
Denizens I

Credits

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Introduction

Denizens I was created to give another resource to game masters and players alike. Denizens I contains several detail characters that can be used for either player characters, for those times when you really don't want to waste time creating a character, or a particularly interesting non-player character (NPC).

Each character description contains not only game stats but, historical information, insights into what motivates them, any special equipment and skills they may possess, as well as color illustrations of each character.

Feel free to add to the characters or remove things to make them fit into your campaign. I have to add a word of caution here. Several characters do possess Psionic abilities. It is solely up to the game master if he/she will allow them into his campaign.

All of these character went through the creation process outlined in the Mongoose Traveller Core Rule Book, Book 2: High Guard, and/ or Book 3: Scouts. Please reference these books for skill and standard equipment descriptions.

This book is divided into three sections, Characters, Library Data, and Ships. They are described below.

Character section contains the character's stats, skills, possessions, history, and illustrations. The possession section was left general to allow more flexibility when bringing the character into your campaign. When a cash amount is shown it is meant to be the total value of possessions the character owns.

Library Data section contains any data that may be newly introduced during the character histories. Please feel free to use these in your campaign and to expand upon them. If you do please send me an email explaining how you expanded the data. I would love to hear what you have done.

The Ship section is always a must when compiling a supplement. This section is what the title states, ships. If a character is in possession of a ship or has access to one and it is outside the standard ships already provided by previous books, it will be here. Denizens I plans to stay true to the current form by supplying not only the stats for the ships but deck plans as well. Where possible a description of the interior will also be provided. This section will also house any bases, towns, starports, buildings, etc. that may be of importance or has been specifically mentioned in either of the two previous sections. A little disclaimer here: It does not mean that every building, port, town, etc will be provided just the ones that state they are included.

Please enjoy the characters, use them, abuse them, and report on them. We want to know what they are getting into. We hope that this book encourages others to use and build upon the Foreven Sector. Keep your eyes peeled for more produces based in the Foreven Sector from K Studio.

Enjoy.

Akiriinu Rugka

Name: Akiriinu Rugka

Age: 34

Race: Human

Sex: Female

Career: Physician/ Navy

Terms: 3/ 1

Eye Color: Gold

Handed: Left

Height: 71 inches

Weight: 180 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Naval Officer

Father: Adornment Salesman

Str 10, Dex 10, End 6, Int 7, Edu 7, Soc 10

Skills:

Medic - 4, Computer - 1, Carouse - 1,
Diplomat - 1, Life Science (Biology) - 1, Vacc
Suit - 1, Slug Pistol - 1, Slug Rifle - 1,
Communication - 0, Investigation - 0

Equipment: 50,000 credits

Akiriinu Rugka is the closest thing to a sensitive person one can get in the space service and survive. She is a young medical person of what would be called average looks on any planet. Her short blond hair and mutated golden eyes would make her more attractive but they are somewhat offset by her slight stockiness and overbite. However, being both a medical specialist and in a job where men abound she feels herself lucky in that regard though she does feel insecure around more beautiful women. She is a high ranking enlisted medical person who has come under fire enough times to know that she has



bravery as well as empathy. She has an intuitive and academic grasp of all aspects of combat medicine, which even her detractors dare not question. Her officers are fiercely loyal to her as she has demonstrated time and time again her ability to perform precise surgery under fire.

She comes from a family with a history of military service and with a relatively high social status and income so her tastes and knowledge of art and cultures are a cut above the typical enlisted persons. She carries with her a burdensome past. She was discharged from officer candidate school due to being coerced into helping a fellow student cheat on exams, and feels a deep sense of guilt for not living up to her own code. She has a sense of looking for a chance to redeem her reputation with one big mission or accomplishment since she takes her family honor seriously. She is open socially and enjoys eating in large groups and attending events with her many friends since she is easily the most congenial person on

board any ship she serve sunder. She misses the military life and the challenges and honors of her former high position.

She feels a need to reconnect with this spirituality as her duties bring her in contact with suffering and many patients leave her feeling drained. She has an especially

deep fear of psionics. The mental invasion of several traumatized psionic patients in the past has left her wary. Bear this in mind though, regardless of personal feelings and even prejudices, she is ready, willing and able to treat any patient who is assigned to her, even under the worst of conditions.



Allean Brichi

Name: Allean Brichi

Age: 38

Race: Human

Sex: Male

Career: Navy/
Merchant

Terms: 3/ 2

Eye Color: Blue

Handed: Left

Height: 72 inches

Weight: 180 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Farmer

Father: Farmer

Str 11, Dex 12, End 11, Int 10, Edu 9, Soc 10

Skills:

Medic - 2, Computer - 2, Gambler - 1,

Admin - 1, Engineering (Electronics) - 1, Vacc
Suit - 1, Slug Pistol - 1, Slug Rifle - 1,

Blade - 1, Persuade - 1, Mechanic - 1, Pilot
(Small Craft) - 1, Pilot (Spacecraft) - 1, Tactics
(Naval) - 1, Zero-G - 1

Equipment:

Traveller's Aid Society, gun, dagger,
60,000 credits

Despite the prematurely graying hair he feels like he is at his absolute peak and doesn't see himself slowing down anytime soon. He is broad of shoulder from his early years as a son of farmers, though farmers on his home world are quite tech savvy due to the extreme conditions they operate under. His parents raised the rare Jika plants. They



had to operate advanced equipment, fend off raiders and marauding wildlife so he quickly learned to be resourceful, brave, and to look two steps ahead. He, and his parents, lived under the roof of his current boss until he was eighteen. Tragically, they had to leave their work when the planet they were on underwent swift climate changes. The nobleman who was their sponsor lost nearly everything though he has now regained his power and wealth and employs Allean as his most trusted representative.

He then had a career as a medic in the navy where despite his noncombat role he was involved in several last minute defensive engagements where he showed his hand to hand ability and grace under pressure. He is very much a product of his upbringing and a reaction to it. He jokes that service during the war was a vacation compared to farming.

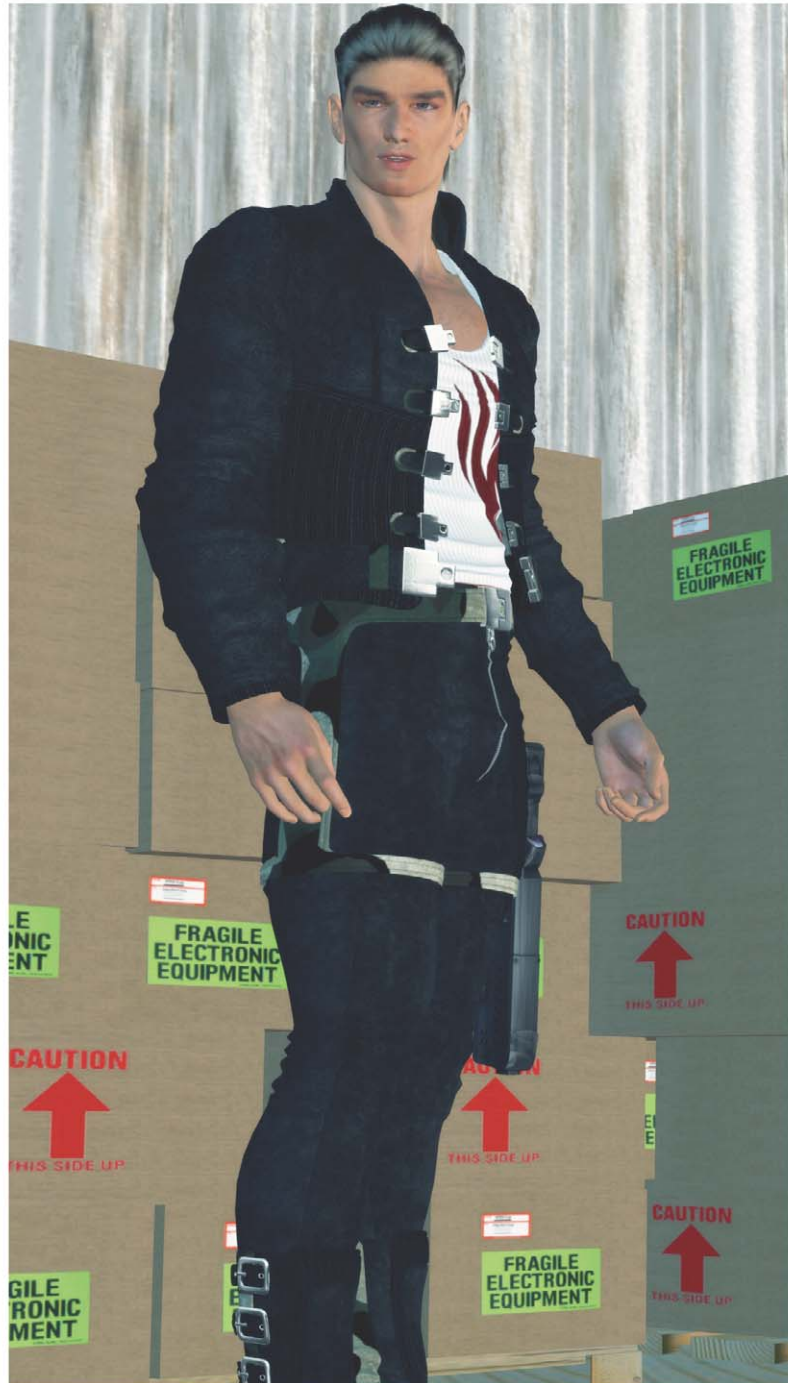
Though his eyesight is diminished, he refuses to get implants. This is in line with his somewhat archaic philosophy of self reliance,

reverting back to the natural primal state of mankind. This includes a more subservient role for women, based not in inferiority, but rather his family's religious views which state that a woman is the helper and companion of a man, and a man is the rightful guardian of a woman. Nonetheless he does have some ability to compartmentalize this when doing his duty.

This makes him somewhat prudish around women he doesn't know. Women often mistake his religious based avoidance of casual contact with aloofness which some found attractive. His past dalliances are a source of guilt to him. He believes in finding the right woman and raising sons to follow in his footsteps.

Stern on duty but congenial when the job is done and people have performed satisfactorily, he is well liked by the men, and his technical and medical wizardry have earned him fierce, almost fanatical loyalty among his crew. He does have a hidden side though. His combination of adherence to naturalistic religion and wide travel amongst the stars have given him the gift of poetic vision and unbeknownst to

his colleagues he keeps a journal of poetry. His closer friends among the crew know him as a skilled player of the four stringed Quadratar.



Ashton McDonald

Name: Ashton McDonald

Age: 38

Race: Human

Sex: Male

Career: Marine

Terms: 5

*Psionic Strength: 8

Eye Color: Blue

Handed: Right

Height: 66 inches

Weight: 130 pounds

Scars: Pellet scar on right elbow

Bullet flesh wound on lower abdomen

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Clothes Sales Person

Father: Furniture Maker

Str 9, Dex 7, End 8, Int 10, End 14, Soc 8

Skills:

Melee (unarmed) - 1, Computer - 1, Battledress - 1, Explosives - 1, leadership - 2, Vacc Suit - 1, Slug Pistol - 2, Slug Rifle - 2, Mechanic - 1, Streetwise - 1, Pilot (Small Craft) - 2, Pilot (Spacecraft) - 1, Survival - 1

Equipment: Combat Armour (TL 12), Subdermal Armour (TL 11), Gauss Pistol, Gauss Rifle, Accelerator Rifle, and 30,000 credits

Retirement Pay: 10,000 credits a year

Psionic Talents: Telepathy - 1, Clairvoyance - 1, and Awareness - 2

Ashton McDonald is a 38 year old former Marine who got out with the rank of captain after being a widely decorated



veteran of both the Zhodani and Kolha wars. He came from humble backgrounds. His mother sold clothing in a boutique and his father made furniture, but he comes from a long line of hereditary class three psychics. He has full training in, not only how to use his talents, but to shield and close himself off so that he wouldn't be overwhelmed by the endless intrusions of the thoughts around him. This created a tension between the sensitivity



of a psychic and the separation felt by one who lives on a world where psionics are treated as a sort of “other”; useful for some things but not necessarily to be trusted, at best, to being murdered.

Having only a few close friends and a head start on mental discipline he worked his way into a scholarship in Political Science at Aramis Sociotech University graduating with honors. He secretly jokes that psionics being unpopular was a great study aid since the number of invitations to ribald parties was minimized. The allure and mystique of the Marines with its promise of a universal brotherhood of comrades that were bound by duty and shared hardships appealed to his need to belong. In order to belong, he knew that his abilities had to be kept hidden.

Coming from a relatively small world, and facing the prejudice and stigma of common origin and uncommon mental abilities he cultivated a reputation for reliability and honesty. He despises and detests thieves and vow breakers, as evidenced by a weapons and supply smuggling ring he broke up as a second lieutenant in his first assignment in 787snd training squadron. His ability to sense and his seemingly psychic ability to intuitively understand any enemy made him a feared and respected commander for any foe. He called it his sixth sense knowing full well if knowledge of his abilities got out it would be the end of him. Time and time again, he was able to keep unit cohesion under great odds, anticipate enemy commanders last minute moves, and get into the psychology of aliens using his empathic abilities. When asked how he knew his reply

was simple, “The hair on the back of my neck stands up whenever they get close. (or some other more colorful phrases) Now that your done questioning how I saved your butt, get back to work! The Corps ain’t paying you to flap your gums. Better yet, for talking smack, report to the mess hall. The duty sergeant has something for you to do.”

But no amount of military training or Psionic ability could have foreseen or forestalled the draw down in the armed services after the victory over the Zhodani. Faced with few job prospects he took to the world of intergalactic trade hiring himself out as a skilled pilot. Handy with most small arms due to his commando training and being a capable stern leader of men has made him a very attractive hire.

His appearance is unassuming. Standing at 66” and 130 lbs he is far from the muscular square jawed command presence in the Marine recruiters tri-di PSA’s. He tends to rely on his psionics and intuition a lot making him somewhat lazy and forgetful since he has such an advantage, he compensates by taking a lot of notes. He misses the camaraderie of the service so he cultivates a closer familiarity with his men than most freelance commanders. Though he is fully trained in commando operations and combat techniques he prefers a thinking mans approach over blunt tactics and brute force.

Atman Remnart-Tavis

Name: Atman Remnart-Tavis

Age: 38

Race: Human

Handed: Right

Sex: Male

Career: Rogue (Enforcer)

Terms: 5

*Psionic Strength: 6

Eye Color: Green

Height: 70 inches

Weight: 200 pounds

Scars: Blade scars on left side of face, Left eye lost to blade

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Forger

Father: Furniture Tool Maker

Str 12, Dex 12, End 7, Int 9, End 9, Soc 10

Skills:

Melee (unarmed) - 2, Melee (Blade) - 1,
Persuade - 2, Slug Pistol - 1, Slug Rifle - 2,
Streetwise - 3, Deception - 2, Stealth - 1,
Drive (wheeled) - 2, Jack-of-all-trades - 2

Equipment: Combat Armour (TL 12), Gauss
Pistol, Gauss Rifle, and 100,000 credits

Psionic Talents: Telekinesis - 2

Big, ugly, and sadistic Atman glories in the sense of unease he generates in people. An orphan since the age of 14, and a rebel soldier since 16 he makes up for his lack of formal military schooling with the street smarts, intuition, cunning and his telekinetic skills which he hides from those around him as a wild card in troubled times.



He is prone to violence and his temper is moderated by the countless covert and direct operations he has been on. He has a sort of paranoid megalomania that is a result of having being double crossed and yet survived so many times. His chief loyalty is to a cause that is losing and to his comrades in arms most of whom are now dead. He is out of active combat due to the injury he received which makes him even more dangerous looking. His looks notwithstanding he is quite a womanizer, his crass self assurance and unreserved egoism give him a bad boy image which he capitalizes on.

He does what he needs to, to survive, but fits in poorly with traders and other technicians who have a military background, resenting them for the evil system he hates and which made him an orphan. With him what you see is what you get, and what you get is a dangerous cunning man who is volatile. He has a hatred for royalty and monarchy, and enjoys reading ancient texts on the fabled democratic ages of old earth. He often wonders if it is Solomani blood running through his veins.

Azura Nannorck

Name: Azura Nannorck

Age: 38

Race: Human

Sex: Female

Career: Marine

Terms: 5

Eye Color: Grey

Handed: Ambi

Height: 66 inches

Weight: 110 pounds

Scars: Laser burn on right hip

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Sanitary Worker

Father: Custom Furniture Maker

Str 7, Dex 11, End 12, Int 12, Edu 10, Soc 9

Skills:

Melee (unarmed) - 3, Slug Rifle - 1, Energy

Pistol - 2, Energy Rifle - 1, Leadership - 2,

Athletics (Co-ordination) - 2, Vacc Suit - 1,

Engineering (Electronics) - 2,

Jack-of-All-Trades - 1, Pilot (Small Craft) - 2,

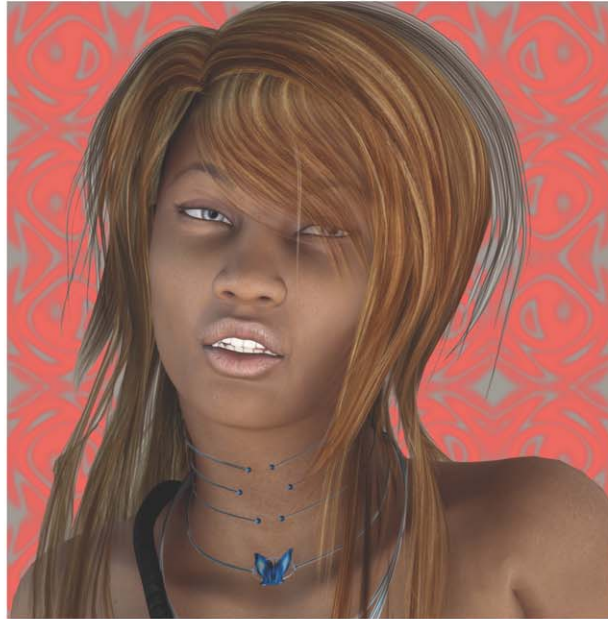
Stealth - 0, Tactics - 0, Battle Dress - 0

Equipment: Subdermal Armour (TL 11),

Combat Armour (TL 12), Laser Pistol, Laser

Rifle, Traveller's Aid Society and 80,000

credits



Azura has the seemingly unending confidence that you would expect from a senior NCO with combat experience. Combined with her good looks, aristocratic face and her petite attractive body she always seems to be examining everyone around her for flaws. She has risen to the top of the NCO ranks by her wits and brains, her keen organized mind and her considerable close combat skills as evidenced by her many raids and anti boarding operations. She has a tendency to choose the best looking men regardless of their rank and position valuing physical exuberance and intelligence over wealth and power, since she has enough of both to support herself as she sees fit. In a service filled with big burly men she cultivates a steely determination and a command of

regulations and tactics that dispel any first impression brought on by her seemingly less than fierce looks.

Raised by a mother who was a sanitary worker and father who made custom furniture their household was kept extremely tidy to provide a respite after the days work. While loving, her mother was sometimes physically draining, her father was the biggest influence on her life. He imparted his sense of order and a tomboyish energy to her that led her to a career of Imperial Marine service. Let there be no mistake about her, she is a formidable foe and her ability to quote chapter and verse of regulation doctrine and military knowledge is unsettling to many of her colleagues who make the common mistake of relying on first impressions. In order to physically contend with the many men she has fought in close combat and on-board ship life, she keeps a dedicated regimen of training in New Denebian martial arts and gymnastics. This gives her the ability to manoeuvre around clumsier fighters.

This has also made her an adherent of the New Denebian philosophy. Azura's personality is such that she is capable of being serene when she is at rest, but capable of projecting a laser like focus when it is

needed. To those she trusts and loves she is capable of a lot of warmth and affection, being quite sensitive. She has to protect herself since she is the object of quite a few advances, Thus, her exterior social persona is that of iciness. In her professional life she is a harsh taskmaster at times and her underlings have learned to fear her rebukes.

Not surprisingly, she runs a tight ship and takes special care to see to it that any man under her command doesn't get out of line. She knows in a crucial moment that instant and willing obedience to orders is what enables a unit to survive and accomplish their tactical objective. Her tendency to run things by the book and her distaste for disorder make her less than creative and she often clashed with these types. If you need a tough job done and aren't worried about ruffling a few feathers, she is the woman for the job. Especially, if her second in command is creative and provides balance.

Mercenary ticket have brought her into the Foreven Sector. She immediately saw the potential this Sector had to offer. She plans on staying a while.

Sir Balinor O'Harellen

Name: Sir Balinor O'Harellen

Age: 38

Race: Human

Sex: Male

Career: Scout

Terms: 5

Eye Color: Black

Handed: Right

Height: 65 inches

Weight: 140 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Security Firm Owner

Father: Radio Personality

Str 10, Dex 12, End 10, Int 9, Edu 14, Soc 12

Skills:

Pilot (Small Craft) - 2, Pilot (Space Craft) - 1,
Gun Combat (Slug Pistol) - 2, Gun Combat
(Slug Rifle) - 1, Social Science
(Sophantology) - 2, Social Science
(Linguistics) - 1, Diplomacy - 2, Streetwise - 2,
Tactics (Ground) - 1, Stealth - 1, Language
(Vilani) - 1, Navigation - 1, Sensors -1 ,
Persuade - 1, Vacc Suit - 0

Equipment: Scout Ship, Slug Pistol, and
150,000 credits

Attracted by the nonconformist and exotic nature of the Imperial Scout Service, Balinor saw the Scout Corps as a way for him to travel to exotic places without the confines that other of his standing and commoners had to deal with. He has been described as quirky in the extreme, stocky, allergic to fur and red



headed women. He is a collector of armor from all eras and places. His father was a flamboyant entertainment personality and was a major influence on his personality. For a while he entertained thoughts of following in his footsteps but, his early interest in weapons and history brought him to another path. His mother, who ran a security firm, was responsible for that, as well as any common and business sense he has today (areas his father was lacking). His social rank was established after he accidentally saved a local noble who was under the care of his mother's company. The incident involved a Kattrel, a mop and bucket, and several cans of paint.

He has had a disproportionate amount of frontal combat experience for a

scout, since they prefer stealth and guile to force and firepower. This gives him a greater than average proficiency in small unit tactics, fire control and small craft piloting. He has had a lot of experience with alien races and has a unique view on them. He is not xenophobic at all, but his allergy to fur makes him particular about which allies he has close contact with.

He has an uncanny ability to pick up enough of a language to function in terms of ordering food and drink and passing unmolested in a new environment. His personality is somewhat contradictory. A romantic and sensualist he has a deep fear of being rejected by a woman. Therefore, he does not carouse like many troopers. He will muster up enough courage if he finds a woman he deems sufficiently attractive though, his choices sometimes surprise people. This of course is not in place if he gets sufficiently drunk and has a group of comrades around since his radio personality influence comes to the forefront. He then changes into an outgoing performer and the drink gives him enough courage to make an approach.

He has a talent for finding the local street figures, the pimps, the informants, the

dealers, and the local leaders. This explains his ability to find out a lot of local information quickly. He's made a life time practice of learning regulations and finding loopholes to justify his freewheeling ways. Superiors find him hard to control because he can get his way and make it seem that it is his superior who is wrong by finding obscure clauses and precedents for unorthodox actions.

His greatest strength is his ability to get a job done with stealth, and not attract attention to who did it. In small unit tactic his preference is ambush, deception and decoy.

Quotes

"We are all gods' children, but I can't stand dealing with furry ambassadors."

"I never break a rule; I just reinterpret the fine print."

"Everything not expressly forbidden by regulation is permissible under some circumstance."

Bengi X

Name: Bengi X

Age: 34 (40 Anagathics)

Race: Human

Sex: Female

Career: Navy/ Agent

Terms: 5/1

Eye Color: Green

Handed: Right

Height: 61 inches

Weight: 130 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Slave Smuggler

Father: Conveyor Operator

Str 8, Dex 11, End 10, Int 9, Edu 9, Soc 12

Skills:

Medic - 3, Deception - 2, Carouse - 1,

Vacc Suit - 1, Energy Pistol - 2, Melee

(Blade) - 2, Mechanic - 1, Flyer (Grav) - 1,

Pilot (Small Craft) - 2, Investigation - 2,

Engineering (Electronics) - 1, Stealth - 1,

Gunnery (Turrets) - 1, Communication - 0

Equipment: Laser Pistol, Blade, Ship's Boat,
Cloth Armour, Wafer Jack (TL 12) and 15,000
credits

Bengi has been accused (but never to her face) of possibly having alien blood. She has an unusual appearance; she's thin, has a nervous tic, is attractive, though slovenly in habits. People don't know just what to make of her. She has a background of medical service but an unusual skill set, hand to hand, laser weapons, mechanical proficiency. No



one has figured out her real story. She was a member of imperial intelligence and is, in fact, a spy. She did serve in her medical units and does in fact have medical training. She spent her time rooting out traitors and other spies.

Her actual history is that she comes from a family of slave smugglers and loyalists. She has a fanatical loyalty to the empire and the royal family over-seeing her family's enterprise. She has been a member of a local cult that has been patronized by the planetary Fief. In fact, they provide slaves for the empire, backed even by members who overtly claim to oppose slavery or outlaw it on their worlds. They have an abiding xenophobia and see humans, led by the imperial family, as the true sons of god and the rightful heirs of the universe.

Her discharge from the service is a sham as well. Her medical training gets her access to the farthest reaches of society where she will locate rebels and mark them for capture or elimination. She cultivates the slovenly personal habits and unattractive personality to discourage people from getting close, the twitch itself is artificially induced, a reversible neurosurgical procedure. She has a high level of stress and is unsure of herself. Unlike her military cover, she has very little experience mixing with so many different

types and even species. Her inner orientations and prejudices are harder to hide in such an environment and her handler is extremely hard to contact. This manifests as a sort of hypersensitivity that many find off putting. She is tolerated because of her medical skills but is an unpopular member of any crew. Many captains find her overt racism and xenophobia disruptive, especially since she denies it.

She has a sort of nervous prey animal air about her. She double checks locks, glancing behind her, etc. She is also concerned about the fact that many escaped or freed slaves work the docks and trader routes. She finds them a threat and feels polluted by contact with them.

"The emperor is god's right hand on this plane of existence. No life is worth as much as his. No commoner is worth as much as a noble. No slave is worth as much as a commoner. To free a slave is blasphemy!"

Beren Cornath

Name: Beren Cornath

Age: 38

Race: Human

Sex: Male

Career: Scout

Terms: 5

Eye Color: Green

Handed: Right

Height: 71 inches

Weight: 135 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Warehouse Agent

Father: Financier

Str 11, Dex 11, End 11, Int 12, Edu 12, Soc 2

Skills:

Jack-of-all-Trades - 3, Melee (Blade) - 3,

Melee (Unarmed Combat) - 3, Streetwise -

2, Social Sciences (Linguistics) - 2, Recon -

1, Pilot (Small Craft) - 1, Gun Combat (Slug

Pistol) - 1, Gun Combat (Slug Rifle) - 1,

Investigation - 1, Persuasion - 1, Deception -

1, Comms - 1, Carousing - 1, Computer - 1

Equipment: Cloth and Reflec armour, Blade,

Slug Pistol, and 70,000 credits

The Scouts needed people like Beren while he was in that unit. He has little fear, just enough to make him cautious. He fights hard and parties hard. He lies to people outside his unit outrageously and pilfers whatever equipment he needs to get



the job done. Everyone who knows him only believes half of what he says. Unless, he is

talking about a current mission with a team member and then he is all business. He misses the Scouts because misfits like him make up the majority of the freewheeling and unorthodox Scouts and do well the missions they are assigned to. He does however appreciate the fact that he gets a lot more leeway to use his unorthodox tactics. The opportunities for travel and profit make up for dealing with “Boring People.”

He grew up in a house with a lot of kids and busy parents so, his way of getting attention was telling lies. His mother was a warehouse worker and his dad worked in finance. They were often too drained at the end of the day to give the middle child much attention. He is a master of the one that got away, and believes rules are made to be broken. His motto is “Rules are made to be broken, why play by the rules if the rules are stupid?”. He also says “I’m paid for my results, not to be a monk.”

Many people who know him think he is borderline Bipolar. On the job he is capable of quiet professionalism and stealth. Decades of experience working his way up to senior Scout NCO have given him the know how and the determination to get the tough jobs done. He has gone to bat for his men a number of

times, violating orders to do so. He once got caught using high technology to extract team members on a low tech world.

His final discharge was for drunkenness on duty though he claims it was political. This may be so, it is rare for a senior NCO to be discharged when on a simple CQ watch on a garrison. The evidence to the contrary is that he had a similar offense earlier in his career and gets drunk off duty. Though much less frequently since his discharge.

Off duty he is a flamboyant character, filled with stories, some of them true. He has a collection of fine off world clothes he’s bought and can bring them out on occasion when the party calls for it. His exposure and travels have made him somewhat of a linguist. His hand to hand and bladed weapons skill is exceptional.

He’d be called an unrepentant sinner if he thought such a thing existed. He is rationalistic in orientation and openly mocks what he deems to be superstition and mumbo-jumbo. When he was enlisted, he took great delight in making chaplains do honest work and hard core training. His attitude is one of cautious open-mindedness, he demands evidence and logic for any assertion.

Caezer K'harrainia

Name: Caezer K'harrainia

Age: 34

Race: Human

Sex: Male

Career: Rogue

Terms: 4

Eye Color: Brown

Handed: Right

Height: 67 inches

Weight: 185 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Arsonist

Father: Carpenter

Str 11, Dex 11, End 11, Int 9, Edu 8, Soc 10

Skills:

Deception - 1, Computer 1, Stealth - 1, Streetwise -1, Astrogation -1, Vacc Suit -1, Slug Pistol -1, Slug Rifle -1, Energy Pistol - 2, Pilot (Spacecraft) - 1, Persuade - 1, Gambling - 1, Recon - 0, Athletics (Co-ordination) - 0

Equipment:

Combat Armour (TL 12), Laser Pistol, and 210,000 credits

Caezer is a young and intelligent pirate officer with ample on the job training. He is one of the quickest studies one could meet. If he would have had a different start, his mother was a criminal and arsonist, his father a carpenter with smugglers ties and some bad habits. With a different start he might have been a master of a trade or a well paid employee of a noble family. As it is he is a smiling handsome and somewhat murderous pirate. He cuts enemies down and



courts women with equal skill and is the epitome of a freewheeling freebooter.

Early on he was marked as a natural leader, especially since he volunteered for every boarding party and off ship work detail that came around. He quickly acquitted himself in every combat action, displaying swift wits and initiative. A third attribute surfaced as well. He dispatched a teammate who was mutinous, and assumed command, leading a desperate squad to victory.

One key reason for his success is that he is able to do high order mathematical calculations in his head and has a flawless memory for facts, figures, and monetary

transactions so he is used as a courier by those who need to leave no record. Being a lover of gambling, he has had his share of fights and shootouts so his reflexes are on a hair trigger. He is suspicious and often puts up a sarcastic exterior. Everyone he meets will have their sensitivity and loyalty tested. He simply must know where everyone stands.

He has had short but intense actual battle experience. Because bravery means nothing to a pirate, as they get no medals or commendations for anything other than profitable runs, he is just as likely to negotiate or retreat to gain a momentary advantage. He has been on a lot of legitimate trade missions with alien cultures and obscure worlds.

He has accumulated a personal stockpile of guns, illegal drugs, gems and credits, just in case something unexpected happens. He is always on the lookout for a bit to skim off the till and is wary of being caught. He is a master of talking his way out of situations and negotiating the upper hand. Even his enemies acknowledge this, and shake their heads at how he managed to pull a wool over their eyes. His life goal is to make that one big score and retire to one of the pirate sanctuary worlds where he can

drink, wench and eat to his hearts content, possibly run a bar.

Quotes "I'm young, I'm a pirate and I don't care what you think."

"Where's the drink and the wenches?"

Chris Tomag-guk

Name: Chris Tomag-guk

Age: 38

Race: Human

Sex: Male

Career: Agent

Terms: 5

Eye Color: Green

Handed: Right

Height: 69 inches

Weight: 200 pounds

Scar above left eye

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Dirigible Stewardess

Father: Statistician

Str 8, Dex 10, End 11, Int 8, End 12, Soc 9

Skills:

Melee (unarmed) - 1, Melee (Blade) - 1, Persuade -2, Slug Pistol - 1, Slug Rifle - 1, Energy pistol - 1, Streetwise - 1, Deception - 3, Stealth - 1, Drive (wheeled) - 0, Jack-of-all-trades -2, Investigation - 1, Computer - 2, Recon - 0, Pilot (Small Carft) - 1, Flyer (Grav) - 1, Medic - 1

Equipment:

Subdermal Armour (TL 11), Hand Computer (TL 12), Laser Pistol, and 22,500 credits

Chris is, and will always be involved in some kind of intelligence whether it is in the imperial service or another branch.

Throughout his career he has been brought deeper and into more and more secretive organizations. His latest assignment had him



fake a death so he could emerge as a new identity. He has almost no moral compunctions and no one knows his true loyalties even those who employ him. The only thing that makes him climb up in the ranks and to greater levels is that he has produced results in nearly impossible situations.

Destabilizing governments, destroying information and transportation networks are his specialties. He has done some wet work and despite his nervous tic, lazy and slovenly appearance (the appearance is an affectation designed to produce feelings of laxity in those

around him) he is dangerous. No one takes him as a serious threat. He usually has a cover story, like that of some minor technician or clerk. His true mission is to eliminate smuggling rings especially, weapon smugglers. To achieve this means he has cultivated a great many contacts and underworld friends. He has incredible information hacking skills and is quite good at space based work, repairs and such in zero g.

He prefers to get things done by indirect action and patsies who don't fully know what they are involved in. He views this all as a great game, one he never wants to quit. He gets a thrill from every new covert op. To facilitate this he has fake paper trails, IDs, alternate personalities and a thousand ways to deceive security and alarms. He has covert sanctuaries on several planets and even contact amongst former enemies.

The truth about this is somewhat enigmatic. First of all, he no longer has true loyalty to one side. His main goal is building personal wealth and influence, indulging in sexual perversion from a million worlds, and getting new thrills. Yes, he accomplished goals for his government, but they are fronts. Every smuggling ring he destroys is a rival for those he operates. Every rebel he sends to

the executioner is a rival for one he is friends with. He has agents who only report to him and only a few know they are not working for another agency.

His weaknesses are a love of expensive brandy and exotic foods which often can be a clue that he makes more money than he seems to be. But he rarely indulges in public. He enjoys women of all types and has a fondness for the human mutants. He sees the Zhodani as merely parts of the game, no worse or better than humanity. He is obsessed with trying to find ways to infiltrate alien cultures and set up crime organizations and smuggling operations among other species, where he will spread his religion, to the unsaved souls. He sees himself as an ambassador of humanity and servant of god that way.

The universe is a great bauble for him, to be polished to his liking and used. By interacting with alternate economies and forcing the movement of ideas and artifacts, he is doing a service to humanity.

Quotes. "Nobody, NOBODY...ever has their guard up the first time they see me... and many times, I'm the last thing they see."

"Only the knife hidden from view is dangerous enough to use."

Clebe Trael

Name: Clebe Trael

Age: 30

Race: Human

Sex: Male

Career: Marine

Terms: 3

Eye Color: Gold

Handed: Right

Height: 72 inches

Weight: 190 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Chemical Manufacturer

Father: Weapons Sales

Str 7, Dex 10, End 7, Int 7, Edu 12, Soc 12

Skills:

Medic - 1, Computer - 1, Vacc Suit - 1, Slug Pistol - 1, Slug Rifle - 1, Melee (Blade) - 3, Deception - 1, Leadership - 1, Energy Pistol - 1, Melee (Unarmed) - 1

Equipment:

Combat Armour (TL 12), Traveller's Aid Society, gun, blade, 60,000 credits

Clebe Trael has been described as a "Sleeper" by those who have known him for a long time. Shy in personal habits and equipped with a poor memory and a general air of laziness and indolence he is nonetheless capable of rising to the occasion. He was heavily decorated for bravery. He is adept at close combat, preferring blades, His



weapon of choice is close range snub pistol and cutlass.

He is a firm believer in the imperial system and the emperor. He views as enemies of humanity all who even slightly criticize the emperor or his decisions. His family is a military family. Many work in the defense industries and the government. He was discharged as a first sergeant after lengthy duty. He moves with what people call a wounded grace, agile and fast when he wants to be. His numerous injuries, wounds and excessive training from the elite units he

has been in leave him with a desire to use as little energy as possible when he is not training.

He maintains a rigorous fitness regimen which he must follow in order to avoid letting his war wounds deteriorate. He is a member of a religious order that worships the emperor as a deity who serves the celestial will. They are an open sect sharing nothing in terms of information that isn't asked, but will answer direct questions about non-sensitive matters. Due to this he is well connected and able to secure contacts with military, government, and civilian officials.

In combat he has a philosophy of killing quickly and mercilessly. Especially, since he has so many injuries, few people live long enough to see his possible weaknesses let alone exploit them. He does have a streak of almost psychopathic anger which is part of his makeup, moderated by his belief system and training. He has a roughish charm he uses on women, despite this he also frequents prostitutes, as his libido is as well developed as his combat prowess. He has developed a liking of various narcotics and is borderline habitual, though it does not interfere with his duties yet.

Because of his beliefs he is xenophobic and views aliens either as threats to humanity or useful when they are compliant and congruent with human needs. He has an absolute hatred of the Zhodani.

He has one driving mission in life to eventually be in a position to receive the emperors blessing which he regards as the pinnacle of life. He also maintains close ties with the royal family of his home world and keeps up on local developments. He will not do anything that goes against the interest of that family or their policy, as he regards them as his chain of command now that he is out of the service.

Quotes. "My emperor is closer to me than the chambers of my heart."

"The empire is the flower of Gods will and Gods light. Humanity is destined to fill the void with our light, and all life in it is ours to rule over."

Cram Imila-Ckariimio

Name: Cram Imila-Ckariimio

Age: 38

Race: Human

Sex: Male

Career: Merchant

Terms: 5

Eye Color: Blue

Handed: Right

Height: 64 inches

Weight: 180 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Bio-systems Assembler

Father: Furniture Assembler

Str 6, Dex 10, End 7, Int 12, Edu 8, Soc 10

Skills:

Admin - 1, Computer - 1, Vacc Suit - 1, Energy Pistol - 1, Energy Rifle - 1, Melee (Blade) - 2, Jack-of-all-Trades - 1, Advocate - 1, Astrogation - 2, Broker - 1, Pilot (Spacecraft) - 1, Persuade - 2, Steward - 1,

Equipment:

Free Trader (20 shares), Laser Pistol, blade, 40,000 credits

Cram, merchant, entrepreneur, devout religious man, but to outsiders he appears hard and tough. His career could be described as that of a reluctant warrior. Born to a wealthy family, he started out his merchant career as a lover of fine spirits and searcher for wealth and prosperity, a devotee of ecstasy as a route to the divine. He



fantasized about travel and exotic ports. He did get these things and a whole lot more.

Captured by pirates, pressed into combat in defense of ports and ships, and discovering the cold truth that a merchant's life is filled with as much peril as a soldier's, just added to his desire to run the trade lanes. He's fought for life and ship on many occasions and has the combative level on par with a low level enlisted soldier. He has experience in shipboard and ground combat and has seen his share of blood and thunder.

To survive he has developed a hard exterior. Upon meeting him one sees an expressionless mask or a slight smile that is fleeting and easily retracted. It is only when one gains his trust that he opens up. He tests

the character of people he meets by observing their daily actions, their degree of diligence to the job and how they treat their team members. Once you get to know him he is generous, loyal and friendly. He is a firm believer in separating the private from the public areas of life and in his private life he is a poet, musician, devotee of music and mysticism.

His order seeks to know god in states of ecstasy, drinking, dancing, meditating, lovemaking and playing music. His voice is well developed and charismatic. He recruits and initiates members of his own Sufi order and is of the rank of master.

The cosmos to him is filled with awe and wonder. He claims by studying the universe one can know the face of the eternal. There is a sad streak in him as he deals with the cruelty of war and the dangers of trade. Nonetheless, he would trade this for nothing. His most fervent wish is to live to his life and die a trader and traveler, drinking the best wines, with a lovely girl in his

bed.

"To speak eloquently, to navigate the stars, to drink fine wine and love fine ladies. To live with love of the universe in my actions and die with it on my mind is my wish."

"Battlestations!. Give me my gun and do what I do, you'll make it kid."



Crystal Freefranbaski

Name: Crystal Freefranbaski

Age: 30

Race: Human

Sex: Female

Career: Navy/ Scout

Terms: 2/1

*Psionic Strength: 9

Eye Color: Grey

Handed: Right

Height: 65 inches

Weight: 115 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Furniture Maker

Father: Crystal Miner

Str 11, Dex 10, End 12, Int 7, Edu 12, Soc 9

Skills:

Space Science (Planetology) - 1, Computer - 1, Vacc Suit - 1, Melee (Blade) - 1, Energy Pistol - 2, Pilot (Small Craft) - 1, Gunnery (Turrets) - 1, Medic - 2

Psionic Ability: Telepathy - 3 and Clairvoyance - 3

Equipment:

Ship's Boat, Air/ Raft, Traveller's Aid Society, 50,000 credits, and a contact from an alien race (something Psionic)

Crystal is extremely beautiful women just entering her third decade in an era where medical technology turns back the clock easily. This makes her very young and attractive, save for a barely noticeable scar



under her right ear which she is a bit self-conscious about. She uses her long, silky, shiny, black hair to cover it up. She had a brief but very active service as a medic in the navy and the scouts. Though her decorations are not numerous they were all well earned.

She has had both combat and medical training that makes her quite capable of serving as either a junior member of a surgical team or a member of an armed fire team. She has a passion for gem collecting and geological information due to her fathers influence as a crystal miner. In her spare time she started a side business of selling jewelry that she creates. She has produced quite a few highly valued pieces of jewelry which she has sold at a very high price.

Her greatest fear is that her extremely high level clairvoyant and telepathic abilities will be discovered. The widespread prejudice against them and fears people have about possible Zhodani sympathizers keep her on her guard. She is extremely psychic and is able to focus in on thoughts that are a great distance away given the right focal point and stimulus. Her clairvoyance is in the form of dream symbolism. She has studied many disciplines to help her control and channel this ability. She gets her greatest results with yogic breathing and meditative techniques.

However, she is unable to control this during intimate moments and finds any sexual contact with anyone too intense. She will absolutely not take another psionic as a partner because of this. Though she, as a matter of survival, often silently contacts and befriends psychics she finds. She is part of an underground organization of psychics who want to get better treatment and support each other.

She is like many psychics whose memory and senses are weak because of over reliance on her psychic senses. Her hearing is poor and when she is weak or extremely tired she starts to pick-up on a lot of noise from other minds resulting in strong

headaches. She is quite adept at reading alien minds. Her clairvoyance is a safeguard for her. She often gets premonitions that save her skin and only acts publicly on them when a group she is in is threatened. She often disguises this as receiving information from a contact (which she does not have) or by being tipped off.

She has a lot of self consciousness about her scar though small it is visible soon after people get to know her. This makes her somewhat vulnerable to manipulation on that regard. She is on the one hand a sexy capable woman with special abilities and on the other hand a vulnerable person wary of being exposed and concerned about her physical appearance.

Quotes: "I got a baaad feeling about this"
"Men, the more the merrier, the dumber the better."

Cvulo Pantu

Name: Cvulo Pantu

Age: 30 (42 Anagathics)

Race: Human

Sex: Male

Career: Merchant

Terms: 6

Eye Color: Blue

Handed: Right

Height: 66 inches

Weight: 175 pounds

Gash scar on right leg

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Finance and Communications

Father: Deposed Baron/ Merchant

Str 7, Dex 9, End 9, Int 10, Edu 11, Soc 12

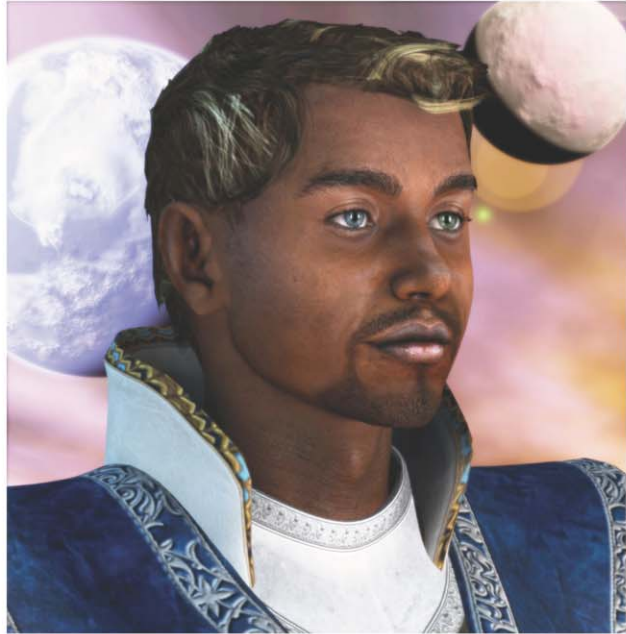
Skills:

Broker - 3, Admin - 1, Vacc Suit - 1, Melee (Blade) - 1, Energy Pistol - 2, Pilot (Small Craft) - 1, Pilot (Spacecraft) - 2, Persuade - 2, Streetwise - 2, Engineering (Jump Drive) - 2, Astrogation - 1, Jack-of-all-Trades - 1, Zero G - 1, Comms - 0, Steward - 0, Drive - 0

Equipment:

Free Trader (40 shares), Laser pistol (TL 11), Stunner (TL 12), dagger, and 72,500 credits

Small, fair haired, dark skinned with one green and one brown eye, Cvulo is recognized immediately by those who know him. He capitalizes on this, dressing in the richest silks and finest accessories, a jeweled dagger and gilded laser pistol and stunner complete his look. He is of the class of shipmasters of the free traders. He has overseen many profitable, as well as,



dangerous missions in the depths of space. The shipmaster is the sole authority over the cargo when the ship is not in transit. He has ultimate authority over the ship and its inhabitants.

He is from an unusual marriage. His father was a renegade baron who was framed for a crime against the Imperium by his rivals. His father was deposed just days after assuming his office on the death of his old father. His betrothal to a princess of the imperial family was annulled. He met Cvulo's mother when he was in exile. His mother was a finance and communication expert with a calming presence. She contrasted to the active and energetic nature of his father who joined the free traders with the aim of consolidating power and wealth to eventual regain his title. Then a strange thing happened, they fell in love with the free trader lifestyle and the organization.

Cvulo was born on one of the outland words where free traders set up their homes. He was raised by his folks during a seven year on-planet assignment they were given once he was born. His father has developed sizable personal wealth. His mother oversees the investment of this and the deployment of their ships. Starting at age seven he was allowed to travel on the space ways receiving schooling on practical matters. By the age of 12 he was admitted to a technical school specializing in jump drive mechanics and mathematical modeling of galactic anomalies. Upon his graduation at the age of sixteen he did a two year advance course in navigation and landing. He is a first class pilot both on and offworld, with a minor in underwater craft operation.

In the undersea outposts on Juzail 5 he was injured when diving by a local life form with a toxic stinger that left a huge gash across his right leg. He has been on ships that had to defended themselves form pirates both in space and on trade worlds. He has supplemented his combat training with knife drills and non-lethal weapons. He organizes a security force on every ship he is on and personally trains with them to ensure that in battle he will be able to effectively command.

His secret ambition is to regain a royal title by finding a way to raise an army, perhaps mercenaries funded by smuggling operations he has a hand in, to retake his home world from who he views as usurpers. He deals in precious goods and valuables because they are easier to carry and hide and bring a great profit. He has a talent for identifying forgeries and is particularly indignant about that. Often he will tip of local authorities or pirates to the source of these. If he encounters them during a legitimate trade mission he will collect a reward. If it is in an underground deal then he will use anonymous tips or even hire a hit man to vandalize the forgers business.

“Man was made to trade and bargain. Yes, the emperor likes to get a hand in each transaction but who else would protect us from any possible threat alien or human? The Zhodani have great mental abilities and many aliens have greater strength and resilience. We humans are powerful because of the money we have made trading and colonizing. It is our wealth that earns us the galaxy”

Dame Angela Drina

Name: Dame Angela Drina

Age: 34 (42 Anagathics)

Race: Human

Sex: Female

Career: Navy/ Marine

Terms: 4/2

Eye Color: Brown

Handed: Right

Height: 60 inches

Weight: 105 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Courtesan

Father: Tour Guide

Str 10, Dex 9, End 11, Int 12, Edu 12, Soc 12

Skills:

Medic - 4, Battledress - 1, Vacc Suit - 2,
Melee (Blade) - 1, Melee (Unarmed) - 2,
Computer - 2, Slug Rifle - 1, Energy Pistol -
2, Engineering (Electronics) - 1, Instruction -
2, Life Science - 2, Leadership - 1, Recon - 1,
Tactics (Military) - 2

Equipment:

Air/ Raft, Combat Armour (TL 12), Contact,
Medikit (TL 11)

Noble titles are normally a thing to be appreciated because of the honor, the wealth and the opportunities they represent.

However, for Dame Angela it's a problem.

Her mother was the courtesan of the Marquis.

On her home world the courtesan fulfills a religious, as well as a concubine role in the court. Her position is sacred and honored by



the people but, still carries a tainted meaning off world.

Dame Angela's father was a commoner. He was a dashing guide who was desired by many noblewomen for his physical prowess and scoundrel mystic. With the permission of the Marquis and the surrendering of a boon owed, he chose the most beautiful of them for his bride.

Her father specialized in leading off world tours to many exotic planets for safari and seeing of ancient ruins in often dangerous

systems. A capable adventurer and relic hunter he often took her on trips to many worlds, where she found out that her mother's title was something to be hidden from the public.

This conflicting pride in her noble birth, desire to travel off world and to avoid the stigma that came with her mother's title inspired her into the medical service. She felt the combination of the honor of being an officer and the calling of medicine was an ideal choice. She quickly distinguished herself in both the proficiency in medicine, particularly trauma surgery, and in steady nerves under fire. If there was a major engagement she was there at the front lines in field surgery. She was also assigned to travel with Special Forces teams due to her knowledge of esoteric species anatomy.

Her discharge was a result of her ingrained morality. She killed two renegade members of her own unit who were in the process of slaughtering innocents. She was reduced in rank and unable to reenlist after being assigned to an obscure outpost. She looks for a way to redeem her honor which at this point means more to her than anything. When confronted by a decision between compassion and protecting herself, she obeys

her inner moral compass and comes to the aid of those who need it, be it under fire or in the clinic. Her imperial class medical skills make her a coveted asset to any employer. She can afford to pick a commander and assignment that is in line with her values. She is slightly xenophobic due to her many combat experiences.

Her love of ancient legends and off world histories makes her a candidate for salvage and relic hunting operations. Her proficiency in space operations makes her a great support staff for boarding parties, something she has done many times before. As demonstrated by her history she has no qualms killing in self defense or in defense of her principles, and as a noble she will claim her right to a duel, even against men. She has an inner sensuality that comes from her mother, and an outward prudishness that comes from reacting against her mother's title.

Quotes "No honor is greater than saving a life. There is no greater failing than failing in surgery. Don't take up this profession unless you can bear this responsibility."

"The merely adequate among my surgeons and the soldiers assigned to my unit were far more noble in purpose and heart than the best of my home world's nobility."



Daphni Clark

Name: Daphni Clark

Age: 34

Race: Human

Sex: Female

Career: Army

Terms: 4

Eye Color: Grey

Handed: Ambi

Height: 65 inches

Weight: 145 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Raw Materials Technician

Father: State Leader

Str 11, Dex 10, End 9, Int 9, Edu 9, Soc 8

Skills:

Medic - 2, Advocate - 1, Admin - 2, Melee (Blade) - 1, Comms - 1, Slug Rifle - 1, Slug Pistol - 1, Engineering (Electronics) - 1, Leadership - 1, Recon - 1,

Drive (Wheeled) - 2

Equipment:

Subdermal Armour (TL 11), 20,000 credits

Daphne is a former army officer turned merc, an unlikely choice for someone who is truly happy and fulfilled, given her job which takes to conflict zones and dangerous regions of space. She initially joined the army to fulfill a few things on her checklist she thought she needed for a political career she planned. Her father was a politician. Her



mother was a materials engineer who worked with dangerous materials, toxic chemicals and exotic metals. She received and sent out batches of thousands of tons from interplanetary mining concerns for the local noble family.

Her familial upbringing stressed an uncompromising honesty and strict adherence to rules of protocol that set a path for her life to follow. Her medical aspirations began when she saw the swift and competent work at an industrial accident at one of her mother's

assigned off planet sites. She saw in the medical personnel a heroic example since so many women were in that branch. She saw that as a way to facilitate her political career through first engaging in military service

She has been wounded several times. Her hearing is poor from being too near explosions. She was offered a cash severance and an early discharge after a war when downsizing and budget cuts were enacted. She took her pay, signed on for a years duty in a merc vessel as a medical officer and intended to generate some cash for a nice home on a resort world and a private practice.

A merc's life though it can be lucrative, is hard and filled with long periods of boredom punctuated by intense danger. Her first few months were difficult, though not necessarily more so than regular service. She had to rebuff the attentions of many males and females, but did date around.

However, she met a man who was a cut above the rest. A patient of hers on a minor routine check up exuded charm and confidence. As a master at arms and a former xenobiologist he had both intellectual and physical attractiveness on his side, as well as, a sense of humor. She soon fell deeply in

love and, after a year of dating, they were married. They have plans to stay in the merc service together until they raise enough capital to buy their own free trader vessel and run their own trade caravan.

She now spends all of her off time with him. She is deeply into expanding her medical and commercial education in preparation for her upcoming life change.

Quotes "There is nothing in medical science harder than treating zero g battle wounds, listen to me and you'll be able to do it. Don't pay attention in class and I'll have you booted."

"Nobody exasperated me like my husband, that's why I knew I had to marry him."

Dr. Evan Wilson

Name: Dr. Evan Wilson

Age: 34 (46 Anagathics)

Race: Human

Sex: Male

Career: Navy

Terms: 7

Retirement Pay: 14,000 credits/ year

Eye Color: Green

Handed: Right

Height: 70 inches

Weight: 165 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Reformed Thief

Father: Government Agent

Str 10, Dex 12, End 8, Int 13, Edu 11, Soc 2

Skills:

Medic - 4, Vacc Suit - 1, Melee (Blade) - 1, Pilot (Small Craft) - 2, Energy Rifle - 1, Energy Pistol - 2, Engineering (Electronics) - 1, Instruction - 2, Space Science (Xenology) - 1, Life Science (Biology) - 1, Leadership - 1, Recon - 2, Tactics (Military) - 2, Admin - 1, Stealth - 1, Investigate - 1,

Equipment:

Ship's Boat, Contact, Traveller's Aid Society Membership, Independent Operation (6 MCr.), and 50,000 Credits

Dr. Evan Wilson is what is known as a "Mustang" in military slang. A former enlisted man who earned an OCS commission he is one of those people that seem almost untouchable by lesser beings. He knows his



field of medicine inside and out. He specialized in toxicology especially alien toxins and diseases. He has top notch experience and ability in treating battle wounds. He has an extremely strong sense of honor and identity. His mother was a reformed thief who wound up falling in love with a government agent who recruited her for an operation. She reformed and decide to make up for her past by devoting herself to her husband and son. There is a strong commitment to the truth and to justice that runs through his person due to her efforts.

His father facilitated his entry into the navy and actually encouraged him to start off

as an enlisted man since he felt that it would give him an edge when he became a leader. Dr. Evan is convinced it was the best decision he ever made. He has been able to command respect, awe, rapport and fear in his subordinates and superiors.

No stranger to combat (as all combat medics and flight surgeons are) he has commanded defensive actions and boarding parties as well as patched up bleeding and near death men under fire. He has adequate close combat skill for someone with surgeon's hands, but prefers the foil or a laser pistol to get the job done. He is able to stealthily move on shipboard operations when the need arises.

His hobby is cooking, which he has become quite good at and on rare occasions he will do so publicly for shipmates when the situation warrants. He has oriental looking eyes hinting at his ancestry although the long red hair coming from his head can confuse some people. He has a subdued humble bearing that can turn into rapid fire speech when an emergency comes around. He has a permanent limp from a horrible combat action he was involved with. He has undergone a special treatment that makes him permanently

immune to truth drugs because of his past black ops history.

This operation was the definitive operation of his life. He was undercover when he was betrayed by a double agent, a diplomat who betrayed him as well as his fellow diplomats to the enemy. He was sentenced to death along with his teammates. He led a daring daylight break out and fought his way out of the base where they were held. His confederates managed to kill the traitor, then they managed to destroy a key weapon that they were assigned to confirm the existence of, a prototype weapon that would have tipped the balance. They commandeered a fast scout ship and fought their way home with massive damage to the hull. Adrift in space they were eventually recovered by pirates who knew nothing of their covert mission. He was allowed to live because of his medical training and he bargained for the lives of his men.

He eventually arranged contact with a Marine cruiser who was able to authorize their ransom, without revealing to them their original mission. He is considered an unsung hero by the intelligence services. Has been promoted to full spy master running his own ring of agents. He is currently undercover

trying to discover if there are more traitors like the one who betrayed him and his men, and has orders to kill.

Quotes: "I'm Dr. Evans, my team and I will make sure you have the best possible care."

"I think I could cook that, I'd have to improvise with the ships yeast but It could be done."



Emerald Ma'Kirria

Name: Emerald Ma'Kirria

Age: 34

Race: Human

Sex: Female

Career: Army

Terms: 4

Eye Color: Brown

Handed: Right

Height: 64 inches

Weight: 100 pounds

Scar on right side of face, neck,
and chest from crash.

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Hydrogen Gatherer

Father: Dirigible Pilot

Str 10, Dex 9, End 11, Int 11, Edu 9, Soc 12

Skills:

Deception - 1, Comms - 1, Vacc Suit - 1,
Melee (unarmed) - 1, Energy Pistol - 1,
Energy Rifle - 1, Slug Rifle - 2, Heavy
Weapon (Field Artillery) - 2, Gunnery (Turrets)
- 1, Survival - 1, Recon - 1, Tactics (Military) -
2, Streetwise - 1, Science (Chemistry) - 2

Equipment:

Combat Armour (TL 12), Subdermal Armour
(TL 11), and 15,000 credits

Emerald is a short and petite person, almost appearing childlike. Perhaps the only thing giving away her inner strength is the angry look she often has to remind herself to keep. In reality she is a very cheerful person



with an almost psychopathic optimism that is unnerving to friends and foes alike. Calm under fire, she acts as if there is an invisible force field around her. In another age, she would be said to have had a Napoleon Complex.

She has both theoretical and practical knowledge of the dirigible industry, hydrogen gathering, and maintains contacts and lines of communication with that industry. Her mother and father worked in the hydrogen and dirigible industries of low gravity, hydrogen rich environments. Her knowledge of basic

and advanced chemistry and industrial processes is great since she did that kind of work all through her early adult years. She plans on getting back into the administrative and trade aspects of that industry after her retirement.

Her military career was eventful. Decorated for bravery on several occasions she has survived ambushes, bombardments and frontal assaults. She began to develop a belief that the governing force of the universe she worships, was somehow protecting her as avatar. When she was a brigade staff officer her brigade was attacked with overwhelming numbers and destroyed. She was the sole survivor and escaped on a trader ship with hardly a scratch. She decided to allow her old identity to remain dead and is now a member of a mercenary company under an alias.

In her mercenary service she is a female captain who has developed a belief in her own invincibility. She has survived a military career of ups and downs and mercenary operations. She was part of a failed raiding party that crashed. Although part of her crew was captured, she and the remaining free survivors staged a daring rescue, where all were recovered. Her leadership and daring during this rescue

made her a legend among her fellow mercenaries.

Her status did not come without a price. During the rescue her Air/Raft crashed. She suffered severe injuries to her right side of her upper body and face. Most of the scarring has healed successfully on her face and the remaining injuries are barely noticeable. Emerald attributes this to her favored position in the cosmos, more than the medical treatment. She has a few fellow soldiers she is teaching her religious philosophy. Strong and charismatic, her ability to create a cult following is getting better, enhanced by both her reputation and unshakeable self confidence.

Quotes "Align yourself with your own energy and that of the universe. Then nothing can stop you."

Entel McKeon

Name: Entel McKeon

Age: 26

Race: Human

Sex: Male

Career: Scout

Terms: 2

Eye Color: Brown

Handed: Right

Height: 71 inches

Weight: 180 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Ocean Miner

Father: Mint Worker

Str 10, Dex 7, End 7, Int 11, Edu 10, Soc 10

Skills:

Vacc Suit - 1, Melee (Blade) - 1, Slug Rifle - 1, Medic -1, Pilot (Spacecraft) - 1, Jack-of-all-trades - 1

Equipment:

40,000 credits

Entel scares just about everyone he encounters. He is a truly rare breed of adrenaline junkie that is addicted to danger. His father was a mint worker, who had a very comfortable salary and his mother was an ocean miner. They were well educated and adventurous, taking frequent trips sky diving, ocean diving and climbing. With this background he had little fear to begin with. It was when he was in secondary school that he



made acquaintance with a group of similar kids from his elite school for the parents of the wealthy and well connected.

As he progressed into puberty and his system began to flood with testosterone the thrill of jumping and riskier stunts combined with the adulation of females soon became a bona fide addiction, which caused him to seek greater and greater thrills. Using his parents connections he began training as a pilot before his admission to university and developed an aggressive, fearless style of flying. His reflexes are off the chart, though his vision is relatively poor considering he did pass the flight qualification physical.

No ship or flight system seems beyond his mastery. His instinctual understanding of ship navigation, both space and atmospheric craft, means his ability to pilot new crafts is uncanny. The down side of this is that he has no respect for protocol or strategy, he's a seat-of-the-pants type of pilot.

He entered the Scout service as a potential wonder-kid but, on his first combat engagement he disobeyed a direct order and charged into battle killing two crew members in a suicidal attack against enemy ships. He was quickly stripped of his pilot status and reassigned to medical training. During psychological testing it was revealed he had an obsessive compulsive dependency on seeking out danger and pleasure, with a touch of narcissistic personality disorder.

His life is a series of mental states. He is usually seen with a preoccupied expression on his face, Pale and disheveled with blond hair and slight overbite he gives off a self centered air. When there is an impending mission, he gets a combination of agitation and excitement as he prepares non-stop for his mission. He is in a high state of arousal and anticipation, often seeking out females for casual sexual encounters, another

behavior he uses as a substitute for his preferred rush.

During operations he burns brightly, with endless energy, peaking at the moments of greatest danger on a space mission. The higher the risk the greater the rush he enjoys. Afterwards there is a slight basking in the glory of it for a moment, then a period of lethargy and depression, where he does and says little. Then he again begins to have that preoccupied mental state where he seeks out a new adventure, and risk.

He is known for being a jerk to those around him. Despite this, because of his risk taking and arrogant air he attracts a lot of females, who find him exciting for a short term. Other behaviors he indulges in are gambling, the occasional practical joke (out of taste) and arguments over politics and trivial matters. He has few friends. Those he has often wind up picking up after him or avoiding him until he enters his depressive phase.

"The galaxy is too risky for me to be out of a job. I get paid well, and I can afford to gamble it all away. I'm lucky"

"Nobody lives forever, and few people truly live. I'm gonna be fully alive 'til it's time for me to check out."

Fh-Hati Huon

Name: Fh-Hati Huon

Age: 38

Race: Human

Handed: Right

Sex: Male

Career: Marine

Terms: 5

Eye Color: Brown

Handed: Right

Height: 71 inches

Weight: 180 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Hovercraft Technician

Father: Sculptor



Str 10, Dex 10, End 11, Int 8, Edu 12, Soc 10

Skills:

Vacc Suit - 1, Melee (Blade) - 3, Slug Rifle - 2, Mechanical -1, Pilot (Small craft) - 1, Engineering (Electronics) - 1, Engineering (Manoeuvre Drive) - 1, Recon - 1, Admin - 1, Battledress - 1, Slug Pistol - 1, Heavy Weapons (Launchers) - 2, Leadership - 1, Tactics (Military) - 2

Equipment:

Combat Armour (TL 12), ACR, Cutlass, RAM Grenade Launcher, and 55,000 credits

Fh-Hati, a highly decorated marine officer who climbed the ladder the hard way, from an enlisted man to a staff grade officer. He has the typical number of wounds; some from combat, some from



brawling. He's commanded in every capacity from that of an enlisted NCO to a staff grade officer and has served in both infantry and combat engineer capacity.

His parents have a history of military service; both were enlisted before starting their careers. His mother was a hovercraft tech and his father was a noted sculptor who had a huge off world following. He grew up exposed to different thought processes, and has a remarkably liberal view point for a lifetime military officer. He enjoys gambling and drinking with his fellow marines and staff personnel but not to a large enough degree for either to present a problem.

The marines were the greatest period of his life. His best friends were marines, he got married to a female marine and his children are now coming of age to enter the Marine Corps. He seeks out assignments with former marines and enjoys the camaraderie of the clique they represent. He has a low tolerance of inefficiency and has few friends outside of the marines or former marines.

He does make exceptions for those who display professionalism and personal toughness, regardless of their background. He has fought the Zhodani and secretly thinks the animosity between them and humanity is

counterproductive. He is from a slightly mutated offshoot of humans; he has pointed ears and poor smell and hearing. He is prone to allergies, and takes medication for it.

Otherwise, he is a healthy individual who keeps fit and active. He has a side hobby of acquiring rare artifacts, and an encyclopedic recall of galactic history.

He has a nominal interest in religion. Spiritual matters interest him. His hard nosed existence and his scientific background leads him to conclude that most religions are merely interpretation. He has been an admirer of philosophy and poetry. He has a huge interest in studying and categorizing religions amongst the aliens and human offshoots.

"We are more than just a clump of flesh that is the question that inspires all religions. They are all equally inspired and equally off the mark."

Fi'Thian Eireo

Name: Fi'Thian Eireo

Age: 34

Race: Human

Sex: Female

Career: Marine

Terms: 4

Eye Color: Grey

Handed: Right

Height: 63 inches

Weight: 100 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Paramedic

Father: Quadrant Leader

Str 8, Dex 8, End 7, Int 6, Edu 6, Soc 6

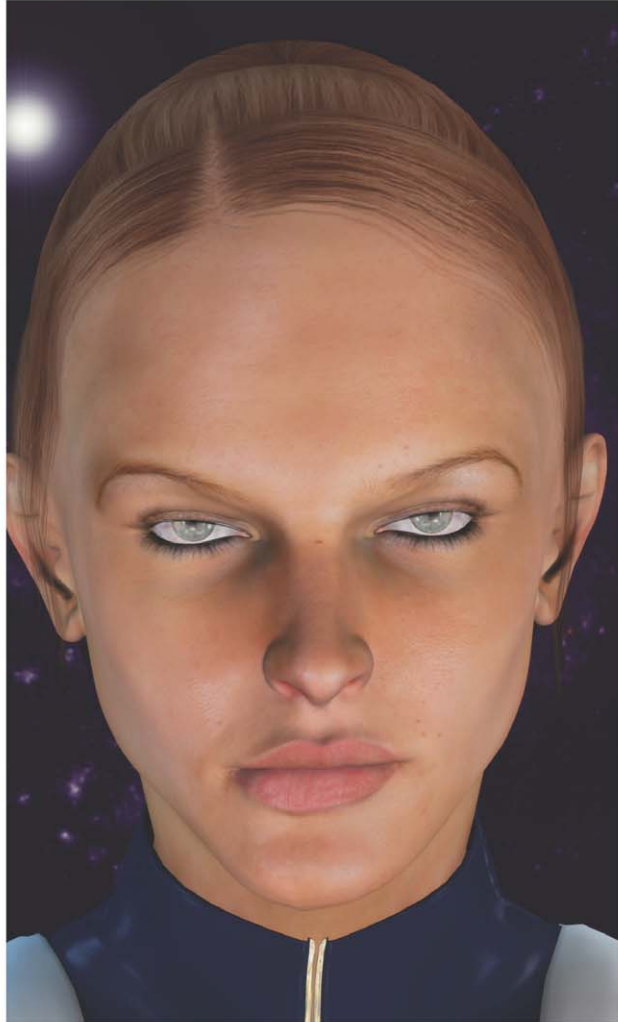
Skills:

Melee (Blade) - 2, Gun Combat (Energy Rifle) - 1, Gun Combat (Slug Rifle) - 2, Heavy Weapon (Launchers) - 1, Recon - 1, Tactics (Military) - 3, Leadership - 1, Medic - 2, Engineering (Manoeuvre Drive) - 1, Vacc Suit - 1

Equipment:

Combat Armour (TL 12), Guass Rifle, ACR, and 10,000 credits

Fi'Thian Eiro, solitary, brooding and iron willed is the only way to adequately describe her. She is a petite lady with well developed musculature for a female of her stature. She is a woman of extraordinary reflexes, intelligence and sensory acuity, which she uses to the fullest in a dangerous job. She started out a paramedic in the Marines before



the lure of high money and adventure tempted her to be a mercenary. She very quickly revealed that she was an exceptional fighter, expert with thrown weapons, pulse rifles, missiles and crew served weapons. She quickly advanced through the upper ranks and served in covert ops, defensive actions and raids displaying a high level of initiative.

She is considered a strategic and tactical thinker extraordinaire, capable of maintaining an overview of the big picture during operations. She is currently engaged in a project of overseeing and rethinking

training doctrine for the mercenary training academy, especially zero g and ships defense training. Her hobby is collecting and experimenting with different types of armor, both ancient and modern. Her collection includes several examples of alien and Zhodani battle armor. She has several different customized suits for herself depending on the mission she will be sent on.

Because she has sought to be excellent in many areas of her chosen career she is impatient and often curt with her fellow teammates, who she often sees as lazy and motivated by only money. She is picky about who she allows on her team and is iconoclastic in her approach to everything. Were she of lesser skill she would be of a much lower rank. She has an abiding hatred of the Zhodani and an admiration for the Aslan and the Vargr, seeing in them many valuable qualities she believes humans need to emulate.

She is at conflict with herself and her instincts; on the one hand she finds herself feeling deeply fulfilled by her leadership role in a male dominated force, but on the other hand she feels like she wants to one day be a mother though she suppresses the thought ruthlessly when it comes up. She is attracted to darker skinned men and bravery. She is loyal to the one she is with, but will let



someone go quickly if they don't live up to her standards. She is rather striking and has options.

She has given herself three years to accomplish her career goals and then will start looking for a mate and a world to settle on to have kids. This makes her more likely to take on a riskier assignment to facilitate her goal. Despite the many fertility treatments available she feels that three years is all the postponement she will allow herself in this quest. She fears being in a position where she does not have a choice.

Firth Shloxial-bo

Name: Firth Shloxial-bo

Age: 35

Race: Human

Sex: Male

Career: Scout

Terms: 4

Eye Color: Blue

Handed: Right

Height: 72 inches

Weight: 135 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Financial Speculator

Father: Trucker

Str 8, Dex 6, End 5, Int 9, Edu 6, Soc 10

Skills:

Vacc Suit - 1, Computer - 1, Slug Rifle - 2,
Laser Pistol - 2, Medic -1, Mechanical - 1,
Pilot (Spacecraft) - 2, Pilot (Small Craft) - 1,
Recon - 1, Jack-of-all-trades - 2

Equipment:

Scout ship, Laser Pistol, ACR, and 130,000
credits

Firth is an example of how persistence and hard work can build a career in the absence of great natural talent. He not particularly smart or talented but he has built a great deal of computer proficiency and mathematical ability. He has a dull glazed over facial expression that is compensated by his large, strong frame and square jaw. His



father and mother were both part of the crew of a behemoth class trader vehicle.

His father was a respected pilot and his mother was a wealthy investor that sunk her whole fortune in the commissioning and deployment of one of those huge and costly far traveling ships. She was one of the visionaries that not only funded the largest trade ships in the Imperium, but also participated in developing the design. She actually took up residence in a stateroom of the ship to oversee her financial interests.

He was born on this ship and spent his time learning the ins and outs of space travel. His mother and father saw to it that he was well prepared for any contingency that

might arise. He's traveled from the core worlds of the Imperium with their highly populated centers of high culture to alien cultures on the galactic Imperium's rim. Firth has no xenophobia, is completely at home in space and tight corners.

His view on the Imperium and the place of Humanity is largely pragmatic. Being space born he sees planets and systems as merely incidental to human interests. He believes that trade, especially between aliens and humans is the surest way to guarantee human survival and development. While he would never voice it, he thinks the concept of hereditary nobility is a bizarre and embarrassing development that is holding humanity back.

His computer skills are those of a person who has no huge amount of natural talent but has years of practical experience and good mentors on his side. He has adequate combat skills but seems to have an unfortunate streak of bad luck when it comes to bladed weapons since he has been stabbed or slashed on the face, chest and abdomen in close combat. It's a combination of having a long lanky frame and a lack of coordination. To compensate, he has developed an ability to point shoot with a hand

blaster, as well as a great ability as a marksman. He is deadly with a scoped weapon at great ranges and a capable sniper.

Raised by two hard nosed materialistic parents he has developed a very mercantile mindset. Firth is always peddling rare wares as a side business and is looking for a new source of possible wealth. He has a keen sense of business and can be pushy and relentless in deals and negotiations.

He has no strong religious beliefs, though his ex-wife dragged him to ceremonies done for the marriage and key events in his life. He still carries a flame for his ex-wife who simply could not deal with the separation of his long voyages. He has no children.

Quotes, "Blades, let me tell you about blades. They seem to be magnetized to me. I make every effort to shoot straight because of that. I suggest you do as well."

"I can get you a great deal on----- if you promise to buy in bulk.

Forintha Calovius

Name: Forintha Calovius

Age: 26 (34 Anagathics)

Race: Human

Sex: Female

Career: Scholar

Terms: 4

Eye Color: Brown

Handed: Left

Height: 76 inches

Weight: 205 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Garage Attendant

Father: Trucker

Str 10, Dex 10, End 10, Int 12, Edu 12, Soc 7

Skills:

Comms - 1, Computer - 3, Slug Rifle - 1, Investigate - 2, Survival -1, Language (Zdetl) - 1, Language (Oynprith) - 1, Space Science (Xenology) - 3, Social Science (Archeology) - 2, Physical Science (Electronics) - 1

Equipment:

Scientific Equipment and 200,000 credits

Forintha travels often with Frederick, with whom she has an intimate relationship. She is full fledged xenopaleontologist specializing legends, folklore and historical records that might help in finding the location of ruins. She is one of the truly fortunate persons who manage to rise to a position of honor based on her intellect and ability. This, rare in a



feudal system, is due to her total recall of any written material she reads, her keen razor sharp deductive mind and her work ethic.

She was a child genius getting a university scholarship at the age of fifteen. Alienated from her age group she found college a great relief, for instead of being teased and rejected due to her great mind she was praised by her teachers and administrators. She was showered with attention from the administration since she brought so much publicity and funds to the school. Her classmates, though intimidated by her, also sought her out as a tutor and helper academically. She was able to make contacts with nobles, investors and such.

She was also precocious physically being a well built ebony skinned girl with decent

musculature and a love of swimming and hiking. She has a habit of finding a protective male figure and taking him as a patron. She needs to feel both physically and socially secure with the man in her life so she tends to date men much older than her. For example, she is only 26, a full fledged PhD and researcher while Frederick is in his forties, they have a non-monogamous relationship, though she has little time for such pursuits because of her dedication to her scientific research.

She has little to no combat training although she is familiar enough to load and fire and reload weapons such as the common rifle and firearm contingent available on a ship. She is surprisingly accurate at long range, though her close combat experience is nil. She is a database whiz and can operate in several programming languages including an expert level rating in Aslan and Zhodani computer networks.

She is only truly happy in three situations; in her lab or study working on something, traveling to different ruins and sites looking for relics and traces of lost civilizations, or presenting her findings in an academic setting. Her teaching experience was short, since Fredrick used his money and influences to recruit her as soon as she completed her dissertation defense.

Her religious beliefs are similar to those of her home world. The focus of the religion is a veneration of various gods and goddesses who come to humanity in the form of divine avatars. She often retreats into a meditative state of solitude for a few hours after a planetary dig to collect her mind and data. She still maintains her body with exercise and is attempting to pick up a weapons based martial art to keep her safe in the event of a being boarded.

Off duty when not with Frederick she enjoys musical entertainment and dancing performances. She has a collection of instruments from all over the Imperium though she doesn't play any herself. She has a phobia of felines and the Aslan have a terrifying impact on her, though their culture fascinates her. It is her dream to find and decipher the writing of the ancients and determine their ultimate fates. She has her theories which, at the present time she doesn't dare publish.

"No matter what we feel the facts remain the facts, and the universe doesn't give up her facts without a fight."

"The gods are a varied bunch they arose from the universe's chaos, they formed it into what it is. There is nothing, not even the Aslan, that are anything but the work of the divine."

Fredrick Von Wictenstien

Name: Fredrick Von Wictenstien

Age: 42

Race: Solomani

Sex: Male

Career: Navy/Scholar

Terms: 4/2

Eye Color: Green

Handed: Right

Height: 68 inches

Weight: 170 pounds

Parental Occupations:

Mother: Plastic Manufacturing

Father: Electronics Sales

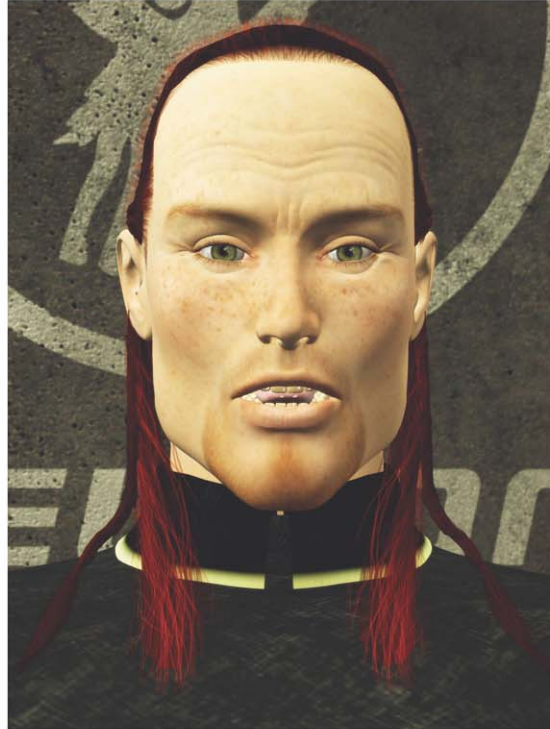
Str 11, Dex 10, End 10, Int 10, Edu 11, Soc 12
(10)

Skills:

Space Science (Xenology) - 3, Physical
Science (Chemistry) - 3, Social Science
(Archeology) - 2, Life Science (Biology) - 2,
Pilot (Small Craft) - 2, Gambling - 1,
Engineering (Electronics) - 1, Melee (Blade) -
1, Gun Combat (Slug Pistol) -1, Leadership -
1, Sensors - 1, Vacc Suit - 1, Astrogation - 0,
Comms - 0

Equipment: Retainer (1,000 credits Month),
Guass Pistol, Data Wafer, and 120,000 credits

His mother and adoptive father were both involved in industry, sales and manufacturing eventually starting their own business advisory firm, with a small but capable staff of employees who dealt with



human as well as Zhodani and alien clients. His knowledge of Aslan and Vargr language is deep. He has engaged in several trade missions with them.

Fredrick is a bastard son of a local noble lacking any title, but his father did arrange for him to get into the naval academy once he proved he had scores good enough to qualify. His piloting skills and combat skills are average given his training. It is in the area of academics that he shined. He has enough xenobiology credits to have a degree in it though his main degree was in xenopaleontology.

He was basically a young man looking to escape the deep economic stagnation on his home world when the

industries they were engaged in were destroyed by environmental mismanagement. The wastes from the manufacturing process were volatile. When combined with rare elements in the soil of the planet they were on a strangely virus like protein was created that infected and killed half the colony. The world is an empty shell where agriculture is the chief activity. The few industrial concerns left were merely there to help dig for and process essential minerals and metals to maintain the small population of the planet.

He was assigned to a Naval Science Academy expedition to explore ruins on a world that was suspected of having artifacts of the ancients. It was discovered that, while these ruins were not from the ancients, they were the remnants of a long lost human alien hybrid perhaps engineered by a race immediately preceding the collapse of the ancients. This was immediately followed by a raid by Vargr forces who sought to claim the site and any technology for their own. The expedition was forced to leave, but not before Frederick had secured a small handheld device of undetermined function from the dig site.

Using the proceeds from the sale of his Ship's boat, Fredrick explored it's unique

construction and investigated it more closely. In the process of this investigation he discovered a new material, a light weight substance that was very malleable prior to the final purification step. Once completed, the substance becomes super dense. He quickly patented it. Making his fortune overnight. The full properties of the device are still being debated. Using the credits from his new found fortune he moved to developed a process to detoxify the industrial waste of his home world.

During his service in the Imperial Navy the economy of the his home world had declined to such a low level that the local Monarchy had moved off world leaving a sparsely populated fiefdom with a no strings government. Fredrick, using his research and patented material as a bargaining chip, negotiated a position in the new bureaucratic government for himself. This new position allows for him to continue his research and collect a very healthy salary from the now recovering government.

The device located large amounts of the raw material need to produce the super dense material on two of his home worlds moons, as well as, the home world itself. Fredrick started a corporation to mine, shape,

purify, and mass-produce this material locally, further jump starting the economy of his home world.

Fredrick invested most of his own money in redeveloping his world. One aspect was the development of the corporation to bring back manufacturing. The second and chief reason was to convert it into a resort and luxury residence planet for the nobility and wealthy merchants of the Fereven Sector. He believed that if his world was to survive and thrive it needed to never become the death world it once was. This change would ensure that would never happen. The Monarchy has returned to the planet but, the bureaucratic government still remains in power.

Fredrick still travels in search of other ancient artifacts and when he is not using a corporate courier ship he will hire out unregistered ships and smuggler operations to far off worlds to find lost technology and valuables that would bring a decent price on the open market. He is usually accompanied by two body

guards, who are loyal to him and highly trained former Marines.

“My home world is beautiful. Come let me tell you of my world.”

“The ancients are long dead and gone, they were mighty. Now they’re gone. Who knows when our civilization will go? It’s the duty of each planet to find the old technology that will help each planet be independent enough to survive a disaster.”



Library Data

This section details data that may have been entered into various planetary libraries and would be easy enough to pull from any library program unless otherwise noted.

Aslan Fever-

This disease came about when humans were processing Aslan prisoners during one of the Aslan Human conflicts. The actual nature of the disease was not known at the time since neither bacterial scans or viral analysis gave a definitive diagnosis. It was a very rare disease, few humans got it. The fatality rate was about fifty percent in those afflicted. The symptoms of Aslan Fever are a low grade chronic fever that indicates a metabolic disorder. The victim at first finds himself having an increased metabolism, often getting leaner and more energetic in the short term period of the first month. This soon becomes more intense as the victim begins to waste away finding that they need to eat more and more food and water just to keep going, while muscles begin to shrink and body temperature climbs. It is similar in effect, though not mechanism, to type 1 diabetes. The main difference is that instead of a failure to convert glucose, starches, and other foods into usable energy, the body in essence burns more than it can ever take in. The patient's life

ends in a state of intense fever and ravenous hunger and thirst that no food can satisfy.

It is theorized that the disease was created by human xenophobes who advocate total extinction of the Aslan and view Aslan human contact as a spiritual defilement and a blasphemy. There are several groups who advocate this philosophy so the perpetrator is not known. As a deterrent it is a complete failure since it has no effect on the Aslans. Only about 2% of humans exposed to it actually manifest the disease.

Dame Courtesan of the Court-

On the planet Biaxial, in the Foreven Sector, the hierarchy has as a class of the clergy called The Court. These ladies have a religious function where nobles employ them for rituals that are a central part of the life of the Court of Biaxial. They are considered the avatar of feminine energy, which is combined with male energy to give strength to sacred rituals, involving the harvest, the seasons, the births and deaths of notables and anytime the cosmos give a sign that change is imminent. The title is open to any daughter of a Court Courtesan. The daughters of such are noble in their own right and highly honored though they do not necessarily have to become one. As a matter of fact, not all can become a

Dame Courtesan because the number of ceremonial avatars is kept under control by the priesthood. Many of the daughters are married off to other noble houses.

The Dame Courtesan is the highest ranked of these women. The title is open only to the most intelligent, attractive, musical, graceful girl of pure lineage. Like all such women she undergoes a period of training where she lives a strict life, developing the skills of her title. They are considered exotic by much of the other worlds in the Imperium who know of their existence. Many nobles want them for concubines though few consent to be anything other than a full wife.

Denthic-

Denthic is a world largely consisted of deserts with two green zones near the poles. The planet has a blue giant star that gives it its characteristic light. This light combined with the many mineral deposits and combinations produces the colorful arrangement of its crystal formations and its turquoise, prized throughout the sector for not only its luster and texture but for its bioluminescence caused by the unique chemical properties of the stone.

Denthic started as a mineral mining colony which was its sole commercial venture. This was moderated when five planets in the system were discovered to have similar mineral deposits that were buried under layers of dust from millions of years of steady meteorite bombardment. It was much easier to strip mine these deposits on the airless worlds, so many of these operations were moved off world. In the meantime the striking visual beauty of the planet had made it a haven for bohemians and the wealthy who sought unique and beautiful settings.

One unique feature of Denthic is the massive gardens of local and imported fauna. The Denthic's noble family has funded projects that have gone to the extreme to enhance their world wide irrigation projects, creating many gardens and new rivers. They have gone as far as to ship in massive chunks of ice to assist in keeping and expanding their planet's beauty. It is not a strange sight to see jump tugs pulling captured ice chunks to orbital processing plants. Some individuals have made a good living from this business.

Esper Liberation Foundation-

An underground organization with the goal of protecting humans with psychic

abilities (Espers) especially those of higher order. It has as its secondary goal the bringing about of laws protecting psychics within the Imperium, but will not hesitate to break the law or even smuggle Espers to Zhodani space. Their founder published the now infamous underground publication "We too are your children: An Esper cries out for justice

Members are nearly unanimously pledged to non-violent means, and the welfare of humanity as whole, including the Zhodani. As a matter of ideology they advocate peace and cooperation with all Alien races to the degree it is possible. Some of their members have awesome psionic capabilities and keep them in reserve for emergencies.

Flower of God's Will-

The Imperium A euphemism used by The Order of Flying Lava that holds the emperor as God's representative in the cosmos and humans as the most important chosen aspect of the cosmos. The Imperium, as The Flower of God's Will is a sacred thing. Its expansion through conquest and exploration with the subjugation of all other life is regarded as a commandment.

Punikli-

Home planet of Ramakil Ha, the humans of this planet have genetically engineered themselves to adapt to the steady pull of 2.3 g's, since it was a lush world teeming with life and resources. The Punkilians, as they are called have very strong cardio respiratory systems, muscles and bone structure. They live a standard life span on their own planet (without life extension treatment) but even longer on lower g worlds, especially since the atmosphere presents challenges to earth originated humans.

Punikli itself is known for the gas giants in the system (five in all) and their many moons which support simple life under the frozen ice sheaths that cover some of them. Much like the primitive life on Ganymede and Europa the increased volcanic activity fuels the primitive ecosystems.

Punikli, though considered a backwater, is known for its high standard of living, due to the active interest the fiefdom takes in trade and technology. It has several universities that meet imperial class standards. Many Punkilians who are restless in the stable and calm society in which they live, take to space travel to seek adventure, using their superior,

strength, constitution and immunity to toxins as selling points for potential employers

Bhessey-

This world is in a permanent ice age with large glaciers covering most of its surface, iceberg laden oceans and vast polar caps. It is a harsh place, and the humans who come from there share a special bond. The humans on it have adapted to extremes of conditions by building their large cities in the equatorial zones, which is filled with forests and has four seasons. In other regions there are vast underground cities and complexes warmed by harnessing the heat from the planets core.

The planet has massive warm blood xenomammalia who are larger than any megafauna that existed on earth due to the light gravity of the planet. Many of these animals have pelts and wool that are prized in other parts of the Imperium and the colonists run a lucrative breeding and herding business.

Jika Plants-

The Jika Plant is prized for its exotic ornamental properties due to potent neurotoxins they exude in their flowering season. This neurotoxin liquid is sticky and

produces a fine fragrance that attracts most beings. It is part of the plants pollination process.

Kattrel-

A small furry animal kept as a pet. Its size ranges for 1 - 5 kg but, to look at it with its thick fur coat it appears to be larger. It was first found hunting in the trees of Bhessey. The Kattrel uses its rear four paw-like hands to hang onto the branches while reaching out with its front two to grab whatever prey it can get its hands on. The Kattrel are unique for they have thumb like digits on each of their front paws that give them the ability to manipulate objects. They have the intelligence to solve minor problems, like locks and door latches. Scientist believe if left alone for a million or so years, they would develop into the next sentient rulers of the planet.

Mobile Space Mining

Conglomerates INC-

A freelancing group of itinerant space based companies that go from system to system contracting out their ability to do deep space mining of asteroids and uninhabited

atmosphere free worlds. They are a nomadic people who live-in hollowed asteroids that are ships with intact ecosystems, capable of providing for all needs. They possess advanced industrial technology and expertise. Many have pursued careers as independent contractors and consultants on official Imperium ships and worlds, after they have gained experience locally.

New Denebian Philosophy-

Being in the presence of such an intense star fueling so much life, with a very high standard of living has inspired a particular character in the New Denebians. New Denebian philosophers have developed a creed of optimistic pragmatism. Each of the many schools of thought is formed around the central idea that humans are to develop their skills to all areas and endeavors, working and training hard to explore and benefit from the universe. This is balanced by an equally strong desire to party and relax when not seeking self improvement or the bounty of the universe. Adherents seek serenity in repose, fierceness in battle and joy in all forms of life. The idea binding the many schools is that "one is to be excellent in an excellent universe, and to enjoy the fruits of excellence, excellently."

The end result of this is a society that has a staggering array of vibrant subcultures, who live in harmonious accord. The universal themes of New Denebian cultures are an appreciation and love of life, and a veneration of attractive physiques and good health. Talent in all forms is regarded as something of an aphrodisiac. Many New Denebians have knowledge of several languages. They often pursue music, as well as physical culture. New Deneb is praised widely for its education and reviled widely for its liberalism.

New Denebian Martial Arts-

In the realm of martial arts there are endless variants, philosophies and specialties. New Denebian culture has produced some of the most artistic of the martial arts. Even those who stress practical training include many difficult maneuvers and stress rigorous training with emphasis on agility and maneuverability. Most New Denebian martial arts strive to be complete comprehensive and exhaustive. A typical martial art from the system includes rigorous physical exercises, long and complicated solo routines, including arcane weaponry and meditation. Acrobatics for the younger and health maintenance routines for the older student are a ubiquitous fixture. It is widely thought that martial art

should contribute to the quality and length of life as well as be of use in defending it. Thus, some of the most popular arts focus more on style and difficulty than substance.

In battle, New Denebians rely on cunning, agility and unusual tactics such as inverted maneuvers jumps, feints and evasiveness. Their exhaustive physical training makes them difficult to match in terms of speed and strength. There are many armed and unarmed competitive formats in the system so many of the less military minded arts place emphasis on scoring points or making contact with style and grace. Sportsmanship, honor, art, and the sheer joy of movement express themselves fully in most New Denebian martial arts. The New Denebians would have it no other way.

Order of the Flying Lava-

A secret society of members who worship the Emperor as gods divine presence in the cosmos, and the Imperium as the flower of god's will. This order is made up nobles and selected loyal members, who strive to encourage wars of conquest and expansion into alien space, as well as funding exploration and Xenopaleontological expeditions.

Paqujitsu-

A martial art developed in the hazy end of the second Imperium. Paqujitsu is descended from the various styles of Jujutsu (unarmed combat from the times of the samurai of ancient earth). It was the brainchild of a martial arts enthusiast Pa Qu' Fili, who was also a biotechnology researcher. It combines efficient and easy to do techniques with the distinctive conditioning and mind body disciplines that give a Paqujitsu practitioner full control of mind and body, to include involuntary and autonomous functions.

The distinctive feature of Paqujitsu is that the exercise portion of it involves rather strenuous exercise with and without equipment to hone the body mind connection and tax the student. It takes a solid six years to develop the true skill of Paqujitsu and involves several specific pieces of solid state and virtual equipment. The adept, once the training is completed, can move with nearly superhuman strength and speed due to the biofeedback and neurological facilitation the art entails.

The actual combat techniques are small-scale and simple, lacking in difficulty and athleticism. The Paqujitsu mindset is that

training should stress full range of motion and capability where combat practice involves maximum efficiency, deceptiveness, relaxation and effectiveness. Much of the training is spent dealing with multiple attackers, armed and unarmed from multiple angles.

Quadrata-

A four string musical instrument made from the dried husks of the Jika plant. The instrument has the combine sound of a violin and guitar. A faint fragrance erupts from the base of the instrument having a similar effect as the Jika plant but at a much lower scale. Tales have been written about Quadratar players leading animals and vermin away from towns by playing their music.

Xenopaleontology-

The science and practical study of alien ruins through out the galaxy. It has been called the most important science of the Imperium. This is because of the great number of races that were more advanced than the current human civilization, who either encountered catastrophic ends, left the galaxy, or met fates unknown. In the early days of space exploration discoveries of pre-existing high technology allowed quantum

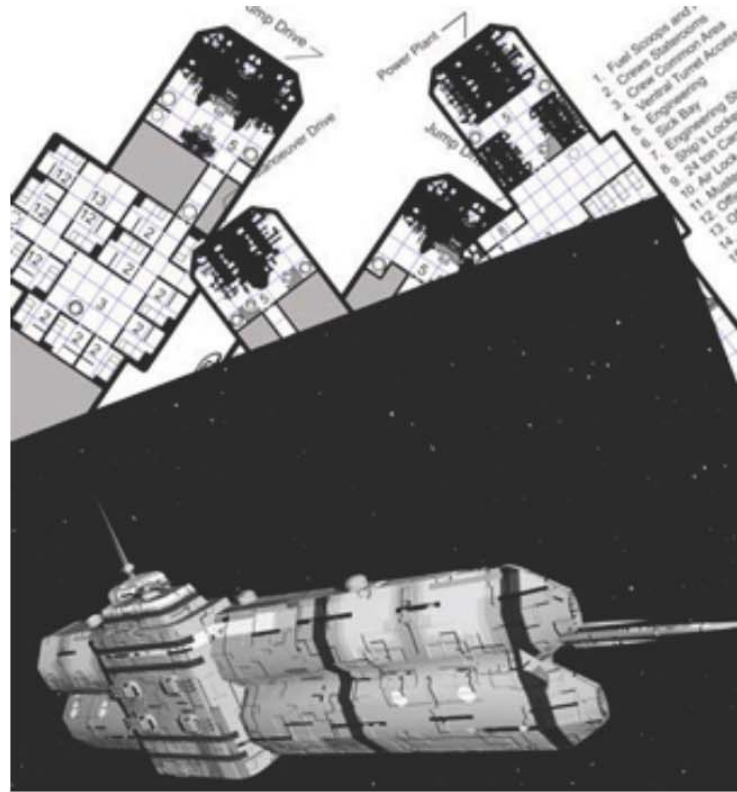
leaps in technology that would have taken centuries other wise.

The second type of discovery that is of nearly equal value is that many alien civilizations are of such different character, physical makeup and chemistry that the direction their technology and culture takes is nothing like an established one. These are valuable in the sense of exposing new ideas, theories and scientific laws. Most xenopaleontologists work in a high risk environment. Pirates, smugglers and opportunists like to let the initial discoverers do the hard work of finding and excavating a site, then swooping in with arms and taking the finding.

This field is tightly governed. Aside from passing all academic qualifications xenopaleontologists must pledge loyalty to the emperor and the governing bodies of the science. Many academic purists deride this since it is not only pure science, but also a government controlled industry. This is muted however, by the fact that universities with Xenopaleontology departments receive funding on par with defense research and academics have been elevated to noble status over particularly salient findings.

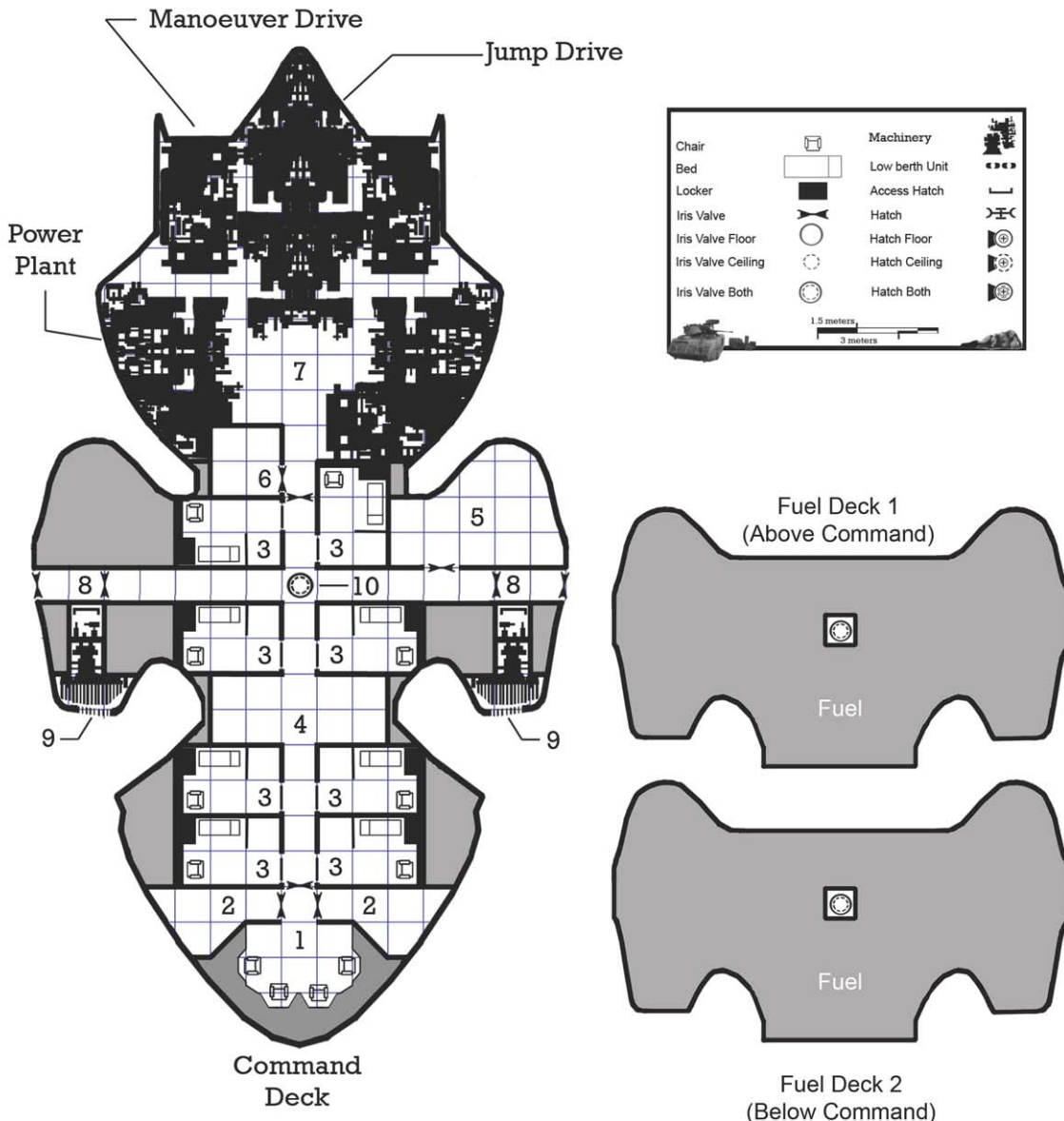
Ships

The ship section is always a fun place to be. In this section several ships will be detailed that are seen cruising the sub-sectors of the Foreven Sector. Standard Traveller ships can be found in the Traveller Core Rule Book, as well as, several other books that have come out since it's printing. This section is for those ships that are unique to this portion of the galaxy. So let us begin.

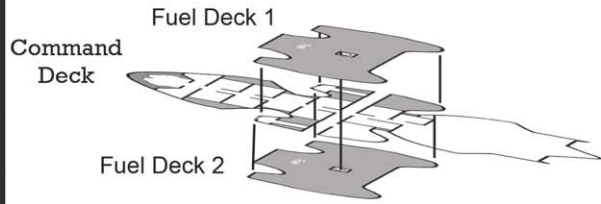
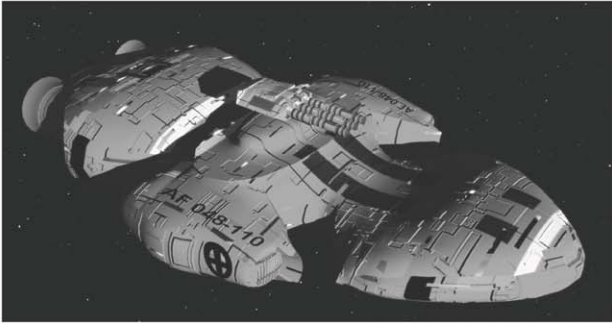


Corporate Courier

This 200 dton corporate courier is built by the thousands throughout known space. This basic design has been used for many years and is easily recognized by its unique shape. The design has recently shown it's age and now that new technology has become available, it is seeing a much needed refit. Used to transport corporate officers, information, and cargo to various locations, this redesigned courier sports a new jump 3 drive (7) and 6-G acceleration. The upgraded computer and military sensors keeps you well informed of your surroundings. The fuel capacity has been expanded to handle the jump 3 drive and also allow for 4 weeks of continuous in-system operations. For when refueling is needed and there is no starport in the area, this ship is fitted with fuel scoops (9) and enough purification equipment (8) to process 40 tons of fuel in a single day. This vessel can be crewed by a minimum number of two (one pilot and one engineer) but it is not recommended. The standard crew is six (two pilots, one navigator, one engineer, and two gunners). This courier is outfitted with eight staterooms (3), no low berths, and nine tons of cargo space (5,6). If more than two passengers are being transported, the crew can move to a double occupancy position, freeing up more staterooms. The ship has two hardpoints with triple turrets (10) installed. The dorsal turret has three beam lasers installed while the ventral turret contains triple sandcasters. The bridge (1) contains the ship's lockers (2), sensors, and the model 5 bis computer.



Corporate Courier



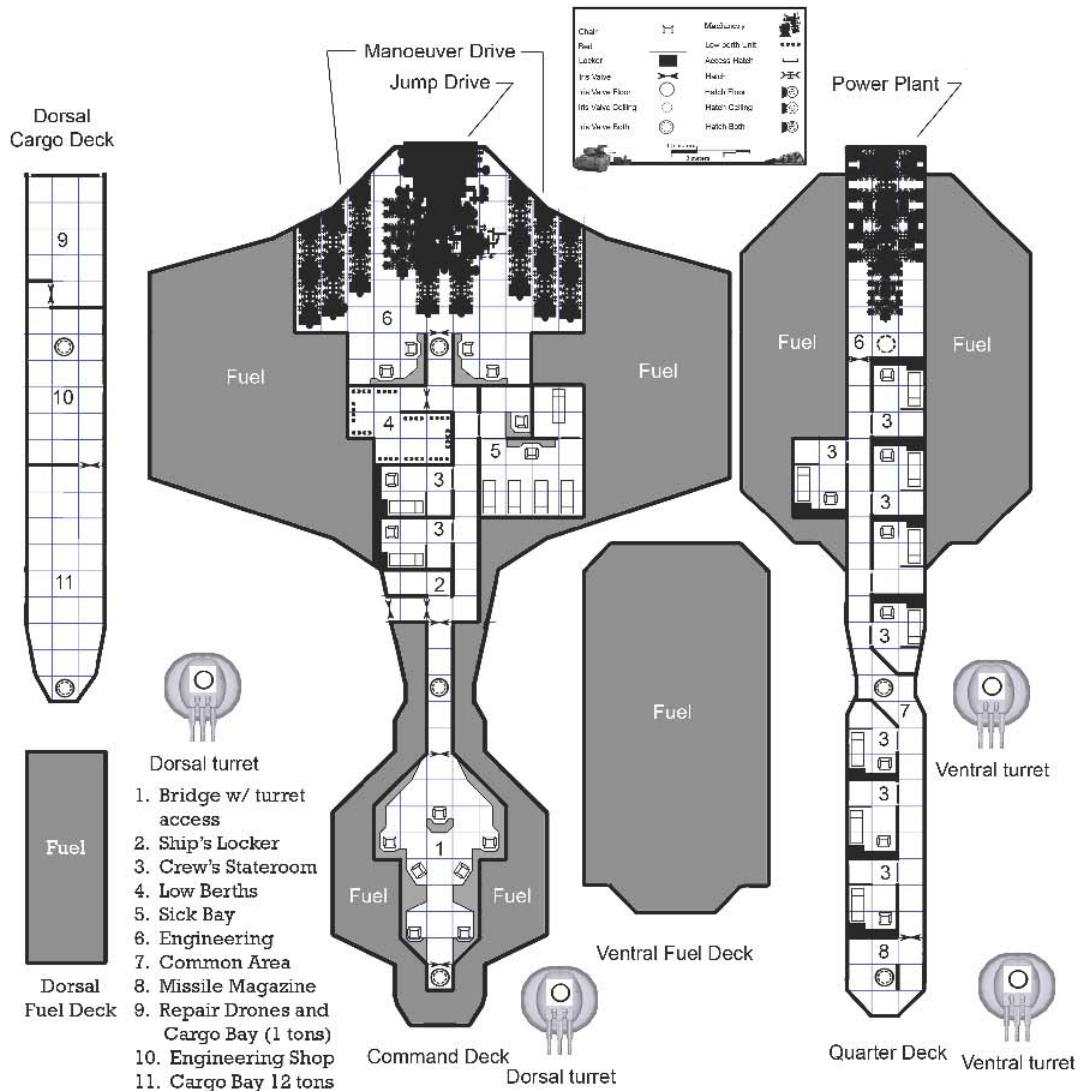
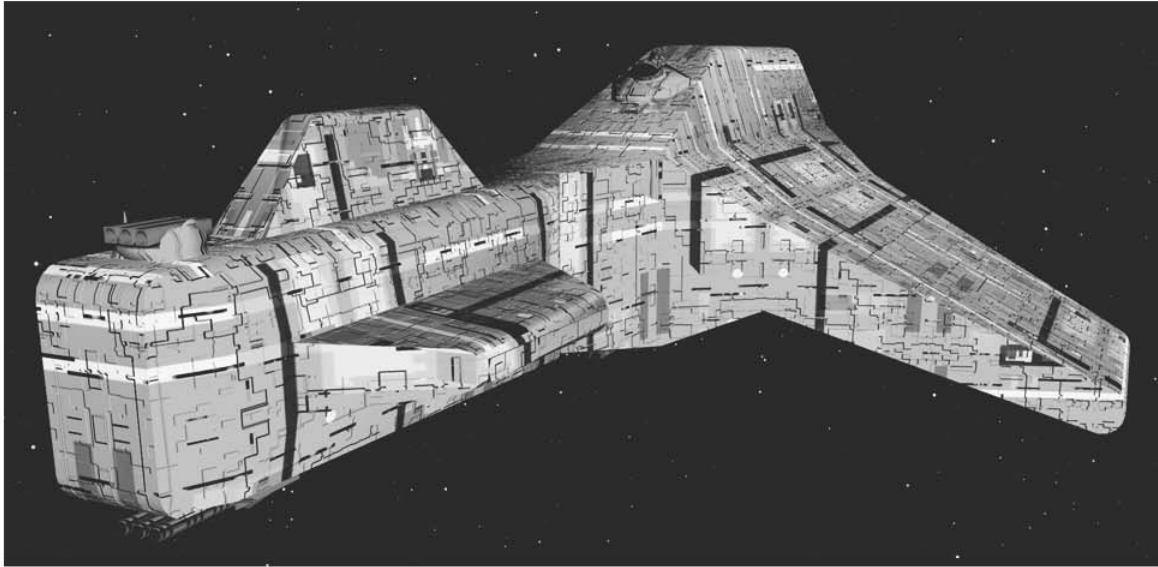
Corporate Courier	Description	Notes	Tons	Cost (MCr.)
HULL		200 Hull 4		8
		Structure 4		
		Streamlined		0.8
		Self sealing		2
		Stealth		20
Armour	Crystaliron	4 points	10	1.6
Jump Drive C		Jump 3	19	33
Manoeuvre Drive	Gravitic Drive	Thrust 6	8	48
Power Plant	Fusion	Rating 6	19	48
Bridge			10	1
Computer	Model/5 bis	Rating 25/30		15
Electronics	Advanced	Enhanced Signal Processing	5	10
Weapons	Very high yield long range	Triple Turret (Beam Lasers)	1	6
		Triple Turret (Sandcasters)	1	0.75
Fuel		84 One Jump 6 and 4 weeks operations	84	
Cargo	7 tons		7	
8 Staterooms			32	4
Low Berths			0	0
Extras	Fuel Scoops			
	Fuel Processing equipment	40 tons a day	2	0.01
	Repair Drones		2	0.4
	20 sandcaster barrels	stored in cargo area		
Software	Manoeuvre/0		0	0
	Intellect	rating 10	0	1
	Auto-repair/1	rating 10	0	5
	Jump Control/3	rating 15	0	0.03
	Evade/2	rating 15	0	2
	Fire Contol/2	rating 10	0	4
	Library		0	0
Maintenance Cost (monthly)				0.01755
Life Support Cost (monthly)				0.016
Total Tonnage and Cost			200	210.59

Defender Class Corporate Escort

The Defender class Corporate Escort is the standard anti-piracy ship for those companies that can afford it. It was design to be durable and easily maintained. Very blocky in appearance but surprisingly manoeuvrable. The escort has been in service for two decades and is starting to show its age. Out of the 1000's made only 50% are still in service. A new Escort is currently in the design stages and will soon be in production.

Defender class Corporate Escort	Description	Notes	Tons	Cost (MCr.)
Hull	400	Hull 8		16
		Structure 8		
		Streamlined		1.6
		Self sealing		4
Armour	Crystaliron	4 points	10	1.6
Jump Drive H		Jump 4	45	80
Manoeuvre Drive H		Thrust 4	15	32
Power Plant H		Rating 4	25	64
Bridge			20	2
Computer	Model/4 bis	Rating 20/25		7.5
Electronics	Basic Military		2	1
Weapons	Very high yield long range	Triple Turret (Beam Lasers)	1	6
		Triple Turret (Missiles)	1	4.75
		Triple Turret (Missiles)	1	4.75
		Triple Turret (Sandcasters)	1	1.75
Fuel	192	One Jump 4 and 4 weeks operations	192	
Cargo	13		13	
10 Staterooms			40	5
10 Low Berths			5	0.5
Extras	Fuel Scoops			
	Sick bay and engineering shop		20	2.5
	Repair Drones		4	0.8
	3 missile magazines (60 missiles)		5	
	20 sandcaster barrels	stored in cargo area		
Software	Manoeuvre/0		0	0
	Intellect	rating 10	0	1
	Auto-repair/1	rating 10	0	5
	Jump Control/4	rating 20/25	0	0.04
	Evade/2	rating 15	0	2
	Fire Contol/2	rating 10	0	4
	Library		0	0
Maintenance Cost (monthly)				0.02065
Life Support Cost (monthly)				0.02
Total Tonnage and Cost			400	247.79

Defender Class Corporate Escort



Wasabi Class System Defense Boat

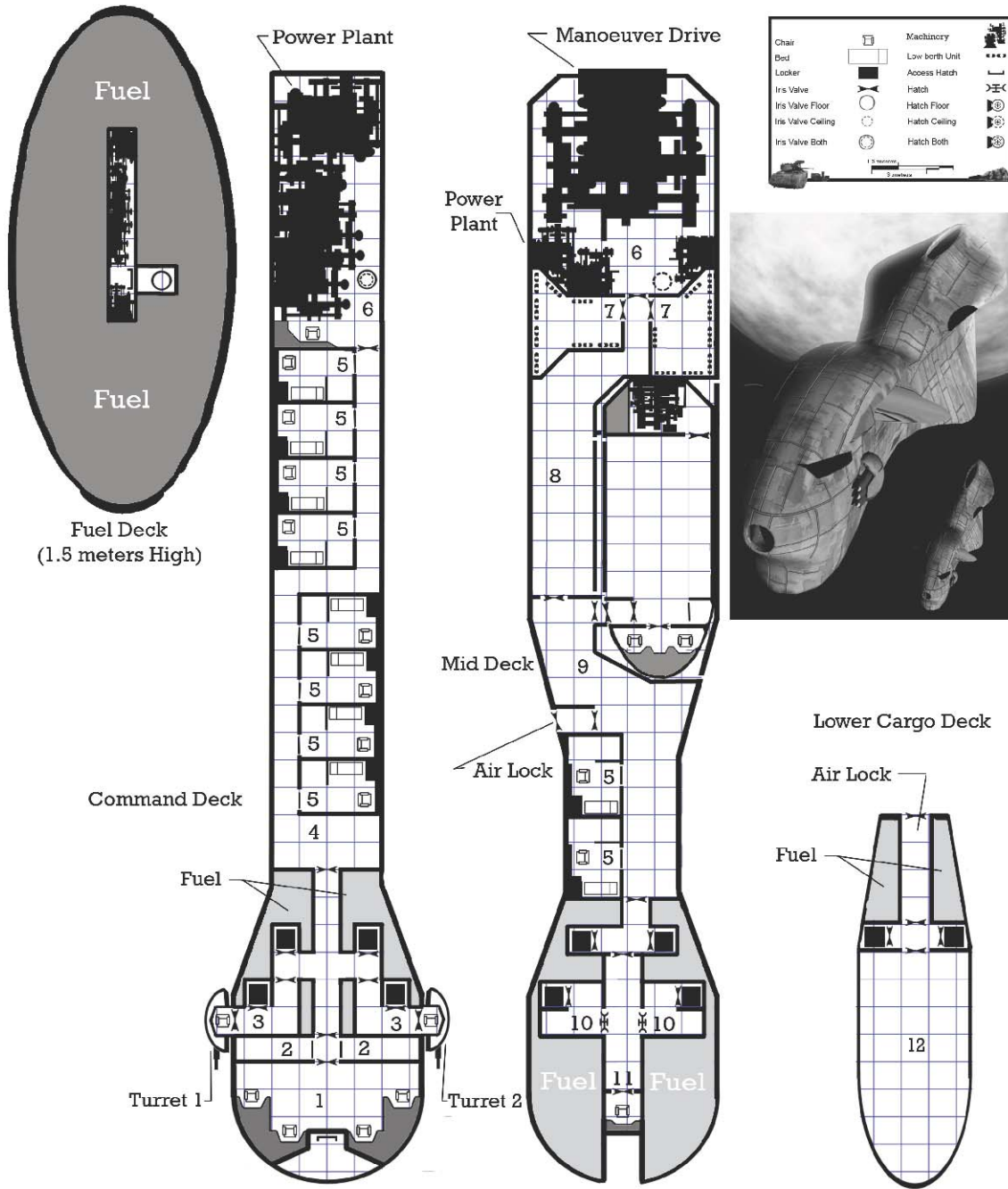
The Wasabi Class System Defense Boat got its name from the three legged insect of Bhessey. This little tripod spits doses of acid as a defense. It also has needle like spines of the side of its body that it shoots out to kill its prey. Much like a barrage of tiny missiles. It almost appears that the ship's designer had a few close calls with this menacing little bug.

This 300 ton SDB hides out in the typical place, gas giants, oceans, asteroid belts, for up to five weeks at a time. It could stay longer by refueling from the gas giant or ocean that it may be settled in. The typical patrol has three ships but they have been seen in packs of five. Not a good time for any ship that falls under the sites of these ships. They are used as inspection vessels as well and have a launch just for that purpose. It also contains enough low berths to take prisoners aboard if the situation arises.

The Particle Beam Barbette in the nose of the ship provides the punch and in combination with the side mounted missile turrets can make a very bad day for most vessels short of a capital ship. The Wasabi Class SDB is a spicy little bugger.

Wasabi Class SDB	Description	Notes	Tons	Cost (MCr.)
Hull	300 tons	Hull 6		12
		Structure 6		
		Streamlined		1.2
		Self sealing		3
Armour	Crystaliron	12 points	45	7.2
Jump Drive	None		0	0
Manoeuvre Drive J		Thrust 6	17	36
Power Plant J		Rating 6	28	72
Bridge			20	2
Computer	Model/5 fib	Rating 25		15
Electronics	Basic Military	Enhanced Signal Processing	4	9
Weapons	Very high yield long range	Particle Beam Barbette	5	8
		Triple Turret (Missiles)	1	4.75
		Triple Turret (Missiles)	1	4.75
Fuel	54 tons	6 weeks operations	54	
Cargo	31 tons		31	
10 Staterooms			40	5
16 Low Berths			8	0.8
Extras	Fuel Scoops			
	Fuel Processing	40 tons a day	2	0.1
	Launch	20 tons inspection vessel	20	14
	2 missile magazines (48 missiles)		4	
	Luxuries	Halls etc	20	
Software	Manoeuvre/0		0	0
	Intellect	rating 10	0	1
	Evade/2	rating 15	0	2
	Fire Contol/3	rating 15	0	6
	Library		0	0
Maintenance Cost (monthly)				0.01698
Life Support Cost (monthly)				0.0216
Total Tonnage and Cost			300	203.8

Wasabi Class System Defense Boat



- 1. Bridge and Avionics
- 2. Ship's Locker
- 3. Munitions Lifts/ Deck Lifts
- 4. Common Area
- 5. Crew Staterooms
- 6. Engineering
- 7. Low Berths
- 8. 20 ton Cargo Bay
- 9. Marshaling Deck

- 10. Missile Magazine
- 11. Main Weapon Manual Controls
- 12. 15 ton Cargo Deck

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