakes, as usual, are high. We'd like prisoners, but they aren't mandatory. The Costuming and Historical briefing teams are on call. Good luck".

Backdrop - This is one of those convoluted temporal plots that due to *our* pitiful understanding of temporal physics, may not bear too close an inspection. The main objective is to ensure that the B-29 bomber "Enola Gay", makes it to the city of Hiroshima, and drops the "Little Boy" atom bomb. On the whole, this will not be too difficult. But there are other complications. There are several staged teams of temporal terrorists, all in place, and able to receive messages from a command post in the future. If the Enola Gay makes it through, another team will go into action at an *earlier* date, not to stop the characters, but to stop the shipment of the bomb somewhere else in the pipeline. You see, if a second attempt is made during a period when the first group of Patrol agents is in the continuum, *that* group will be unable to interfere, because they would be in the same place in the same continuum twice. If the second team fails, a third will come out of hiding, and so on, all the way back to the Los Alamos assembly site. The basic theory is that eventually the Patrol will run out of agents to send, and one of the attempts will therefore succeed unopposed.

The Patrol is clever enough to anticipate something like this. The characters are not going to be given much slack, that is, they will inserted into the timestream with the minimum possible time to achieve the objective. In this way, they *can* be used at an earlier time to thwart another attempt, but must be *extremely* careful to Jump back to base before they would intersect the timelines of their previous selves, with potentially disastrous consequences (forcible, random dislocation).

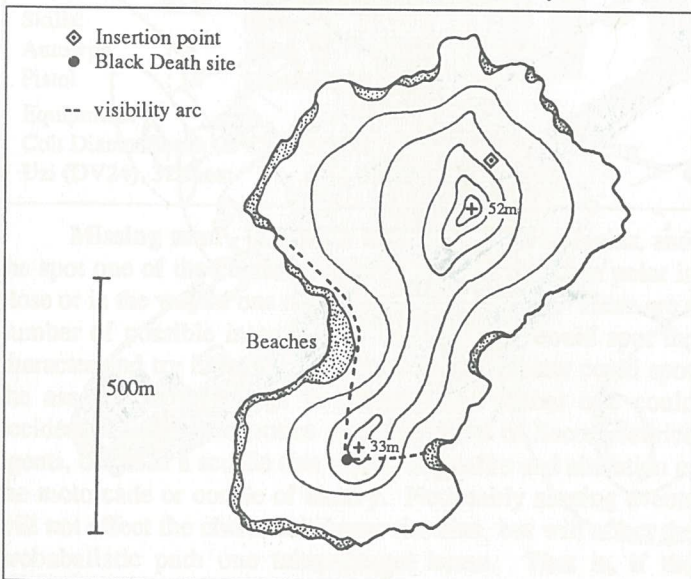


Adventure ideas - The adventure will be a series of short adventures, hinged around different places and attempts on the bomb. A useful part of this adventure is that even if a group of characters fails, it is possible that an NPC group can salvage the situation. If you do not already have an opposition group, or group using time travel for criminal or anarchistic ends, this group can be Black Death, a shadowy fanatical group dedicated to the overthrow of all forms of temporal and civil authority, except theirs. You can portray them as anything from misguided idealists to totally bent psychopaths. Regardless, they have sufficient resources and manpower to be a real threat, and are totally committed to their goals, whatever they are.

Complications - In a Patrol setting, there may occasionally be instances where the characters interfere with events that have already happened. Naturally, this prevents the events from happening, and therefore the characters wouldn't have gone back, ad infinitum. You can say that these changes do not take effect immediately, or can be predicted, or that the characters have a temporally secure base, free from such anomalies because of an isolation field. This allows the Patrol to keep full knowledge of what happened, while the rest of the world may be subject to the small perturbations caused by the effects the characters had on the continuum.

What do you do if *someone else* decides to interfere with something the *characters* have already done? First, you really shouldn't. If something the characters do is likely to have such repercussions, you should be aware of it *beforehand*, and take an active, interfering role *during* the actions of the characters. That is, if the characters attempt to kill someone, and this will have a major effect that someone else doesn't want, you should incorporate the interference as part of the adventure, enemies appearing out of nowhere, with full knowledge of the character's plans and abilities. If the characters still accomplish their objective against this kind of odds, then they *do*, despite that fact that someone down the line tried to stop them. If they don't succeed, then someone else's records will show that they *did*, but that a team went back and negated it.

Don't think about it too much or you'll hurt your brain.



Tinian - The Enola Gay took off to bomb Hiroshima from the island of Tinian, a stone's throw from Saipan, and part of the northern Marianas Islands chain. The entire island is about 6km by 12km, and full of rocky, jungle terrain. At the time, there were still a few Japanese holdouts on the island, engaged in guerilla warfare against American patrols.

Enola Gay took off, fully loaded, at 2:45am on August 6, 1945. Stationed on one of the similar flyspeck islands closer to the Japanese mainland is a group of two men and one woman, armed with three radar-homing surface-to-air missiles and small arms. When the Enola Gay comes within range, it will be tracked by a stationary ground radar, and the the three missiles will home in on the radar reflection of the huge metal wings. The crew will never even see what hit them. They will take about five seconds to reach the Enola Gay, and the only way to stop them after launch is to destroy the ground radar.

The characters will be phased in at another point on the island, a fact which may or may not be detected by the missile group. Characters will have detectors capable of picking up the electronic emissions of the equipment in this relatively clean radio environment, and have about three hours to find and neutralize the enemy installation.

Possible complications include the presence of Japanese troops on the island, if only a small detachment to provide a warning of enemy ships in the area.

Black Death Agent (male/female)
Age: 31 Height: 188/183cm Weight: 91kg/79kg
Body Points: 32/30 Speed: 12

Strength : 13/11
Dexterity : 11/13
Constitution : 13/13
Intelligence : 13/13
Willpower : 14/13
Bravado : 14/13
Perception : 12/13
Appearance : 10/11
Stamina : 11/11
Power : 8/8

Skills:
Autowpn : 8
Pistol : 10
Rifle : 12
Martial arts : 12
Knife : 8

Equipment (Tinian):
Benelli CB-M2 (DV24), 40 shots
H&K G-11 (DV49), 50 shots
Combat knife (DV7I w/Str)
2 grenades, 2 extra clips each wpn.
Torso body armor (30/10)
Helmet (skull only, 20/15)

Equipment (Hunter's Point):
Gov't .45 pistol (DV24), 7 shots
M-1 rifle (DV80), 8 shots
3 WWII grenades
Torso body armor (30/10)
WWII helmet (14/10)
3 extra clips each weapon



Enigmatic but fanatic temporal terrorists. All realize the magnitude of their mission, and are willing to die for it. However, they are not planning on doing that. Each is equipped with a quick recall device, which takes them back home in the event of death or imminent capture, preventable only by knocking them out and deactivating it (Security Systems roll at a -5, takes 1 minute).

Indianapolis - The cruiser Indianapolis carried crucial parts of the Little Boy bomb to Tinian, delivering them on July 26, 1945. On July 29th, the Indianapolis was torpedoed by the Japanese submarine I-58. Of the 850 men who made it into the water, only 318 survived until August 2, when they were spotted by rescue planes. In the alternate case, the vessel is sunk by torpedo attack *before* it reaches Tinian, sending the vessel and cargo to the bottom.

If you do this option, the assault team has a minisub, and a pair of homing torpedoes. The characters will have a reasonable facsimile of a PT boat, equipped with ultramodern detection gear and a full set of appropriate identity and recognition codes. The characters and a few NPC's will be impersonating a vessel that is actually in for repairs, and will conveniently be in the area when the Indianapolis steams through. With some luck, they can "escort" the Indianapolis to Tinian on the final leg, and intercept the minisub before it attacks.

The PT boat is armed with two homing torpedoes, a .50 caliber machinegun, and a pair of 160mm rockets, each with a .1 kiloton atomic warhead and a range of 10km. This should be sufficient to stop any submarine detected by the PT boat's sonar array. There is not much interaction on this phase, the enemy being unseen and faceless, and the only worry is being found out and hunted by well-meaning US forces. There will be trained NPC's to operate the sophisticated gear if the characters cannot.

Hunter's Point - On July 16, 1945, the crate containing the Little Boy assembly and part of the processed U-235 was loaded on board the Indianapolis in San Francisco. The U-235 was carried aboard in a lead container that took two men to lift. This attack takes place as the container is being carried up to the ship. The sailors carrying it are killed or injured, and the assembly topples over a gangplank into the waters of the bay, where it sinks to the bottom and disappears into the muck. Despite intensive searching, it is not recovered for several days, delaying operations. This is not a crucial alteration in the flow of time, as the bomb will be assembled and dropped a few days late, but you never know.

Complications here are mainly security. The Black Death agents will be disguised as U.S. military personnel, and will fit in. The characters will be similarly disguised. The problem is the uncontrolled firefight that is likely to break out. One group of "soldiers" (Black Death) opens fire on the sailors, another group (the characters) opens fire on the first, and the real soldiers show up and start shooting at both. The characters want to avoid killing bystanders and innocent military personnel, while at the same time stopping the temporal commando attack. All extra-temporal persons will be equipped with body armor, and while their weapons may be period in design and appearance, they will probably have high-powered AP ammo, to defeat body armor and light cover.

Characters and Black Death agents will likely be equipped with "fast return" devices. Depending on your version of time travel, this lets them return to their period of origin almost instantly, or with a several second delay, and are activated in any case by the death of the person wearing it, thus leaving no evidence behind.

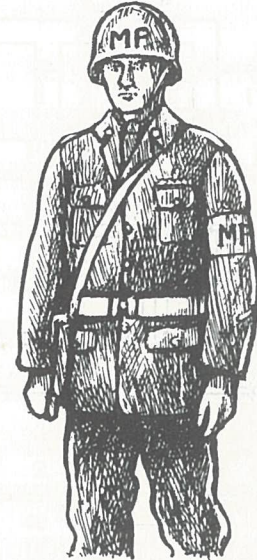
Marine MP

Age: 33 Height: 188cm Weight: 95kg
Body Points: 33 Speed: 12

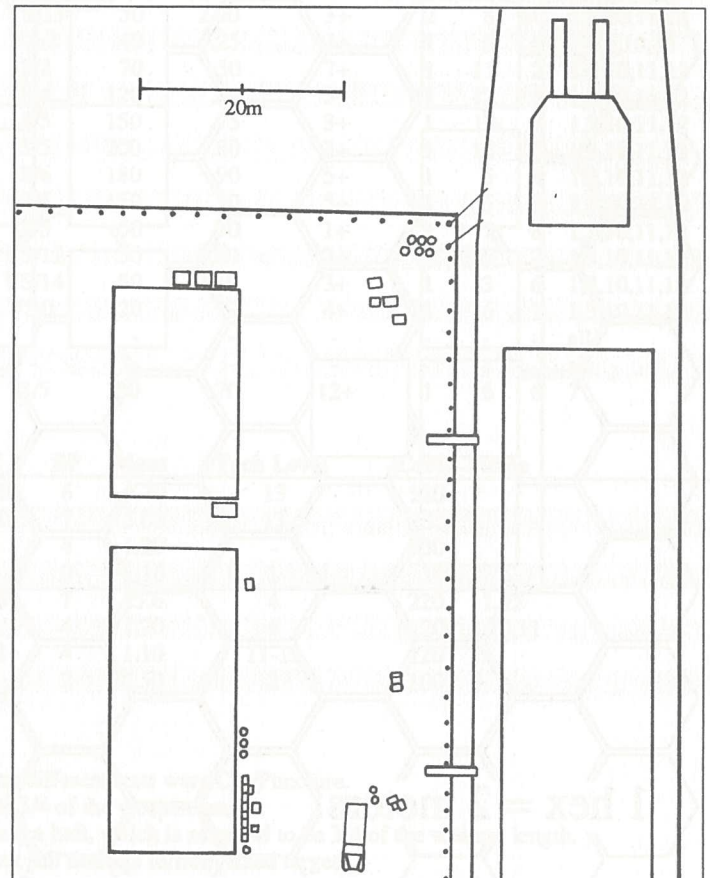
Strength	: 13
Dexterity	: 11
Constitution	: 13
Intelligence	: 11
Willpower	: 13
Bravado	: 14
Perception	: 12
Appearance	: 8
Stamina	: 11
Power	: 8
Skills:	
Knife	: 7
Rifle	: 9
Pistol	: 9
Brawling	: 8
Billy club	: 8

Equipment:

Gov't .45 pistol (DV18), 7 shots
Billy club (DV10III w/Str)
M-14 rifle (DV57), 20 shots, semi-auto only



Marine MP, as might be found on a secure military facility. Is not extraordinarily well trained, and will be hesitant to use lethal force unless guns are already drawn or in use by others. Given the situation, will probably fire on those who look out of place, or those who fire on him. May or may not have a rifle handy, depending on duties. Has no body armor of any kind.



Time Capsules™ Equipment Reference Sheet

Ranged Weapons

#	Name	Cal.	RC	DVIA	Init	Skill	Nat.	Mass	Bulk	Tech Lev.	Cost	Clip	Action	ROF	H	R	Cl.Mass	AV	BP	Notes	
1	Hand cannon	12mm	1/2	14	+0	+1	PIST	-	2.10	S/3	5	400	1	SS/1-M	1	2	-	-	13	11	1
2	Taser III (stun only)	-	1/1	20	+0	+2	PIST	-	.60	S/2	12	400	4	SS/4	1	1	-	-	4	2	2
3	Bow 12	-	3/1	14I	+0	+1	BOW	-	1.00	VS/10	2	120	-	-	-	2	-	-	6	2	3
4	Sling	-	2/1	8II	+0	+1	SLNG	-	.10	VS/1	2	2	-	-	-	1	-	-	1	2	3
5	Flintlock rifle	16mm	2/2	20	+1	-2	RIFL	USA	4.70	S/10	6	450	1	SS/1-F	1	2	-	-	17	35	4
6	Bow 6	-	1/1	4I	+0	+1	BOW	-	.50	VS/8	2	60	-	-	-	2	-	-	4	2	6
7	H&K G-11	4.9mm/c	4/3	50	+2	+0	RIFL	GER	3.90	S/5	12	1500	50	AB/C	10	2	M	.35	8	10	7
8	Olin/H&K CAW	12ga	3/3	34	+2	-1	RIFL	USA	4.40	S/5	12	700	10	AT/C	6	2	M	.85	9	10	7
9	SD Screamer	5mm	3/2	18	+2	+1	PIST	USA	1.30	S/3	13	250	100	AB/C	10	1	M	.30	5	7	7
10	SD Pacifier	7mm	4/4	65	+2	-1	RIFL	USA	5.90	S/6	12	1400	200	AB/C	10	2	M	1.80	9	12	7
11	Arquebus	17mm	2/2	19	+0	-2	RIFL	-	7.30	S/7	6	300	1	SS/1-M	1	2	-	-	15	26	8
12	MP-40 Schmeisser	9mm	3/3	23	+1	-1	RIFL	GER	4.50	S/6	9	400	32	AT/C	8	2	M	.50	10	17	9
13	Mauser	9mm	2/3	21	+2	+2	PIST	GER	1.20	S/2	8	350	10	SA/I	4	1	-	-	10	6	9
14	Maxim gun	.303	5/4	60	+2	-4	HMG	USA	22.0	S/8	8	800	200	AT/E	10	2	M	6.00	13	22	9
15	Siege matchlock	16mm	2/2	33	+1	-3	RIFL	-	9.00	S/9	5	200	1	SS/1-M	1	2	-	-	16	34	10
16	57mm cannon	57mm	5/7	420	+0	-8	MART	GER	400.0	M/14	8	16000	1	SS/1	1/3	2	M	-	33	56	11
17	Crude matchlock	20mm	1/3	30	+0	-1	RIFL	-	4.00	S/8	4	150	1	SS/1	1	2	-	-	19	26	12
18	Martian gauss rifle	5mm	4/4	54	+2	-1	RIFL	-	7.50	S/5	10*	1000	20	SA/I	2	2	M	-	10	10	13
19	Martian gauss pist.	3mm	3/4	31	+2	+1	PIST	-	2.80	S/3	10*	500	10	SA/I	2	1	-	-	8	6	13
20	Martian siege laser	5mm	4/4	86	+2	-4	HMG	-	38.0	M/8	10*	3600	200	AT/I	5	2	M	-	7	16	13
21	Faust's cane	2mm	2/1	18	+1	+0	RIFL	n/a	.80	S/6	14	2000	120	AT/I	40	1	-	-	4	2	14
22	K12 Assault laser	7mm	4/4	100	+2	-1	RIFL	n/a	6.70	S/4	15	10000	100	AT/C	10	2	M	4.30	4	2	14
23	Uzi	9mm	3/3	24	+2	-1	RIFL	ISR	4.10	S/5	10	600	32	AT/C	10	2	M	.60	9	13	15
24	Walther PPK	.32	1/3	13	+1	+3	PIST	GER	.55	S/1	9	450	7	SA/C	4	1	-	.10	8	3	15
25	Government .45	.45	2/4	18	+1	+2	PIST	USA	1.35	S/2	9	300	7	SA/C	4	1	-	.25	10	6	16
26	Improved .45	.45	2/4	24	+1	+2	PIST	-	1.35	S/2	13	450	7	SA/C	4	1	-	.25	7	4	16
27	M3 "Grease Gun"	.45	3/3	20	+1	-1	RIFL	USA	4.40	S/6	9	300	30	AT/C	8	2	M	.90	9	17	16
28	M-1	.30-06	4/4	57	+2	-2	RIFL	USA	4.50	S/8	9	400	8	SA/C	4	2	M	.70	12	22	16
29	Improved M-1	.30-06	4/4	80	+2	-2	RIFL	-	4.50	S/8	13	1400	8	SA/C	4	2	-	.70	9	14	16

Melee Weapons

#	Name	DV	IA	Init	Skill	Mass	Bulk	Cost	Length	Tech Level	H	AV	BP	Notes
1	Shuriken	4I	+1	+0	SHRK	.15	VS/1	5	.10	4+	1	5	1	1,6
2	Spear	8I	+1	-3	TSPR	2.00	VS/13	50	2.00	2+	1	8	10	1,3,10,11,12
3	Spear	16I	+1	-6/-4	PLRM	2.00	VS/13	50	2.00	3+	2	8	10	1,3,10,11,12
4	Hunting knife	6I/5I	+1	+0/+0	KNFE	.25	VS/2	40	.25	3+	1	5	1	1,3,6,10,11
5	Bowie knife	8I/7I	+1	-1/+0	KNFE	.40	S/2	70	.30	7+	1	11	2	1,3,10,11,12
6	Short sword	12I/10I	+1	-4/-3	SWD	1.10	S/4	120	.60	3+	1	12	6	1,3,10,11,12
7	Longsword	13I/11I	+1	-4/-3	SWD	1.30	S/5	150	.75	3+	1	11	7	1,3,10,11,12
8	Scimitar	14I/12I	+1	-5/-4	SWD	1.60	S/5	200	.80	3+	1	14	8	1,3,10,11,12
9	Rapier	11I	+1	-3	RAPR	.70	S/6	180	.90	5+	1	5	4	1,3,10,11,12
10	Epee	9I	+1	-2	RAPR	.50	S/5	150	.70	5+	1	5	3	1,3,10,11,12
11	Medium club	10III	+1	-5	CLUB	1.40	S/5	50	.70	1+	1	7	8	1,3,10,11,12
12	Quarterstaff	16IV/14IV	+1	-6/-4	STAF	1.40	VS/12	50	1.80	3+	2	5	7	1,3,10,11,12
13	Leather whip	6IV	+0	-8	WHIP	1.20	VS/14	50	2.10	3+	1	3	6	1,3,10,11,12
14	Brass knuckles	+3III	+0	-1	IMHW	.30	VS/1	20	-	4+	1	6	1	1,3,10,11,12
15	Punch	(Str/2)IV	+0	+0	IMHW	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	all
16	Kick	(Str)IV	+0	-2	IMHW	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	all
17	Riot prod (stun + blunt)	20V/10III	+0	-4	CLUB	1.20	S/5	100	.70	12+	1	6	6	7

Armor

#	Name	Locations covered	AV	BP	Mass	Tech Level	Cost	Notes
1	SD Riot armor	Skull, face, neck	13/10	6	.70	13	120	7
2	SD Riot armor	Torso, arms, legs	20/10	7	5.00	13	400	7
3	"Enchanted" leather	Torso	6/6	4	1.20	-	500	1
4	Woad	All	0/0	0	.10	1	10	3
5	Persian chain-plate	Torso, shoulders, hips	11/6	7	15.6	4	220	11,12
6	Padded cloth	Torso	4/2	4	1.20	4	20	3,10,11
7	Level I BP vest	Torso	10/2	4	1.10	11-12	120	15
8	Wicker armor	All	2/2	2	3.50	2	100	6

Notes

For all items, denotes which capsule the item is most suitable for use in

Format is always in the same order as the "notes" section, i.e. C,P would mean different stats were Cut/Puncture.

Hafted weapons have half(n) the listed AV on the haft, which is assumed to be 3/4 of the weapon length.

Hafted tools or improvised weapons will have one-quarter(n) the listed AV on the haft, which is assumed to be 3/4 of the weapon length.

Weapons only deliver and take half(n) damage to items used to block with, but full damage to/from fixed targets.

Time Capsules Record

Capsule # ___ Used?

Previous capsule? # ___ Following capsule? # ___

Major plot: _____

Subplot: _____

Complications: _____

Outcome: _____

May cause conflicts with Time Capsule(s) # _____

Might be especially appropriate with Time Capsules(s) # _____

Capsule # ___ Used?

Previous capsule? # ___ Following capsule? # ___

Major plot: _____

Subplot: _____

Complications: _____

Outcome: _____

May cause conflicts with Time Capsule(s) # _____

Might be especially appropriate with Time Capsules(s) # _____

Capsule # ___ Used?

Previous capsule? # ___ Following capsule? # ___

Major plot: _____

Subplot: _____

Complications: _____

Outcome: _____

May cause conflicts with Time Capsule(s) # _____

Might be especially appropriate with Time Capsules(s) # _____

Capsule # ___ Used?

Previous capsule? # ___ Following capsule? # ___

Major plot: _____

Subplot: _____

Complications: _____

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Major plot: _____

Subplot: _____

Complications: _____

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Capsule # ___ Used?

Previous capsule? # ___ Following capsule? # ___

Major plot: _____

Subplot: _____

Complications: _____

Outcome: _____

May cause conflicts with Time Capsule(s) # _____

Might be especially appropriate with Time Capsules(s) # _____

Time Capsules NPC Record

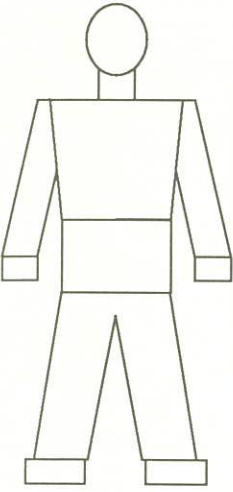
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Pertinent

Attributes:	Level	Skills	Level
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_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

Equipment & Weapons

Armor



Impairment	
Head	Torso
1	1
2	2
3	3
4	4
5	5
6	6
7	7
8	8
9	9
10	10
11	11
12	12
13	13
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19	19
20	20

Up Down Dead

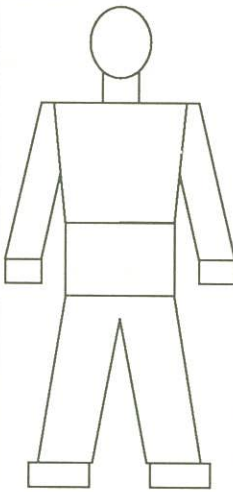
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Attributes:	Level	Skills	Level
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_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

Equipment & Weapons

Armor



Impairment	
Head	Torso
1	1
2	2
3	3
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20	20

Up Down Dead

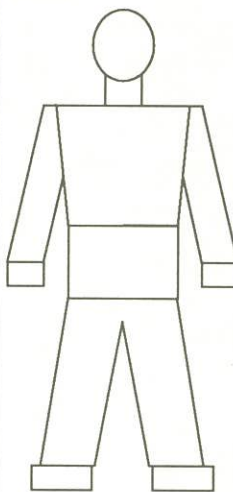
Name: _____

Pertinent

Attributes:	Level	Skills	Level
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_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

Equipment & Weapons

Armor



Impairment	
Head	Torso
1	1
2	2
3	3
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16	16
17	17
18	18
19	19
20	20

Up Down Dead

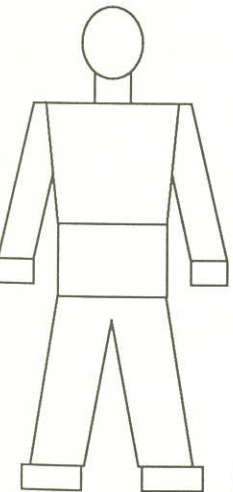
Name: _____

Pertinent

Attributes:	Level	Skills	Level
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

Equipment & Weapons

Armor



Impairment	
Head	Torso
1	1
2	2
3	3
4	4
5	5
6	6
7	7
8	8
9	9
10	10
11	11
12	12
13	13
14	14
15	15
16	16
17	17
18	18
19	19
20	20

Up Down Dead

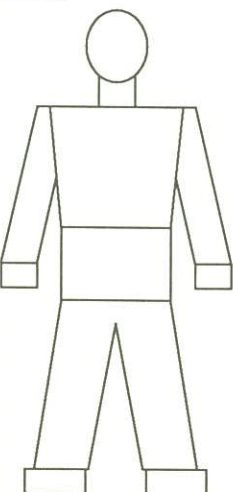
Name: _____

Pertinent

Attributes:	Level	Skills	Level
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

Equipment & Weapons

Armor



Impairment	
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Up Down Dead

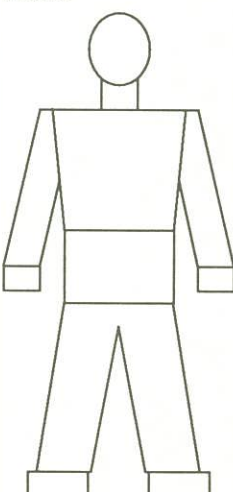
Name: _____

Pertinent

Attributes:	Level	Skills	Level
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

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Up Down Dead



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