

CONDEMNED

I'm going to hell, I'll leave the light on for you.



THE BATTLELORD'S GUIDE TO THE DAMNED

CONDEMNED

I'm going to hell, I'll leave the light on for you.

A PRODUCT OF OPTIMUS DESIGN SYSTEMS

Written By: Ben Pierce

Chief Artist: Jim Carlton

Cover Art: Michael Osadciw

Contributing Artists: Michael Osadciw

Technical Adviser: Louis Norton

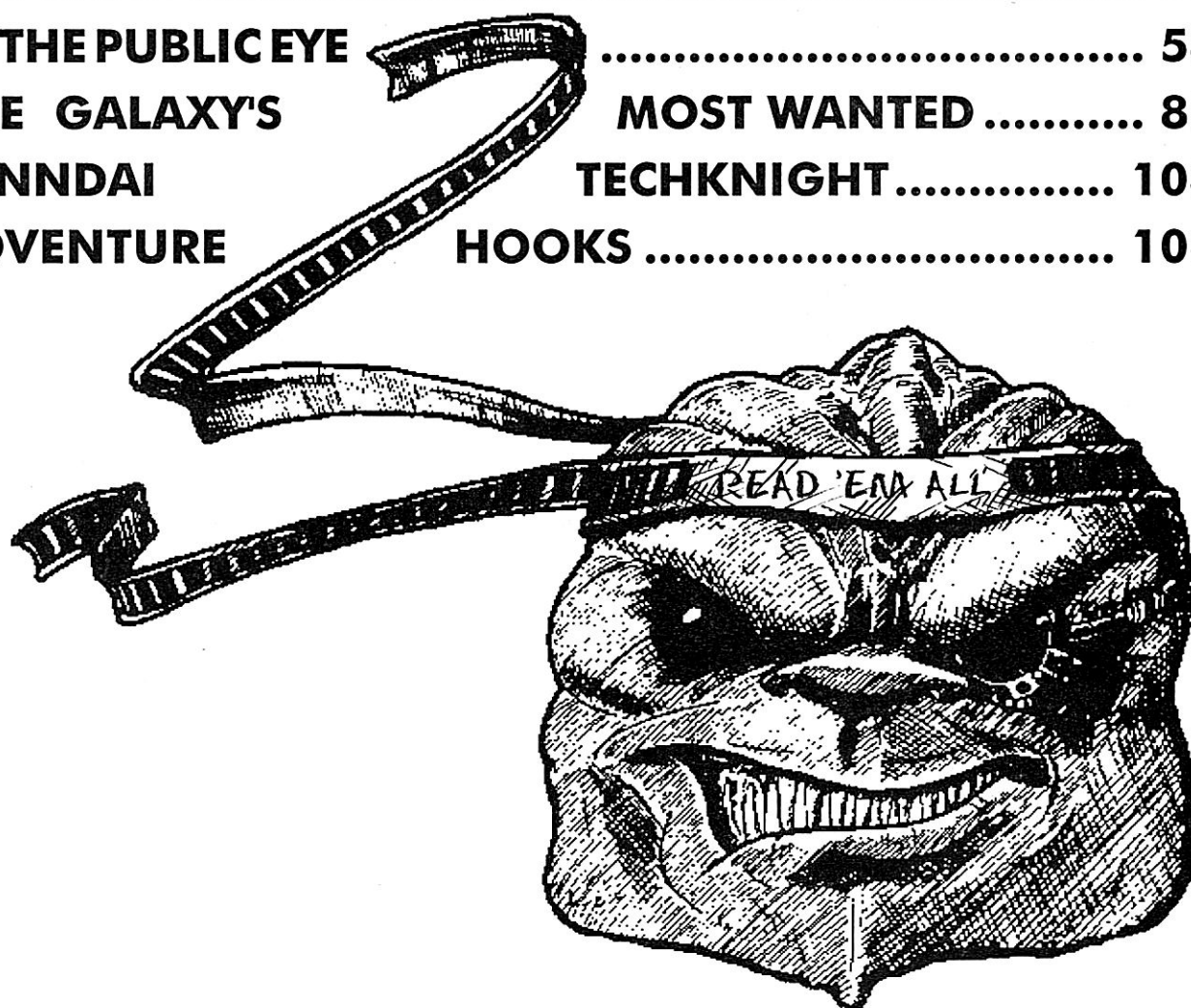
Chief Editor: None Claim This Responsibility

Assistant Editors: Donald W. Stefanie II
Louis Norton
Nick Vasi (Sweet Cheeks)
Jeff Winston (Data)

Type Setting: David P. Wagner Jr.

CONTENTS

THE DECLARATION OF TIME	3
INTRODUCTION	5
FAME AND FORTUNE	7
PRESTIGE	7
GENERIC CHARACTER TEMPLATES	11
THE MOVERS AND THE SHAKERS	28
THE DANE	56
IN THE PUBLIC EYE	58
THE GALAXY'S MOST WANTED	85
TANNDAI TECHKNIGHT	103
ADVENTURE HOOKS	106



THE DECLARATION OF TIME

Markuss, Lord of Timar, stepped from the obscurity of the shadows and moved toward the podium in the center of the massive stage. He walked slowly, his diminutive body framed with fatigue, as if some great dilemma weighed upon his shoulders. A slight limp impeded his stride. An anxious crowd of Alliance delegates awaited for the Prefect to address the council, although most privately dreaded the declaration of doom that would surely follow, at this, the 235th Emergency Convening of the Council of Timar. The legendary energy controller crossed the stage toward the platform, head bowed in defeat, eyes held from the audience. He stopped just short of the dias and began fiddling with something concealed in his left pocket. The shuffling of the object, which remained obscured from view inside the deep folds of his robes, continued for some time. Agitated, the crowd murmured whispers of discontent. Still, the energy controller persisted for another full minute before being satisfied at the object's orientation. He then stepped up onto the altar, still refusing the audience his eyes. His remained bowed in discomfort.

A groaning murmur swept the chamber. Something was terribly wrong.

The previous speaker had just left the stage and was still making his way back to his own seat, in the Eridani section of the fourth tier of the massive chamber room. As with protocol, Markuss waited until Raskor-idan, ruler of the 4th House of Eridine sat back down before addressing the congress.

The normally right handed Raskor-idan held his sword in the remaining left hand, took his seat at the head of the Eridani delegation.

"I gracefully yield the floor to you lord Markuss, Prefect of Timar."

It was then that Markuss revealed his face to the crowd.

There was a deep sucking of wind throughout the room as the entire congregation gasped in unison. A human woman screamed. Hands moved to cover open mouths that stood agape with disbelief.

"Oh my God! He's maimed." Someone cried out.

The energy controller grimaced and said nothing.

The right side of the Mutzachan's face was violently bruised, discolored and bloated so bad that one eye was shut completely. A jagged scar ran from just below his ear to the base of his chin. The unbruised portion of his face was ashen pale and the Prefect openly fought the pain that obviously wracked his swollen body. As if accentuating his agony, an injured Markuss stumbled backward a step, caught his balance, then limped back to altar. He clutched the podium with his right hand for balance. Two fingers were conspicuously missing. When he spoke, his voice was little more than a whisper.

"Thank you Raskor-idan. Thank you all. I hereby call this the 235th Emergency convening of the Council of Timar to order."

No one in the crowd had ever seen a Highlord wounded before, and to most the thought of such an occurrence was preposterous. The raw power of the Mutzachan people was legendary. And the power of a Mutzachan Highlord in combat was unfathomable! The matrices that he could bring by command into battle could destroy anything. Or so it had always seemed.

It was then that a wave of fear swept the room. Heads turned anxiously towards each other for support. There was much confusion.

The energy controller winced, swallowing painfully. He continued.

"My father and his father before him, both struggled over the last ten thousand years to preserve the sanctity and balance of this universe. We have fought against many enemies to protect uniformity and control the stability of space and time. As their progeny, and the Prefect to this council, I too have sworn to uphold the integrity of this office. That has always been my purpose in this life . . . to guard equality of balance from the disrupting forces of chaos and evil. I have failed."

Slowly, some of the color now welled back into the energy controller's injured face. Markuss now pointed proudly in the direction of Raskor-idan, ruler of the 4th house of Eridine. He again swallowed painfully.

"In all my days as an administrator, in all my millennia of searching, I have never served with no more a noble warrior than he who has just passed before me. Raskor-idan, I salute your courage. Your deeds this past day shall become legend. Your strength has been our salvation. Your fortitude is our deliverance. Your blade truly cuts with the strength and pride of Eridine. I owe you my life. Thank you for everything."

A single tear fell onto the dias from the swollen eye, as if to accentuate the moment. Markuss gingerly stroked the drop from his cheek, as if pained by an unspoken thought.

The Buddon Dete Allore rose from his seat in response.

"I would gladly give my other arm in battle beside you. I would give my life to defend your convictions. I can only find Silent Peace in the service of your deeds. The honor is mine, not yours! I have erred in judging you."

The Prefect smiled meekly.

"Thank you. It is I who have erred. I underestimated your resolve." He paused, sweeping the audience with a steely gaze. "The great Eridani leader Raskor-idan and I have encountered an enemy far greater than anything the Alliance has ever seen before. We have fought him on his terms, defending our ground, for your lives."

Silence.

"What kind of enemy could bring such harm to you, our lord?" asked King Atish Catam, head of the Chatilian delegation. "What kind of enemy can inflict wounds that do not heal?"

"Yes," cried Raalehr, head of Fenib Maturt, largest of the Cizerack clans. "Where does this enemy come from and where can we find it, so that we may fight it on our terms? The Cizerack nation is prepared for battle. I have seen to the arrangements myself. Only tell us what we females must do."

Others trumpeted the cries for war and the declarations of revenge. Finally, all eyes returned to the podium where the wounded Mutzachan Highlord stood, leaning heavily against the dias.

"Our enemy is from a parallel universe," he answered slowly. "He comes into our reality from a gate, somewhere from beyond time. We have sought without promise to prevent the occurrence of this time line. We have held concert with the Atlantians to stop this all from happening. We have failed."

A heated argument now broke out in the delegation for a complete evacuation of the Alliance. Others still called for battle. The division of ideas about what to do in the face of the impending crisis fell on racial lines. It was some time before order was restored in the hall. The cacophony lasted minutes.

"I sense deceit!" declared Quarmiss Darmine, leader of the Phentari delegation. The Phentari general rose from his seat and stepped out into the aisle midway up the second tier. Flanking bodyguards followed.

The Phentari general walked down the aisle, over to the turbo lift, then down to the front of the auditorium to stand directly in front of the Lord of Timar. His tentacle-arms hung, poised and menacing. The two armed guards did little to improve the situation. An icy silence fell on the chamber, freezing time and motion.

"What is it that can defeat you, but not the One?" demanded the general. "And what of the others? Phentari intelligence verifies that you left New Washington with your son Marsez, also known as Blueazor. There were others, an Orion named Corwin McDougal, a Human named Magnus Trench, and another Human who steals the last name of Phentari and calls himself Seth Callissarius. What of them? What has happened to them?"

The Lord of Timar did not respond.

"Listen here Markuss," Quarmiss threatened. "We all know of your incredible powers. Or maybe you are becoming weak and cowardly in your old age. Maybe you lie. Maybe someone else should be placed in charge of this council."

Markuss quickly waved off Raskor-idan who had leaped to his feet and begun advancing down the aisle from the balcony above the Phentari general. The Swordsaint stopped at the foot of the terrace by the turbo lift.

"Please do not dishonor me with action now. I may be wounded but I can more than take care of myself," Markuss reminded.

"I will obey your wish," replied the Swordsaint, cold, dispassionate and more than ready for battle.

"Do not not try to surprise me Eridani. You are well aware that I can see your every move, whether you are behind me or not."

"Only cowards use surprise," retorted the ruler of the Fourth House of Eridine.

Others now joined in.

"We are with you Raskor-idan!" cried Raalehr, head of Fenib Maturt, with her twenty cats.

"I, Warlord Tok of Pythos, also back the Swordsaint nation!"

A dozen Rams snapped to their feet.

"Then we will have your minds," cried King Atish Catam, motioning for his vanguard of Chatilians to take up positions around the room. They moved to respond. "We are with the Phentari" he declared.

A tired Markuss now sized up the situation which was quickly getting out of hand. His race, the Mutzachans, had taken great pains to raise this collective of races over the last fifteen thousand years, so that they might confirm the future of this universe. He had baby sat for all of them, and created several of them. Furthermore, many an energy controller had given his or her life to bring these particular species into this time junction. Mutzachans had fought to bring all of them here, all the races of the Alliance, to this critical nexus of time. Now, the future completely depended on how these child-races would respond to the impending crisis. A puny enemy such as the Arachnids had almost defeated this fledgling coalition twice. How would they react to a real threat? Now . . . Now, they hurled insults at each other like bratty children.

Not well, he mused. Not well at all.

"I will answer you out of respect for the office you hold, not out of intimidation Quarmiss," he declared with anger and passion. To hell with control! "You unbalance me. And I am currently contemplating a violent, retaliatory measure that will undeniably result in your body

being reduced to cinders!"

Markuss pulled out the secret object from his pocket and stabbed it at the Phentari's face. It was a power transformer coil, used to focus and boost the output of a particular matrix.

"Fear is coursing through my veins my lord," Quarmiss snorted derisively, dismissing the threat. "I await your answers with bated breath. You will not kill me. It would mean war, a war that would be the mother of all wars. I do not fear you Markuss."

The mighty energy controller now faced the Phentari general squarely, and Markuss seriously considered evaporating the head of the Phentari nation just to call his bluff. The thought was almost comical, and he had to fight to suppress the smile that curled on his lips. Yet, he Markuss, carried the proclamation of the Vision of Eight, and from that vision, all warriors would be invaluable in the coming days. Mastering himself, the Lord of Timar uttered the Prophecy of Time, the kind of legend that everyone has heard as a child but dismissed as myth or folly.

"Blood will pour like rain from the heavens!"

The affect was instant and absolute. And as if seeing a specter of death, the entire chamber of shouting, threat-filled voices fell fearfully silent. The Phentari general stepped backwards as the words had actually struck him in the face. The assembly cowered at the decree.

Markuss was losing the battle of emotion versus balance. It hurt too much, and the Prefect of Timar could no longer contain the contempt that burned inside him. These bickering children whose races he had coddled for thousands of years had not listened to his words of wisdom, never heeded his call for prudence. He could protect them no longer. And now . . . now they would be sentenced to a grizzly future, one the Highlord could not avert. Suddenly, emotion burst from within himself and he slammed his fist on the glowing podium, sending shards of brilliant light off in all directions! The affect was dazzling. It froze the entire audience.

"Now heed this!" he commanded, sweeping the room with an accusing finger. "I Markuss, Lord of Timar, Prefect to the High Council, and Keeper to the Gate of Time, hereby condemn you to suffer a future that will be both ghastly and seared with pain. I promise you this . . . Yes, I promise you this. You will lament the folly of your sins. And you will pay for your transgressions in the currency of blood!"

INTRODUCTION

MALACHAI'S INTRODUCTION

Bichal'wa kanu! (For all you non-Orions out there, that means "Fame, fortune, and glory!") It's a general purpose way of saying "Hi." I'm Malachai Armageddon, roving reporter for the Galactic Underground, and author of the book which you're currently holding in your hands/talons/tentacles/pseudopods/whatever the heck you have. I'd like to take a moment to welcome you all, and thank you for buying Malachai's Guide To Who's Who In The Alliance (if you haven't bought the book yet, what are you doing reading it, you cheapskate!? Go and buy it, right now. And be sure to compliment the lady at the checkout counter on how nice she looks. Yeah, I know she weighs three hundred pounds and has frizzy orange hair, do it anyway!).

Anyway, now that you've bought this masterpiece of the modern word (you DID follow my instructions, I hope . . .) you're probably wondering exactly what it's all about. To explain that, I'll have to backtrack a little, to a day two and a half years ago in the offices of the Galactic Underground on Kermadec. Enter our hero, Malachai Ulysses Solaris Armageddon (in other words, me). I exchanged some friendly banter with the secretary, Janelle, and she playfully slapped me in the face. As I was checking to make sure all my teeth were still there (did I mention that Janelle lifts weights?), my editor, Bernie, called me into his office.

Now, I don't know what kind of boss you have, but if he or she is anything like Bernie, you'll understand that an invitation into his office is no trip to the beach. Bernie weighs about a zillion pounds, has greasy black hair, a face which looks like a toadstool with pimples, and these beady black little eyes which light up with dollar signs whenever he smells a profit. He wears really loud, tacky shirts, smokes cheap cigars, and never cleans his office. There's a Chinese food container on the corner of his desk which has been there since before I came to work for the Underground. All in all, not one of my favorite places to visit.

And today was going to turn out to be especially fun. Bernie was grinning like a Ram with a large caliber weapon when I came in. Right away, I knew I was in trouble. Bernie never grins unless he has something really unpleasant up his unwashed polyester sleeve.

"Malachai!" he said cheerfully (uh-oh), "I've got a job for you! You know that book you've been wanting to do? Well, as it just so happens, I have a commission here which needs doing, and I think you're the writer to do it!"

Managing a grimace which I hope looked something like a grin, I replied, "That's great, Bernie. Really great. I can't begin to tell you how pleased I am..."

Bernie was watching with a smirk on his face. "Oh, can the sarcasm, Armageddon, and listen up. The powers upstairs (no, Bernie's not religious . . . he was talking about the publishers) have decided that we need a guidebook to the population of the Alliance, something to tell people who's who and what's what. And I'm putting you on the job."

I did a little quick math in my head, and didn't like the result I came up with. "Uhh, Bernie . . . stop me if I'm wrong, but the Alliance has 11,957 inhabited worlds last time I checked, with an average population of something like a billion people each. You want me to do a book on a population of twelve trillion people!?"

Bernie's grin came back. "Bingo! I knew you were a bright boy, Malachai!" His little piggy eyes fairly glistened with malice. "Now get the hell out of my office, and don't come back 'till you've got a book for me!"

So there I was, with an assignment from hell and no idea of how to go about completing it. As I walked down the street to my favorite cafe, I came to several important conclusions: 1. There was no possible way I could do write-ups on twelve trillion people, 2. Bernie was a bastard (I'd come to this conclusion on several previous occasions, too), and 3. I was going to have to start looking for a new job. I was looking none-too-cheerful as I slouched into Annabelle's, my favorite place to grab lunch when I'm at the home office. Annabelle must have noticed, 'cause she came over to serve me herself.

"Hiya, Mal," she said, as she brought me my usual (a Draman Sunrise—equal parts Solar Tequila, Mad Jax, and orange soda), "What's seating you?" I downed the drink, and told her about the screw-job Bernie had just administered to me. She frowned thoughtfully. "Who the heck would want to read about twelve billion dull people?"

"I don't . . ." Suddenly, I broke off, as a revelation flooded my mind like a divine radiance (or maybe it was just the Draman Sunrise). A grin stole over my face. Who would want to read about twelve trillion dull people? Who, indeed?

"Annabelle, you're a genius!" I cackled, grabbing her and planting a kiss square on her lips. Leaving a big tip, I took off to churn out an outline for a book.

Two years, forty-seven planets, five near-death experiences, and an almost infinite number of killer hangovers later, the result is the book you're holding in your sweaty little appendages right now. Who's Who In The Galaxy is sort of a sister product to the Galactic Underground's Planetary Atlas. Instead of dealing with places, though, Who's Who In The Galaxy deals with people. But not just any people. This book is a guide to the biggest, the richest, the most famous, and the most influential people in the Alliance today! All of the dirt you've ever wanted to know on your favorite celebrities is in here. Want to know about the hidden agenda of Markuss the Mutzachan? It's in here. Ever been curious about what "Granny," Balshrom's official spokesperson, is like in real life? It's in here. I couldn't fit twelve trillion people into one book—but I fit the juiciest scraps.

Well, now it's in your hands. Read and enjoy. In the meantime, I'm off for some hard-earned vacation time on Penrhyn Aarf. I have a lot to celebrate, y' see . . . Bernie got canned due to "budget cutbacks." My new editor is his old secretary, Janelle. And I've managed to persuade her to come along for the weekend! Now, if I could only get her to stop slapping me every time I make a move...

BATTLE MASTER'S INTRODUCTION

Before we go any further, some explanation is in order for those of you who plan to use this book in a campaign. Condemned is a sourcebook, designed to provide you with information on the most influential individuals of the Alliance. The book is broken down into sections. "The Movers and the Shakers" provides information on the policy-makers and leaders of the Alliance and affiliated powers. "In the Public Eye" details the celebrities and personalities who make headlines in the tabloids—the rich and famous of the Alliance. "The

Galaxy's Most Wanted" lists the most notorious criminals of the galaxies. Finally, the last section of the book includes a number of generic character templates, to provide the Battle Master with quick, ready-to-run NPCs for encounters.

Who's Who in the Galaxy is not meant to be a sort of super monster manual. All of the characters in the book have one thing in common: they're all exceptionally powerful and influential. Player characters should not be able to go around killing them. Anyone trying to bump off, say, the Galactic President, is going to create very serious repercussions! Furthermore, none of these characters are going to just pop up, gun in hand, and fight the player characters. A confrontation with any of the individuals in this book should be the culmination of a series of adventures and months of play. It's quite possible that the players will never come face to face with the character, interacting instead with his or her agents and catspaws—most of whom will be plenty powerful all by themselves!

So what is the book meant for? As mentioned before, *Condemned* provides a substantial amount of new background information for the Battle Master. In these pages, you'll find details of the plots and plans of some of the biggest villains in the galaxies. Any one of these characters should be able to provide the resourceful Battle Master with enough adventure hooks to keep the players busy for a long time. For example, "You walk down a hall and meet Uncle Ernie Freiberg. He shoots at you." isn't making full use of the book. On the other hand, creating an adventure centering around one of Uncle Ernie's biological experiments infecting a planet, and the race to find a cure for it, is a good example of how an inventive Battle Master will use this book. The NPCs in this book should be the source of adventures, not the adventure itself.

The book is also a sort of power guideline for the Battle Master to model his campaign against. The characters included herein are the most powerful and best that the Alliance has to offer, with decades of experience in most cases. All of them are at the very pinnacle of their respective professions. If your players are able to take out Dameon Tremel after a month of adventuring, it's a good sign that you're not playing *Battlelords* as it was designed to be played. This isn't necessarily "wrong". If you're having fun, then you're playing the game "right". But *Battlelords* was designed to be played at a certain power level, and will provide the most enjoyment when played within these parameters. After all, if your players are running around in Ultra Armor within a month, it gets hard to provide them with challenges or rewards which will interest them! (How many times can you save the universe before it gets boring?)

Finally, this is a book about people. It's designed to give you a better idea of what people in the Alliance think and do, where they go, who they admire, and how they live. It's meant to be a source of ideas, which you, the Battle Master, can mix and match into your campaign as you like.

Each character in the book is broken down into several sections. The character sheet provides the basic stats and numbers—the bare bones of the character. The equipment and description sections are basically self-explanatory. The background section of the character is divided into three parts, designed to provide you with a variety of viewpoints on the person in question: "The Official Line" gives the official Alliance viewpoint on the individual, the sort of thing you'll see in reputable newspapers. "Malachai's Take" provides you with the opinions of Malachai Armageddon (a not-so-reputable reporter with contacts in a lot of places). Finally, "Roleplaying Notes" gives a second person account of the character. Basically, it puts you in the position of the character and tells you what you think about yourself.

Thus, it's possible that you'll get three conflicting interpretations of the character, from three different sources. This was done intentionally, mainly because the *Battlelords* universe is a place where things are very seldom black and white. Viewing the character from three different perspectives gives a rounded perception; the Galactic President may be a sleazebag, but that doesn't mean that everyone and his brother is aware of this fact! Generally speaking, the "common man" will tend to believe what he sees on the news and in the papers—the official line, in other words. Rebellious types and those who distrust the establishment will usually have a viewpoint somewhat close to Malachai's take. Mercenaries will have mixed views, from the ultra-patriotic ultra-conformist who accepts whatever the government says to the radical left who wouldn't believe a government dispatch that said the sun was going to rise in the morning.

Discerning readers will notice that some skills seem to pop up in a disproportionately large number of characters. This is because, in the opinion of the author, these are skills that no resident of the twenty third century should be without! Computer Operation, for example, is as common (and as necessary) as literacy in the *Battlelords* universe. Libraries, communication networks, even shopping—all have been computerized. Skills like Alertness and Detect Concealment, on the other hand, are extremely useful in the dangerous universe of the Alliance. Finally, some skills just tend to develop naturally over time; for example, General Knowledge and Street Smart (if you live that kind of life). It may also be noticed that a lot of the characters in this book tend to emphasize espionage skills and persuasion. This is also intentional. Think about it; in real life, who gets ahead? The grunt soldier, or the politician who takes credit for the military operation he participated in? The *Battlelords* universe is similar to our own in that respect: it's usually easier to get ahead using manipulation and boot licking than it is to make it big using Omega weapons! That's not to say that it's impossible for our man, Fredd the Ram Python, to run for public office, and maybe win (people are weird, after all). It's just easier for the slick Orion Rogue who knows the right buttons to push.

FAME AND FORTUNE

PRESTIGE

Everyone wants to be a hero. When you are walking through the spaceport on your way home from a hard month's work, it feels good to have some young adolescent run up, asking for your autograph. It's nice when members of the opposite sex follow you around. Having groupies is cool. Well, all of this is a function of prestige.

The societies of the 23rd Century are big on heroics and the gossip of the day isn't soap operas, it's the battle on "what" planet against "whom." Characters build up prestige points for everything they do, good or bad.

Prestige has a direct effect on a PC's charisma score. A character's charisma increases by a ratio of 1 charisma point per ten prestige points. Thus, if you have accrued 30 points of prestige for heroic deeds, then your charisma increases by 3 points. This only applies when a character is traveling within the Core Worlds or is on an annexed planet. Furthermore, an individual's prestige score doubles within his home system. The table below lists the prestige awards for various deeds. Rewards are cumulative, and can be gained more than once for any action. Battle Masters may see fit to use this table or not as they choose.

DEED	POINTS
Save another's life while in the line of duty	0.2
Save the party's life while in the line of duty	0.4
Incredibly stupid act with great results	0.4
Save a city	1.2
Saves a planet	5.0
Saves the Alliance	15.0
Egregious act against another	1.0
Egregious act against the Alliance (small)	1.0
Egregious act against the Alliance (grand)	6.0
Survives an encounter with the Arachnids	3.0
Survive A Rift Run	4.0
Win on "The Survival Warrior"	1.0
Survive a Meeting with Jaquassarious Phentari	2.8
Battle Against the Rebels	2.0
Battle Against Pirates	1.5

DEED	POINTS
Galactic Ten Most Wanted List	5.0
Escape from New Leavenworth	1.5
Help Grandma across the street (wimp)	0.0
Steal a ship (small)	1.0
Steal a ship (humongous)	2.3
Make a "Big" discovery	1.0
Company Insignia	var

MEDAL	POINTS
Accommodation to the Astronaut Corps	1.0
Ace of Spades	-5.0
Armor Combat Cord	0.2
Badge For Marksmanship	0.5
Badge For Sharpshooting	1.5
Blade of Bleys	2.5
Bledayan Star	7.0
Bledayan Crest	4.0

MEDAL	POINTS
Blessing of Jaquassarious	10.0
Blessing of the Koordine	1.0
Blood Kelp	7.5
Blood Tear of Assizza	1.5
Blood Star of Humas	5.0
Blood Kilt	3.0
Bowing Stone	-1.5
Bracelet of Shadow Light	None
Branch of Crung	3.5
Branch of Power	10.0
Branch of Wisdom	10.0
Brand of The Unworthy	-2.0
Brotherhood of the Fallen Knights	2.5
Bya To	0.5
Cap of the Vigilant Watcher	2.0
Chain of the Fallen Warrior	4.0
Cloth of Assizza	5.0
Corporate Star	1.5
Crest of Freedom	7.0
Crown of Assizza	30.0
Crystal Vendetta	2.5
Cube of Inter-Dimensions	20.0
Cube of Earth	4.0
Diamond Wrench	3.0
Expert Badge	5.0
File of the Allorre	40.0
Fornax Shield of Courage	1.0
Frontier Accommodation Medal	0.5
Fubar Star	-4.0
Galactic Achievement Medal	1.0
Gem of Power	20.0
Girdle of Nactmitar	7.0
Girdle of Might	1.0
Goblet of the Hero	2.5
Good Conduct Medal	0.2
Gray Heart	3.0
Guild of Valor:	10.0
Hammer of Battle	0.5
Hammer of the Thunderbolt	6.0
Icon of the Controller	1.5
Infantry Combat Cord	2.0
Intrepid Silent Service Ribbon	0.3
Kismet	12.0
Kit of Kibab	4.0
Kwass	5.0
Leaf of the Magistrate	0.2
Legion of Honor	25.0
Military Honors Award	0.5
Necklace of the Covered Mind	2.0
Occupational Ribbon	0.2
Order of the Secret Defender	5.0
Palm of Thunder	10.00/-30.00
Pledge of Allegiance	1.0
Purple Heart	1.0
Red Cross of Valiantry	12.00

MEDAL	POINTS
Ring of Compassion	5.0
Robe of Sacrifice	5.0
Robe of Eridine	None
Robe of Assizza	7.0
Samrac of Revenge	4.5
Sash of Xangar	9.0
Sash of Premus (automatic tutelage)	3.0
Sash Of Tembrel (worthy of disciple)	3.5/5.0
Sash of Wisdom	3.5
Scales of Balance:	12.0
Scarab of the Temptal	1.5
Scepter Timar	6.0
Scroll of the Innovator	0.2
Scroll of the Diplomat	3.0
Seal of Eridine	6.0
Seal of Healing	1.0
Serene and Solemn Order of the Knights of Taos	None
Shard of Vengeance	4.0
Shield of the Guardian	3.0
Signet of Death	6.0
Signet of Might	3.5
Sildirith (di-chromium bagpipes)	None
Silver Star	8.0
Sphere of Power	20.00
Stone of Pta	2.0
Talisman of the Faithful	2.0
Talisman of Lament	3.0
Talisman of the Zen	2.5
Tamrac of Blood	5.0
Tear Drop of the Black Shard	3.0
Temple of the Benevolence	10.0
The Black Cross of Simeron	8.0
The Silver Stars of Morokania	1.0
The Rite Of Passage	2.0
The Rosk Dagger	2.0
The Scabbard of Eir	12.0
The Staff of Timar	8.0
The Black Band Of Doom	3.0
The Peace Keeper's Urn	7.0
The Bronze Crown	5.0
The Tias Blade	15.0
The Crown of Assizza	10.0
Therelian Tartan	1.0
Thump	2.0
Tome of Knowledge	12.0
Torch of Steel	4.0
Torque of the Warrior	2.5
Triple Cluster	3.0
Uvidan (Bloody Rib)	7.0/-15.0
Valkyrene Fighter	20.0
Ward of Friendship	2.0

* Note: if the deed is not known or is done either covertly or anonymously no prestige can be gained, because no one knows you did it. (Sometimes this can be quite a relief).

LEVEL OF HEROISM	POINTS
Legend in Your Own Mind	2.0
Warrior	5.0
Battlelord	10.0
Hero	20.0
Mega Hero	30.0
Super Hero	40.0
Ultra Hero	50.0
Legend	80.0
A Force to Be Reckoned With	100.0

The Battlelords core rules give guidelines for acquiring prestige during the course of adventures. But exactly what does prestige do for you? What are the ups and downs of being a big name, of having your face plastered across the front page of every newspaper? The following are supplementary rules for using prestige. These rules are optional (big surprise; ALL rules are optional), and it is up to the Battle Master to decide whether or not to make use of them.

Prestige has a direct effect on several aspects of a character's life. Among these are his or her salary, charisma, the number of contacts he or she has, and the amount of public recognition he or she receives. It also has an effect on the job opportunities available to the character. There is a downside to prestige, though. It becomes more and more difficult to go incognito as one's prestige increases. Furthermore, should a famous Battlelord find him or herself in trouble with the law (of course, that never happens to player characters, now does it?) any hope of a fair trial is basically shot. The character's fate will be decided by the media and the public.

Prestige has a direct effect on the character's standing in his job. Employers will often pay more for big names. On the other hand, the character may come across as a prima donna and invoke the employer's jealousy. When the character's prestige reaches 20, the player should make a Charisma check. The difficulty of this is determined by the Battle Master; if the character is a good "company man" and gets along well with his boss, the check should be level 1. If, on the other hand, the individual in question constantly goes in his or her own direction, ignores orders, has a lot of black marks, and is generally a pain in the butt, it might be as high as level 10 or more (Phentari working for Eridicorp generally merit higher than level 10 checks!). If the check is successful the character receives one promotion point for every five points of prestige he or she possesses. Furthermore, salary is immediately increased by 02-08%. If the check fails, the character receives a Black Mark for "insubordinate behavior." If the check fails by more than 50, the character is fired (the boss saw the character as a threat to his or her own position!). This check should be repeated every time the player achieves a new prestige level (i.e. at 30, 40, 50, 80, and 100 prestige, respectively).

Another effect of prestige is the way in which henchmen view the character. For every 10 points of prestige, the loyalty base is modified by 5. It falls to the Battle Master to decide the direction of this modification. If the player is well known as an upstanding, by the book kind of guy, the modifier will be positive. If he or she is notorious for "losing" followers (whoops, another one died. Oh well!) the modifier will generally be negative (though some Phentari and other nasty types may actually see this sort of behavior as a good thing!).

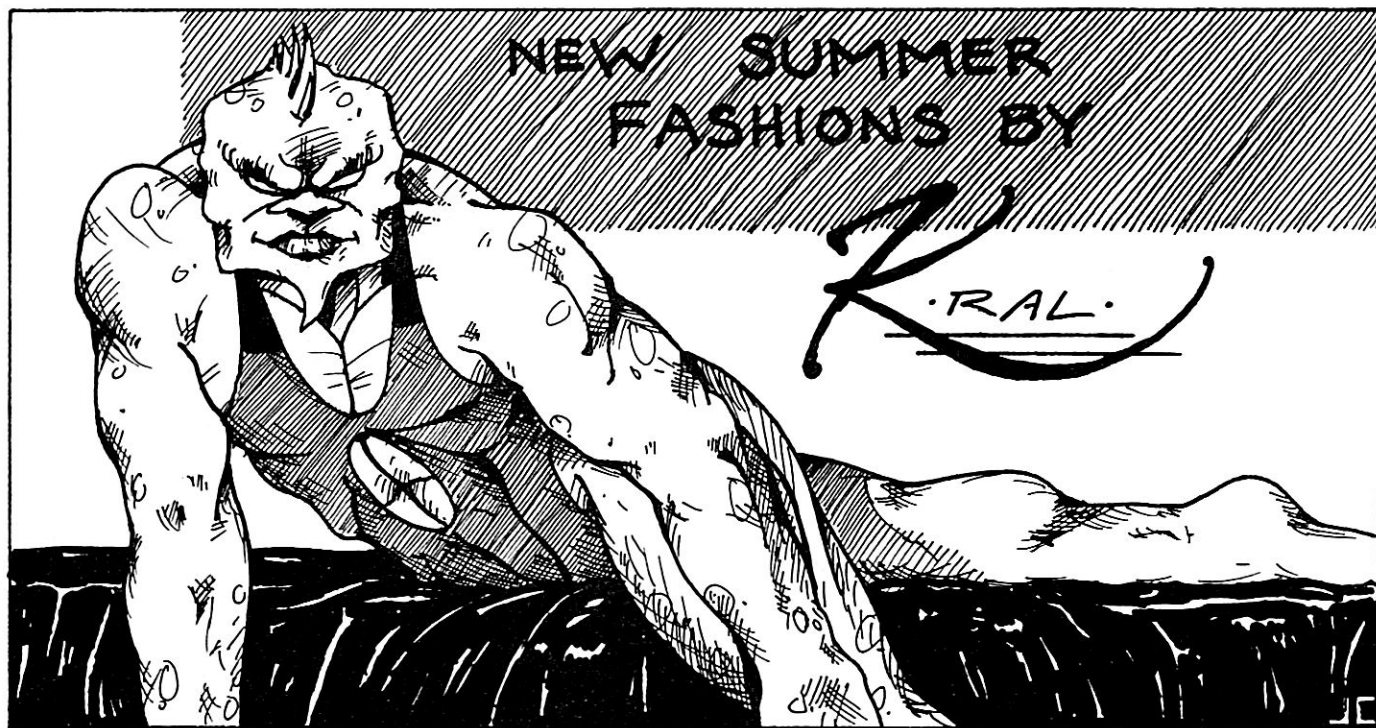
Prestige also modifies the number of contacts the character has. People are generally more willing to go out of their way for a big name celebrity than for Joe Nobody the grunt. For every 10 points of prestige the character receives, there is a base 50% chance that he or she will attract from 1-4 new contacts. It costs nothing to establish these

contacts, but from that point onward, the character must pay to maintain them, just like any other contact. These contacts have a starting value of 1-4. The other aspect to this is that the character will start to receive discounts at businesses. There is a base chance equal to the character's prestige - 10% that the character will get a discount of 10%-40% on any given service. Small costs, like meals, may be completely taken care of (it's worth more to the owner of the restaurant to have the legendary Zak Bloodstar eat there on a regular basis than it is to charge him for his veal alfredo with clam sauce!). Once again, this is at the Battle Master's discretion. If he says that you have to pay full price for that Bohemian Star Cruiser, then you do, no matter what the dice say (so don't come complaining to us about it!).

Finally, as the character becomes famous, there's a chance that he or she will be offered the chance to endorse products (celebrities sell more products, even in the 23rd century). For every 5 points of prestige above 10, there is a base 03% chance that the character will be offered a contract worth 20-50,000 credits base. This may be modified upwards (3% for every level of Law the character possesses and 2% for every level of Bartering (law helps you spot the loopholes in the contract, and bartering lets you cut a better deal). This check should be made every time the character reaches another multiple of 5 prestige.

The downside to being famous comes in the form of a direct penalty to some Espionage skills. For every 2 points of prestige, the character receives an 01% penalty to Disguise and Impersonation skills (Maximum 50%). Worse still, there are a lot of nutcases out there just looking for a celebrity to fixate on, and there's a chance that one of them will glom onto you! The chance that someone will track the famous PC down is 01% per 10 points of prestige. This might be a hotshot gunslinger who challenges the character to a duel, a member of the opposite sex who becomes obsessed with the character, or someone filing a paternity suit. Battle Masters, use your imagination.

With all that said, many characters will decide that the benefits outweigh the problems, and want to boost their prestige. One way to facilitate this is to hire a PR man. Good public relations has a direct effect on the amount of prestige you receive. To hire a skilled PR agent will cost around 40,000 credits per year. Such an agent will oversee writeups of the character's exploits, making sure that they're in the best possible light, organize whispering campaigns, schedule appearances, and generally make his or her employer look good. The net effect of this is a +10% bonus to the amount of prestige that the character receives. Handling your own public relations doesn't generally work very well, as most people view it as simply "blowing your own horn."





GENERIC CHARACTER TEMPLATES

There are times in an adventure when a Battle Master needs a ready-made character on the spot, but doesn't have time to create one. Nobody can anticipate all the characters that will possibly come up in an adventure, particularly an adventure in a crowded setting (like a city), much less have stats written up for each!

For this reason, we've included a set of generic, quick character templates for your use, covering some of the most common race/profession combinations that characters are likely to encounter. Each template is ready to be taken and run as is, but there is still work involved on the part of you, the Battle Master. These are the bare bones of characters, not full fledged characters. It's up to you to provide them with personalities and mannerisms, to flesh them out so the players won't immediately say, "Oh, look, another copy of the Phentari Bounty Hunter Template!" Change the gender, the equipment, or the entire character, if it suits you. Maybe this particular Phentari is motivated by a sincere desire to see justice done, or the Python Trooper who just pulled over the characters' skimmer is corrupt and looking for a bribe. Use your imagination, and remember: these templates are useful for providing quick roleplaying encounters, but should not be overused. Any major character is still worth creating in his or her own right.

All attack bonuses and damage modifiers have already been figured into these weapon entries.

CHATILIAN INFO BROKER

Size Class: 2	Body Points: 5			
Initiative Modifier: -1	Race: Chatilian			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 35	Manual Dexterity: 45			
Intelligence: 100	Agility: 55			
Constitution: 40	Aggression: 55			
Intuition: 90	Charisma: 30			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 65	Military Leadership: 57			
Persuasion: 46	Bargaining: 21			
SMRS				
CHE: 18	RAD: 15	BIO: 08	MEN: 95	POI: 18
SON: 70	ELE: 28	FIR: 13	ACD: 15	CLD: 33
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 43,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Intelligence	4	110		
Interrogation	3	100		
General Knowledge	10	*		
Street Smart	6	125		
Persuasion	3	*		
Bartering	3	*		
Alertness	1	*		
Energy Weapons	3	BW		
Computer Operation	2	90		

MATRICES

Type: Empathic Matrix Level: 8 Power Points: 18

POWER

	LEVEL
Clairaudience	1
Clairvoyance	1
Comprehend Languages	1
ESP	1
Stun	1
Telepathy	1
Disposition	2
Mind Dive	2
Psychometry	2
Invisibility	2
Mind Blank	2
Mind Strangle	2
Mass Fear	3
Speak With Dead	3

WEAPONS

Sonic Disruptor: ROF: 1/3; D/A: var; Q: 20

UAN: 80/55/10/-40 MN: 99; SS: 80

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

As a man about town, the Chatilian Information Broker will not normally be found packing heavy artillery. However, he's in a dangerous business, so a little insurance is not out of order. Typical gear carried by an average info broker might include the following: street clothes skinsuit and Temeck hat, Sonic Disruptor, and a mid-line Body Computer (as a combination appointment calendar and notebook). Cash on hand will typically be from 10-1000Cr. The Chatilian Info Broker will almost always have a bodyguard, usually someone very big and very mean. The Ram Python Thug template is the most appropriate for representing this bodyguard.

DESCRIPTION

The Chatilian Info Broker covers the whole range of appearance for Chatilians. He or she will usually be a snappy dresser, right on top of this year's fashions. Bear in mind, though, that Chatilian fashions are usually mind-manglingly bright and extremely garish to most other races! As a result, the Broker will often look like a two-dollar pimp. The general attitude of the Chatilian will be the confidence and reservation of someone who's "in the know," even when he or she has no information at all on what you want.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You're extremely nosy, and will always try to get as much or more information than you give out. You constantly pump your customers for info in subtle and not-so-subtle ways, and you're good enough that you spot details that most people would miss. Of course, the fact that you can read minds doesn't half hurt, either! Usually, all you have to do is make the player think about what you want to know, and there's a good chance that that information will then find its way into your body computer, and from there into the ears of any customer willing to pay your rates! You're a tight bargainer; again, the ability to read minds lets you know when the other guy is bluffing, and exactly how

GENERIC CHARACTER TEMPLATES

badly he needs to know what you're selling. The prices you charge are usually outrageously steep, but you take care in making sure your facts are accurate, out of professional pride and also because info brokers who sell bad info generally have short careers. You have a wide range of informants scattered throughout the city in which you live, and there isn't much that goes down on the streets that you don't know about. Your knowledge on happenings outside the city is more limited, but you still occasionally pick up something juicy. Some of your friends specialize in other kinds of info (for example, government events, or military actions, or whatever... if there's a market for the information, you can bet a Chatilian has his nose in it). One other thing you have is a healthy sense of self-preservation. You don't have any desire to be a hero! If threatened, you back off. You have bodyguards you pay to handle the physical stuff. Sometimes, you'll help out with matrices, but if it comes down to a one on one fight, you'll probably run or surrender. Hey, you haven't gotten where you are by being stupid!

CATCH PHRASE

"You look like a man looking for answers, my friend. Well, you've come to the right place, because I am the Answer Man! Now what can I do for you? No, don't tell me, let me guess..."

CHATILIAN AGENT

Size Class: 3	Body Points: 5			
Initiative Modifier: 0	Race: Chatilian			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 40	Manual Dexterity: 50			
Intelligence: 105	Agility: 55			
Constitution: 50	Aggression: 65			
Intuition: 101	Charisma: 45			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 30	Military Leadership: 64			
Persuasion: 40	Bargaining: 15			
SMRS				
CHE: 20	RAD: 17	BIO: 10	MEN: 105	POI: 20
SON: 72	ELE: 30	FIR: 15	ACD: 15	CLD: 35
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 85,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Stealth	4	90		
Hand Radio	3	BR		
Computer Operation	5	125		
Computer Programming	3	105		
Bypass Security (Comp)	3	105		
Concealment	4	115		
Detect Concealment	5	125		
Infiltration	3	105		
Basic Medical	2	95		
Defeat Security	4	85		
Detect Security	5	125		
Pick Locks	5	95		
Beam Weapons	3	BW		
Street Smart	3	105		

MATRICES

Type: Empathic Matrix Level: 10 Power Points: 25

POWER	LEVEL
Clairaudience	1
Clairvoyance	1
Concentration	1
Comprehend Languages	1
ESP	1
Patience	1
Psychokinesis	1
Stun	1
Telepathy	1
Disposition	2
Image Projection	2
Mind Dive	2
Psychometry	2
Image Creation	3
Invisibility	3
Mind Blank	3
Mind Strangle	3
Communique	4
Hypnotic Trance	4
Pass Unnoticed	4

WEAPON

Savage-B Laser: ROF: 3; D/A: 2-8; Q: 15

UAN: 85/83/80/70/65/35/-10 MN: 99; SS: 90

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The Chatilian Agent carries the equipment common to a professional spy. His usual armor will be Infiltrator and a Conehead with a camouflage unit, infrared dampeners, and other options. He or she will typically carry a Savage-B or similar pistol as a sidearm; big weapons tend to get in the way of moving stealthily. Other items which an Agent will often be found in possession of include: auto mapper, binoculars, goggles (IR/UV), sonic amplifier, auto keys, contact microphones, lock picks (professional and electronic), a mini camera and mini scanner, and sometimes a sensoid killer or sensoid master. He or she will also usually have a medical kit containing at least 3 MBRIs and a super case backpack to carry the equipment in. Some Chatilian Agents will also have Artificial Intelligence Modules or Computer Interface Joints. Cash on hand will depend on the mission. An agent will usually have a fair amount of cash to pay off potential informers, but may have much more if a major payment is part of his or her mission.

DESCRIPTION

Unlike the Chatilian Info Broker, the Agent tries to maintain a low profile. He doesn't want people to think he's anything special; in fact, he'd be just as happy if they overlooked him completely. He or she will generally have several changes of clothes in a variety of different fashions socked away in a safe hole somewhere nearby. If it's a planet where armor can be worn, don't forget that Infiltrator armor can mimic clothing! The Agent's manner will be reserved, as well; remember that the best spies make a living out of not being noticed.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Two words: Low profile. You usually have places to go and people to see, and getting involved with a bunch of loud, chaotic mercenary types is not likely to get you any further towards your goals. But sometimes mercs are your business, usually when they have information that someone else needs to know. You're a professional, and proud of it. You've seen a lot of missions, and picked up a lot of dirty tricks. If you get cornered and have to fight, you use your mental powers to best effect, hitting the weak links first (Ram Pythons are a prime target; they go down quick, and do a lot of damage to your tender body if you leave them standing). If you can get out, you'll do it. Your employers pay you for information, not risking your neck in a slugfest. But ideally, you won't get involved in a fight in the first place. Your favorite method of operation is to head into town under an assumed name. Beforehand, you prepare by setting up an alias for yourself in another city, and picking up false ID papers for your new "face." Once in town, you try to keep a low profile. Spies only wear trench coats and fedoras in holo-movies! You might dress as an average middle-upper class yuppie type, or maybe a scholar of some sort, depending on the type of town you find yourself in. You keep your mouth shut and your ears and mind open. Once you've got what you need, you get out as soon as possible without attracting too much attention. Sometimes, things don't go according to plan, so you should always have at least two contingency plans and at least two ways out of every building. So far, it's worked just fine for you, and you're one of the pros of the field. You'll never be world famous, but that suits you just fine. In the spy business, fame is a liability.

CATCH PHRASE

"Who, me? Oh, I'm just here for the scenery."

CIZERACK SCOUT

Size Class: 7	Body Points: 20			
Initiative Modifier: -3	Race: Cizerack			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 85	Manual Dexterity: 40			
Intelligence: 60	Agility: 100			
Constitution: 70	Aggression: 80			
Intuition: 65	Charisma: 55			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 15	Military Leadership: 65			
Persuasion: 39	Bargaining: 24			
SMRS				
CHE: 31	RAD: 23	BIO: 31	MEN: 33	POI: 32
SON: 13	ELE: 32	FIR: 36	ACD: 26	CLD: 56
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 61,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Acrobatics	2	78		
Alertness	1	*		
Stealth	7	128		
Body Points	1	*		
Climbing	2	78		
Swimming	2	*		
Hand Radio	2	BR		

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Basic Medical	2	70
Camouflage	5	100
Detect Concealment	5	100
Infiltration	1	60
Mapping	2	70
Land Navigation	4	90
Scouting	5	105
Sighting	5	*
Survival (primary)	4	95
Survival (secondary)	2	75
Survival (tertiary)	1	65
Tracking	4	95
Hand to Hand	5	*
Beam Weapons	5	BW
Direct Fire Weapons	1	BW
Repair Beam	1	50
Repair Armor	1	50

WEAPONS

Claw: N/A: 3/3; D/A: d2+4; UAN: 80 PN: 55

Arrow LOSN: ROF: 1; D/A: 3-12; Q: 30

UAN: 130/125/120/115/110/105/78/60 MN: 100; SS: 99

Bite: N/A: 1/3; D/A: d3+4; UAN: 80

Hellfire-8 Rocket: D/A: 7-42; Q: 1

UAN: 99/79/59/39/19

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The Cizerack Scout is prepared to spend a long time under harsh conditions, with little or no outside support. She will usually wear mid-upper level armor (Combat 2 is a favorite) with environmental containment, an oxygen supply, camouflage unit, IR dampener, rad-liner, and internal food processor. A DH-2 helmet with Awareness radar package (or better) and extra absorption is common. The Scout will carry a body mount harness (the better grades will have look and shoot), plenty of spare ammo for her primary weapon, repair tools for armor and weapons, protein and purification tablets, thermal blankets, and various other survival supplies. A well-stocked medical kit is a must, since the scout never knows when she'll have a chance to resupply it. In addition to MBRI's, this kit will usually carry biological redox agents, chemical redox agents, a first aid kit, and slap bandages. IR binocular goggles are a big favorite among Cizerack Scouts. The Scout will have little or no cash on hand, as there is no need for it in most of the environments in which she functions.

DESCRIPTION

Lean and muscular, the Cizerack Scout is fiercely independent and proud of it. She will usually have a number of Marks of Valor (brands on her flank which signify achievement, the Cizerack equivalent of medals). Her armor is likely to be patched and jury-rigged, as is a lot of her other gear. Nevertheless, it will usually work as well as or better than brand new equipment of the same sort. The Scout radiates contempt for the fools who confine themselves to their little pockets of civilization. She has seen the power of Nature.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

From the time you were a cub, you knew you were different. You were never a follower, never content to be in the middle of the pack. You always wanted to be out ahead, to be the first to see what was over the next hill. That's why you became a scout. You love the freedom of being on your own, and the demands of making do on next to nothing for prolonged periods of time. It's a tough life, but one which you're suited to, and you take pride in your abilities. You have the usual contempt for males which is common to your race, but even more contempt for those who live a "soft" life in the city, and know nothing about surviving outside their little piles of concrete and steel. You yourself have spent so much time out in the wilderness that you dislike cities immensely. You don't like the crowds, you don't like the smells, you don't like the noise, and most of all, you don't like having to look straight up to see blue sky.



There are a number of options for a skilled scout such as yourself. You could go into the Galactic Reconnaissance Force and serve the Alliance, or you could remain an independent agent, hiring out to the highest bidder. When you agree to do a job, you make sure that you do that job to the best of your ability, even when your employer is a clueless bunch of mercenaries who can't tell poison ivy from lettuce. It's your job to bring their stupid asses through the wilderness safe and sound, and it's a job you're good at.

CATCH PHRASE

"You think you're tough because you can wear the hide of a dead animal you didn't even kill yourself? Where I come from, you wouldn't last five minutes."

ERIDANI BUDAISH

Size Class: 6 Body Points: 13
Initiative Modifier: -3 Race: Eridani

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 85 Manual Dexterity: 55
Intelligence: 62 Agility: 90
Constitution: 80 Aggression: 85
Intuition: 45 Charisma: 30

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 30 Military Leadership: 86
Persuasion: 26 Bargaining: 11

SMRS

CHE: 53 RAD: 31 BIO: 43 MEN: 70 POI: 56
SON: 33 ELE: 58 FIR: 18 ACD: 23 CLD: 107

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 24,000

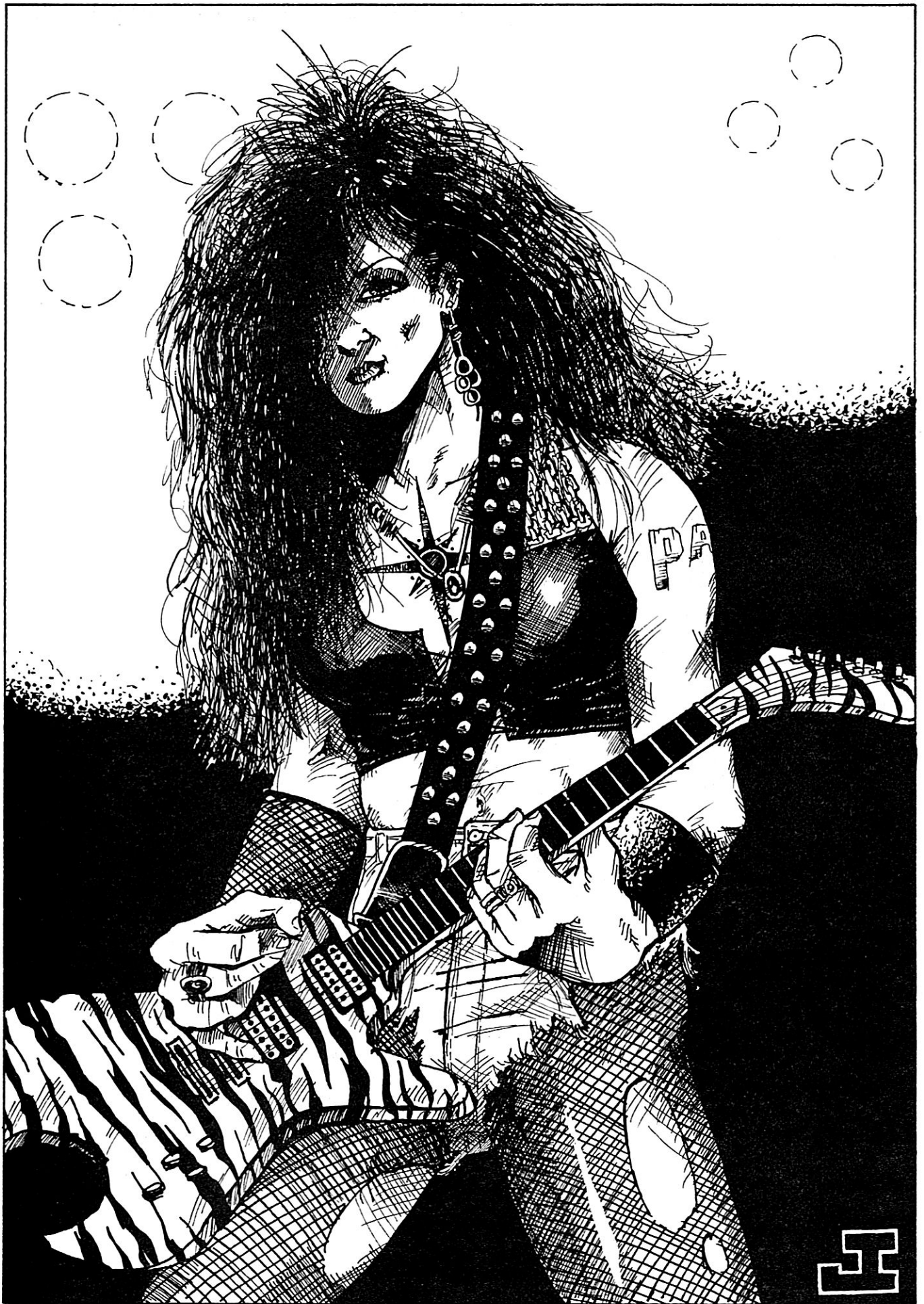
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Body Equilibrium	4	*
Sword	6	BW
Acrobatics	1	66
Alertness	1	*
Body Points	1	*
Hand to Hand	3	*
Basic Medical	1	65
Camouflage	2	75
Detect Concealment	3	85
Military Leadership	3	*
Survival (methane)	2	65
Pulse Weapons	3	BW
Beam Weapons	1	BW

WEAPONS

2-Handed Sword: N/A: 4/4; D/A: 2d6+4; UAN: 117; PN: 43
Mentar Pulse Cannon: ROF: 2; D/A: 5-30; Q: 25
UAN: 87/57/37/02/-28 MN: 95; SS: 85
BS-2 Laser Pistol: ROF: 2; D/A: 2-7; Q: 10
UAN: 82/72/64/49/24 MN: 98; SS: 85

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The questing Budaish carries only what he or she needs to survive. This will include a suit of armor roughly on the level of Bear, or perhaps Cub with options, his or her weapons (all kept in peak condition), a limited medical kit (too much reliance on painkillers weakens a warrior), and a small pack containing the bare essentials of survival gear and ritualistic paraphernalia which is of significance only to the Eridani (for example, the razor and dyes used to maintain the length and color of the mohawk). Cash on hand will be little to none. The warrior works for his daily bread. Death cards may occasionally be carried, but this is rare for such a young warrior.



GENERIC CHARACTER TEMPLATES

DESCRIPTION

This is the prototypical Eridani warrior: tall, proud, with his trademark red mohawk which is the mark of the fighter. Young and still prone to occasional errors in judgement, the Budaish is nonetheless already a formidable opponent. Armor and weapons will be immaculate. Arrogance will be apparent in the warrior's stance, a cry to the universe to come forth and face the might of an Eridani Budaish.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You are Eridani, the epitome of the warrior spirit. It is your duty to seek battle that you may prove yourself worthy of the honor of being called Budaish. Though you have won a number of Duels, you recall the legends of the Alorre, those who have defeated armies single-handed, and you know that you still have many more Duels to go before you prove yourself.

Sometimes, you take employment as a guard for some powerful individual. This is an excellent opportunity to prove your skills, and the job of bodyguard is an honorable one for a young Eridani. Many seek the skills of your kind, but more experienced Eridani are beyond such labor, seeking Rota Mabiki along their own paths. As such, you are paid very well for your duties, but the money is unimportant. It is the chance for battle, the opportunity to serve honorably, that you seek. Perhaps tomorrow there will be the opportunity to prove your superiority in a Duel against another warrior. Until then, you will train and meditate on the meaning of being Eridani.

CATCH PHRASE

"I am a warrior, something you would know nothing about. I hereby challenge you to a Duel, that I may show you the meaning of valor on the field of combat!"

ERIDANI BUDAISH THRALEK

Size Class: 6	Body Points: 26			
Initiative Modifier: -6	Race: Eridani			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 101	Manual Dexterity: 85			
Intelligence: 65	Agility: 101			
Constitution: 92	Aggression: 85			
Intuition: 55	Charisma: 40			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 35	Military Leadership: 110			
Persuasion: 30	Bargaining: 15			
SMRS				
CHE: 63	RAD: 41	BIO: 53	MEN: 81	POI: 66
SON: 43	ELE: 68	FIR: 28	ACD: 33	CLD: 117
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 200,000				
SKILL		LEVEL	UPS	
Sword		12	BW	
Catir		8	BW	
Pulse Weapons		10	BW	
Beam Weapons		6	BW	
Hand to Hand		10	*	
Acrobatics		3	90	
Alertness		3	*	

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Climbing	5	110
Stealth	10	160
Body Equilibrium	6	*
Body Points	4	*
Military Leadership	5	*
Camouflage	6	115
Det. Concealment	8	135
Survival (methane)	3	80
Hand Radio	3	BR
Identify Vessels	5	105
Identify Robots	5	105
Basic Medical	4	95
Mental Defense	2	*
Pilot Skimmer	4	100
WEAPONS		
2-Handed Sword: N/A: 6/4; D/A: 2d6+7; UAN: 143; PN: 73		
Punch: N/A: 6/3; D/A: 7; UAN: 100		
Vector 3: ROF: 2; D/A: 3-18; Q: 50		
UAN: 131/112/92/67/47/27/12 MN: 97; SS: 92		
Savage-B: ROF: 3; D/A: 2-8; Q: 15		
UAN: 101/99/96/86/81/51/26 MN: 99; SS: 90		

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The Budaish Thralek shares the ascetic life-style of the younger Budaish, but his gear is more formidable. The usual armor of the Budaish Thralek will be Kodiak, or sometimes Combat 3, generally in the ornate ceremonial Eridani style, with a wide range of armor options. A Deshard helmet is common, often with radar package and hostile identification computer. As with all Eridani, the weapons will be kept immaculate. The combat pack will be similar to that carried by younger Eridani, though the materials, again, will be of better quality. As with his lesser brethren, the Budaish Thralek will have little or no cash on hand.

DESCRIPTION

The only visible differences between the Budaish Thralek and the Budaish are the longer mohawk and the superior armor and weapons. Perhaps the Thralek will have his medals evident, but this is uncommon. The true mark of the skilled warrior is the air of confidence which has replaced his youthful rashness, the sense of peace and oneness with his environment which he conveys to those around him. This is usually enough to warn opponents that they are facing an opponent of stature; the few inexperienced enough not to spot this aren't likely to survive their first mistake.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Once, you were a young Budaish, overconfident and reckless, like most young warriors. You were certain that every battle would end in victory for you, that thought was unnecessary. Now, you are older and wiser, with many battles behind you. You have seen hotheaded young warriors come and go. You have learned the cool detachment, the judgement, which is the mark of skill in a warrior. No longer do you feel a need to prove yourself to others, for you know your abilities and capabilities. Now, you seek to increase your wisdom, seeking battle only against truly worthy opponents. Lesser opponents are to be

ignored, or terminated if they persist in foolishly obstructing you. Such opponents do not merit an honorable Duel; they are little better than vermin. Such is the way of things; you pay respect to superiors, and expect it from your inferiors.

Now, you follow the path to Rota Mabiki wherever it may lead you. You answer only to the Buddon priests of your people and your own internal code of honor. When you take missions, it is because you know that they will be challenging to a warrior of your stature.

CATCH PHRASE

"Youngling, do not meddle with that which you do not understand. You have the rashness of youth. If you would live long enough to see it mature, stand down."

GEN-HUMAN COMPANY MAN

Size Class: 5	Body Points: 5			
Initiative Modifier: 0	Race: Gen-Human			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 46	Manual Dexterity: 60			
Intelligence: 82	Agility: 56			
Constitution: 58	Aggression: 43			
Intuition: 82	Charisma: 86			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 35	Military Leadership: 57			
Persuasion: 86	Bargaining: 73			
SMRS				
CHE: 19	RAD: 17	BIO: 17	MEN: 65	POI: 22
SON: 27	ELE: 42	FIR: 22	ACD: 22	CLD: 44
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 37,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Base Station Radio	2	BR		
Computer Operation	5	115		
Computer Programming	5	115		
Bribery	3	95		
Forgery	1	60		
Intelligence	1	75		
Bartering	3	*		
Pilot Skimmer	2	70		
Accounting	3	95		
Administration	4	105		
Persuasion	5	*		

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The Company Man lives his life in a nice, safe city where his corporate HQ is centered. As such, he won't likely be carrying weapons or armor; the cops and corporate security men should be able to keep him nice and safe. Maybe he'll have a pistol at home, maybe a low line neuro weapon, a sonic disruptor, or a powder pistol (which he has no idea how to use, of course. Our friend the corporate exec is more likely to shoot himself in the foot than off a burglar). One piece of equipment which is an absolute must for a Company Man is a body computer of some sort, with modem; most of the business which used to be done by paper is now done by computer, and any up-and-coming young professional will have a portable terminal in his simulated

leather briefcase. Powerful computers are "in," and upgrading one's body computer is a mark of the yuppie life-style. The Company Man will usually have from 100-500 credits on hand, as well as a slew of credit cards of all descriptions.

DESCRIPTION

Well groomed and conservatively dressed, the Company Man's appearance and manner scream conformity. Sore thumbs don't get far in the cutthroat world of business. A good quality off-the-rack (or possibly even tailor made) suit with tie, dark socks, the works. The Company man has an easy smile (with perfect teeth, of course) and a smooth line of patter; most people can't help mildly disliking him after a few minutes. It's like he's coated with an invisible layer of slime.



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You grew up in a good neighborhood, and went to a good school. When you got out, you immediately got a job as an intern at your father's place of business. You played your cards right, kissed the right feet, and got on the rungs of the corporate ladder. Now, you're living an upscale life-style, which suits you just fine. Let the grunts go out in the field and take the risks. You'll send them on the missions, and then take the credit if they succeed. If they blow it, of course, you'll just pin the blame on their dead bodies. Hey, they won't be around to protest, and everyone has to look out for number one!

CATCH PHRASE

"Y'know, I've always liked you. That's why I've got a deal that I know you're gonna love. Dangerous? Come on. Would I send my favorite mercenary on a dangerous mission?"

GEN-HUMAN MERCENARY

Size Class: 5	Body Points: 10			
Initiative Modifier: -1	Race: Gen-human			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 65	Manual Dexterity: 65			
Intelligence: 57	Agility: 63			
Constitution: 72	Aggression: 70			
Intuition: 80	Charisma: 62			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 30	Military Leadership: 63			
Persuasion: 50	Bargaining: 45			
SMRS				
CHE: 25	RAD: 23	BIO: 23	MEN: 60	POI: 28
SON: 33	ELE: 48	FIR: 28	ACD: 28	CLD: 50
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 25,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Alertness	1	*		
Body Points	1	*		
Hand to Hand	4	*		
Stealth	5	102		
Hand Radio	2	BR		
Basic Medical	3	80		
Camouflage	4	90		
Detect Concealment	4	90		
Demolitions	1	70		
Military Leadership	1	*		
Scouting	2	80		
Survival (deciduous)	2	80		
Archaic Power Weapons	4	BW		
Beam Weapons	4	BW		
Pulse Weapons	2	BW		
Repair Arch. Powder	1	60		
Repair Beam	1	60		
Street Smarts	2	80		
WEAPONS				
Dagger: N/A: 3; D/A: d4+1; UAN: 66; PN: 18; SS: 100				
Tagert-6 Carbine: ROF: 2; D/A: 2-12; Q: 50				
UAN: 86/84/76/71/66/46/26/11 MN: 96; SS: 99				
Ithaca Sawed-off: ROF: 2; D/A: 3-12; Q: 5				
UAN: 131/76 MN: 98; SS: 100				
Colt Anaconda: ROF: 1; D/A: 2d4+2; Q: 14				
UAN: 81/71/51/36/26/-04 MN: 100; SS: 100				

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The Gen-Human mercenary doesn't usually have a fortune to spend on fancy electronics and gizmos, so she spends her money on the necessities. She'll have a good, solid suit of armor, probably Bear with a camouflage unit, internal food processor, and environmental containment, multiple weapons chosen for sturdiness and ability to get the job done, and web gear loaded with miscellaneous survival supplies. Grenades of various sorts will be popular, though Plas grenades and other high-budget types will be very rare. Smoke and

flash grenades are favorites. The equipment will usually be scarred and battle-worn, a mute testimony to the merc's experience. Cash on hand will vary with how recent and successful the Merc's latest mission was; 50-300 credits is typical.

DESCRIPTION

Battle hardened and wary, the Gen-Human mercenary is physically fit (a necessity in heavy combat). Her hair is likely to be short or worn in some utilitarian style that won't interfere with movement or sighting. Clothing will tend to be military in nature, as a cheap means of advertising the merc's occupation to potential employers. Unit insignia and medals will also be displayed. Other badges of honor include scars, of which every merc has a few. These may be dashing and romantic looking, or they may be ugly and horrific, depending on how lucky the mercenary in question has been up until now. Tattoos are also a possibility, as they are a popular form of ornamentation among mercenaries of all sorts.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You're just a working stiff, looking to do your job and get paid. Instead of putting on a suit and shuffling papers from nine to five, though, your job just happens to be putting on armor and shooting at people. It's not the safest occupation in the world, but you've found that it beats flipping burgers down at BurgerCorp! (You tried it. The manager was a fat Ram Python named Zeke who tended to drool in the special sauce. You lasted a week and a half. Compared to Zeke, getting shot at is tame).

Now you may not be one of the big-shots of the mercenary circuit, but you get by. Just because you're not the Black Widow doesn't mean you haven't seen your fair share of the action. You've also seen a couple of pretty good friends get killed because they were careless and you've taken the lesson to heart. You're not out there looking to be a hero. Get in, do the job, and get out is your motto, and it's one you stick to. Fame and glory are nice, but they don't do you much good when you're dead!

Since you're never sure when your next paycheck will come, you've gotten used to making ends meet. You do your own repairs more often than not, and more than one of your weapons has been exposed to the wonders of duct tape. Sure, you'd like to get brand new shiny gear for every new mission, but who can afford it? Not you.

Come to think of it, your last paycheck has just about run out. Maybe it's time to sign on with a new unit and go get involved in maneuvers somewhere in the back reaches of space again. Or, you could try hooking up with a smaller group. They usually get missions which are riskier but shorter, and they pay better. Whatever you do, though, you'll still be a working stiff, looking to do your job and nothing more.

CATCH PHRASE

"The glory of honorable combat? What the hell good is that gonna do you when you're a little red smear on the wall? Give me good old dishonorable money any day, pal."

HUMAN PILOT

Size Class: 4 Body Points: 7
Initiative Modifier: 0 Race: Human

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 56 Manual Dexterity: 92
Intelligence: 61 Agility: 62
Constitution: 50 Aggression: 52
Intuition: 62 Charisma: 55

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 35 Military Leadership: 44
Persuasion: 54 Bargaining: 72

SMRS

CHE: 17 RAD: 15 BIO: 12 MEN: 50 POI: 18
SON: 20 ELE: 40 FIR: 20 ACD: 20 CLD: 40

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 95,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Hand to Hand	3	*
Computer Operation	2	75
Computer Programming	2	75
Astrocartography	1	65
Decontaminate	1	65
EDC	3	85
Identify Vessels	5	105
Navigation	2	75
Remote Piloting	2	75
Bartering	2	*
Operate Security	1	65
Pilot Skimmer	5	115
Pilot Spacecraft	6	125
Pilot Fighter (DS)	6	125
Powder Gunnery	1	BW
Beam Gunnery	3	BW
Pulse Gunnery	3	BW
Missile Gunnery	2	BW
Beam Weapons	2	BW

WEAPONS

Punch: N/A; 3/3; D/A: 2; UAN: 62
BS-2 Laser Pistol: ROF: 2; D/A: 2-7; Q: 10
UAN: 90/80/72/57/32 MN: 98; SS: 85

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The Human Pilot doesn't usually carry very much by way of weapons and armor; his weapons and armor are all around him, in the form of the ship he flies! Aside from a small pistol as a sidearm, he won't be likely to have any weapons. An ES-3 space suit is standard equipment for civilian pilots, while a BES is normal for combat pilots. Either suit will have a QSU designed to seal tears which might cause the suit to decompress.

Pilots in heavy combat areas may also have a more powerful sidearm, in case of boarding. The Pilot generally stores most of his cash on board his ship; as a result, he'll typically only have 10-100 credits with him when encountered.

DESCRIPTION

Pilots are a clannish lot and have a distinctive look to them. Leather flight jackets are back in fashion in the 23rd century, and most pilots will have one with patches on it from different planets visited. Good luck charms will also be in evidence. Pilots on-planet after long periods in space are wobbly on their legs, as a result of adapting to full gravity. This "spacer's walk" never entirely disappears, and is one of the surest signs of a pilot.



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You're one of the few, the proud. You ride a fountain of fire into the heart of the black void. You can take a piece of steel and plastic and make it dance with the grace of a gazelle. You're a deep space pilot, and you can't imagine any other occupation which could even come close to comparing.

Since you spend most of your time in space away from the scramble of society, you tend not to worry too much about such matters. In a very real way, you're above it all. What you're interested in when you come back from an eight-month stint on the border of known space is a couple of days of debauchery and wild times on shore leave. First, though, you make sure that your ship is taken care of. Maybe you're flying for a corporation, or maybe you've managed to scrape together enough to pick up your own rust-bucket of an outdated freighter. Either way, your ship is your life, and you treat her like a member of the family. A lot of people think you're crazy, but that's just the way it is, and sometimes you think a little craziness helps in your business. Besides, they stop calling you crazy when they need to get through Aedronian space, no questions asked, and need to do it yesterday!

CATCH PHRASE

"You need to be there when? Yesterday? No problemo! I know a little shortcut, through the Fields of Desolation, that'll get us there in no time flat. Let's crank this baby up and see what she can do . . ."

MUTZACHAN ENGINEER

Size Class: 2	Body Points: 4			
Initiative Modifier: 0	Race: Mutzachan			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 36	Manual Dexterity: 52			
Intelligence: 115	Agility: 53			
Constitution: 31	Aggression: 32			
Intuition: 92	Charisma: 65			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 40	Military Leadership: 55			
Persuasion: 60	Bargaining: 50			
SMRS				
CHE: 05	RAD: 95	BIO: 01	MEN: 85	POI: 08
SON: 18	ELE: 58	FIR: 58	ACD: 08	CLD: 33

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 73,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Computer Operation	3	110
Computer Programming	2	100
Electrical Engineering	2	100
Hydraulic Engineering	2	100
Ionization Engineering	6	140
Mechanical Engineering	3	110
Nuclear Engineering	3	110
Electronics	3	110
Physics	4	120
Matrix Manipulation	1	90
General Science	4	71

MATRICES

Type: Energy Matrix Level: 9 Power Points: 22

POWER	LEVEL
Finger Laser	1
Glue	1
Light	1
Metal Detection	1
Spot Weld	1
Battery	2
Bypass	2
Drain	2
Activation Energy	3
Frequency Scanner	3
Transmission Boost	3
Computer Interface	3

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

A Mutzachan Engineer will usually be found carrying around a portable body computer with some impossibly complex equation on the screen. Tools pertaining to engineering will protrude from every pocket, ranging from an interspatial interfacier to a Swiss Army knife. Engineers don't usually run around "strapped,"

though they may wear a BES or similar protection when dealing with particularly hazardous experiments. The Mutzachan Engineer will usually have from 20-200 credits tucked into various pockets of his lab coat.

DESCRIPTION

The run-of-the-mill Mutzachan Engineer is a pale little melonhead who doesn't get enough sun, staying cooped up in his lab for weeks on end contemplating the decay rate of Californium or some such problem. He can usually be found wearing a lab coat in the proper color for his matrix bracket, with a bazillion tools sticking out of the pockets. Engineers rattle and clank a lot when they move, and tend to walk into things when they're not looking where they're going.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You're an Ionization Engineer, C-Class, and it's a rewarding and fascinating job! Every day, you push back the threshold of discovery a little further, uncover some new secret which was never known before. It's your destiny to explore the laws which bind the universe together, and you can't imagine anything more exciting. It's a shame that most beings don't share your enthusiasm for your work. Whenever you try to talk to an intelligent-looking human about the way Kolos' Principle has redefined the state of plasma containment, he gets sort of a glazed expression on his face and wanders away. Oh, well. At least there are plenty of other Mutzachans who appreciate the beauty of your work, and you'll keep right on studying and experimenting. So what if you babble a little once in a while, or walk into the occasional mailbox while reading some new dissertation? You have an IQ of 237, you can afford to babble! And as for those mailboxes, well... they shouldn't build mailboxes in places where unsuspecting people are likely to walk. Hmm... perhaps a selective molecular dispersion field, to render the box intangible whenever an object of over five kilograms mass approaches it...? Yes, it could be done! Err... but then people wouldn't be able to put mail in it, would they? Hmm. This theory needs some work...

CATCH PHRASE

"Hand me that submolecular resonator. No, this is an interspatial interface unit! The submolecular resonator is the device with the oscillating proton/lepton field generator and the quantum vector monitor. Don't you know anything?"

ORION ROGUE CON ARTIST

Size Class: 4	Body Points: 6			
Initiative Modifier: -1	Race: Orion Rogue			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 46	Manual Dexterity: 82			
Intelligence: 85	Agility: 65			
Constitution: 52	Aggression: 38			
Intuition: 91	Charisma: 93			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 75	Military Leadership: 54			
Persuasion: 87	Bargaining: 80			
SMRS				
CHE: 22	RAD: 17	BIO: 17	MEN: 55	POI: 22
SON: 27	ELE: 38	FIR: 22	ACD: 17	CLD: 42

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 35,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Alertness	1	*
Stealth	1	60
Bard	4	115
Bribery	3	105
Disguise	4	105
Forgery	4	100
Impersonation	2	85
Pick Pockets	2	80
Detect Security	2	85
Pilot Skimmer	2	80
Beam Weapons	1	BW
Etiquette	3	105
Gambling	4	110
General Knowledge	5	*
Persuasion	3	*
Street Smarts	3	100

WEAPONS

Pocket Laser: ROF: 1; D/A: 4d4; Q: 1

UAN: 96/96/51/11 MN: 97; SS: 60

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The Orion con artist makes her living by looking good. Her clothes will be stylish and impeccable, unless a disguise is required for some scam or another. She may carry a low-line personal defense shield (most likely a Cover), but this is the exception rather than the rule. If a Con Artist is any good, her victims will have no reason to want to shoot at her. The Pocket laser derringer is a popular "ace in the hole" weapon for Con Artists, because it's small, easily concealed, and packs a wallop. Other items she's likely to carry include loaded dice or marked cards and a makeup kit (with quick-action hair dye in case she needs a quick change of appearance). More disguise materials and several sets of clothes will be stored at her place of residence. Any Orion Con Artist worth his or her salt will have no less than three different false identities, complete with documents, ready at all times. The Con Artist makes vast sums and spends them like water. She'll usually have from 50-250 credits on her when encountered; even if she's just made a big score, she'll quickly stash the bulk so it won't be on her if she's detained.

DESCRIPTION

Charming, witty, good-looking, and dressed to the nines, the Orion Con Artist is the epitome of the bon viveur. She is impeccably groomed, and always smiling. Generally, the Con Artist will come across as very sincere and good natured. Her appearance may vary widely, based on the current identity she's assumed; in fact, most Con Artists are experts at making themselves appear completely different with each new disguise, and it takes a skilled eye to recognize that the two are one and the same.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You're a smooth operator, a master of manipulation and a scholar of human nature. You get by in the universe on the strength of your sparkling personality and quick wit, pulling cons, swindles, and (when you have no other choice) occasionally taking an honest job. But lately, the pickings have been good, and you've been living well as a result. In the past three months, you've been a corporate executive for a major corporation, a diplomatic envoy from a distant system, a professional gambler, and an innocent country girl just off the shuttle from the sticks. Tomorrow, you might be a mercenary soldier, or a professional musician, or a top government scientist, or just about anything you need to be to turn a quick profit. Once in a while, it gets dangerous, but it sure as Taos beats going out and getting shot at on a daily basis, or shuffling papers at some desk job! Being a con artist gives you just the right blend of excitement and luxury. Come to think of it, though, big-shot mercenaries usually have cash to spend. Maybe it's time to set up some sort of con involving them. Hmm... you could pose as an arms dealer, selling a new experimental weapon; you have a Goola-Goola friend who would probably let you have some of his old projects. Or maybe you could pose as a reporter from Madd Mike's Mercenary Brochure, hoping to interview these "famous" soldiers of fortune. Sure... stroke their ego, and they'll come running. At the very least, it should be good for several nights dinner and drinks!

CATCH PHRASE

"Step right up, ladies and gents, keep your eye on the cards, there's a winner every time!"

ORION ROGUE THIEF

Size Class: 4

Initiative Modifier: 0

Body Points: 6

Race: Orion Rogue

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 52

Intelligence: 53

Constitution: 54

Intuition: 85

Manual Dexterity: 97

Agility: 72

Aggression: 48

Charisma: 75

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 40

Persuasion: 58

Military Leadership: 47

Bargaining: 63

SMRS

CHE: 22

RAD: 17

BIO: 17

MEN: 50

POI: 22

SON: 27

ELE: 38

FIR: 22

ACD: 17

CLD: 42

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 24,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Climbing	2	72
Stealth	5	102
Concealment	5	100
Detect Concealment	2	70
Pick Locks	5	115
Pick Pockets	6	125
Bypass Security	3	95
Detect Security	3	80
Pilot Skimmer	3	95

GENERIC CHARACTER TEMPLATES

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Archaic Powder Weapons	3	BW
Beam Weapons	3	BW
Street Smart	5	115
WEAPON		
Night Stalker: ROF: 2; D/A: 4d4; Q: 6		
UAN: 81/76/61/53/38/19/-02 MN: 99; SS: 100		

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The Orion Thief relies on surprise to pull off his crimes, so he can't wander down the streets of his hometown packing an Omega Cannon! The Night Stalker powder pistol is popular among thieves because it's relatively cheap and powerful. The thief may also have a Street Clothes leather jacket (30 points of absorption) or a suit of Street 1 armor. He will probably have a Street Clothes ski mask to hide his face from his victims and protect his tender skull in case things go wrong. A good Orion thief (is there any other kind?) will never be without his lockpicks, both professional and electronic. Gloves to prevent fingerprints are also a must. The Orion Thief will usually have less than 200 credits on him when encountered—if he was rich, he probably wouldn't be robbing people in the first place!

DESCRIPTION

Orion thieves don't call attention to themselves. Walking around wearing a t-shirt that reads, "HI, I'M GONNA ROB YOU" is considered a good way to get a free room at the local prison. Because of this, thieves generally try to blend in with the locals—a case of "wolf in sheep's clothing." Because of this, they're usually difficult to tell apart from the average Orion. Leather jackets, jeans, and skinsuits are all common attire for Orion thieves. Mirrorshades are also popular, because they let you size up a target without being noticed. You don't see too many of them in business suits, but then again, you don't see all that many Orions in business suits to begin with! A player character thief will probably be able to recognize an Orion thief for what he is, though. There's a lingo which most professionals recognize, and a general attitude which is hard to hide from the practiced eye. Spotting an Orion thief in a crowd is a level 4 Street Smart check.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You're slick, an expert pickpocket and veteran locksmith. You haven't done an honest day's work in years. Why should you, when there's all that money out there, just waiting to be taken? But it's not just the money. Stealing's like a game, and the payoff is the rush you get when you realize you've managed to get away yet again. You often pull off dangerous heists that other members of your profession are afraid to touch, just for the thrill. You never seem to get rich, though, probably because you blow it all on high living as soon as you get it. Doesn't bother you much, because you know you can just go out and get some more tomorrow night!

You don't much like muggings. Violence just isn't your game; it's too crude. It takes no style to shove a gun in someone's face and demand their money. Besides, you still remember the time your buddy Corwis tried to hold up some hotshot mercenary cyborg. Poor old Corwis. They couldn't find enough of him for a burial. So you stick to the subtle stuff. A light touch here, a quick cat burglary there, and you're set for a month of good times. If someone actually notices you, you run like hell, and so far, you haven't ever been caught. It's a sweet life. And there's all sorts of options for an Orion "businessman" such as yourself.

A lot of your friends have joined different gangs, because they claim that they like the support it gives them. Not you, you're a loner. You take all the risks and you reap all the rewards, and that suits you just fine.

CATCH PHRASE

"Wallet? Oh, THIS wallet! Yeah, you must have dropped it! You should be more careful with your stuff, pal!"

PHENTARI BOUNTY HUNTER

Size Class: 7	Body Points: 15			
Initiative Modifier:-2	Race: Phentari			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 52	Manual Dexterity: 105			
Intelligence: 82	Agility: 64			
Constitution: 51	Aggression: 75			
Intuition: 72	Charisma: 10			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 35	Military Leadership: 68			
Persuasion: 11	Bargaining: 01			
SMRS				
CHE: 76	RAD: 36	BIO: 56	MEN: 50	POI: 66
SON: 26	ELE: 51	FIR: 16	ACD: 41	CLD: 105
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 58,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Alertness	2	*		
Body Points	2	*		
Climbing	1	60		
Stealth	3	80		
Concealment	3	95		
Detect Concealment	4	105		
Basic Medical	2	85		
Poisons	3	95		
Interrogation	2	85		
Set Traps	3	100		
Tracking	5	115		
Pilot Skimmer	2	90		
Sword	3	BW		
Archaic Powder Weapons	4	BW		
Beam Weapons	4	BW		
Energy Weapons	1	BW		
Street Smart	5	110		
WEAPONS				
Short Sword (x4): N/A: 4/3; D/A: 1d6+1; UAN: 74 (1 & 2),49 (3 & 4) ; PN: 44 (1 & 2) 19 (3 & 4) ; SS: 70				
HS Series D Shotgun: ROF: 5; D/A: 4d4; Q: 15				
UAN: 114/97/72/42/12 MN: 97; SS: 95				
Sonic Disruptor: ROF: 2/3; D/A: *; Q: 20				
UAN: 80/55/10/-40 MN: 99; SS: 80				
Night Stalker (x2): ROF: 2; D/A: 4d4; Q: 6				
UAN: 87/82/67/59/44/27/02 MN: 99; SS: 100				

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The Bounty Hunter carries a wide variety of equipment, to meet a wide variety of situations. Infiltrator armor will almost certainly be worn wherever he can get away with it; in more restricted areas, where his Class 1 license and bribes aren't enough to get his armor through, he'll wear street clothes armor. A reversible Dward, black on the outside and red on the inside, makes a great fashion statement, and allows him to have his bounty hunters cape on hand at all times without attracting undue attention. The Night Stalker pistols will almost certainly be loaded with mercuric rounds for dangerous quarry. The experienced Bounty Hunter will always carry a couple of pairs of forcecuffs to slap on captured bounties. A medical kit is also standard, containing a couple of MBRIs, some slap bandages, and a first aid kit. This kit is used both to heal the hunter and to patch up quarry which is supposed to be brought in alive if the Bounty Hunter got a little, well ... over zealous in the pursuit. Quite a number of Bounty Hunters also carry skull polishers, which make great intimidation tools when interrogating a prisoner! The Bounty Hunter usually arranges to have his payment deposited directly into a secure bank account (Swiss bank accounts still exist; a company which specializes in confidential banking adopted the name "Swiss" to cash in on the reputation.) Consequently, he'll only have 40-400 credits cash on hand, mostly for buying tips to his latest quarry.



DESCRIPTION

Tall, gaunt, and grim, the Phentari Bounty Hunter is a fearsome sight. Clad in black, his breath rasping from his atmospheric processor, he moves with purpose and grace, always watching his back, his tentacles never far from his weapons. Talking to a bounty hunter can be an unnerving experience, because the way he looks at you conveys that he thinks of you as a possible contract or, if you're human, maybe a possible sandwich.

His red cape has black hash-marks on the edge, showing how many kills he's made. Usually, there are quite a few of these marks.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You're a predator, a stalker of lesser beings which flee before you in fear. This is how life was meant to be for you. You knew from an early age that you were destined for great things, like the icons of your youth ... Jaquassarious, Slarsicus, Edimus ... the strong, the warriors who would seize death by the collar and spit in its face to show their contempt. As soon as you were old enough, you left the nest to attend the School of the Assailant on Drendlets. You excelled in your training, and your inferior classmates were, naturally, jealous. So three of them ambushed you on your way back to your room one night. You lost a tentacle in the ensuing fight, but your three would-be assassins ended up dead at your feet. The tentacle grew back, but you doubt their livers ever will ...

After this incident, you had no more problems from your weaker contemporaries. They had learned to fear you. You graduated with flying colors (mostly red), and received your Class 1 Bounty Hunters License. It would have been the proudest day of your parents' life ... if they hadn't been killed by a bomb five years earlier. They were careless. You aren't.

You don't have much use for other beings, except as a source of income. The closest thing you have to friends is your network of informants and other bounty hunters for whom you have professional respect. Once in a while, you'll get together to have a mug of ammonia with one of your colleagues and talk shop, but this isn't quite friendship — more like professional respect. Either one of you would drop the other in a second if you thought there was profit in it, and both of you know it.

CATCH PHRASE

"You're under arrest. Please, feel free to resist. It'll give me an excuse."

PYTHON SERGEANT

Size Class: 8 Body Points: 32
Initiative Modifier: -1 Race: Python Lizard

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 118 Manual Dexterity: 37
Intelligence: 52 Agility: 51
Constitution: 110 Aggression: 117
Intuition: 48 Charisma: 52

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 05 Military Leadership: 94
Persuasion: 30 Bargaining: 15

SMRS

CHE: 56 RAD: 41 BIO: 41 MEN: 05 POI: 52
SON: 101 ELE: 66 FIR: 24 ACD: 56 CLD: 36

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 110,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Alertness	1	*
Body Points	2	*
Hand to Hand	12	BW
Stealth	3	75
Swimming	8	*
Administration	3	80

GENERIC CHARACTER TEMPLATES

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Hand Radio	3	BR
Identify Vessels	4	90
Basic Medical	2	70
Camouflage	6	110
Demolitions	1	55
Detect Concealment	5	100
Infiltration	3	80
Military Leadership	4	*
Land Navigation	2	70
Repelling	2	65
Scouting	2	65
Tracking	3	75
Archaic Powder Weapons	4	BW
Beam Weapons	4	BW
Direct Fire Weapons	4	BW
Indirect Fire Weapons	4	BW
Pulse Weapons	4	BW
Throwing	4	BW

WEAPONS

Plasma Pistol: ROF: 2; D/A: 2d6; Q: 15
UAN: 82/56/47/19 MN: 97; SS: 90
HS Series D: ROF: 5; D/A: 4d4; Q: 15
UAN: 103/86/61/31/01 MN: 97; SS: 95
Claw: N/A: 4/3; D/A: d2+10; UAN: 98
Bite: N/A: 1/3; D/A: d4+10; UAN: 98
Tail: N/A: 1/3; D/A: d3+10; UAN: 98

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The equipment a Python Sergeant will carry depends on his duty assignment. A support sergeant (for example, a drill instructor) will wear light or no armor and carry only his service sidearm (usually a Plasma Pistol). A sergeant on active duty in the field will generally wear Combat 2 armor with a camouflage generator, infrared dampener, and environmental containment, and will carry a larger weapon in addition to his sidearm. An automatic shotgun, pulse cannon, or light machinegun is the most likely choice. The "Sarge" will also have a communications link to the main camp, usually an ear transceiver with boosted range and transmission power.

DESCRIPTION

Python Sergeants are as tough as old nails and twice as mean as a Cizerack with PMS. They wear the uniform of the company they work for (or the Galactic Forces), with the traditional "three up, three down" chevrons (or whatever variation the unit uses). One thing all Python Sergeants have in common is an incredibly loud and projecting voice, good for shouting down "maggots."

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You're a soldier and proud of it. It's your job to teach these wet behind the ears punks coming in a thing or two so they don't go out into the field totally stupid and get their fool butts smoked before they take two steps. The biggest thing you have to overcome is the fact that most of them think they know everything already. So before you turn them into fighting machines, you have to knock them down a few notches.

To be a good Sergeant, you have to know a little bit of everything. This is true whether you're teaching 'cruits in the barracks or out in the field. It's up to you to be ready for anything that might get thrown at you, and when the brown stuff hits the fan, you need to be ready to throw back some of your own!

CATCH PHRASE

"You boys think you're soldiers? Well, think again ladies! You're not soldiers. You're not even men. You're maggots, until such time as I tell you otherwise! You got that? I CAN'T HEAR YOU!"

PYTHON TROOPER

Size Class: 8 Body Points: 32
 Initiative Modifier: -1 Race: Python Lizard

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 115 Manual Dexterity: 40
 Intelligence: 45 Agility: 52
 Constitution: 112 Aggression: 95
 Intuition: 44 Charisma: 30

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 01 Military Leadership: 61
 Persuasion: 20 Bargaining: 05

SMRS

CHE: 60 RAD: 45 BIO: 45 MEN: 05 POI: 60
 SON: 105 ELE: 70 FIR: 28 ACD: 60 CLD: 35

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 40,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Alertness	1	*
Body Points	3	*
Swimming	8	*
Hand to Hand	6	*
Hand Radio	2	BR
Interrogation	1	60
Basic Medical	2	70
Detect Concealment	3	80
Survival (urban)	3	75
Forensics	1	60
Pilot Skimmer	3	70
Indirect Fire Weapons	2	BW
Pulse Weapons	5	BW
Law	2	70

WEAPONS

Claw: N/A: 4/3; D/A: d2+8; UAN: 74; PN: 49
Bite: N/A: 1/3; D/A: d4+8; UAN: 74
Tail: N/A: 1/3; D/A: d3+8; UAN: 74
Mentar Pulse Cannon: ROF: 2; D/A: 5d6; Q: 25
UAN: 90/60/40/05/-25 MN: 95; SS: 85
Core Static Pistol: ROF: 1; D/A: 3d6; Q: 10
UAN: 75/65/49/10/-15 MN: 98; SS: 55

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Python Troopers make up the shock troops of the Galactic Police Force and the Galactic Storm troopers. Their standard gear includes Bear armor emblazoned with their name, rank, and the insignia of the Galactic Police force. Standard options include a grenade launcher loaded with tear gas grenades, and environmental containment. A Shalkon helmet, Mentar pulse cannon, and Core static pistol make up the bulk of the standard Trooper equipment package. Each will also have a medical kit with two massive BRIs. Bear in mind that these are not the standard cops you see writing tickets and eating doughnut-equivalents on the streets; these are the modern-day version of riot cops, to be trotted out when things get bad. Python Troopers have no reason to carry cash while on duty.

DESCRIPTION

Python Troopers are the backbone of the Galactic Police. Powerful enough to get the job done, they are also more intelligent than their Ram Python counterparts, and thus better able to handle delicate missions. The Alliance has launched a media campaign to promote better acceptance of these huge, hulking warriors in their blue and silver police armor, portraying them as strong, reassuring, and helpful. The campaign has had moderate success, and small children don't run screaming in terror when they see one! Python Troopers are trained to speak in loud, commanding voices which carry well over the noises of mobs and crowds. This can make them a bit hard to listen to when they get enthusiastic in closed quarters!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You're a career policeman. At an early age, you left the nest to train in the Galactic Police barracks, and your training went off without a hitch. Since that time, you've served dependably and well as a trooper on Basisa. You enjoy your job, which gives you the opportunity to serve the Alliance and occasionally bust some heads as well. And you get paid for it! It's a sweet deal. Now, occasionally it bothers you a little to realize that your chances of promotion are only about half those of a Gen-Human with the same amount of experience, but you accept this. It's just the way things are. Besides, you don't have it so bad right where you are.

You're respectful and courteous to civilians, right up until one of them commits a crime. Then you come down like a ton of bricks. They get one warning, and if that's not enough to clue them in, you take them down. Usually, the sight of a half-ton of armored cop shouting at the top of his lungs (you've been known to break windows with your shouts) is enough to convince all but the stupidest criminals to pack it in.

CATCH PHRASE

"To protect and serve. That's my job, ma'am."

RAM PYTHON THUG

Size Class: 8	Body Points: 40
Initiative Modifier: 0	Race: Ram Python
VITAL STATISTICS	
Strength: 131	Manual Dexterity: 35
Intelligence: 35	Agility: 75
Constitution: 105	Aggression: 100
Intuition: 30	Charisma: 16

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 01 Military Leadership: 62
Persuasion: 12 Bargaining: 01

SMRS

CHE: 60 RAD: 45 BIO: 47 MEN: 01 POI: 60
SON: 105 ELE: 70 FIR: 32 ACD: 60 CLD: 40

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 46,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Body Points	4	*
Climbing	2	72
Hand to Hand	9	*
Stealth	3	82
Camouflage	2	45
Detect Concealment	3	55
Club	5	BW
Archaic Powder Gunnery	6	BW
Pulse Weapons	6	BW
Throwing	3	BW
Street Smart	4	75

WEAPONS

Thwack Stick: N/A: 1; D/A: 2d6+12; UAN: 99; PN: 36; SS: 50
Core Static Pistol: ROF: 1; D/A: 3d6; Q: 10
UAN: 79/69/57/19/-06 MN: 98; SS: 55
M-60 Machinegun: ROF: 7; D/A: 3d4; Q: 250
UAN: 99/79/69/59/44/29/14/-09 MN: 97; SS: 100
Claw: N/A: 4/3; D/A: d2+2; UAN: 90
Bite: N/A: 2/3; D/A: d3; UAN: 90
Tail: N/A: 1/3; D/A: d3+13; UAN: 90

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Ram Python thugs can be found wherever hired muscle is needed, and their equipment will depend on the circumstances. As goons or bouncers in the city, they will probably be unarmored and lightly armed, possibly with a static pistol. As firepower on wilderness expeditions, they will be wearing fairly light armor (Cub with an Absorbix or DH-1 helmet is a good bet) and carrying heavier weapons (like the machinegun above). Of course, no Ram Python is going to be caught without his trusty Thwack'Em Stick! Ram Python Thugs will typically have from 10-100 credits drinking money on them.

DESCRIPTION

Big. Strong. Stupid looking. That about sums it up. Ram Python bouncers are hired for their brawn, not their brains, and often fit all the worst stereotypes people have of Rams in general. Urban thugs will usually dress in the height of Ram Python fashion (ripped jeans and muscle shirts) if left to their own devices, but often, their employers will require different outfits (picture a bunch of Ram enforcers in pinstripe suits. Scary, no)?

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

People sometimes call you stupid. They don't call you that more than once. Hey, when you can bench press a hovercycle, complete with rider, it's not real smart of others to call you names. Maybe they're the stupid ones. After all, you're doing what you do best: bashing heads! This job as bouncer at the Six Feet Under Bar and Grill is the best you've ever landed. You get to use your muscles, drinks are on

GENERIC CHARACTER TEMPLATES

the house when you're off duty, and the ladies like the tough-guy image. You usually try to pull your punches, since your boss doesn't want people getting killed in his bar, but occasionally you get a little carried away. The last guy who called you stupid is still in the hospital. He sure looks funny with his nose shoved back into his face like that. Oh, well. He shouldn't have called you stupid if he wanted a nose. For now, it's time for you to go to work.

CATCH PHRASE

"Don't call me stupid."

RAM PYTHON SOLDIER

Size Class: 8	Body Points: 30			
Initiative Modifier:0	Race: Ram Python			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 125	Manual Dexterity: 45			
Intelligence: 48	Agility: 75			
Constitution: 105	Aggression: 95			
Intuition: 43	Charisma: 25			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 08	Military Leadership: 77			
Persuasion: 20	Bargaining: 05			
SMRS				
CHE: 56	RAD: 41	BIO: 43	MEN: 03	POI: 56
SON: 101	ELE: 66	FIR: 28	ACD: 56	CLD: 36
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 80,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Body Points	2	*		
Climbing	2	72		
Stealth	3	82		
Hand Radio	2	BR		
Basic Medical	1	60		
Camouflage	5	100		
Detect Concealment	2	70		
Military Leadership	1	*		
Land Navigation	2	70		
Pilot Skimmer	2	55		
Pilot Tank	3	75		
Powder Gunnery	3	BW		
Pulse Gunnery	3	BW		
Missile Gunnery	3	BW		
Archaic Powder Weapons	5	BW		
Direct Fire Weapons	5	BW		
Pulse Weapons	5	BW		
WEAPONS				
Mentar Pulse Cannon: ROF: 2; D/A: 5d6; Q: 25				
UAN: 93/63/43/08/-12 MN: 95; SS: 85				
Colt Anaconda: ROF: 1; D/A: 2d4+2; Q: 14				
UAN: 83/73/53/38/28/-02 MN: 100; SS: 100				
Interfon Rocket: ROF: 1; D/A: 3d6; Q: 4				
UAN: 98/88/68/28				

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The standard equipment for a Ram Python Soldier is as follows: Kodiak armor with camouflage unit, environmental containment, infrared dampener, and internal food processor. Shalkon defense helmet, Mentar pulse cannon, a specially modified, oversized Colt Anaconda as a sidearm (no penalties for use by a Ram), 4 Interfon arm rockets, 2 smoke grenades, 1 massive BRI, 2 standard BRIs, first aid kit, protein tablets, water purification tablets. Additional equipment may be assigned depending on the mission. Soldiers in the field generally don't have much cash on them; 50% chance that the Ram has 20-50 credits to buy shiny things with.

DESCRIPTION

Another bastion of the Alliance's defense forces is the massive Ram Python Soldier. Clad in standardized battle armor and packing heavy weapons, the image of this massive warrior appeals to blood and guts types everywhere (most combat movies made in the twenty third century have a Ram as one of the stars; often, the blood is real. The Rams don't mind, and it saves a bundle on special effects!) The Soldier walks with a conscious swagger, proud of his position as an elite member of the finest fighting force in the galaxies.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You're a seasoned warrior, with many combats under your belt and many marble slabs in front of your home. This is the life you've hoped for since you were only a hatchling! And you couldn't wish for better times to live in. The Arachnids are supposed to be getting ready to attack again. When they do, you and your brothers will be ready to fight and to die, if necessary. Some don't understand your willingness to die in combat, but they're mostly foolish little Humans and the like, trying to live forever by exercising and dieting. They don't understand that everything dies eventually anyway. Better to meet death face on and snarl in its face, rather than wait for it to sneak up and take you dishonorably, in your bed. A true warrior knows that the only real way to live is to be ready to die. In the meantime, you fight, you eat, you fight, you party, and you fight. Oh, yeah. You sometimes fight, too.

CATCH PHRASE

(Drawing back the safety on pulse cannon) "Yo!"

ZEN RIGELN MEDIC

Size Class: 7	Body Points: 8			
Initiative Modifier: 0	Race: Zen Rigeln			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 42	Manual Dexterity: 85			
Intelligence: 95	Agility: 48			
Constitution: 70	Aggression: 30			
Intuition: 62	Charisma: 85			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 05	Military Leadership: 37			
Persuasion: 70	Bargaining: 55			
SMRS				
CHE: 22	RAD: 27	BIO: 49	MEN: 35	POI: 22
SON: 39	ELE: 44	FIR: 24	ACD: 19	CLD: 64
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 60,000				

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Computer Operation	2	90
Basic Medical	11	180
Decontaminate	3	100
Disease Diagnosis	5	120
Disease Control	5	120
Infections	4	110
Poisons	2	90
Radiation	2	90
Surgery	5	110
Camouflage	2	90
Detect Concealment	1	80
Biology	2	90
Chemistry	2	90
Pilot Skimmer	2	80
Etiquette	1	80

MATRICES

Type: Healer Matrix Level: 9 Power Points: 21

POWER	LEVEL
Benign	1
Blood Stoppage	1
Clarity	1
Mend Bones (simple)	1
Purification	1
Ritual of Peace	1
Burns	2
Internal Bleeding	2
Mend Bones (compound)	2
Poison Removal	2
Assizzian Palm	3
Cure Disease	3
Mend Skull	3
Mind Healing	3
Radiation (Lethal)	4
Heal	4

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The usual gear of a Zen Medic includes fairly heavy armor (the type will vary depending on the combat conditions the Zen finds himself in, but remember: he's not going to be shooting back, and may very well have to shield the body of his patient with his own!) Zen Medics almost never carry weapons, if they do it will be some form of non-lethal device such as a Neutralizer. They will virtually always have a well-stocked medical kit with them; one popular means of transporting an extensive collection of medical supplies is in a super case with anti-gravity technology built into it (with the same effects as an armor carrying case. This super medical case costs 15,000 credits). This kit will have massive BRIs in abundance (of course), surgical supplies, and a wide variety of other medicines and supplies (such as pneumatic casts). The Zen will also carry his prayer mat with him everywhere he goes. Benevolent and always willing to lend aid or money, the Zen will very seldom have much on him when encountered as a result.

DESCRIPTION

Tall, gaunt, and skeletal, the Zen Medic hardly looks the part of the healer, but nonetheless most Alliance citizens respect and trust these beloved altruists. Clad in Kycalliot and Healer's armband (emblazoned with the cadecus, still used as the universal symbol for the

medical profession, and the colors of the Zen's matrix level) the Zen travels from place to place, providing aid as needed.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You are a healer and a medic, one of the few who try to heal the sickness and suffering which runs rampant through the Alliance. Often, the amount of pain, and more, the sheer despair of those you encounter, makes you shed bitter tears. But you press on, for such is your duty. If you succumb to your grief, many more will die. How great will be the mourning then?



You are always willing to lend a helping hand to someone in need. Many people accuse you of being a sucker, an easy mark. Perhaps you are. You know that many of those you give help or money to don't really need it, but neither do you. If you must be taken in by con men nine times to give aid to one truly needy soul, so be it. The con men are welcome to the rest, though you grieve that they have sunk so low as to take advantage of another's generosity.

The one thing which you are absolutely intolerant of is needless cruelty. When you see another being inflicting torture, you almost forget your own vows of pacifism. Your eyes blaze with wrath, and you will often interfere bodily, interposing your form between the tormentor and his victim. Often, this results in injury to you, but occasionally, it makes the persecutor leave off his attack. In your mind, this is a fair price to ease the suffering of another.

CATCH PHRASE

"Such pain. Such grief. There is much here for me to do."

THE MOVERS AND THE SHAKERS

INTRODUCTION

The first group of people we have to examine when talking about who's who in the galaxy are those who make the decisions, pull the switches, and press the buttons. No, I'm not talking about Goola-Goolas! I'm talking about the officials of the Galactic Alliance and the rulers of the Core Worlds. These are the people who make the sweeping decisions which affect all of us on a day to day basis. Sad to say, these decisions are not always in the best interests of the people whom the Alliance represents. Corruption runs rampant in the government, and reaches high into the hierarchy. Still, every once in a while, you'll run into a conscientious, honest government official who really does have your best interests at heart. Of course, every once in a while, you'll run into a Ram Python brain surgeon, too!

Not all of the individuals covered in this section are affiliated with the Galactic Alliance. Some are beings of great power who are of concern to the government, such as the Dane. However, all of them have one thing in common: they are the people who determine the fate of the galaxy.

WILLIAM A. HAWES
GALACTIC PRESIDENT

Size Class: 6 Body Points: 24
Initiative Modifier: 0 Race: Gen-Human

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 84 Manual Dexterity: 65
Intelligence: 98 Agility: 56
Constitution: 88 Aggression: 75
Intuition: 93 Charisma: 103

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 74 Military Leadership: 102
Persuasion: 117 Bargaining: 72

SMRS

CHE: 82 RAD: 35 BIO: 65 MEN: I POI: 82
SON: I ELE: 60 FIR: 40 ACD: 40 CLD: 62

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 750,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Body Points	6	*
Climbing	6	110
Hand to Hand	9	BW
Strength	3	*
Swimming	4	*
Bard	20	280
Computer Operation	5	120
Computer Programming	5	120
Bribery	22	300
Detect Concealment	10	170
Forgery	14	190
Intelligence	23	300
Interrogation	5	120
Military Leadership	5	*

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Operate Security	5	120
Identify Vessels	5	120
Survival (Deciduous)	6	130
Anthropology	6	130
Detect Security	12	190
Pilot Automobile	8	130
Pilot Skimmer	8	130
Archaic Powder Weapons	10	BW
Energy Weapons	8	BW
Administration	20	270
Diplomacy	18	260
Etiquette	14	220
General Knowledge	6	*
Law	21	280
Persuasion	10	*
Street Smart	17	240



EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The Galactic President carries the very best of defensive equipment. His normal business suit is advanced street clothes armor with 120 points of absorption; he also carries a life shield (see the cybernetics option for details). Hawes has an ear transceiver with a constant linkup to numerous security men from Galactic Control; no less than ten agents are within spitting distance of the President at all times, ready to act at a moments notice. The President also has the following implants: adrenal implant, neural implant, bio-implant. Hawes carries no weapons other than a Neutralizer neuro cannon, concealed in a

heavily shielded streamlined wrist holster. The President has also managed to have Psionic Immunity, Sonic Immunity, and Kinetic Nullification generated on him permanently (via the Mutzachan permanency matrix).

DESCRIPTION

The Galactic President is a tall, broad-shouldered man, 6'4" and 260 pounds. A regular regimen of exercise, hiking, and camping has given him a rugged, healthy appearance. Hawes maintains a tan even during the winter (when you're the Galactic President, you can afford to fly out to a tropical island for the weekend). His short brown hair is just beginning to grey, though he is 58 years old. Hawes inspires confidence and assurance in those who he talks with, a trait which has served him extremely well in his political career. He usually wears custom-tailored suits, though occasionally he will wear something less formal, in keeping with his "rugged outdoorsman" image.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

William A. Hawes was born to an upper middle class family in Freeport, a rural community on New Terra. He spent his childhood at the best private schools, and his free time hiking and camping in the woods around his family's home. Later, he went into law school, and eventually embarked on a career in corporate law. He was extraordinarily successful, and worked on several government cases. It was at this time that he realized the need the government had for strong, organized leaders, and began to consider a career in that field.

Leaving his corporate job at the age of 38 (already extremely wealthy), he entered the Legislative Bureau of the Alliance, embarking on a new career as a government lawyer. His uncanny grasp of human nature and law again served him well, and he quickly moved up through the hierarchy of the department. At the age of 47, he became the Chief Legislator of the Alliance, the youngest man ever to do so.

But Hawes' ambition didn't stop there. The turmoil of the Arachnid crisis, pirates, and especially the destruction of Sharron by Jaquassarius Phentari, forced the previous President, Randall Jackson, to resign in 2273. William Hawes saw his opportunity, and announced his candidacy. His law and order platform won him a great deal of support, and in March of 2273, he was elected to the Galactic Presidency by an 80% majority vote, one of the largest ever in the history of the Alliance.

Over the past 5 years, Hawes has enacted sweeping legislation which has won him a great deal of support (and a large number of enemies). Legislation such as his Piracy Act of 2276, which guaranteed mandatory death sentences for those convicted of piracy, has earned him the image of the "Law President". Despite the current crises plaguing his administration, he maintains a 73% approval rate.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Get real! "Law and Order?" It's the worst kept secret in the Alliance that Hawes is one of the biggest operators in the criminal community. His "rapid advancement in the corporate and government worlds" was due to blackmail, favors, bribery, and graft. He has a finger in every pot, and there isn't a shady operation that goes down without Hawes getting his piece of it. He takes bribes from every corporation out there, but isn't owned by any of them. The President's too crafty for that.

Hawes is vain about his appearance. He has a small scar on his left jaw, a result of a car accident in his youth. He is extremely sensitive about it, and his detractors call him "Scarface" (but never to his face). People who make fun of the President within his earshot tend to

disappear. Of course, he isn't a suspect in any of these cases. Most of the citizens of the Alliance see him as their Fearless Leader, the Commander in Chief, and love him. Those who are in the know keep quiet, because the President has a long arm.

For all that, Hawes does a pretty good job at being Galactic President. The Alliance, after all, is the source of his wealth and power, and he's not about to let anyone muscle in on his turf!

So what's the President up to these days? Nobody seems to be sure, not even those who talk to him on a regular basis. What is known is that he spends a lot of his time cloistered with Markuss, head of the Vision of Eight, and his most trusted, hand-picked advisors (known as his "Inner Circle"). Some people in the know suspect that the recent appearances of the Dane have Hawes worried, and worried big. He knows something that the rest of us don't, and he's not saying what it is . . .

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You have a gift with people—you know what makes them tick, and how to get them to do what you want. You can shape emotions the way a sculptor shapes clay. Friendly, easygoing, and trustworthy, you're everybody's friend . . . at least, that's what they all see, and that's exactly what you want them to see.

Down under the surface, it's another story. You look out for number one, and you do it very well. You have an elaborate network of fall guys and catspaws, all set up to take the blame for any of your operations, should it become necessary. Furthermore, you also have a huge number of spies and informants. You like to stay two steps ahead of everyone else; one step's too close. Still, even if an assassin got lucky and managed to take you down, you have contingency plans. You have access to the top of the line in cloning technology. If you were to die, you'd be back in the saddle in a matter of hours, without even slowing down (these are the best clones available, cutting edge technology). You also have 25-year old clone bodies of yourself stored away against the time when age will catch up to you. Even aging doesn't have its usual effect on you, though, because you have access to the awesome artifact known as the Life Amulet. Effectively, you're only aging 2/3 as fast as you should be. One thing you know: William A. Hawes is going to be around for a very long time.

You tend to be a bit vengeful, but then again, you can afford to be! Occasionally, some little pissant mercenary will stumble across one of your more minor plans and foil it. When this happens, you take personal pleasure in pulling a few strings to send some grief down the channels. Sometimes it'll be legal trouble; a mysteriously cancelled weapons permit, or maybe a case of "mistaken identity" for some notorious felon. Reading about these cases in the morning paper always gives you a chuckle.

It's not all fun and games, though. You've managed to sew up most of the government, including the Ward of State (Ehleniuss is a feeble do-nothing coward who won't stand in your way), but the Chief Legislator, Bandal Ashid, isn't "playing ball", and neither is Nomis Halee, the Chief Justice. You can't afford to have people that high up rocking the boat. A solution's going to have to be found. If you can't convince the two of them to fall into line, well then, you may just have to go ahead and find a more permanent way to quiet them . . . fortunately, the Vision of Eight seems to have other things than you on their mind at the present moment. You can't help wondering what their agenda might be, though . . .

EHLENIUSS, WARD OF STATE

Size Class: 2 Body Points: 4
Initiative Modifier: 0 Race: Mutzachan

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 36 Manual Dexterity: 54
Intelligence: 125 Agility: 62
Constitution: 26 Aggression: 35
Intuition: 84 Charisma: 70

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 50 Military Leadership: 56
Persuasion: 105 Bargaining: 55

SMRS

CHE: 03 RAD: 93 BIO: 01 MEN: 107 POI: 06
SON: 16 ELE: 56 FIR: 56 ACD: 06 CLD: 31

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 375,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Computer Operation	5	135
Intelligence	9	175
Cross Networking (Empath)	3	*
Matrix Manipulation	8	165
Mental Defense	9	*
Anthropology	12	205
Accounting	9	175
Administration	18	265
Etiquette	15	210
General Knowledge	5	*
Law	19	275
Persuasion	10	*

MATRICES

Type: Energy/Empath Matrix Level: 13 Power Points: 39

POWER	LEVEL
Chilled Veins	1
Glue	1
Kinetic Energy Barrier	1
Light	1
Shatter	1
Temperature Manipulation	1
Battery	2
Continuous Light	2
Drain	2
Invisibility	2
Jam	2
Ultravision	2
Activation Energy	3
Displacement	3
Fly	3
Optical Reduction	3
Sonic Immunity	3
Cellular Disruption	4
Cellular Immunity	4
Energy Manipulation	4
Plasma Pulse	4

POWER	LEVEL
Power Reservoir	4
Psionic Immunity	4
Combination	5
Dimension Travel	5
Flux Shield	5
Kinetic Immunity	5
Molecular Dispersion	5
Energy Negation	6
Life Shield	6
ESP	1
Sense Danger	1
Telepathy	1
Brain Cramp	2
Disguise Thoughts	2
Intuition Sense	2
Psychometry	2
Message	3
Sensory Link	3



EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Ehleniuss wears the ritual robes of the Ward of State, which contain 120 points of absorption. He also carries a Haven personal defense screen. Ehleniuss' ceremonial staff is an artifact, which absorbs half of the energy from any energy attack. This energy is converted into power usable by the wielder, at a rate of 1 power point/ 10 points of damage absorbed. The staff can hold a maximum of 100 power points at any given time.

Ehleniuss is constantly guarded by Galactic Control agents, as befits one of the most important dignitaries in the Alliance.

DESCRIPTION

The Ward of State is an aged, frail looking Mutzachan, 4'6" and weighing roughly 100 pounds. His shoulders are slightly stooped, and he moves slowly. Ehleniuss speaks in a soft, reedy voice. He is never seen without his ceremonial robes and ornate crystal staff. The Ward of State is 1800 years old, and shows his age. His entire demeanor is timid and retiring.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Ehleniuss, the Mutzachan Ward of State, is the second in command of the executive branch of the Alliance. His duties include presiding at meetings of the Council of Timar, reviewing all major pieces of legislation, and presenting recommendations on them to the Galactic President (more often than not, the President simply accepts the recommendations without modification). This is a tremendous amount of responsibility for any one individual, which is why a Mutzachan is always chosen to fulfill the role. Only a Mutzachan has the mental power to process and clearly understand the tremendous amount of information which the Ward of State must deal with. Ehleniuss has been Ward for the past five years, since William Hawes was elected to office. Hand picked by Hawes, he serves as the voice of caution and moderation in the executive branch. He always considers all sides of an issue carefully before acting, and never makes rash decisions.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

I suppose that "cautious" is one way to describe Ehleniuss. "Ineffectual lackey" is how I'd put it, personally. The Ward of State is so afraid of acting that he does nothing without forms signed in triplicate and five hundred lawyers assuring him that there's precedent. This leaves Hawes free to do all his dirty work without any opposition from his number two man, which I guess is why he chose Ehleniuss! The Ward of State is a figurehead. He makes public appearances, looks wise and knowing, and that's it. Still, at least he doesn't seem to actually be corrupt. As far as I know, Ehleniuss has never taken a bribe. After all, bribes aren't "by the book!"

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You have worked long and hard to achieve your current position as Ward of State. Dedication, moderation, and caution have paid off, and everything that you've achieved is a result of that. Consequently, you don't intend to jeopardize your current status with rash and reckless action. Far too many today, including many of the younger of your own people, jump in without thinking beforehand. You recognize the imprudence of this course of action, and hopefully, your example will teach more moderation.

Since becoming Ward of State, you have begun to realize that there may be a great deal of corruption in the government. Many documents are out of order; money gets "lost" far too conveniently, and there are meetings behind closed doors that even you don't know about. Perhaps you should act . . . but you don't have enough evidence yet. Rushing in and making unsubstantiated accusations is only likely to cause trouble which you can ill afford. Better to wait, and observe. In time, your caution will surely pay off . . .

Recently, Markuss has approached you and given you advance notice that the Vision of Eight will require your assistance in the immediate future. There is an impending threat of catastrophic proportions which must be dealt with, and Markuss let you know, in no uncertain terms, that you will do your part to help deal with it. You don't know exactly what you're going to do; the simple truth of the matter is, you're scared! The kind of drastic action Markuss wants is

sure to make you a lot of enemies—but then again, if you don't do what he wants, you could very well have the Vision of Eight against you. Neither one strikes you as a very desirable option, and you're beginning to wonder if the Ward of State position isn't more trouble than it's worth!

BANDAL ASHID, CHIEF LEGISLATOR

Size Class: 5	Body Points: 7			
Initiative Modifier: 0	Race: Human			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 52	Manual Dexterity: 56			
Intelligence: 78	Agility: 43			
Constitution: 75	Aggression: 71			
Intuition: 91	Charisma: 89			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 85	Military Leadership: 60			
Persuasion: 111	Bargaining: 101			
SMRS				
CHE: 23	RAD: 21	BIO: 18	MEN: 65	POI: 23
SON: 26	ELE: 46	FIR: 26	ACD: 26	CLD: 46
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 300,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Bard	20	270		
Painter	3	80		
Computer Operation	3	90		
Bribery	6	130		
Interrogation	3	90		
Bartering	5	*		
Pilot Skimmer	4	90		
Archaic Powder Weapons	9	BW		
Administration	13	190		
Etiquette	10	170		
General Knowledge	10	*		
Law	20	260		
Persuasion	10	*		
Speed Reading	2	80		

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Ashid carries very little equipment on a regular basis. Other than the standard Head of Office Survival Package (street clothes heavy skinsuit and Haven personal defense shield), the Chief Legislator usually carries only the sort of items you would expect a high-level administrator to carry (notebook computer, a pager, and so on). Bandal does have a few noteworthy items. Number one is his vintage, antique Nitro Express rifle, painstakingly restored to original condition. Ashid is an avid target shooter, and spends several hours every week on the firing range (he may be considered a specialist with his Nitro Express). The second is a hand puppet which he carries in his briefcase. He calls this puppet the Honorable Councillor Wilford Q. Blowhard, and often uses it to lighten the mood a bit or shed a little ridicule on other members of the legislation whose views he disagrees with. Councillor Blowhard bears an uncanny resemblance to a certain nameless member of the executive branch with whom Ashid has often failed to see eye to eye.

DESCRIPTION

Bandal Ashid is a hard figure to miss. Six foot one and stout, Ashid has the build of a linebacker gone to pot. He has chocolate brown skin and white hair which always somehow manages to look as if the wind had brushed it. Ashid wears suits which, though always clean, still always look rumpled. His booming, strident voice and gestures are a trademark of his career in the government, and many a comedian has mimicked his trademark gesture of chopping the air with his left hand. Bandal Ashid is never seen without his oversized briefcase, which always seems to have papers hanging out of the side. Despite this, Ashid never seems to lose a thing, and can always find exactly what he needs in seconds.



THE OFFICIAL LINE

Chief Legislator Bandal Ashid is a genuine personality, one of the most beloved politicians in the Alliance. His booming, hellfire and brimstone speeches seldom fail to deliver their point, and he is capable of mixing a canny understanding of the legal process with a razor sharp wit and dry sense of humor. Ashid has held his current office for 26 years. Despite his advanced age (he is 84), Bandal is still vigorous and active. He is best known for his (rather vehement) protests against some of the more controversial policies of the Galactic President, William A. Hawes. Though Hawes made an effort to replace the upper echelons of Alliance government when he was elected, Ashid was one of the few "oldtimers" who clung to his position with the tenacity of a mule. Ashid is of old Tennessee stock, and can trace his family back through over thirty generations. He is quite proud of his heritage, both American and African. His Southern Tennessee accent is a hallmark of his speeches. None the less, despite his ability to make other politicians quake in their boots when he opens his dreaded briefcase, the Chief Legislator is a caring, kind, and gentle man in his private life.

Holovid clips of Ashid using Councillor Blowhard to explain how government works to crowds of small children are almost as common as the clips where he tears through the redtape of the Council like a hot knife through butter.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Well, Ashid's a character, to be sure, but don't ever make the mistake of underestimating him! The head of the Council's aww shucks demeanor conceals one of the most cunning and canny rhetoricians ever to walk the floorboards of the Council Hall. "Brimstone" Bandal has an incredible understanding of people and how to motivate them, and he almost never fails to drive home any bill he wants. He can always figure out just exactly what approach to use, be it the soft sentimental tack or the bellowing, haranguing style which has made him famous. This is probably what's behind the numerous times he and Hawes have butted heads over policy. His Highness the Prez likes to be surrounded by yes men who are more than happy to rubber stamp his latest scheme. Ashid's exactly what Willie doesn't like. Not only is he a do-gooder and champion of the common man, he's a loud do-gooder. What's more, recent surveys show that he's got a higher approval rating than the President!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You've been in the game of politics longer than some of the wet behind the ears kids you see today have been walking, and you've seen some pretty smooth talkers. But you've yet to meet the con man you couldn't outmaneuver. You're a down home Tennessee boy, born and bred, and you've got enough common sense to see through slick bulls**t and enough stubbornness to outlast three punk lawyers. It's a good thing, too, because there's precious few like you left, especially this high up. Nowadays, everyone's on the take from big business, and the little guy gets trodden underfoot. That doesn't sit too well with you; your parents raised you to believe in the spirit of man and the rights of individuals. And the worst of the bunch is the big man himself, President Hawes. Oh, he tried to get you out of office, but you're a little too tenacious for a two-bit con man like him. And now, he may be in office, but you still are as well, and we'll just see how much of a headache you can give Mr. Hawes in the next couple of years...

NOMIS HALEE

Size Class: 4
Initiative Modifier: 0

Body Points: 5
Race: Hemarean

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 40
Intelligence: 116
Constitution: 54
Intuition: 52

Manual Dexterity: 61
Agility: 28
Aggression: 21
Charisma: 64

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 88
Persuasion: 70

Military Leadership: 48
Bargaining: 55

SMRS

CHE: 24 RAD: 27 BIO: 20 MEN: 120 POI: 24
SON: 20 ELE: 17 FIR: 26 ACD: 18 CLD: 17

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 400,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Administration	8	160
Law	23	310
Computer Operation	5	130
Cybernetic Engineering	4	120
Intelligence	20	280
Speed Reading	10	180
Anthropology	6	140
Psychiatry	8	160
Diplomacy	12	180
Etiquette	13	190
General Knowledge	12	*
Musician	8	130
Physics	2	100
Electrical Engineering	1	90
Mechanical Engineering	1	90

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Halee, like all members of the Alliance High Judiciary, has a state-of-the-art mind screen, to prevent any sort of mental influence. Hers is incorporated into the Pendant of Truth she wears around her neck at all times. This screen provides an +80 bonus against mental attacks and prevents mindreading. She also carries a Haven personal defense shield (terrorists have attempted to assassinate her once already, and she doesn't believe in taking chances). As with most high officials, Halee will have Alliance security agents guarding her around the clock.

DESCRIPTION

Nomis Halee is an attractive (by Hemarean standards) woman in her late forties. Her left leg is paralyzed, and she walks with the aid of a walking stick. Due to a congenital childhood condition, her body rejects all cybernetics. This condition affects approximately 0.1% of the Hemarean populace. Slender and delicate-looking (5'9" and 99 pounds), Halee possesses an air of cool composure and determination at odds with her harmless appearance. Those who have talked to her repeatedly comment that nothing seems to faze her, and she is known to have faced off with terrorists threatening her life without batting an eye (for purposes of courage only, Halee's Aggression should be considered an effective 90). She dresses in fashionable but subdued outfits of excellent cut, as befits her lofty position. Around her neck, she wears the Pendant of Truth, the traditional symbol of office of the Chief Justice of the Alliance.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Nomis Halee is the head of the highest court in the Alliance, the Galactic High Judiciary. She is also in charge of the entire judicial branch of the Alliance. If a matter of law can't be resolved by anyone else, they take it to the High Judiciary. If the High Judiciary can't resolve it, they take it to Halee.

Nomis is young for her position (youth seems to be a hallmark of the current administration; they're not called the Babyface League for nothing). This is primarily a testimonial to her phenomenal knowledge of legal matters and unquestionable integrity. As a Hemarean, she is incapable of telling a falsehood, but she is also motivated by a deep and abiding sense of justice. Many of her cases have established the parameters for fairness and tolerance in Alliance law.

Unfortunately, not everyone agrees with all of the Chief Justice's decisions. Two years ago, a radical political activist attempted to assassinate Halee because of a conviction she had handed down against another activist, a terrorist by the name of Barnabus. The would-be assassin, a Human named Rax Borniel, was killed attempting to escape. The assassination failed, but left Nomis severely injured. Though she recovered, her left leg was paralyzed. Undaunted, Halee returned to work as soon as she was able, proving once again her tenacity and dedication to her job.

In her sparetime, Halee plays the Kriine, a Hemarean instrument made of crystal which operates on the same principles as running a finger around the rim of a glass. She is quite talented, and has performed several concerts to critical acclaim.



MALACHAI'S TAKE

Well, this is one woman I don't ever want to get put in front of! First, because any case that goes in front of her is one of epic proportions. You have to have done something pretty heinous to get a court date with her! Second, if you have done something wrong and go in front of her, you're basically screwed! Not only does she know every law that's ever been written anywhere, she supposedly has x-ray eyes. The woman can see straight through a bluff or a lie. A friend of mine met her once, and he said it was like she could see straight through to his soul. Now, that might sound like a cliché, but this was someone who not only doesn't exaggerate, he understates everything. So if he said she could see to his soul, I believe it!

This is another person who Hawes can't like much. Unlike Ashid, though, Halee doesn't directly oppose his schemes (she doesn't have the authority to do so). It's no secret that the majority of the High Judiciary is on the take from one group or the other. Some of them are being paid by several different groups, all at once.

THE MOVERS AND SHAKERS

It's funny, though. I've got sources in the political group which Rax Borniel was supposedly a member of. Either they're pulling my leg, or none of them has ever even heard of this guy. And another thing: several people who should know have indicated to me that Borniel was incapacitated by the first volley of fire and could have been taken into custody. Instead, he was killed, which leads me to wonder: what did he have to reveal, and who wanted to shut him up permanently?

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

As the Chief Justice of the Alliance, you attempt to maintain some semblance of justice in a government rife with corruption, partisanship, and favoritism. The pressures on you are tremendous, from big business to political groups, which all have agendas to push. More than once, you've received anonymous phone and mail threats; in fact, it's more like a daily occurrence. But you can't allow that to deter you. Your responsibilities outweigh the needs of any single individual, including yourself. To believe otherwise would be completely illogical. That's why you refused to allow the assassination attempt to keep you from doing your job. Several things about the assassination puzzle you, though. The assassin's shouted speech before attacking seemed to indicate knowledge of facts about the case which were known only to a select few. Additionally, you became intimately familiar with the nature and operations of the group he was supposedly a member of, Tech Hammer. Borniel's actions were incongruous with their methods. Tech Hammer has an almost reactionary opposition to technology, especially pollutive technology. A laser attack would have been in keeping with their style, but Borniel used a static pistol, a technology which Tech Hammer strongly opposes. In your free time, you're conducting research into the details behind the attempt, and it's only a matter of time before you find the information you need, and justice will be done.

GENERAL GAR

Size Class: 8	Body Points: 58			
Initiative Modifier: -6	Race: Ram Python			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 148	Manual Dexterity: 44			
Intelligence: 62	Agility: 112			
Constitution: 121	Aggression: 120			
Intuition: 54	Charisma: 56			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 30	Military Leadership: 150			
Persuasion: 34	Bargaining: 19			
SMRS				
CHE: 68	RAD: 53	BIO: 55	MEN: 98	POI: 68
SON: 113	ELE: 78	FIR: 40	ACD: 68	CLD: 48
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 2,000,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Alertness	3	*		
Body Points	6	*		
Climbing	6	122		
Hand to Hand	15	BW		
Stealth	8	142		
General Knowledge	5	*		

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Law	6	115
Hand Radio	10	BR
Base Station Radio	8	BR
EVM	14	202
Identify Vessels	13	185
Remote Piloting	5	105
Basic Medical	10	155
Biological Attack	1	65
Chemical Attack	1	65
Camouflage	16	215
Detect Concealment	20	255
Demolitions	8	135
Infiltration	15	205
Military Leadership	5	*
Mountain Climbing	8	157
Land Navigation	8	135
Scouting	6	115
Set Traps	6	105
Spelunking	5	112
Throwing	10	BW
Tracking	8	130
Survival (all)	7	120
Pilot Automobile	3	75
Pilot Crawler	5	112
Pilot Hopper	3	75
Pilot Tank	5	95
Pilot Walker	12	182
Sword	25	BW
Archaic Powder Weapons	14	BW
Chemical Weapons	12	BW
Direct Fire	9	BW
Indirect Fire	10	BW
Omega Weapons	12	BW
Pulse Weapons	16	BW
Missile Gunnery	14	BW
Pulse Gunnery	13	BW
Swimming	2	*
Strength	5	*
ID Robots	10	155
Sighting	5	*
Administration	2	75
Operate Computers	3	85
Mental Defense	10	*
Gambling	5	100
Repair AP	5	95
Repair Pulse	8	125
Repair Omega	3	75
Repair Hvy Pulse	6	105

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

When in combat, General Gar carries the most formidable military hardware known to the Alliance. His armor is a customized suit of Dreadnought with a Shadowmaster TIE system and a full range of armor options. Gar always carries a two handed sword of exceptional sharpness and temper. This sword reduces the threshold of an opponent's armor by 2 for purposes of penetration, and can inflict full damage on heavy armor. He also carries a shield made of ultra-light, ultra-strong alloys layered with platinum. This shield has the same effects as a laser shield. Gar's normal firearm of choice is a Sheustron modified

Howitzer pulse cannon, with malfunction and system shock numbers of 98 apiece. Under severe combat conditions, he may pilot his personal Peacemaker Ultra-Armor, which made the combination of twin Mortican pulse cannons famous. The walker also mounts twin Neanderthal missile racks packing Load-4 Heavy missiles and Condo anti-missiles. In civilian settings, Gar disdains hiding behind street clothes and personal defense screens, claiming that it's a cowardly thing to wear armor when off the field of battle. Considering the fact that a would-be assassin once nailed him with a high-powered pulse cannon, and Gar not only survived, but ripped his attacker's head off, few people would dispute this! Even in civilian settings, though, Gar always carries his trademark two handed sword and red scarf. He is smart enough to wear an advanced mind shield (x60) at all times.

DESCRIPTION

Gar is a massive, grizzled Ram Python. His rough hide, numerous scars, and long crest all indicate that he is in advanced middle age, but he has the strength and vigor of a young Ram male. Gar's frame is powerful, but in a massive, bulky way, rather than the chiseled, muscular body most people picture when they think of Rams. He is never seen without his red scarf and two handed sword. General Gar is likeable in a gruff way, and has a rough sense of humor which forces even some of his adversaries to develop a grudging liking for him.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

General Gar of the Python Republic is the commander of the Alliance's ground forces. His strategies have led to some of the Alliance's most noteworthy victories against Arachnid troops. It was his leadership that pulled off the victory at Dead Man's Bluff. His troops consider Gar invincible, the greatest military mind of all time. This incredible loyalty and dedication has inspired the troops to victories that many people thought were impossible. Indeed, doing the impossible is a hallmark of General Gar's career. Missing in action 42 times, Gar has been thought dead many times. Every time, he has emerged from the smoke of battle into victory. His courageous battle alone against the Arachnids, in which he slew 37 of the monsters, is legend in the Alliance.

Gar has headed the Galactic Defense Forces for the past 12 years. He was appointed when the previous head, General Stane Maxim, was killed in the Anarchist assault on New Washington. Gar was Maxim's aide de camp, and had a tremendous amount of respect for the man; he has vowed to personally stick Uncle Ernie Freiberg's head on a pike to decorate his office.

The general favors an aggressive campaign against the Arachnids, believing that if we give them time to develop countermeasures against our tactics, we have no chance of victory. A poll in 2273 showed that the majority of Alliance citizens agreed with his assessment, and favored taking the battle to the Arachnids. The matter was put to a vote of the Council of Timar, and seemed likely to pass, but the Vision of Eight, for some strange reason, used their veto power to forbid an all-out assault on Arachnid territory. When pressed to explain their actions, the High Mage Markuss responded by saying, "The cause of Arachnid aggression is not yet known. An attack on them at this time would be premature and have disastrous consequences for the Alliance." As usual, nobody could comprehend the Mutzachans' motives, and Gar has fostered a distrust of them, especially Markuss, ever since.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Don't let Gar's "big dumb" act fool you. He's sharp, real sharp. Behind that huge frame lurks one of the most brilliant tactical minds ever. Most military historians agree that without him, we would have lost a lot more people and planets to the Arachnids last time, and there's a good chance that we wouldn't have driven them back. At the same time, he knows how to be diplomatic, and how to manipulate people to get what he wants. Most Rams roar and bellow when they don't get their way. Gar doesn't. Instead, he just grins, real wide. Even the gutsiest soldier or the stupidest politician backs down when Gar grins like that. In one grin, he manages to convey all the nasty, violent things he'd like to do to your poor body, and none of them are pleasant! Gar also knows how to bluff, on the battlefield and off. I was in a poker game with him, a couple of other generals, and three other reporters once (don't ask, it's a long story). Gar managed to take us all to the cleaners with a pair of twos!



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

The Alliance is a big, sprawling place, with planets scattered all over. It poses a tempting target to any outside bogeys who might make the mistake of thinking it's weak. That's where you come in. It's your job to make damn sure that there's a wall of ships and men between the Alliance planets and the bad guys! You enjoy your job, and you're good at it. It takes guts, determination, and good old military know-how to cover an area that large.

You've never been big on "by the book" soldiering. The guy who wrote the book obviously wasn't performing under extreme combat conditions at the time! Your motto, which you try to drum into the heads of your troops at every opportunity, is: "Do the job well, and do it fast. To hell with everything else!" At the same time, you've got no patience with slackers or soldiers who leave jobs half done. On people like that, you come down like a ton of bricks... and your discipline's not always "by the book", either! One of your favorite punishments for

THE MOVERS AND SHAKERS

slackers is to make 'em your sparring partner for an afternoon workout. You go easy on the poor punks; they're usually not in the infirmary for more than a week, and so far you've never had to teach the same soldier a second lesson!

One other thing you have no patience with is homebody politicians who don't have idea one what it's like for your men out on the battlefield, telling you how and where to fight. You don't give a damn about politics. You know the government is corrupt, but you don't care, as long as they leave the fighting to you. You know your job, and you know that they'd sure as hell be well advised to let you do it without tying your hands! Especially that melonhead who runs the Vision of Eight, Markuss. When you had the Arachnids on the run and disorganized, he kept you from pressing the attack and maybe solving the problem once and for all. The only reason he ever gave was more of his "cosmic balance" crap. You consider the deaths of your troops in future Arachnid attacks to be on his head, and you don't trust him or his Mutzachan flunkies at all. In fact, the only politician you have any respect at all for is Bandal Ashid. He may be a puny Human, but he speaks his mind loud and clear. When you wanted to press your attack, he was one of your staunchest supporters. You suspect that his outspokenness is going to buy him a bullet in the back one of these days, from one of the other scumbags in office. Privately, you've assigned a couple of your most trusted special forces agents to keep their eyes and ears to the pavement and watch out for Ashid. And if they can get any dirt on Markuss, so much the better!

COMMISSIONER GENERAL STEVEN ONGOLA

Size Class: 5 Body Points: 13
Initiative Modifier: -2 Race: Gen-Human

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 84 Manual Dexterity: 59
Intelligence: 65 Agility: 56
Constitution: 85 Aggression: 72
Intuition: 83 Charisma: 85

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 65 Military Leadership: 90
Persuasion: 60 Bargaining: 55

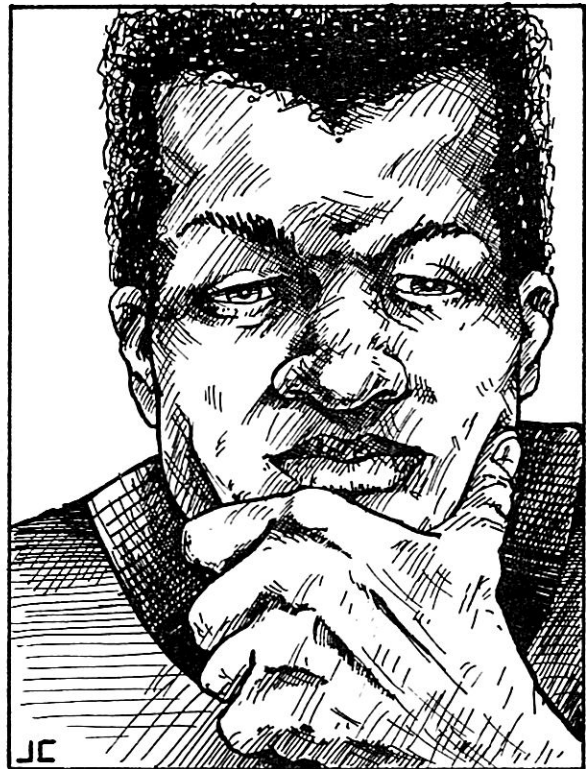
SMRS

CHE: 29 RAD: 27 BIO: 27 MEN: 65 POI: 29
SON: 37 ELE: 52 FIR: 32 ACD: 32 CLD: 54

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 375,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Alertness	2	*
Body Points	2	*
Hand to Hand	12	BW
General Knowledge	5	*
Administration	11	165
Law	20	255
Hand Radio	5	BR
Computer Operation	9	145
Computer Programming	8	135
Bypass Security (comp)	6	115
EVM	3	80

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Identify Vessels	10	155
Concealment	3	85
Detect Concealment	13	185
Intelligence	16	215
Interrogation	14	195
Basic Medical	4	95
Military Leadership	5	*
Forensics	12	175
Bypass Security	8	130
Detect Security	10	155
Operate Security	9	145
Pilot Skimmer	10	150
Archaic Powder Weapons	6	BW
Beam Weapons	9	BW
Pulse Weapons	8	BW
Base Station Radio	3	BR
Survival (urban)	5	115



EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Steve's uniform is a specially reinforced heavy skinsuit, with 80 points of absorption. He carries a Savage-D laser pistol as his personal sidearm, and has a Haven personal defense screen which he only uses in emergencies. For heavy combat situations (Ongola still insists on going out into the field with his men on a fairly regular basis), he outfits himself in the standard Galactic Police heavy assault combination: Assault armor with ablative liner, camouflage unit, environmental containment, infrared dampener, and magnetic deflection generator, T-12 sonic suit, and Deshard X helmet. He carries a Drexler Auto Cannon and an armor mounted grenade launcher, loaded depending on the situation.

DESCRIPTION

Commissioner General Steven Ongola is an attractive man in his late 40s. His ice-blue eyes stand out vividly from his dark skin, and his black hair is just beginning to be streaked with grey. Steve stands 6'1" and weighs 170 pounds and he keeps himself in excellent physical condition. The Commissioner has a deep, commanding voice, which is capable of projecting authority or reassurance as he requires. When on duty, Ongola wears the uniform of a police commissioner, with special gold and silver braid denoting his rank. When off duty, he dresses casually. His favorite outfits consist of sweaters, sweatshirts, and slacks.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

The Commissioner General of the Galactic Police force has been an officer for nearly 30 years. Born on Basisa in 2230, he entered the academy early and became an officer at age 20. His career has been a distinguished one, marked by commendations for valor and he has been injured in the line of duty three times. One injury nearly proved fatal. Ongola has an artificial heart as the result.

Steven Ongola became the Police Commissioner General in 2276. Since that time, he has directed the efforts of the police towards combatting piracy and smuggling in the Alliance, claiming that the best way to stop drugs and weapons from hitting the streets is by putting the people who transport them in prison. He has also campaigned extensively to upgrade the armament of police, pointing to the increase in officer fatalities. The criminals, he claims, are becoming more and more heavily armed, and the police need to respond in kind in order to successfully combat the rising tide of violence. One of his primary goals is mass production of standardized body armor to be worn by all personnel and tailored to their needs. Such a contract would be extremely lucrative, and many armor companies are expected to bid on it if the bill is passed.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Ongola's a pretty good cop. He's genuinely interested in the welfare of his men. Problem is, his idea of the best way to protect his men is by letting them be more aggressive in apprehending criminals. Now, sometimes this isn't a problem. I'll be the first to admit that it must suck to have to give a crazed gunman the first chance to shoot at you before you fire at him! The problem is, there have been a lot more instances of police brutality and police shooting the wrong guy lately, and they're getting off easy. Ongola also seems to be targeting Orions unfairly. True, there are a lot of Orion pirates out there, but a lot of cops seem to treat every one of us as "Guilty until proven innocent." I don't think Ongola is in Hawes' pocket, or taking graft, but he does have to play ball to some extent. Police commissioners who target government criminal operations are likely to find their funding drying up really fast! So Ongola does what he can, where he can, and even though he doesn't condone brutality, he stands by his men. All of which means that if a cop pulls your skimmer over in this day and age, you don't argue with him!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Trying to run the Galactic Police is like fighting a war in which you're outnumbered and outgunned. It's up to you to make sure that when your men go out into the concrete jungle, they come back again. That's why you're pushing for better arms and armor, and for more discretionary power on the part of officers. You've seen too many good cops killed because they had to follow procedures, and in your book, that means the procedures need changing. You have no problem

with going outside the rules if it'll allow you and your men to do the job you have to do better. You know that money and property being seized in raids is being pumped into department operations, and you turn a blind eye to it. Plain and simple, the department needs more funding! You haven't given in to political pressure; you're nobody's stooge. But you also have to be careful not to step on too many toes, at least not out in the open. You'll pretend to play the game the way you're supposed to play, and in the meantime, you and your men will make your own rules.

MARKUSS

Size Class: 4 Body Points: 25
Initiative Modifier: -5 Race: Mutzachan

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 55 Manual Dexterity: 64
Intelligence: 150 Agility: 60
Constitution: 52 Aggression: 65
Intuition: 110 Charisma: 92

SECONDARY STATISTICS

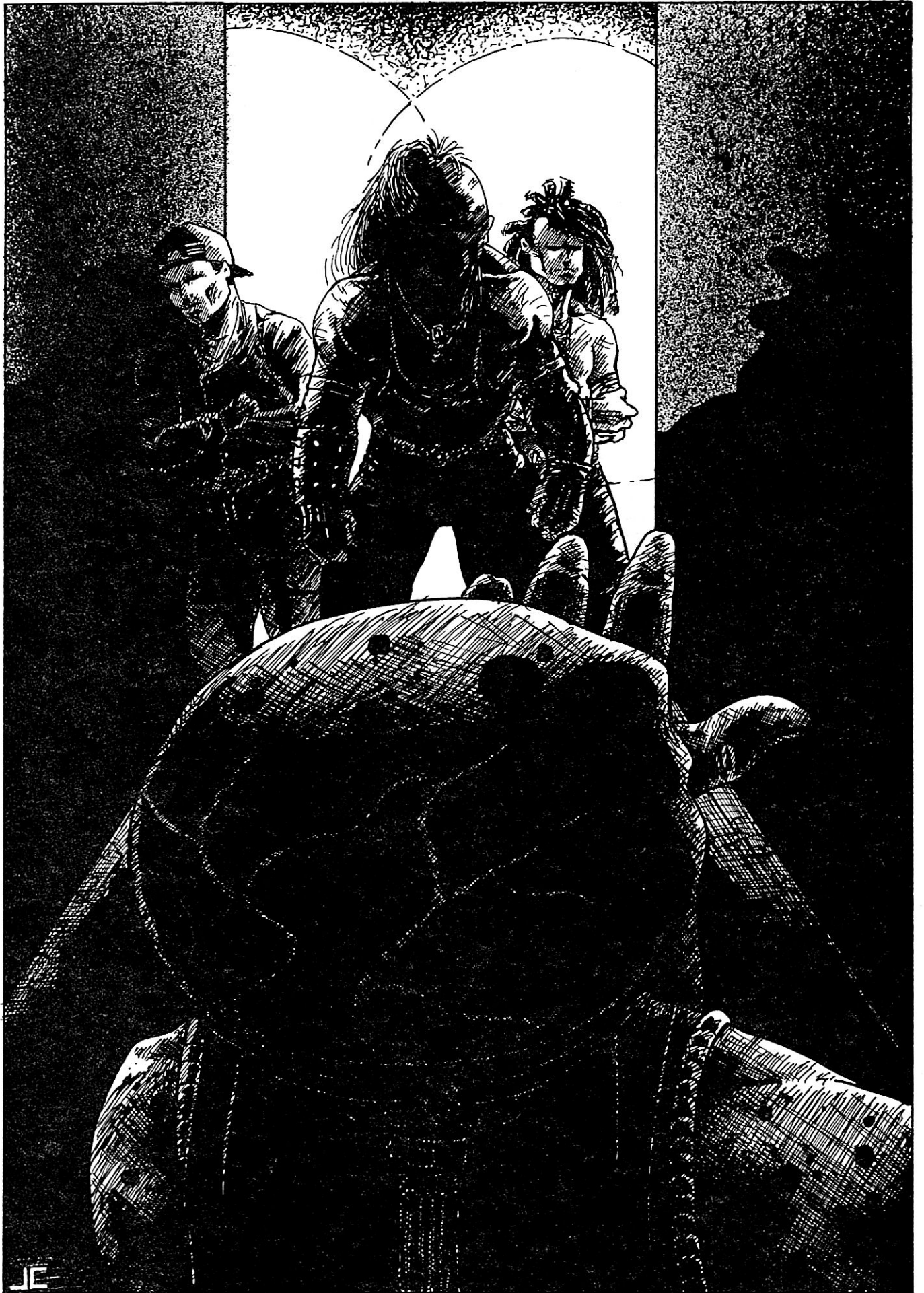
Terrestrial Knowledge: 140 Military Leadership: 107
Persuasion: 121 Bargaining: 71

SMRS

CHE: 66 RAD: 111 BIO: 47 MEN: 1 POI: 66
SON: 1 ELE: 74 FIR: 74 ACD: 24 CLD: 49

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 30,000,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Alertness	3	*
Body Equilibrium	10	*
General Knowledge	25	345
Linguistics	20	295
Alien Technologies	25	345
Poet	15	230
Administration	15	245
Law	20	295
Computer Operation	25	345
Computer Programming	25	345
Defeat Security	23	325
Astrocartography	20	295
Identify Vessels	23	325
Ionization Engineering	23	325
Navigation	15	245
Electrical Engineering	20	295
Nuclear Engineering	20	295
Detect Concealment	25	345
Intelligence	25	345
Speed Reading	10	195
Basic Medical	20	295
Biological Attack	10	195
Chemical Attack	10	195
Disease Diagnosis	12	215
Disease Control	12	215
Poisons	8	175
Radiation	24	335
Surgery	15	205



SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Cross Networking (Empath)	15	245
Cross Networking (Healer)	15	245
Matrix Manipulation	25	345
Matrix Ranging	25	345
Mental Defense	10	*
Power Control	25	345
Military Leadership	5	*
Sighting	10	*
Identify Robots	15	245
Anthropology	20	295
Archaeology	10	195
Biology	15	245
Botany	6	155
Chemistry	16	255
Genetics	14	235
Geology	18	275
Psychiatry	13	225
Physics	22	315
Detect Security	23	325
Diplomacy	20	280
Etiquette	15	230
Pilot Spacecraft	20	255
Swimming	1	*
Deep Sleep	12	*
Persuasion	10	*
IS Comlink	10	195
Mechanical Engineering	20	295
Cybernetic Engineering	10	195
Operate Transporter	5	145
Disguise	10	195
Electronics	10	195
Duration Con	25	*
Theology	20	295
Body Points	6	*

MATRICES

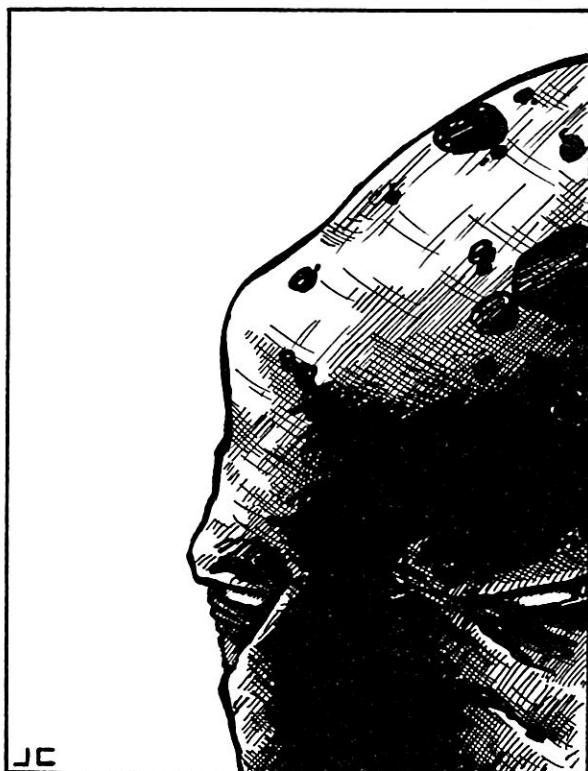
Type: Energy Controller Matrix Level: 27 Power Points: 500

POWER	LEVEL
All Energy Controller Matrices Except: Essence Defile, Collapse Star, Absolute Zero.	
Light	1
Shatter	1
Separation	1
Temperature Manipulation	1
Clairaudience	1
Clairvoyance	1
Comprehend Languages	1
ESP	1
Fear	1
Patience	1
Psychokinesis	1
Stun	1
Telepathy	1
Brain Cramp	2
Disposition	2
Image Projection	2
Mind Dive	2
Psychometry	2

POWER	LEVEL
Sleep/Alert	2
Clear Mind	3
Channeling	3
Message	3
Mind Blank	3
True Sight	3
Communique	4
Ego Smash	4
Mass Fear	4
Negation	4
Pass Unnoticed	4
Speak With Dead	4
Crom's Warrior	5
Death Vision	5
Mental Reflection	5
Essence Link	6
Link	6
Mass Paralysis	6
Resonant Structure	6
Soul Search	6
Vanquish	6
Scan Planet	6
Mind Lock	7
Body Switch	7
Disciple	7
Scry	7
Benign	1
Bio-Redox	1
Blood Stoppage	1
Chemical Redox	1
Pain	1
Ritual of Peace	1
Sterilization	1
Achilles Heel	2
Burns	2
Internal Bleeding	2
Mend (complex)	2
Poison Removal	2
Probe	2
Assizzian Palm	3
Cure Disease	3
Mend Skull	3
Mind Heal	3
Paralysis	3
Age	4
Cellular Immunity	4
Heal	4
Radiation (lethal)	4
Ward of Assizzia	4
Exorcism	5
Cryo Freeze	6
Enshrinement	6
Entombment	6
Mass Heal	6
Raise Dead	6
Soul Savior	7

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Markuss doesn't carry much equipment, because he doesn't need it! He has permanent Sonic Immunity, Mental Rejection, Psionic Immunity, Optical Reduction, Cellular Immunity, Plasma Reduction, Kinetic Nullification, Fly, Flux Shield, and Life Shield matrices on himself. He wears a ritual Kwoisekt (with 70 points of absorption), and has a built-in top of the line body computer, output power coil 1, two power storage coils, a bio implant, a neuro-implant, a language analyzer/modulator, and carries a personal defense shield which is a miniature Force Shield (as armor option). Markuss carries no weapons. He has access to all the artifacts available to the Council of Timar, though, and always carries a necklace with four harmonic crystals on it, attuned to the following matrices: Gravitational Sheer, Energy Sponge, Time Slow, Attraction/Repulsion, Flow Coil, Range Coil 2.



DESCRIPTION

An imposing looking Mutzachan, 5' tall and weighing about 115 pounds. His skin has an opalescent sheen to it, and mottled darker patches which indicate greatness according to Mutzachan culture. His voice resonates with power. Markuss dresses in flowing, rippling gold robes, with ornate stitching which denotes his rank as head of the Vision of Eight and next in line to the throne of Trishmag. Despite his small demeanor, Markuss has an almost tangible aura about him which indicates his power to all who meet him. He doesn't babble nearly as much as normal Mutzachans, but has an annoying tendency to finish your sentences for you. The annoying part is, he's always right!

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Markuss the Mutzachan is The Lord of Timar. One of the most powerful beings in the known universe, he is fully capable of taking on starships by himself without breaking a sweat. His motives are, for the most part, unknown, as are his origins. If records are to be believed, Markuss is over 7000 years old, far older than a normal Mutzachan could possibly live to. The truth of this is unknown. Markuss is known

to deal with the Dane on a fairly regular basis, and often disappears for weeks on end. If anyone knows where he goes on these mysterious journeys, they're not saying. Markuss is evasive when questioned about his purposes, stating only that he is a servant of the greater order of things.

Markuss is next in line to the throne of Trishmag (the succession is determined on the basis of age, achievement, skill, and position). However, he doesn't want the position. Markuss is capable of playing the game of politics, but prefers to be free to pursue his own ends . . . whatever they may be. As mentioned before, a great deal of his time is unaccounted for (the High Mage can get away with that, and the King of Trishmag couldn't). His known activities include research, negotiation of treaties, handing down the decisions of the Vision of Eight, and (rarely) instructing a new apprentice. His requirements for apprentices are unknown. He has turned down some of the best and brightest young minds of the Mutzachan nation, and accepted others who didn't seem nearly as promising. One can only assume that his choices are related to his mysterious hidden agenda.

Mysterious. Brilliant. Awesomely powerful. This is Markuss of the Gold Robes, the third most influential individual in the government of the Alliance.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

In the reporter's business, it's not always what you know, it's who you know. In this case, I happened to be lucky enough to know Markuss' son, Bluerazor. As a result, I was able to get a five minute interview directly with him, despite the incredible demands on his time. The interview, in its entirety, follows.

I: Markuss, thank you for taking the time to talk to me today. I know you must keep a tight schedule . . .

M: It was no difficulty, Mister Armageddon, or I wouldn't have agreed.

I: Malachai, please. And, hey, I suppose for you it's easy enough. I mean, if you need to make more time, you just make more time . . . right?

M: (Chuckling) It's not quite as easy as all that, Malachai. I have certain abilities that most lack, but even I can't totally twist the fabric of time to my liking. You were aware, though, that your concept of "time" is flawed?

I: It is? How so?

M: Oh, yes. Time . . . flowing from point a to point b along a line . . . such a concept is quite limited. A better way to look at it would be as a spill of liquid flowing out from a glass. Time . . . in the here and now which you see . . . is the leading edge of the spill. You can move forward, to a point ahead of the spill, faster than it flows. This is what you would call "time travel". Or, you can move along the edge of the spill, to a different point along the edge. This you would call "dimension travel".

I: But you can't move backwards in time?

M: I cannot actually say, but overall, no. To further the analogy, the spill has already happened, and that part of the floor is already wet. If you could go back, the liquid you displaced would change the entire spill, and make it something very different.

I: Well, that brings me to another point. You and the Vision of Eight have often stated that you're concerned with the preservation of order and balance in the universe, but you tend to be . . . vague about what that means. Can you elaborate on exactly what the "balance" you're interested in preserving is?

M: It's difficult to explain. Let me put it this way: how would you react if the universe you could perceive were two dimensional?

I: I . . . don't know. Surprise? Panic?

M: Probably, not at all . . . because that would be all you knew. Someone in a two dimensional universe wouldn't be able to perceive . . . or even conceive . . . of what was going on in the third dimension of depth. Likewise, there are things going on in other dimensions which you can't conceive of . . . but they can affect you, and the Alliance, in drastic ways. We seek to balance these forces.

I: Whoa. Heavy concepts there. So you're basically fighting a war with ghosts?

M: Hardly. "Ghosts" carries connotations which, in most cases, don't apply to these beings . . . and we're not fighting a war with them. To be quite blunt, we wouldn't stand a chance.

I: Wait a minute. You're telling me that you . . . Markuss, High Mage . . . backed up by all your buddies . . . couldn't handle these things?

M: Not in an all out battle. That's why we balance these forces off against one another. Not all of them are friendly to one another, and sometimes we can enlist the aid of one of them against another.

I: So you're sort of a cosmic promoter?

M: Something like that. But the stakes are much higher than any fight you can imagine.

I: What sort of stakes?

M: I'm afraid I can't tell you that.

I: That balance thing, huh?

M: That balance thing. Suffice to say, when the time comes, we . . . you, I, the Alliance, every one of us . . . will have need of every bit of help we can muster.

I: Against the Arachnids?

M: No. As a reporter, you should know that things are not always as they seem. Such is the case here. Keep your eyes open, Malachai, and be ready. And now, I must take my leave of you. If you'll excuse me

I: Of course. Thank you again for . . . (at this point in the interview, Markuss simply vanished in a flash of blue light) Err . . . never mind, I'll catch you later . . .

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You are perceived by the majority of the Alliance as one of the most powerful beings in the universe. Such is their folly. You are powerful enough, and aware enough, to know that there are beings vastly more powerful and aware than you. And it's only a matter of time before they turn their attention to the little pocket of reality called the Alliance. It's your job to prepare people for this eventuality. It's not an easy job. Sometimes, you have to make painful decisions. If by sacrificing a thousand people you can save a planet, you have to make the decision to condemn that thousand people. You know some of what the Alliance will experience in the future, and it's a future you dread. The imminent Arachnid invasion is only the beginning of the horror in store. There is a force behind the Arachnid attacks, one which is beyond the comprehension of most of the Alliance. It is this force which you must prepare to defend against. Often, you are uncertain that you will succeed. Still, you must make the effort. It is for this purpose that the Dane selected you long ago, when you were still young. You know that they have also selected other individuals to do their work, but you don't know all of their identities. Though you have some suspicions, you keep them to yourself. If one of you is captured, it will be better for the others if you don't know who they are. Meanwhile, you prepare those who have roles to play in the upcoming struggle, aided by the rest of the Vision of Eight, who share your knowledge of the true nature of things. You will accomplish this through hints and occasionally outright instructions. Yours is one of the hands that manipulates the pieces in a game of strategy on a cosmic scale; you can only hope that the defense you create will be enough to stand against your opponent.

KING ATISH CATAM

Size Class: 2	Body Points: 4			
Initiative Modifier: 0	Race: Chatilian			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 20	Manual Dexterity: 39			
Intelligence: 119	Agility: 48			
Constitution: 31	Aggression: 52			
Intuition: 114	Charisma: 70			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 67	Military Leadership: 67			
Persuasion: 93	Bargaining: 28			
SMRS				
CHE: 18	RAD: 15	BIO: 08	MEN: 125	POI: 18
SON: 70	ELE: 28	FIR: 13	ACD: 13	CLD: 33
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 425,000				

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
General Knowledge	8	*
General Science	10	85
Poet	12	200
Administration	14	220
Law	11	190
Computer Operation	4	120
Intelligence	13	210
Matrix Manipulation	8	160
Mental Defense	5	*
Psychiatry	10	180
Diplomacy	16	220
Etiquette	16	220
Persuasion	10	*

MATRICES

Type: Empathic Matrix Level: 14 Power Points: 44

POWER

	LEVEL
Clairaudience	1
Clairvoyance	1
Concentration	1
Comprehend Languages	1
Enchantment	1
ESP	1
Lie	1
Mistrust	1
Patience	1
Telepathy	1
Calm	2
Disguise Thoughts	2
Disposition	2
Intuition Sense	2
Psychometry	2
Trust	2
Hypnotic Suggestion	3
Mind Blank	3
Sonic Immunity	3
Communique	4
False Thoughts	4
Mass Friendship	4
Negation	4
Crom's Warrior	5
Emotion Control	5
Mental Reflection	5

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The King of Chatil seldom carries an excessive amount of equipment (hey, when you're a King, you have servants to carry things for you!) Concealed in his robes of state is a Haven personal defense screen (the choice of heads of state everywhere, only from Able!) Catam also carries the solid gold orb which is the symbol of the King's authority. This orb is engraved with scenes from the history of Chatil and inscribed with the sayings of the greatest Chatilian philosophers, and is worth an estimated 1,000,000 credits (but just try selling it!)

DESCRIPTION

Atish Catam is a frail Chatilian, 4'3" and 70 pounds. The King of Chatil is 275 years old, and shows it. He is pale and sickly, and often has trouble walking without assistance. His wrinkled face is still intelligent, though, his eyes still sharp and perceptive. Though Catam's body may be in decline, there is clearly nothing wrong with his mind. Atish Catam can usually be found clad in the aquamarine robes of Chatilian royalty. A sapphire pendant depends from his throat, but Catam doesn't draw attention to this.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Atish Catam, the King of Chatil, is also known as "The Great Moderator" for his long-standing efforts to bring harmony to the races. A visionary and a peacemaker, Catam believes in putting aside racial differences to face common threats. Parties with differences from all over the Alliance and even outside it often call for his mediation, having heard of his great reputation as a diplomat. Many people believe that more voices like his will be needed to allow the Alliance to confront the Arachnid menace.



Catam's is not an easy life. He must balance the requests for his diplomatic skill against the extremely delicate job of ruling a planet divided, where a great deal of the population hates and distrusts those individuals with empathic powers, including their King. It is a testimony again to his tremendous powers of persuasion that Catam has managed to maintain the peace on his world throughout his reign. In addition to trying to manage what are really two full time careers, Catam has to deal with the issue of his own failing health. At this time, there is no clear heir to the throne of Chatil, and it is feared that Catam may die and leave the rulership in contest. Old differences are likely to come to the fore, and Chatil will in all probability be racked by bloody civil wars should this happen. In addition, the Alliance needs his diplomatic skills more than ever now, with racial tensions high and the threat of another Arachnid invasion imminent.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Well, you have to give His Majesty credit for trying. In a universe where everybody hates everybody else, he's been saying, "Can't we all just get along?" for decades now. Unfortunately, nobody seems to be listening. Sure, they'll call for his help when they need to settle a border dispute or negotiate the terms of a surrender, but his big message? That we all need to stop throwing rocks at each other and concentrate on the real baddies waiting to eat our faces out in the Crab Nebula? It just hasn't caught on. We in the Alliance like our little racial squabbles too much to put them aside for something as minor as the threat of total annihilation! So we continue to fight, and, though I wish King Atish all the best of health, he's not going to be around for too much longer. Hopefully, he'll find somebody who won't make too much of a mess of ruling in his stead before that unhappy day. If he doesn't, we're all in deep you-know-what! Chatil will go ballistic, which will probably touch off other conflicts all around the Alliance, and I wouldn't be surprised if the Arachnids decided to take advantage of the opportunity to cruise in and pick up an order of Alliance Territory to go with a side order of planetary populations! Oh, yeah, and a diet Jum Cola.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

It has been a long journey, and now your life is drawing to its close. Your thoughts have turned of late towards the sort of legacy you will leave behind. The Alliance is still unstable, with racial relations stretched so thin that the air fairly vibrates with the tension. Many of the leaders of the various Alliance nations still see violence as the only way to resolve their differences. Your experiences have taught you that there are other ways, but you haven't been able to make others see this. In that, at least, you've failed.

Worse still, you have no heir. Chatil needs a strong King, one who will temper his power with wisdom and justice. All of the most likely candidates are fawning, scheming powermongers, not satisfactory at all. But you know that you must make some sort of choice, and quickly. You don't have much time left. And you have to decide whether to choose one of your own sort, one of the children of Makov Chatil. You have refrained from overt displays of your power, to placate the masses who still view Empaths as untrustworthy freaks. But can you take the risk of picking a successor who might share these views, and start a new era of persecution and witch-hunts?

RAALEHR

Size Class: 7	Body Points: 33			
Initiative Modifier: -8	Race: Cizerack			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 92	Manual Dexterity: 53			
Intelligence: 72	Agility: 138			
Constitution: 102	Aggression: 105			
Intuition: 71	Charisma: 85			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 25	Military Leadership: 102			
Persuasion: 53	Bargaining: 38			
SMRS				
CHE: 47	RAD: 42	BIO: 47	MEN: 38	POI: 47
SON: 29	ELE: 48	FIR: 52	ACD: 42	CLD: 70

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 450,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Acrobatics	8	150
Agility	3	*
Alertness	3	*
Body Points	5	*
Hand to Hand	15	BW
Stealth	18	250
Strength	3	*
Singer	7	120
Hand Radio	8	BR
Basic Medical	6	120
Camouflage	14	200
Detect Concealment	16	220
Military Leadership	5	*
Mountain Climbing	4	102
Land Navigation	15	210
Scouting	12	180
Sighting	10	*
Survival (deciduous)	15	210
Survival (desert)	10	160
Tracking	18	240
Beam Weapons	17	BW
Direct Fire Weapons	14	BW
Rail Gun	16	BW



EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Raalehr travels light, but goes into battle heavily armed. Her armored look and shoot body mount harness has a dual weapon mount and built in heavy belt. It carries an Able Dancer impact laser and a Horizon Gauss rifle loaded with mega-explosive rounds (don't forget the doubled damage!) This little kitty can rip you to shreds long before you even know she's there! Her usual armor is a suit of battle-scarred

MBA with a Digiton missile rack. Raalehr typically carries Horizon missiles, Condor anti-missiles, and four Saylon warheads (for when you care enough to send the best . . .) Her helmet is a masterpiece of battle technology, incorporating the targeting system of a TDA-2 into a Defender helmet, soup it up with a hostile identification computer, Digiton Battle System radar package, infrared discriminator, and voice activated magnification system with passive and active light enhancement and infrared and ultraviolet capabilities. This system adds +50 to sighting checks and totally negates most penalties! Armalite has purchased the rights to mass produce this design; look for it in your local supermarket in the summer of 2280! Despite all the impressive battle technology, Raalehr seems to prefer to strip it all off and rely on her own speed, strength, and senses.

DESCRIPTION

Raalehr is a night-black Cizerack crowned with a "V" of silver-white hair on her forehead. Her eyes are especially luminous, and their glow is visible even during the day. Raalehr's left front flank is covered with Brands of Honor, marking her as a Cizerack of great distinction and prowess. The right flank is marked with the clan-brand of the Fenib Maturt, with the traditional three score-marks above it which signifies a Ratum Ala. A long scar runs down the left side of her muzzle, from just above the eye to under the jaw. If asked, Raalehr will tell the person that the scar is the only reminder of a Ram Python who was foolish enough to challenge her to a Duel. The Fenib Ratum Ala moves with a flowing grace which is almost supernatural; she seems completely in touch with her environment, and is almost impossible to surprise. Raalehr's voice is low and rumbling, pleasant to Human ears and melodious to Cizerack.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Ratum Ala da Fenib Raalehr is the leader of the most powerful and prestigious Cizerack clan, the Fenib Maturt. As such, she is the closest thing to a ruler that the Cizerack have (the Earth English translation of "Queen" is faulty; Raalehr has more authority than any other Ratum Ala, but the Cizerack are far too independent and clannish a people to ever submit to the absolute rule of one leader). Normally, she would be the head representative of the Cizerack to the Council of Timar, but she has shunned this position, appointing her second in command to the post instead. Reactionary, Raalehr believes that contact with other cultures is polluting the minds of young Cizerack, and has made it her highest priority to "maintain the purity of the superior Cizerack culture". She has continually lobbied for, and gotten, additional restrictions on visitors to Cizerack worlds, especially male visitors. Ratum has remained adamant on the point of male slavery, refusing to even consider granting greater rights to male Cizerack. The Cizerack leader tolerates the concept of free males from other cultures—barely—yet looks upon those cultures with contempt, believing that it is a sign of weakness in the females of the breed that causes them to allow their males to run free. Under her leadership, the Fenib have become the most conservative of Cizerack clans.

The only other races that Raalehr treats with any sort of respect are the Mazians (whom Cizerack consider to be a female race), and the Eridani. Despite her intense dislike for all males, Raalehr grudgingly admires the battle skills of even male Eridani, and has a few actual friends among the females of that race. Eridani travelling to Cizerack worlds, especially Cashoulis, will suffer less discrimination than other

racers. Many members of the Council of Timar have taken issue with the discriminatory policies of the Cizerack under Raalehr, but the Council, which has a history of "hands off" treatment of sovereign nations policies, is not considered likely to do anything about it.

Raalehr is known as "The Huntress" for her phenomenal ability to stalk prey. At least twice a week, she ventures out into the wilds of Cashoulis with no weapons or armor to test her survival and hunting skills. This is a point of major concern for a lot of Cizerack, who feel that she is too vulnerable at these times. However, Raalehr sneers at such worries, secure in her knowledge that there are precious few beings who can come close to her skill in the wilderness.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Well, what can you say about someone who rates you slightly lower than a piece of lint? Raalehr may be a tough fighter and a great leader, but she's about as reactionary as you can get! And to top it off, I've heard nasty rumors about Raalehr's combat tactics. Let's just say that her male opponents will never have any kids to come back and get revenge on her! I hear she has a "trophy room" in her Wewh where she stores her acquisitions. It makes me shudder just to think about it!

Still, when it comes to tracking and wilderness skills, there's nobody who comes close to Raalehr. Public opinion on Cashoulis has it that Raalehr can track a Blouge rat through a blizzard, blindfolded. Considering that Cizerack don't believe in exaggerating to prove a point, you have to wonder just how good that makes Raalehr!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

As a cub, you loved nothing better than to hear the chants around the fire, the tales of the greatest warriors of the Cizerack and their deeds. As you got older, you learned the chants yourself, and spent some time as one of the clan chanters. However, the clan had need for your talents elsewhere. You became a huntress, and eventually, the leader of the Fenib Maturt. It was during these years that you realized that the Cizerack here becoming weak. Contact with foreign cultures is polluting the ideals and ethics of your people. Your huntresses and warriors are relying too much on technology, letting their own skills slip. You view technology as a valuable tool, but make sure you test your skills against the wilderness without their benefit as often as you can. You see it as your duty to make sure that your people do likewise, and that Cizerack tradition is maintained.

GENERAL ERASH-ICAN

Size Class: 7	Body Points: 30			
Initiative Modifier: -6	Race: Eridani			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 91	Manual Dexterity: 54			
Intelligence: 88	Agility: 89			
Constitution: 88	Aggression: 105			
Intuition: 81	Charisma: 81			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 45	Military Leadership: 130			
Persuasion: 92	Bargaining: 37			
SMRS				
CHE: 65	RAD: 43	BIO: 55	MEN: 115	POI: 65
SON: 45	ELE: 70	FIR: 30	ACD: 35	CLD: 119

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 800,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Acrobatics	4	96
Alertness	3	*
Body Equilibrium	10	*
Body Points	6	*
Hand to Hand	24	BW
Stealth	10	156
Administration	13	195
Law	12	185
Identify Vessels	12	185
Basic Medical	10	165
Camouflage	12	185
Detect Concealment	12	185
Demolitions	6	125
Infiltration	8	145
Military Leadership	5	*
Mountain Climbing	8	142
Land Navigation	8	145
Mental Defense	5	*
Sighting	10	*
Survival (methane)	12	185
Tracking	9	155
Detect Security	12	185
Pilot Walker	10	156
Persuasion	10	*
Sword	25	BW
Knalu Knalu	15	BW
Beam Weapons	16	BW
Chemical Weapons	15	BW
Direct Fire	8	BW
Indirect Fire	10	BW
Pulse Weapons	13	BW
Throwing	9	BW

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Erash-Ican's most important piece of equipment is the legendary sword, Harm, which he carries at all times. Harm can be swung one or two handed, and has the following stats: Attack: 95 Parry: 55 ROF: 1/2, Dam: 5-30, Threshold Reduction: 6, plus an additional 3-18 points of heat damage if the blade inflicts any body damage (It affects 4th dimensional entities normally). Harm is indestructible, and can penetrate heavy armor normally. Ican wears Argus armor in the style of an Eridani lord, and carries a variety of weapons in addition to Harm, including a light sword (Harm is only used in ritual combat, or in times of dire emergency to the Eridani nation), and an auto laser cannon or BC-Winterdom frost gun.

DESCRIPTION

Erash-Ican is a formidable figure. 6'9" and 320 pounds, he has pale skin and green dreadlocks with the polychromium beads which symbolize a Warrior of Glory. He is clad in extremely ornate armor with elaborate Eridani runes in gold and steel, depicting Erash-Ican's life and the history of the Eridani people. Slung in an elaborate crimson back sheath made from the hides of no less than 100 different predatory creatures, is the great sword Harm. Erash-Ican moves with the effortless grace of a master warrior. His demeanor conveys a sense of supreme confidence and arrogance, as if certain that he is the supreme being in the universe.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

The dictator who holds the reins of the Eridani military machine is General Erash-Ican, the head of the first house of Eridine. His is a difficult task; there are many extremist factions on Eridine, calling for secession from or subjugation of the Alliance, a war of elimination against the Phentari, equal rights for all Eridani, and a thousand other causes. Erash-Ican manages to balance all these groups and maintain his power with an iron fist, while working to better the place of the Eridani nation in the Alliance. He has powerful bargaining tools. Eridani vessels are among the most powerful in the Galactic Navy, and her finest officers, from Admiral on down through Ensign, are drawn from the Royal Eridani Navy. All have one thing in common: they still pledge loyalty to the crown of Eridine. If Erash-Ican were to call back his troops, it would cripple the navy, something which the Alliance can ill afford with the menace of the Arachnids looming on the horizon.



Erash-Ican has managed to integrate ancient Eridani tradition into the modern world surprisingly smoothly. Despite pressure both from within and without, he has managed to retain many of Eridine's old ways, including the policy of slavery of "inferiors", something which the Human-dominated government frowns on. Erash-Ican's skill at appointing the best man or woman to get a specific job done has served him well here, as he has allocated several of the best diplomats of Eridine to defending her traditions against outside pressure, through a combined policy of negotiation and brinkmanship. Essentially, the Eridani policy is, "You'd rather have us as your friend than your enemy, wouldn't you?" It has worked effectively up to the present. Ironically, the Phentari government maintains a similar diplomatic policy, and the two races have even grudgingly worked together on certain matters of common interest (such as the slave trade). Politics makes for strange bedfellows.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Erash-Ican is the most dangerous of creatures, a charismatic, ruthless dictator, who could convince his people to march off a cliff, all the while blindly cheering his name! The Eridani policy of covert and overt aggression against the Orions and Phentari is no secret, but the Alliance is too afraid that if they take action, the Eridani will pull their precious ships from the Galactic Navy! Erash-Ican spouts his drivel about honor and integrity, and then he secretly sanctions groups like the Cuontol! And you just know that if he ever decided the Alliance was weak enough, he'd try to take over and run things himself. The sooner this psychopath is removed from power, the better, in my opinion!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

The Eridani nation is the finest ever to exist, in all ways. Your culture and learning are unsurpassed, and clearly, the martial skills of the Eridani are unrivalled. You have the honor of being the leader of this gem among cultures, of having the opportunity to guide the Eridani people to new plateaus of excellence. There are difficulties, to be sure. The Phentari and Orions must be watched carefully, for they will surely take advantage of any sign of weakness in Eridani solidarity. Neither race can be trusted. The prattling Humans and Gen Humans aren't much more trustworthy, but they are less of a threat, thanks to their foolish compassion for others. The Eridani have long understood that compassion is a weakness which must be suppressed by a true warrior, for it can be exploited by the enemy. Fear is another weakness, and one which you can't afford. You must be absolutely resolute in your dealings. You must be prepared to issue ultimatums, and back them up if need be. Only in this way can the position of the Eridani be maintained. The Phentari and Orions will be eradicated for their crimes against your people, but for now, you stay your hand. A wise commander makes use of such allies as he may find. Currently, the Arachnids are the greatest threat to your people. Only united does the Alliance stand a chance. For now, you content yourself by ensuring that Phentari and Orions who act dishonorably against one of your people are dealt with severely. Soon, though, you will lead the Eridani nation to its natural place of pre-eminence in the Alliance. Most of the lesser races will be allowed to assimilate into Eridani culture. The Phentari and the Orion problem will be resolved for all time.

TYRUS GLORIEL

Size Class: 5	Body Points: 7			
Initiative Modifier: -3	Race: Orion Rogue			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 46	Manual Dexterity: 62			
Intelligence: 86	Agility: 49			
Constitution: 54	Aggression: 36			
Intuition: 84	Charisma: 93			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 65	Military Leadership: 51			
Persuasion: 115	Bargaining: 180			
SMRS				
CHE: 22	RAD: 17	BIO: 17	MEN: 50	POI: 22
SON: 27	ELE: 38	FIR: 22	ACD: 17	CLD: 42
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 500,000				

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Alertness	3	*
Computer Operation	7	135
Computer Programming	5	115
Bypass Security (comp)	4	105
Bartering	25	*
Bribery	20	275
Detect Concealment	3	95
Intelligence	13	195
Anthropology	9	155
Detect Security	8	145
Pilot Skimmer	3	80
Beam Weapons	5	BW
Accounting	25	315
Administration	15	215
Etiquette	8	155
Gambling	14	205
Investment	22	285
General Knowledge	5	*
Law	10	165
Persuasion	10	*
Street Smart	8	145
Business Management	24	305

MATRICES

Type: Empath Matrix Level: 3 Power Points: 12

POWER

	LEVEL
Comprehend Languages	1
ESP	1
Lie	1
Telepathy	1
Disposition	2
Mind Dive	2
Trust	2

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The usual for a wealthy Orion magnate. Business suit with silk shirt and tie, neatly pressed Bwal, and enough countersurveillance gear to choke a tank! Incorporated into the lining of his suit (treat as overcoat, dress shirt, tie, and steel kilt street clothes armor) is a sophisticated micromesh network designed to seek out listening devices and neutralize them. Included in this system are the following: sensoid master, pocket signal detector, mind screen, frequency scanner, and jam strobe. Gloriel's weapon of choice is a specially modified Pocket laser, with enough power for four shots. This laser is carried in a wrist holster. Tyrus also carries an improved Bodyguard personal defense shield which gives off no visible light. One other item which Gloriel is never without is his hand-carved pipe, made by a master Orion craftsman named Duncan whose work is legendary. This pipe could fetch as much as 100,000cr to the right buyer, but Tyrus isn't selling!

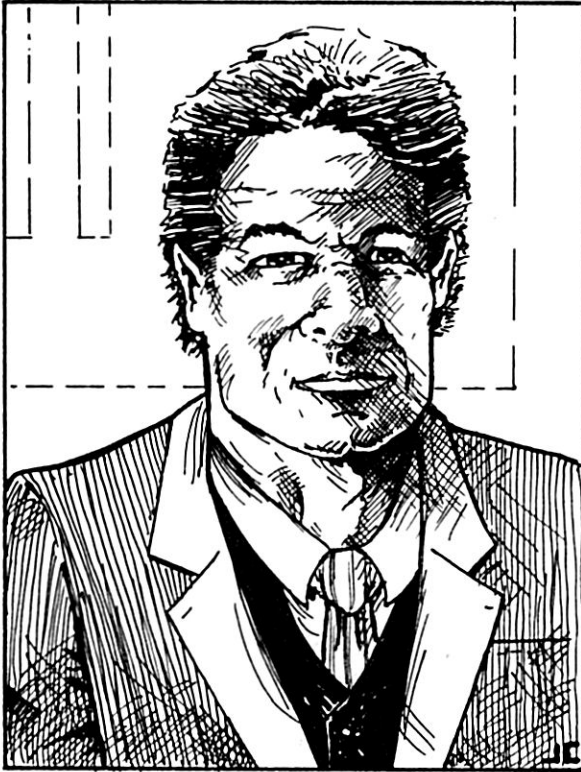
DESCRIPTION

A tall, heavyset Orion whose black hair is just starting to go gray. Tyrus Gloriel dresses in the very best of clothes, and always wears a Bwal in the colors of his family, to show his fierce pride in his Orion heritage. Gloriel has a deep tan, an easy smile, and a quick wit which works to his advantage in his dealings. Gloriel loves jewelry, and has a huge collection of rings, necklaces, earrings, thumb rings, and other, more esoteric pieces. His favorite jewel is the sapphire, and it's

estimated that he has some 2,000,000 credits worth of sapphire jewelry alone. He can always be found wearing at least one piece, a sapphire ring which is supposedly of great personal significance to him.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Tyrus Gloriel is the head speaker of the Taos Economic Council. In this position, he speaks for what is possibly the most formidable economic consortium the universe has ever seen. The Council controls financial holdings throughout the Core Worlds, and has numerous interests on the Frontier, as well. As a united force, they have more financial clout than any mega-corporation, past or present. Even the heads of Balshrom and SSDC take notice when the Economic Council makes a move!



Gloriel himself, like all the members of the Economic Council, is exceptionally wealthy. Unlike some of the members, however, his is a self made fortune. He grew up in a working class family in one of the worse sections of Taos City. Early on, he began working to amass the money needed to better his position, while taking night courses at assorted schools in the city. When he was seventeen, he invested the money he had accumulated in several long shot speculative enterprises. Either his business sense or his luck was phenomenal, because every one of his investments paid off. By age twenty, the kid from the docks of Taos City was a millionaire.

Over the twenty five ensuing years, Gloriel has built that million into a business empire the likes of which few Orions in history can boast. Every time a new major discovery is released, he seems to have a piece of it, and whenever a stock goes through the roof it usually turns out that one of Gloriel's companies has bought up all the outstanding shares a week before.

As a person, Gloriel has tremendous charisma and a mastery of business which few can equal. Since buying the head seat of the Council (seating on the Economic Council is determined in a bidding war. The reasoning is that people willing to spend the huge sums of money to buy the head chair must be doing something right to have all that cash. They must really be interested in running the council to spend such a fortune on it) the multimillionaire businessman has forged the quarreling factions into a consortium which is gaining even more financial and political clout than it already had. Experts project that, within five years, the Council will have such power that it will be able to make control bids on even some of the mighty mega-corporations. They also predict that Gloriel, if he remains head of the council, will be one of the five most powerful men in the Alliance . . . if he isn't already.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Tyrus Gloriel? The man defines "smooth operator!" I mean, I'm pretty good at turning a deal, and my close personal friend Sean "The Bossman" Mulligan is one of the best. However, both of us put together would lose our shirts if we went to the bargaining table with Gloriel. "A mastery of business that few can equal?" Ram droppings! There is nobody, anywhere in the Alliance, who can even come close to Gloriel's skill in handling business, bar none. And he rounds that out with enough diplomacy to get the different cartels on Taos to fall in under his lead, which is something almost nobody's ever been able to do. Even the Silk Lamb's activity has fallen off. Rumor has it that Gloriel's been able to persuade them to cut back on their operations long enough to allow the Council to strengthen their position. Now, if this is true, I'm not even going to try to guess what the Silk Lamb's getting in return. It's not healthy to speculate too much about their doings!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You were born a poor Orion child in the slums. You decided early that you were going to get out of the dirt, no matter what you had to do to pull it off. Hard work, intuition, a bit of ruthlessness, and a lot of luck later, you're at the top of the heap. You know that capitalism can work, and that Taos is a place of opportunity. You're living proof of it! Now you have everything you could ever want in life, and it's time to give back a little to the system that's given so much to you. That's why you decided to bid for the head seat on the Economic Council. You knew that the Council had a tremendous amount of potential that was going to waste because of all the bickering and infighting. Using the same principles you've used to turn stagnant business into profit centers, you united the factions to make the Economic Council into the biggest financial power in the Alliance. Of course, you took the precaution of investing heavily in businesses you knew would be improved by the Council's new direction and activity. Insider trading is the Orion way! And speaking of insider trading, you've got another little edge that nobody knows about. Early on, you found out that you had certain powers. Now, you can't make heads explode like a Chatilian might, but more often than not, you can pluck the info you need out of the other person's head. You only use these powers when you really think you need them, just in case . . . no sense pressing your luck more than you have to. And one thing that you've learned is that in your career, you have to push your luck pretty hard!

OVERLORD QUARMISS DARMINE PHENTARI

Size Class: 7 Body Points: 29
Initiative Modifier: -2 Race: Phentari

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 72 Manual Dexterity: 111
Intelligence: 94 Agility: 71
Constitution: 77 Aggression: 102
Intuition: 92 Charisma: -10

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 65 Military Leadership: 120
Persuasion: 08 Bargaining: 01

SMRS

CHE: 141 RAD: 46 BIO: 151 MEN: 120 POI: 141
SON: 36 ELE: 61 FIR: 26 ACD: 51 CLD: 115

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 675,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Alertness	2	*
ID Vessels	10	170
Basic Medical	6	130
Body Points	5	*
Hand to Hand	12	BW
Stealth	15	202
General Knowledge	5	*
Law	10	170
Computer Operation	5	120
Bribery	10	120
Concealment	12	190
Detect Concealment	16	230
Disguise	5	120
Forgery	8	155
Intelligence	9	160
Poisons	20	270
Military Leadership	5	*
Set Traps	12	195
Deafeat Security	8	155
Detect Security	13	200
Street Smart	10	170
Pilot Fighter (DS)	14	215
Pilot Skimmer	6	135
Sword	18	BW
Archaic Powder Weapons	10	BW
Beam Weapons	15	BW
Chemical Weapons	14	BW
Beam Gunnery	12	BW
Missile Gunnery	12	BW
Sighting	10	*

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The Overlord of Phena is subject to assassination attempts on an almost daily basis (this is considered normal, since a weak Overlord would quickly be culled out by this process). Quarmiss is far from weak, and keeps himself constantly prepared to ward off any sort of attack. He wears (at the least) a heavy skinsuit and Wingala Nairsu

(street clothes armor) at all times, and carries a Bodyguard personal defense shield. He usually wears his ceremonial battle armor, a suit of Argus with flux shield, environmental containment, and plenty of extra absorption and ablative liner. He usually carries four light swords, two Savage-D laser pistols, two Night Stalker pistols loaded with mercuric rounds, and a BC-Winterdom frost gun. Quarmiss also has extensive cybernetic implants, including a toxin neutralizer, a mind shield, a bio-implant, and four needler implants, each loaded with a different and exceptionally virulent poison (-40 to SMR).

DESCRIPTION

A towering Phentari, almost 3 meters tall and 270 pounds. Quarmiss' skin is a glistening, lustrous black, and laced with scars of all descriptions from previous battles. His most unusual feature is a third eye in the middle of his forehead, a recurrent mutation in Phentari which is somewhat more common among the ruling Darmine family. Quarmiss wears jet black armor adorned with furs, leathers, and especially skulls of creatures he's slain. The fronts of an Eridani skull, an Arachnid skull, and a Demonant skull are the dominant adornments; all three are from opponents the Overlord personally slew in single combat. The Overlord never uses a respirator when visiting oxygen worlds, preferring to use a methane injection port. He likes to display his jagged mandibles and three glowering eyes to potential friends and foes alike.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

The current ruler of Phena, Quarmiss of the Darmine clan, seized power in a brutal military coup in 2261 from the reigning Jashraquan government. Some see this as ironic justice, since it was the Darmine whom the Jashraquan overthrew to take power in 2220. Quarmiss claimed that Toquiss Jashraquan had been in collaboration with the Eridani to sell his own people into slavery. His evidence was apparently enough to convince the people of Phena, because he was allowed to take the throne, becoming Overlord of the Phentari Domains. Over the past 17 years, Quarmiss and his hand-picked government have instituted a rigorous campaign of whipping the Phentari into shape. The Darmine government has cut social programs and increased spending to the military, claiming that "It is the responsibility of all Phentari to sacrifice comfort for the strength of the race." Oddly, the patterns of military buildup do not conform to traditional Phentari strategy. Several new types of vessel have been introduced, most of them small frigate-types with an emphasis on speed and attack power. Such ships have historically had only middling success against Eridani and pirate vessels, the two enemies Phentari vessels are normally designed to be most effective against.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

... and tonight's 50,000,000 credit question is, of course: what's his Squiddiness up to? Quarmiss Darmine is one of the most cunning and vicious Phentari ever. He doesn't do anything without a good reason. So what's his reason behind completely reconfiguring the Phentari military machine? Only Darmine and his cronies know for sure... and maybe even his cronies don't know! One thing's for sure: a lot of Phentari don't like not knowing. Sources close to Quarmiss say that assassination attempts against him have increased drastically in the past few years. It's mute testimony to the Overlord's tenacious nature that he's managed to survive all attacks and continue with his plans.

Just before publication, a deep source of mine on Phena came to me with two very interesting pieces of information. First, Quarmiss has apparently got some sort of ultra secret project cooking down in a cavern complex somewhere on Lagrellia. Despite his many contacts, this source could only learn that the project has something to do with the fourth dimension and the Motaran Rift. The second piece of information relates to the first, and is even more interesting. Shortly before leaving Phena in secrecy, supposedly to visit this project, Quarmiss was met by a tall, formidable Phentari who seemed to radiate power. My source swears that this was none other than Jaquassarious Phentari himself!



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You have always known that you were destined for greatness. The past seventeen years have proven you correct. You have fought off the fools who would slay you, destroying the ignorant brutally and efficiently. You have no time for such fools, for there are much more dangerous enemies out there, enemies who know the truth. The truth which they know was revealed to you by none other than Jaquassarious Phentari himself. He came to you shortly before your rise to power, and told you many things. He revealed to you that the Alliance would soon face its deadliest threat, and that the strength and ruthlessness of the Phentari would be needed to save it. You, he imparted, would be the leader who would marshal the Phentari to this mission, and to their rightful position of dominance. Now, you direct the energies and resources of your people towards fighting the menace to come. The new ships you are having built are intended to combat the Arachnids, but that's only the symptom. The true threat is much greater, and you have the finest military scientists of Phena working on weapons to combat it. A storm is coming, and the Phentari will be ready!

KLA, PYTHON KING

Size Class: 8 Body Points: 35
Initiative Modifier: 0 Race: Python Lizard

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 96 Manual Dexterity: 46
Intelligence: 91 Agility: 45
Constitution: 93 Aggression: 82
Intuition: 83 Charisma: 61

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 58 Military Leadership: 103
Persuasion: 86 Bargaining: 71

SMRS

CHE: 60 RAD: 45 BIO: 45 MEN: 35 POI: 56
SON: 105 ELE: 70 FIR: 28 ACD: 60 CLD: 40

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 425,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Body Equilibrium	6	*
Body Points	5	*
Breathing	10	*
Hand to Hand	15	BW
Swimming	8	*
General Knowledge	12	*
Administration	11	180
Intelligence	5	120
Bartering	10	*
Camouflage	6	130
Detect Concealment	8	150
Military Leadership	4	*
Survival (aquatic)	11	175
Diplomacy	13	190
Persuasion	10	*
Fanwal	10	BW
Toma	15	BW
Chemical Weapons	13	BW
Omega Weapons	15	BW
Throwing	12	BW

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The King of the Pythons wears a suit of the new, experimental Bio 3 armor, a state of the art organic armor crafted from corals found only in the oceans of Pythos. Bio 3 has the same stats as Gladiator, as well as the benefits of Bio 1 and 2 (not picked up by IR detection as armor, immune to magnetics). Kla has negotiated an exclusive deal with Defenselator (the company producing the suit). In exchange for the services of Pythons in gathering this rare coral (known as Yla), Defenselator will provide 2,000 suits of Bio 3 for the use of the Python forces. Kla carries a Toma crafted from the rarest of deep water corals, inset with pearls and shards of obsidian. He crafted this weapon himself, a ritual which all Python Kings undergo. As far as more modern weaponry goes, he usually carries a specially waterproofed Cobra XM2 Omega Cannon. Kla's right eye, lost in a battle in his youth, has been replaced by a cybernetic one, with zoom telescopic vision.

DESCRIPTION

The King of the Pythons is an aged, but still powerful looking Python Lizard of the Ktosh tribe (a breed which is distinguished by the spiny ridges up and down their back). His hide has deep wrinkles in it, but he moves with the vitality of a much younger Python. Kla wears a suit of blood red coral armor, inlaid with gold, and a diadem of beaten gold inset with black pearls. His symbol of authority is his Toma, an ornate weapon crafted from black coral.



THE OFFICIAL LINE

Kla is the oldest Python to hold the title of King in recorded history. The position is traditionally held by the strongest male of the Python people, and determined by sending the candidates to do battle with the great Cantuch of the deep waters over a period of a week. Each candidate must make a necklace of the teeth of the Cantuchs he slays, and the necklace with the most teeth is judged the winner (Cantuch teeth deteriorate rapidly after the great fish dies, so there is very little chance of falsification). Despite his age, Kla has managed to retain his position as King; a fortunate thing for the Pythons, in the eyes of many. Kla is a gifted diplomat and shrewd negotiator, and has managed to win concessions for his people through trade and diplomacy that they were never able to gain through force of arms. Though the Ram Pythons are still stronger militarily than the Pythons, Kla has taken advantage of changing times and the format of the Council of Timar to make inroads for his people in a more subtle manner than the Rams are used to.

Still, many among the Pythons think that having an aged King who wins his battles with words rather than strength is a blot on their honor, and there is much dissent. It is unknown how much longer Kla will be able to maintain his rule. Each year, the margin by which his necklace is accorded the best is narrower and narrower, and some Python warriors have begun to accuse the King of somehow cheating to win.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Kla's successes at the negotiating table against the Ram Pythons just go to prove what I've been saying all along: strength is nice, but it's brains that come out on top! The Python nation is better off than it has been in centuries, thanks to Kla and his understanding of the changing times. He's always got some trick up his sleeve, some new little advantage for Python Lizards which he somehow manages to slip into this or that proposal, and most of his proposals get passed. The Rams Warlord Tokk has appointed to advise him at the Council can't touch the old coot for horse trading skill, with one exception—Jirok, the High Shaman of the Rams. When Kla and Jirok get to wrangling against one another, people dive for cover!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

In your youth, you were a brash warrior, glorying in plunging into battle against the great ocean-dwelling beasts of Pythos, or against your cousins, the Rams. Your headstrong attitude often got you into trouble. In one of your battles, you lost an eye, and were only saved from death by the greatest of good luck. Many of your fellow warriors were not so fortunate.

All of this was a long time ago. Now, age has given you a new perspective, an understanding that words can often accomplish what weapons cannot. You have learned much in your dealings with the Humans and other races of the Alliance, and used your learning to the benefit of your people. Still, despite all your efforts, you are seen as the 'poor cousins' of the Rams. Patience is a virtue, though, one which you've mastered through long and painful experience. You will bide your time, but when opportunity comes, the Pythons will be ready to seize it.

WARLORD TOKK

Size Class: 8	Body Points: 45
Initiative Modifier: -6	Race: Ram Python

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 147	Manual Dexterity: 62
Intelligence: 41	Agility: 121
Constitution: 128	Aggression: 125
Intuition: 52	Charisma: 61

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 8	Military Leadership: 105
Persuasion: 29	Bargaining: 14

SMRS

CHE: 66	RAD: 51	BIO: 53	MEN: 08	POI: 66
SON: 111	ELE: 76	FIR: 38	ACD: 66	CLD: 46

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 400,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Agility	4	*
Alertness	3	*
Body Points	5	*
Hand to Hand	21	BW
Stealth	10	164
Strength	4	*
Law	5	100
Camouflage	15	200

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Detect Concealment	10	150
Basic Medical	6	110
Military Leadership	5	*
Land Navigation	9	140
Throwing	10	BW
Tracking	12	170
Diplomacy	2	80
Honj	21	BW
Ioken	21	BW
Knalul Knalu	21	BW
Pulse Weapons	19	BW

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Tokk carries the ceremonial Honj sword which is the symbol of the Warlord's authority. This sword, known as Dakh ("Power") directs the force of the wielder's attack, inflicting 5-30 points of damage. To successfully wield this blade requires a Strength of not less than 130; otherwise, the would-be user will take 5-30 points of damage from the backlash of force. Tokk wears a suit of ceremonial armor adorned with beaten gold, gemstones, and furs. This has the stats of Gladiator armor. He also carries a BC-Terminator pulse cannon.

DESCRIPTION

Tokk is massive, even for a Ram Python. He stands a full 10' tall and weighs 950 pounds. Tokk's form is covered with the scars of battle and ceremonial tattoos, marking him as a Ram of incredible distinction. When Tokk is angered, his crest glows a brilliant orange, and radiates enough heat to be felt by those near him. Tokk is loud, brash, and overbearing, and has a tendency to express his emotions physically. All of this, of course, makes him the ideal model of a Ram Python leader! Tokk can almost always be found clad in his traditional warrior's armor and large amounts of gold and obsidian jewelry.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

The current leader of the Ram nation is the mighty Warlord Tokk (in the Ram language, Tomud Tokk), one of the most formidable warriors in Ram history. Ram Python religious teachings predict that one day, a Ram who embodies the fighting spirit of the warrior will arise. Taking up the sword Dakh, he will lead his people in the ultimate battle against a nearly unbeatable enemy, and in that conflict, the fate of the universe will be decided. There are many among the Rams who believe that Tokk—awesome, undeniable, uncompromising—is the leader of legend. Tokk's beliefs on this matter are unknown.

Warlord is a position chosen on a yearly basis among the Rams. Each year, any clan-chief may challenge for the position of Warlord, in a ceremony similar to that which they underwent to become clan-chief. It consists of three days of survival under brutal conditions, establishing the Ram's strength, fortitude, skill at hunting, and knowledge of the traditions. Failure in any of these tests results in death. Finally, after three days of testing and a night of ritual feasting, the remaining contenders for the position enter a series of volcanic caverns known as Do Shem'khet, the Place of Choosing. These caverns are considered sacred to the Rams, for they are located under the largest volcano on the planet. The contenders then hunt each other down and do battle, until only one is left alive. No food or weapons are allowed. The only item each Ram carries with him is a small gem of great antiquity, used exclusively for this ritual. When an opponent is killed, the victor claims his gem, and the gems of those he had slain previously. The trial ends when the victor emerges and casts the stones

of his opponents down on the volcanic ash. The prophecies state that it is from this cavern that the leader of legend will emerge, having defeated his enemies. Tokk has certainly lived up to this part of the legend. Five times he has been challenged, and five times he has emerged victorious. Very few clan-chiefs challenge him. Most support his leadership, and more than a few believe that he is, indeed, the warrior foretold. The rest are simply scared of him!

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Tokk is exactly what you'd expect a Ram to be like. Big, strong, an incredible fighter, and ot-nay oo-tay ight-bray, if you take my meaning. His idea of diplomacy is not getting blood all over the walls when he rips the head off of the ambassador who annoyed him. Still, his aides have managed to mellow him a bit. He hasn't killed anyone at a diplomatic function in close to two years now. Despite this, the general feeling seems to be that Tokk is good at what he does, which is to serve as a symbol to unite the Rams. Most of the actual decisions and negotiations are handled by Jirok, the Ta'Chungarr (High Shaman). Jirok is the Ram religious leader, and a sharp old coot (I've seen some of the negotiations he handled, and he could probably con the average Orion, which is pretty impressive for a Ram!)



This religious thing strikes me as pretty bizarre. I mean, a bunch of Rams getting all starry-eyed and messianistic? The usual Ram idea of religion is to eat beans and applaud the inevitable consequences (safety hint, kids... do NOT sit near a Ram who's been eating Chunga beans. You have been warned!) Still, I have to admit one thing: if there is such a thing as an ideal Ram warrior, Tokk comes a lot closer to it than any other Ram I've ever seen!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

The blood of the warrior burns fierce in your veins. Answering the call of this blood has been your life's mission. You have overcome all opponents, but this is unimportant. It is the next combat you look to, always. You were following the call of the warrior when you challenged your clan-chief for his position. He was strong, but you knew that you were stronger, the greater warrior. You were right. Then, you chose to seek the ultimate challenge available to a Ram: Ta'Shem'khet, the High Choosing. You fought seven of the greatest warriors of your people for the right to the title of Tomud. After two suns and two moons in Do Shem'khet, you emerged, and cast seven stones on the ground in front of Jirok, the High Shaman. He nodded his head, and motioned you to take up the great Honj, Dakh, which is the symbol of your new position. You will release this blade to another only upon your death.

You find some aspects of leadership to be trying. Listening to all of these frightened mice who would rather talk all day than fight is a burden. Fortunately, Jirok is there to relieve you of some of these burdens, which do not become a warrior. Jirok is your closest advisor, your eyes and ears. He believes that you are the one foretold, that you will lead the Ram people in the final battle. Personally, you have trouble accepting mystical prophecies. You believe in what you can see and touch. Still, if a great enemy does come, you will welcome the chance to stand against it; this is the dream of every Ram warrior. You will lead your people in the only way you know: the warrior's way!

ODA, ASSIZZIAN SPEAKER

Size Class: 7	Body Points: 11			
Initiative Modifier: 0	Race: Zen Rigeln			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 40	Manual Dexterity: 83			
Intelligence: 112	Agility: 52			
Constitution: 92	Aggression: 32			
Intuition: 71	Charisma: 114			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 15	Military Leadership: 44			
Persuasion: 126	Bargaining: 71			
SMRS				
CHE: 28	RAD: 33	BIO: 55	MEN: 110	POI: 28
SON: 45	ELE: 45	FIR: 30	ACD: 25	CLD: 70
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 26,000,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Breathing	10	*		
Deep Sleep	10	*		
General Science	12	89		
Bard	14	225		
Administration	9	170		
Law	12	200		
Computer Operation	6	140		
Computer Programming	4	120		
Speed Reading	8	160		
Basic Medical	20	280		
Biological Attack	12	200		
Chemical Attack	12	200		

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Disease Diagnosis	21	290
Disease Control	21	290
Genetic Mutation	10	180
Infections	19	270
Poisons	18	260
Radiation	12	200
Surgery	22	280
Mental Defense	10	*
Self Healing	6	*
Mapping	6	140
Land Navigation	6	140
Survival (tropical)	5	110
Survival (deciduous)	5	110
Anthropology	5	130
Archaeology	5	130
Biology	21	290
Botany	21	290
Chemistry	21	290
Genetics	8	160
Diplomacy	13	215
Persuasion	10	*
Paramedic	15	210
Theology	15	230
Pilot Skimmer	5	110
Duration Control	10	*
Power Control	10	*

MATRICES

Type: Healer Matrix Level: 24 Power Points: 112

POWER	LEVEL
Awaken	1
Benign	1
Bio-Redox	1
Blessing	1
Blood Stoppage	1
Chemical Redox	1
Clarity	1
Mend Bones (simple)	1
Plant Sentence	1
Purification	1
Ritual of Peace	1
Slow Poison	1
Sterilize	1
White Count	1
Burns	2
Compatibility	2
Heal Plants	2
Internal Bleeding	2
Mend Bones (compound)	2
Need	2
Poison Removal	2
Probe	2
Sterilize Environment	2
Remove Paralysis	2
Speak With Dead	2
Assizzian Palm	3
Autopsy	3
Cure Disease	3

POWER	LEVEL
Death's Door	3
Identify Agent	3
Mend Bones (skull)	3
Mind Healing	3
Cellular Immunity	4
Divine Assistance	4
Heal	4
Mind Shield	4
Radiation (lethal)	4
Restore Agility	4
Restore Constitution	4
Restore Strength	4
Ward of Assizza	4
Cure Amnesia	5
Exorcism	5
Mother's Milk	5
Touch Subconscious	5
Zashmil	5
Enshrinement	6
Entombment	6
Mass Healing	6
Raise Dead	6
Regenerate Limb	6
Death's Crossing	7
Disciple	7
Soul Savior	7
Temple of Healing	7
Reincarnate	8
Ra	9

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

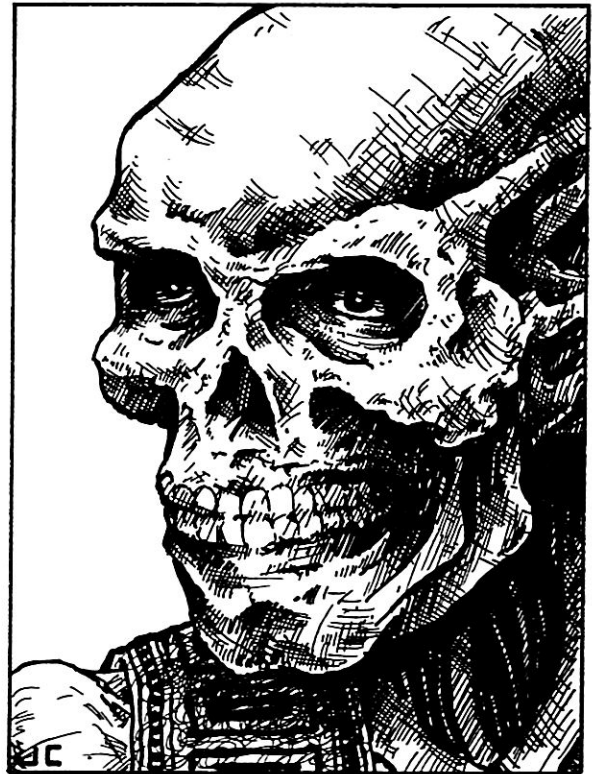
Oda travels clad in a white Kycalliot, with a heavy skinsuit (both street clothes armor) underneath. He also carries a Haven personal defense shield. All of these defenses are at the insistence of the Council of Timar and his own people, for Oda feels that hiding behind protective technology is foolish, claiming that, "When it is my time, I will die, and not before." He has also had a mind screen implanted, consequently he realizes the tremendous harm that his powers could do were he to fall under some unscrupulous individual's mental influence. Oda also carries certain artifacts of power, notably an Eye of the Healer and the Staff of Assizza (this simple wooden staff can only be used by Zen of the highest level of wisdom (at least 20th). It holds a part of the soul of the user, allowing him or her to work tremendous feats of healing. Any healing matrix generated using this staff costs half and has double effectiveness. Furthermore, should the user die while holding the staff, it will feed his own life energy back into him, restoring him with 1-4 body points. This staff is also the symbol of the Assizzian Speaker). Additionally, Oda usually carries several vials of the healing fluid known as Asgilla Fatinan (see the Healer power "Mother's Milk" for details) and a highly sophisticated portable lab kit, which holds a top of the line body computer. This state of the art piece of equipment incorporates the latest medical and scientific diagnostic programs. Oda also carries numerous bags, boxes, vials, and other containers for holding interesting looking specimens he may encounter.

DESCRIPTION

Oda of Katerl is a tall, slender, composed looking Zen in white robes, with the ornate blue and gold mantle of the Assizzian Speaker over them. While polite and pleasant to talk to, the Speaker has something of the distracted naivete of the archetypal absent-minded professor about him. He becomes genuinely excited and animate only when discussing healing, science, or metaphysics, his primary areas of interest. Oda is 322 years old.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

The famous Zen scientist known as Oda of Katerl is the current Assizzian Speaker, the chosen representative of the Zen people to the Council of Timar. He isn't the ruler of the Zen, who govern themselves by a democracy and have no ruler per se, but it is true that his opinion holds more weight than that of perhaps any other single Zen alive. A fearless healer, Oda has often placed his life in extreme jeopardy for the sake of an injured party. When confronted by mass scenes of injury and pain, he has been known to work around the clock, pushing himself beyond the limits of his frail mortal flesh until he collapses. Many have praised his incredible courage and selfless devotion, and refer to him with the honorific "Child of Assizza", a reference to his extreme adherence to Zen ideals.



In addition to his illustrious career as a healer, Oda is also a scientist of the highest caliber, perhaps best known for his work in biochemistry and the healing properties of plants. It was his work with derivatives of the Ganoir plant which led in large part to the creation of the Massive BRI. For his work, Oda has received numerous awards, including the Robe of Sacrifice, the Temple of the Benevolence, and the Crown of Assizza. He has also been awarded the Galactic Achievement Award in Medicine three times for his numerous and significant contributions.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Call me a cynic, but Oda of Katrel, Healer Extraordinaire, seems just a little too good to be true! Whoever said "power corrupts" has apparently never heard of this guy. We're talking about someone who can create new life by the planetful, and by all accounts, he's as naive as a six year old waiting for Santa Claus to come down the chimney! I just don't buy it. Oda may be one of the finest, kindest, most selfless beings in the universe, but he can't possibly be as ignorant of the way things are as he seems to be. If you want proof of that, take a look at some of the policies enacted by the Alliance while he's been the Zen Speaker. Oda's "wide eyed innocent" act has gotten quite a bit of Zen legislature past the Council. He's gotta have something in mind. Still, considering the sorts of bills he's worked to pass—care for the poor, more stringent medical standards throughout the Alliance, stricter weapons control and registration acts—I suppose one could do a lot worse than let Oda go through with whatever his master plan is!

Just lately, though, Oda's been less active in the Council. Every time he makes an appearance, he has this distracted, preoccupied air about him, as if he had other things on his mind. I don't know. Maybe he'd rather be off theorizing on the therapeutic properties of the daffodil or something!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Understanding, balance, peace. It's a centuries old mantra of the Zen people, meant to remind you of the route to an ideal universe. In order to achieve harmony—with another person, with your surroundings, with yourself—there are certain steps which must be followed. First, you have to understand the nature of the problem, and the obstacles to overcoming it. Then, that understanding must be used to create a balance of forces, and bring the disparate elements into harmony. Finally, with harmony achieved, peace will be realized.

You have tried to make the wisdom of this mantra your guiding force in life, in everything you do. It is the standard by which you heal injuries, by which you plan your daily activities, and by which you handle negotiations with the Council of Timar. Understanding, balance, peace... a simple, three word phrase which has served you well with its profound message.

Lately, though, you've begun to notice something amiss. Nothing blatant, which you could put your finger on... but there seem to be minor disturbances in the balance of the world around you. The logical thing to do, for you, was seek understanding of this threat to balance. What you have found is most disturbing. Repeated journeys into the other world, the fourth dimension, have revealed to you that there are serious disturbances in the fabric of the spirit world. It is the carryover of these disturbances which you have begun to feel on your own plane of existence. But what is causing such turbulence? You don't know. You do know that it would take a power of awe striking proportions, beyond any you've ever encountered before, and that whatever it is, it has the unmistakable taint of evil to it.

Understanding. Balance. Peace. Three words which you have striven to live your life by. Now, you are confronted by a force beyond your understanding, which threatens to destroy the balance of the universe. You fear very much that with these two elements gone, the fragile peace which you have worked so hard to maintain is doomed to crumble as well.

ARIEL

Size Class: Varies
Initiative Modifier: -6
Body Points: 35
Race: Unknown

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 52
Intelligence: 91
Constitution: 83
Intuition: 94
Manual Dexterity: 81
Agility: 94
Aggression: 52
Charisma: 100

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 90
Persuasion: 75
Military Leadership: 80
Bargaining: 70

SMRS

CHE: 80 RAD: 60 BIO: 90 MEN: 105 POI: 92
SON: 60 ELE: 70 FIR: 70 ACD: 65 CLD: 90

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 1,000,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Acrobatics	8	136
Alertness	3	*
Body Equilibrium	8	*
Body Points	5	*
Hand to Hand	12	BW
Stealth	18	236
General Knowledge	10	*
Law	5	120
Computer Operation	13	200
Computer Programming	13	200
Defeat Security (comp)	13	200
Identify Vessels	8	150
Camouflage	25	320
Detect Concealment	10	170
Disguise	25	320
Escape	12	176
Forgery	6	120
Impersonation	21	280
Infiltration	14	210
Intelligence	22	290
Interrogation	12	190
Shape Change	21	260
Mental Defense	10	*
Detect Security	13	200
Bypass Security	10	160
Etiquette	6	135
Pilot Skimmer	5	110
Pilot Spacecraft	3	90
Beam Weapons	12	BW
Energy Weapons	12	BW
Climbing	5	106
Alien Technology	10	170
Hand Radio	5	BR
Operate Transporter	3	100
Pick Locks	6	120
Basic Medical	4	110
ID Robots	5	120
Cryptography	2	90

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Operate Security	5	120
Street Smarts	6	130

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Ariel seems to prefer equipment which can adapt to her many changes in form. She is known to wear Infiltrator armor for the shape shifting capabilities, enhanced with a wide variety of armor options, some not available on the open market. The armor is known to have an IR dampener, camouflage unit, jump pads, skalers, a one-shot, beefed up displacer unit with a maximum range of 2500m and an accuracy of 90%, and plenty of additional polymers and ablative liner. Her weapons of choice are a pair of prototype pistols which can function as a Savage-C laser pistol, Neuro Cannon 2, or Sonic Disrupter. Each pistol has enough ammo for 20 shots of any type; changing modes takes 2 seconds. Ariel also often carries tear gas or blinder grenades. Her choice of gear reflects a tendency to avoid combat situations if possible.



DESCRIPTION

Nobody can say for sure exactly what Ariel looks like, because at different times, the enigmatic master spy has appeared as nearly everything under the sun, from male to female, and from Chatilian to Ram Python! It's not even known for sure what Ariel's gender is. Her (the female gender is used for convenience) most common form is that of a slender female human in her mid twenties, with light brown hair. However, it must be stressed that nobody can be sure that this is her original form. Ariel's mode of dress varies as much as you'd expect it to, considering that she can take the form of any race!

THE OFFICIAL LINE

The enigmatic Ariel is the head of Galactic X, the equally mysterious ultra-secret branch of the Galactic Forces. Very little is known about Ariel, whose past seems as mysterious and difficult to pin down as her form. All that is known is that she is superbly skilled, ruthless, and apparently capable of taking on the form of any humanoid race. How this is accomplished is unknown; there are a thousand theories. Many have speculated that Ariel is a Mazian, but this is considered unlikely. Scans which are normally 100% effective in detecting Mazians fail to register Ariel. She has not demonstrated the ability to mimic inanimate objects, as Mazians can, and she has demonstrated well developed color vision in the past. In addition, Ariel is known to be extremely agile, able not only to run, but to perform complex acrobatics; these types of motion are all but impossible for a Mazian to mimic. A more likely theory is that she has access to some form of advanced technology which allows her to make her changes, possibly a combination of holographs, prosthetics, and telepathic suggestion. However, if this is the case, it is an incredibly updated version; the most advanced disguises today take well over an hour to apply, and Ariel has been seen to change form in a matter of seconds. Furthermore, her "disguises" are so flawless that nobody has ever been able to see through one of them. Other theories suggest that Ariel is a mutant, the result of genetic engineering, or a new alien race previously unknown. The truth of any of these remains to be seen. However, with her uncanny ability to become anyone she chooses, and the resources of Galactic X at her disposal, one thing is certain: Ariel is one of the best informed people in the Alliance.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Funkadelic! Oh, the things I could do if I could pull Ariel's little shape shifting trick! Oh, well, wishful thinking... not that Ariel's been wasting her talent. Considering the security on Galactic X's computer systems (not that I've ever tested it personally, of course...) there has to be a hell of a lot worth knowing in there! And the really weird thing is, Galactic X seems to know just about everything about everyone, and nobody knows anything about Galactic X! Nobody even knows what they're supposed to be doing with all that intelligence! I mean, I have friends who are in pretty high places in the Alliance, and even they don't have a clue what Ariel and her little trenchcoat brigade are up to. It seems like Galactic X runs itself completely autonomously from the main government. Kinda unnerving, when you think about it... this whole superspy network is out there, and apparently not answerable to anyone!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Knowledge is power, and that makes you a very powerful person, indeed. You have at your disposal an information gathering network which is more formidable than anyone other than yourself even suspects. Every agent of Galactic X is screened for total loyalty and trustworthiness. They answer only to you, and you answer to nobody at all. Oh, a few people think you answer to them: that joker Hawes, for example. Every so often, you feed him just enough scraps to keep him thinking you're his good little superspy. In the meantime, you get on with your real mission, which virtually nobody in the Alliance even suspects. When Galactic X was formed 20 years ago, in late 2258, it was done under the auspices of a secret meeting of some of the highest government officials. They determined that it would be necessary for a secret task force to operate independently of the government, to minimize the risk of your secrecy being compromised. Of the officials who originally formed Galactic X and placed you in charge, only one

is left: Markuss the Mutzachan. The rest have all died under mysterious circumstances. This, more than anything, convinces you that the isolation policy was a wise one. There's someone out there who wants Galactic X stopped, and if your operations were known to anyone outside the bureau, you're pretty sure that they would have succeeded by now. These are powerful forces, powerful enough to make the political squabbles of the Council and the border skirmishes with the Arachnids pale by comparison. And they play hardball.

THE DANE

While we're on the subject of movers and shakers, it'd probably be a good idea to mention the biggest movers and shakers of them all. Everybody knows of them, but nobody knows anything about them, except maybe the Mutzachans—and for once, they're not talking! I'm referring, of course, to the Dane, the near-godlike entities which have been popping up unexpectedly in the past couple of years to deliver really dramatic warnings of gloom and doom. Who are they, why are they here, and what exactly are they going on about?

The Dane are a race of incredibly powerful beings (we think—for all we know, it may be just one, having fun with us!) who claim to exist in all places and times at once (that must be kind of funky). Whether this is true or not is unknown, but the Dane have demonstrated awesome powers and blatant disregard for the known laws of physics. They seem to be able to use all manner of matrix abilities, including many which aren't currently known to science. They can shape shift at will, assuming any form they wish so well that they're impossible to detect as anything other than what they appear to be. All of this seems to have given them a serious attitude problem! The Dane exemplify the term "pompous jerk". They consider themselves infinitely superior to us, the lowly microbes of the Alliance. I hate people with that attitude, even if it does happen to be true in their case!

The first meeting with a Dane is lost in the mists of time. Many ancient cultures have legends about godlike beings who appeared to provide guidance to their people. Modern anthropologists and historians believe that many of these beings might actually have been Dane, taking a direct hand in influencing the formative periods of developing cultures. A few extremists have even suggested that it was the Dane who first planted the seeds of humanoid life throughout the galaxies, which is why there are so many similarities between such scattered races. They also suggest that the Mutzachans were the first of these to be created, the prototype, so to speak. However, there is no evidence for this theory (and I'd just as soon not think I have the same ancestors as Anal-Retentus the Eridani or Dumm the Ram Python, thanks just the same!)

One which has been verified as a Dane sighting to some extent is the Ram Python legend of the Blade of Sharras. The tales of Ram shamans claim that Tar, the first great Tomud of the Rams, was visited by a powerful being in a dream, who told him of the victories and glory that would one day belong to the Ram people. In his dream, he saw a blazing two-handed sword, and reached out to take it. The energy blinded him, but at the same time gave him new sight. When he awoke, Tar moved with new purpose. Performing strange rituals unknown to his people he created a strange sword. When wielded, the sword blazed with power. The Rams took this as a sign of the divine favor of Sharras, god of Earth's Fire (their patron deity of volcanoes). They rallied behind Tar, and when the water-lizards came from their homes to do battle, they were driven back. Until recently, this was thought of as just another religious legend, but in 2268, the Dane known as Stel spoke

to the Council of Timar again. During his speech, he made mention of the Blade of Sharras and Tar, and claimed that it had been he who had aided the Tomud. Oddly, he spoke as if it had just happened recently, rather than over 5,000 years ago.

Mutzachan records also hold mention of these beings, from a time even farther in the past. These records are extremely hard to get a hold of, as the Mutzachans guard them carefully, but by pulling in a lot of favors, I was able to get access to a copy of an ancient Mutzachan text on the doings of the Vision of Eight, then called the Council of Timar. A passage from the book translates as follows:

"And as the Council spoke of these matters, and of the great threat which would force the races into conflict, a female Mutzachan appeared to them. All in attendance could sense her great power, and the weight of time and knowledge hung about her like a cloak. None needed to be told that this was not truly one of their kind. She surveyed the room for a moment, then spoke.

"I am Koriel, of the Dane. Your knowledge and insight serves you well, but the course which these events will take is not yet to be revealed to you. All is not as it must be. Therefore, make ready. Seek you the wanderers of the worlds, those called the Atlanteans, for they will show the way in time. Though they will not be present to stand with you when the time comes, their children will. Watch, and be ready, for you are the first, and your guidance will be needed in the times to come." Having finished her speech, the being known as Koriel vanished, leaving the Council to debate what she had said . . ."

It's pretty obvious that the Mutzachans and the Dane have been palming around for a good long time, and that whatever scheme they've cooked up has the weight of advance planning behind it. But they're being awfully quiet about what they know. In fact, the one sure way to shut up a Mutzachan is to start asking him or her about the Dane!

The first well documented sighting of a Dane came in 2258, when one calling himself "Farkon" materialized on the floor of the Council of Timar. This in itself was enough to cause something of a stir, since the Council chambers have one of the most advanced security nets ever conceived, and are supposed to be impregnable to displacement and other forms of teleportation. He delivered an eloquent message which more or less boiled down to, "You're about to walk off a cliff. Open your eyes, you idiots!" He also predicted that the Alliance would be destroyed, and generally brought down the whole tone of the meeting. When he vanished as suddenly as he had come, the Council, needless to say, was a bit taken aback. I may be totally off the mark here, but considering that Galactic X started making appearances just a little while after that, I'd hazard a guess that at least one of their jobs is to find out more about the Dane and their plans. I can't say I blame them. After all, if a god popped up in my bedroom one night and said, "Hi, your galaxy's gonna blow up, have a nice day!" I'd be a little worried, wouldn't you?

Since 2258, there have been a lot of reported sightings of the Dane. How many of these are real and how many are just people trying to cash in on the latest craze is unknown. Of course, the one we can be sure about is the second materialization on the floor of the Council in 2268 (and boy, I'll bet the Council's security people just hate it when they do that!) by a Dane calling himself Stel. Once again, he delivered a dramatic speech about how the Alliance was going to come to an end, and this time advised us to go check out the Atlanteans. Well, that's all fine and dandy, but the last time I checked, the Atlanteans had all gone on vacation about 8000 years or so ago and never come back! If our best hope for survival is a legendary race who make most of their appearances in supermarket tabloids, I think we're all in trouble.



IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Okay, enough with the pencil-pushers for a while. The movers and shakers of the Alliance are important people, yeah, but let's face it—a lot of them are pretty boring! The average Alliance citizen doesn't want to hear about a new trade agreement with Backwater-4, he or she wants to hear the juicy stuff. Who got caught doing what where, and how many farm animals were involved.

There is a small, elite group of people in the Alliance whose comings and goings are the subject of more discussion and debate than all the Alliance's decisions combined. These larger-than-life individuals are the superstars of the galaxy, idolized by billions. So what if five million people died of a plague in the capital city of Scitimer? It's not going to be as interesting to most people as the fact that Madd Mike Kantrell and Karen Shesnowicz were seen dancing together at the Gadabout Club, or that Garret "The Jackal" Smith scored his 4,000th contact goal in the Cyball playoffs.

Presented here for your pleasure are the brightest stars of Alliance territory, the individuals who hold as much power as any Alliance official through sheer force of personality and charisma. The reasons for their fame are legion, as are their personalities and natures. As a matter of fact, some of the rich and famous are downright bizarre! But they can get away with it. Just one of the many advantages of being a celebrity; if you're rich and crazy, you're called "eccentric". If you're poor and crazy, they throw you in a padded cell.

This is the world that most of us aspire to, the world of bright lights and headlines with your name in them. But how far does one have to climb to be in the limelight? How does Joe Mercenary compare to the illustrious Dameon Tremel, Galactic Executioner?

Compiled below is a list of relative prestige scores of the individuals in this section, compiled from the surveys issued by over a dozen intergalactic periodicals on who's "hot" and who's "not".

PRESTIGE RATINGS

PRESTIGE	INDIVIDUALS
100	Madd Mike Kantrell, Dameon Tremel
95-99	Garret "The Jackal" Smith
90-95	Alystra Kell
80-89	Sean "The Bossman" Mulligan
70-79	Karen Shesnowicz, Granny
50-69	Tanya Frost, Oda of Katrel
40-49	Artemis Raila, Hal Greenwood
30-39	Big Lou Rosario

As you can see, it's not easy getting to the top when it comes to the game of fame.

So, here it is. The good stuff. Stars, glamor, and gossip, all in your hot sweaty little hands. Read on, and remember: fame and glory aren't everything (but they're kind of neat!).

MADD MIKE KANTRELL

Size Class: 5 Body Points: 20
Initiative Modifier: -3 Race: Human

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 95 Manual Dexterity: 88
Intelligence: 92 Agility: 74
Constitution: 50 Aggression: 85
Intuition: 91 Charisma: 125

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 53 Military Leadership: 112
Persuasion: 88 Bargaining: 138

SMRS

CHE: 74 RAD: 27 BIO: 54 MEN: 105 POI: 74
SON: 72 ELE: 52 FIR: 32 ACD: 32 CLD: 52

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 1,300,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Agility	3	*
Alertness	3	*
Body Equilibrium	3	*
Body Points	6	*
Climbing	12	172
Hand to Hand	23	BW
Strength	5	*
Stealth	13	182
Swimming	4	*
Artist (painter)	9	150
Bard	3	120
Alien Technologies	2	90
Hand Radio	15	BR
Base Station Radio	12	BR
Interstellar Radio	5	BR
Repair Basic Radio	5	120
Repair Space Radio	3	90
Computer Operation	9	160
Computer Programming	7	140
Bypass Security (comp)	7	140
Repair Systems	2	80
EDC	4	110
EVM	10	152
Identify Vessels	16	230
Remote Piloting	4	110
Pick Locks	3	90
Bartering	10	*
Electronics	4	110
Mechanic (tank)	4	110
Basic Medical	12	190
Disease Diagnosis	4	110
Disease Control	2	90
Paramedic	8	140
Poisons	3	100

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Camouflage	14	210
Concealment	12	190
Demolitions	9	160
Detect Concealment	15	220
Infiltration	14	210
Military Leadership	5	*
Land Navigation	11	180
Repelling	6	112
Scouting	8	150
Escape	8	132
Set Traps	8	140
Sighting	9	*
Survival (deciduous)	10	170
Survival (jungle)	9	160
Survival (desert)	9	160
Survival (arctic)	8	150
Survival (emergency)	15	220
Detect Security	3	100
Welder	3	100
Throwing	12	BW
Tracking	6	130
Business Management	6	130
Pilot Truck	3	90
Identify Robots	7	140
Operate Security	6	130
Pilot Automobile	5	110
Pilot Skimmer	9	150
Pilot Tank	9	150
Pilot Transcruiser	8	140
Powder Gunnery	6	BW
Beam Gunnery	12	BW
Energy Gunnery	4	BW
Pulse Gunnery	13	BW
Omega Gunnery	4	BW
Particle Gunnery	2	BW
Missile Gunnery	10	BW
Archaic Powder Weapons	12	BW
A/R Beam	4	BW
Chemical	5	BW
T-Bolt	2	BW
Beam Weapons	22	BW
Energy Weapons	15	BW
Direct Fire Weapons	6	BW
Indirect Fire Weapons	6	BW
Omega Weapons	5	BW
Particle Weapons	4	BW
Pulse Weapons	18	BW
General Knowledge	10	*
Street Smart	9	160

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

As the owner of the largest mercenary supply operation in the Alliance, Madd Mike has access to any sort of equipment he wants! His choice of gear will depend on the situation, and he will often be found with advanced prototypes of items not available on the open market yet. For knocking around town, he generally carries the following: Heavy Skinsuit (street clothes), Bodyguard Personal Defense System, a set of streamlined multi-optic goggles (which look like mirror sunglasses) with infrared and ultraviolet imaging, a 100X

magnification feature, and a Targeting Acquisition Computer (as the cybernetic implant), a Savage-D laser pistol and Wax'em Gun (in matching monogrammed crimson holsters), an advanced body computer which serves as his personal secretary, and other assorted miscellaneous items, including a well stocked emergency first aid kit. He will also quite often have either a bodyguard or Killer Satellite to back him up.

Mike has extensive cybernetics, a legacy of his long combat career. Both legs are cybernetic, with full EMP shielding and cosmetic surgery. These legs enable Mike to move at 96kph and have built-in hover jets. He also has a hearing amplifier, Adrenal Implant, Bio-Implant, Neuro-Implant, Mind Screen, and Sonic Suppressor.



DESCRIPTION

Madd Mike is 5' 11" tall and weighs 175 pounds. He is 59 years old, but an extensive physical fitness regimen and the best of medical care have given him the appearance of someone in his late thirties. His grizzled, scarred face (he could easily have the scars removed, but has chosen to retain them), short iron-grey crewcut, and devil-may-care grin are familiar to a majority of Alliance citizens, as Mike has been featured on hundreds of magazines and holo-broadcasts. Mike wears the best of clothing, but aims for a subdued appearance, rather than flashiness or gaudiness. His favorite colors are red and grey, and his outfits usually incorporate a lot of both. Madd Mike has a commanding presence, something intangible which allows him to dominate most crowds he finds himself in. He speaks with a slight accent reminiscent of old Earth Texans.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Madd Mike Kantrell is the mercenary's dream, the small town boy done good. Born on Basisa in 2221, he lived a childhood punctuated by tales of conflict. The deeds of the larger-than-life mercenaries he saw on his family's old holo-set prompted young Mike to seek out a similar career, and in 2238, at the age of 17, Mike stowed away on a

freighter to seek his fortune as a soldier of fortune. His beginning was less than auspicious, as he had next to no equipment, and even less practical combat experience. Still, Mike managed to attach himself to a small, unproven unit which called itself "Thor's Hammer". The unit was mostly made up of unproven rookies like himself, with a few more seasoned campaigners mixed in. Mike learned all he could from these individuals, and proved to have a knack for the work, turning up in exactly the right place at the right time. In later interviews, Mike attributed this to "the luck of the Irish," referring to his Celtic ancestry (Mike claims to be pureblood Irish stock, a fact he takes considerable pride in). Whatever the reason, young Mike Kantrell not only survived, but prospered, even when Thor's Hammer ran up against an unusually well-equipped pirate clan. Mike was one of two surviving members, and instead of fleeing when he had the chance, he insisted on sneaking back into the pirate complex to sabotage their power plant. The odds were a thousand to one against him, but true to form, Kantrell managed to find that one way to succeed, destroying the pirate complex in the process. This action earned him the Bronze Crown (the first of 8 he has received to date), and the nickname "Madman". Later combat usage shortened this to just "Madd".

Mike's Career continued to grow, and so did his fame. He developed a reputation for getting into and out of situations that go beyond what most people can imagine. This, of course, made him a target for young hotshot mercs who wanted to make a name for themselves. One incident, now almost a legend, involved a young Orion who decided to try to take down the famous Madd Mike. Stepping out of concealment, pistols drawn, he was greeted by two deadly accurate laser shots to his hands. As he nursed his wounds, stunned by the pinpoint precision of the attack, Mike walked over and began giving him pointers on how to avoid similar incidents in the future! The Orion, who goes by the name of Jack Sprat, joined up with Mike's unit, and is still serving today. Every once in a while, he'll show the two white scars on the backs of his hands as testimony to the truth of the story.

Madd Mike Kantrell's best known battle, though, was his stand at Moraxal 4, where he held off a brutal Rebel assault almost single-handedly. It was in this battle that he lost his natural legs, but he still somehow managed to come out alive, unlike the majority of the troops under his command. Only three other members of Colonel Kantrell's unit survived the attack, all badly wounded; it is from one of these, a Human named Ryan Jackson, that most of the details of the battle were gained. Madd Mike Kantrell has never been much of one to boast.

Shortly after this battle, Mike decided to retire from active military service, ending a career in which he earned 29 Purple Hearts, the Fornax Shield of Courage twice, the Frontier Accommodation Medal four times, the Galactic Achievement Medal twice, the Military Honors Award, the Cap of the Vigilant Watcher, the Red Cross of Valiantry, and a phenomenal 8 Bronze Crowns, 3 Silver Stars, and the Legion of Honor, making him the most decorated mercenary fighter in the history of the Alliance. Settling on New Terra, he used the proceeds of his long career to open up a mail-order mercenary supply business, aided by the three surviving members of the Free-lance (his old unit). Over time, this small business grew and expanded, eventually becoming the largest independent weapons supply service in the Alliance, with extensive ties to most of the major military manufacturers. It is well known that many of Mike's personnel have worked for Balshrom in the past, and vice-versa. The small newsletter/catalogue which he started has grown into Madd Mike's Mercenary Brochure, the fourth most widely read magazine in known space, with

well over 4 billion subscribers and many more newsstand sales. And as for Colonel Madd Mike Kantrell himself? Well, he's enjoying his retirement at his estate on New Terra, which blends luxury with one of the most vicious security systems known to man.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Yeah, Madd Mike Kantrell is a legend, all right, but legends tend to gloss over the dirty little details. According to just about everyone who knows him well, Kantrell's a survivor. No trick is too dirty, no strategy too underhanded, if it brings him out of the battle zone alive. This is probably what made him such a successful military leader—he's willing to do what it takes to get the job done! But he's no saint. Rumor has it that one of the tactics which allowed him to survive the assault on Moraxal 4 was building a barricade out of the bodies of his fallen comrades. None of this has ever been proven, though, and a lot of people refuse to believe it, while others simply shrug and say, "That's combat."

Kantrell is also a top line actor, and he knows how to play to the cameras. His trademark grin and self-assured manner are part of his persona as the owner and operator of Madd Mike's Mercenary Supply; in private, sources say he's a much different individual, quiet and introspective. It's well known that he tends to avoid conventions nowadays. Personally, I think that the hordes of Intrepids who flock after him, hanging on his every word, scare him with their fanaticism (hey, take it from someone who knows... being famous can be a scary thing!). A source close to Mike reported that after one such autograph session, he said, "It's scary... they make people like us their whole lives, and they don't have any idea what's out there. None at all. There must have been about six or seven hundred of them out there... if every one of them got his wish and was picked up by a unit tomorrow, there wouldn't be ten left alive in three months."

For the most decorated mercenary in the Alliance, Madd Mike lives a pretty sedentary life today. Most of his time is spent quietly at home, pursuing his hobbies (Mike is a skilled painter, and is working on a series of novels) or attending gala functions. The fact that he has been seen at a number of these events with the mercenary known as the Black Widow, Karen Shesnowicz, has led to speculations of romance. Mike insists that they're just good friends, but a jeweller I know on New Terra reports that he spends a lot of time in the store, looking at diamond rings... oh, and as for that security system I mentioned earlier? I can personally vouch for its effectiveness. Biggest damn guard-beasties I've ever seen...

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You live a double life. Madd Mike Kantrell is a larger than life personality, and one you play to the hilt. To add to the charm, you affect a down-home Texas accent, and a lot of colorful expressions, when you're in public ("Let me tell you, guys and gals, the shells was comin' down thicker than skeeters at a blood bank! Yes sir, I thought one of those rounds had my name on it for sure, but ol' Lady Luck still has the hots for this boy, seems like"). When it comes to combat, though, you're deadly serious. One plus to the fame, though: most people think you're a lot tougher than you actually are, and tend to leave you alone. Most mercs would no more consider picking a fight with Madd Mike Kantrell than a beginning martial artist would picking a fight with Jack Norrys (Chuck's great great great great grandson!).

Every now and then, you find yourself with some odd jobs on your hands that need doing. If you happen to have an up-and-coming young mercenary on your "shows promise" list, you often throw these jobs his way. They're tough tasks, enough to test the mettle of any young Battlemaster, but when someone pulls one of them off, you pay very well. The cash is good enough, but most of these young mercs find that your patronage is a lot more valuable than any sum of money! Sometimes, you'll get in a new weapons system, and want it reviewed for the next issue of Madd Mike's Mercenary Brochure. You've never believed in these namby-pamby firing ranges as accurate tests of a weapon's value, so you usually send them out in the field with (you guessed it) young mercs on your "shows promise" list. Of course, you keep careful track of who has what, and if they come back without it, they'd better have a damn good reason. You can be just as powerful an enemy as you can a friend . . .

KAREN SHESNOWICZ THE BLACK WIDOW

Size Class: 5	Body Points: 18			
Initiative Modifier: -5	Race: Gen Human			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 85	Manual Dexterity: 94			
Intelligence: 68	Agility: 102			
Constitution: 84	Aggression: 83			
Intuition: 73	Charisma: 86			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 64	Military Leadership: 70			
Persuasion: 62	Bargaining: 57			
SMRS				
CHE: 33	RAD: 31	BIO: 31	MEN: 60	POI: 33
SON: 41	ELE: 56	FIR: 36	ACD: 36	CLD: 58
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 650,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Agility	3	*		
Alertness	3	*		
Body Points	4	*		
Climbing	3	88		
Hand to Hand	16	BW		
Stealth	12	178		
Swimming	3	*		
Hand Radio	5	BR		
Base Station	3	BR		
Computer Operation	14	195		
Computer Programming	12	175		
Defeat Security (comp)	10	155		
Astrocartography	2	75		
Decontaminate	2	75		
EDC	4	95		
EVM	4	98		
Identify Vessels	5	105		
Navigation	5	105		
Bribery	3	100		
Camouflage	12	175		
Concealment	12	175		

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Detect Concealment	14	195
Disguise	3	85
Infiltration	9	145
Intelligence	3	85
Interrogation	5	105
Pick Locks	8	145
Basic Medical	5	105
Paramedic	5	115
Demolitions	7	130
Sighting	8	*
Survival (urban)	10	160
Throwing	6	BW
Tracking	10	160
Defeat Sec.	13	195
Detect Security	13	185
Pilot Automobile	2	85
Pilot Skimmer	8	145
Pilot Transcruiser	7	135
Pilot Spacecraft	10	165
Beam Gunnery	10	BW
Pulse Gunnery	9	BW
Missile Gunnery	9	BW
Repair Beam	2	85
Repair Pulse	2	85
Repair Missile	2	85
Beam Weapons	14	BW
Direct Fire Weapons	10	BW
Pulse Weapons	10	BW
Etiquette	3	100
Gambling	6	120
General Knowledge	8	*
Law	6	115
Street Smart	12	180

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Wherever she goes, whatever she does, the Black Widow packs some nasty firepower. While "in the field", she wears Argus mechanized battle armor with a full range of options, a Defender helmet with Digiton Battle System radar and Hostile Identification Computer, a Digiton missile rack with 10 Saylor Warhead missiles and 5 Condor anti-missiles, and of course, her trademark weapon, the experimental Cheesecutter gatling laser (treat as the auto laser cannon armor option with a 12 rate of fire and +10 to accuracy at all ranges). Her sidearm is a Wax'Em Gun, and for close combat she carries an Energy Knife (a smaller version of a light sword with a base accuracy of 60 and parry rating of 02. It has an encumbrance of 2, damage 2-8, and is identical to the Light Sword in all other respects). The Black Widow also likes Plasma Seduction grenades, and carries a couple with her at all times. Karen will also have a full field pack of miscellaneous gear. The exact contents are up to the Battlemaster, but bear in mind that Miss Shesnowicz is a veteran fighter who knows what to expect out there! A fully stocked medical kit is a must, as are various types of detection gear. She also usually carries explosives. Karen's ability to secure experimental, advanced equipment supports the rumors that she's romantically involved with Madd Mike Kantrell.

DESCRIPTION

Slender, athletic, and darkly beautiful, Karen Shesnowicz stands 5'9" and weighs 150 pounds. She is 33 years old, but looks slightly younger. Her pale skin and dark, slightly curly hair both bespeak her Slavic heritage. Karen wears her hair cut short, because, she claims, long hair interferes with her movement. She usually dresses in well-tailored but functional jumpsuits, but every so often, she'll show up at a social function in something long, black, sleek, and elegant, with accents of red. It's at these times, even more than usual, that she looks the part of the "Black Widow", and when she locks her green eyes on a man, most others aren't sure whether to envy or pity him!



THE OFFICIAL LINE

Karen Shesnowicz is a fast-rising mercenary and bounty hunter who has brought some of the most dangerous felons known to the Alliance to justice, including the notorious Kaba the Ram Python, who she successfully subdued and brought in for trial (he later escaped). Karen has vowed to hunt him down yet again, showing the determination and grim dedication to her job which makes her so effective. When pursuing a fugitive, the "Black Widow" is cool, logical, and methodical, following leads with a ruthless efficiency which gets results. When not on duty, however, she becomes a totally different person. Many people find it impossible to associate the cold, business-like "Black Widow" with the sultry socialite Karen Shesnowicz. She enjoys playing to the camera, and the cameras lap it up. The Widow's romances are one of the favorite topics of the tabloids, which is why her current association with Madd Mike Kantrell is causing such a stir.

Little is known about Karen's early life. She was born on Zidra, and spent the first several years of her life there. She had a husband, who died while serving duty on a military vessel in Fornax. Many believe that it was her husband's career which prompted Miss Shesnowicz to take up the mantle of bounty hunter; she refuses to comment on the subject, and many a reporter who has gotten a little bit too invasive on the subject has been treated to a close-up view of her knuckles.

The Black Widow's first collected bounty was on a pair of escaped murderers, Toth and Amon, known as the Bandal Barbarians (after the city in which they committed their crimes). While driving her skimmer at the Geliath spaceport on Zidra, she saw and recognized the two trying to obtain passage on a ship. As they crossed the street in front of her, she ran them down with her skimmer, causing both serious injuries, then proceeded to read them their rights while they lay bleeding on the pavement. When later asked what she would have done if she'd been wrong about the fugitives identities, Shesnowicz coolly replied, "I wasn't."

Since that time, Karen's reputation and career have grown like wildfire. To date, she has brought in 326 bounties alive, and another 470 dead. She has done numerous commercials for various corporations, including Madd Mike's Mercenary Supply. It is believed that this is how she and Mike met. Recently, she signed a long-term contract with Balshrom to be the spokesperson for their new weapons line, including the Cheesecutter gatling laser. The exact terms of this contract are not known, but it is believed to be worth several million credits to Miss Shesnowicz. In addition, mercenary conventions are screaming for her presence, and willing to pay top credit to get her as a guest. The Black Widow is one classy, dangerous, and very wealthy lady!

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Whoa! Now here's a lady I'd like to get to know! Beautiful, intelligent, with a razor wit and a nasty punch... what more could you ask for? 'Course, there are some problems involved with trying to muscle in on Mike Kantrell's rumored main squeeze (see my comments about his security system, above).

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Your personality swings back and forth depending on the situation you find yourself in. In a combat setting, or while negotiating a deal to track down a bounty, you're cool and completely businesslike. When in public or social situations, you love to play the part of the vamp, posing for the camera, and making some poor statesman or other nearly overload his pacemaker when you hang all over him, cooing and teasing. But what people had better not ever make the mistake of forgetting is that you're a highly intelligent professional, always looking out for numero uno. You'll try to maximize your own benefit in any given situation. And even at your most social and sultry, you're always watching your back... you've made a lot of enemies during your career, and there's no telling when one will be lurking just around the corner...

Generally, you work alone, but every so often, you decide it might be better to bring in outside help. Occasionally you need backup to help you bring down a particularly dangerous felon, or someone a little less recognizable than you are (fame has its price) to lure the prey out into the open. Most mercs and bounty hunters are more than happy to work with the famous Black Widow, because a successful venture with you is bound to boost the prestige of any Battlelord. You're picky about who you work with, though. You don't want clueless novices who don't know one end of their gun from the other. On the other hand, you also don't like to work with other "big names". Egos tend to rub together when "faces" work with one another, and that can jeopardize the mission. So you generally pick moderately skilled operatives with a reputation for getting the jobs they're assigned done with a minimum of fuss.

The other time your path crosses that of other mercs is when somebody's put a bounty on one of their heads. You almost pity the poor fools in that case. You're almost impossible to sway from a job, mainly because you've learned that cornered contracts will say just about anything to save their skins. But every once in a while, if you think one of them's telling the truth (and your instincts are usually right in these situations) you'll listen. Sometimes they'll have a piece of information about an even bigger quarry which they'll use to try to buy their freedom. Other times, they've clued you in to imminent attempts on your life by various underworld figures. You still bring them in after these revelations, but you beat them up a little bit less beforehand, just to show that you're not a complete ingrate. Once (and only once) a contract convinced you that the charges were trumped-up. When this happened, you paid a little visit to the person who had put out the contract. One other thing about the Black Widow: you do NOT like to be played for a fool. Ever. By anybody.

DAMEON TREMEL THE GALACTIC EXECUTIONER

Size Class: 5	Body Points: 25			
Initiative Modifier: -9	Race: Gen-Human			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 150	Manual Dexterity: 105			
Intelligence: 87	Agility: 65			
Constitution: 85	Aggression: 80			
Intuition: 112	Charisma: 74			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 90	Military Leadership: 95			
Persuasion: 64	Bargaining: 59			
SMRS				
CHE: 137	RAD: 35	BIO: 120	MEN: 160	POI: 137
SON: 75	ELE: 100	FIR: 40	ACD: 100	CLD: 62
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 1,250,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Acrobatics	3	80		
Alertness	3	*		
Body Equilibrium	8	*		
Body Points	6	*		
Climbing	12	170		
Hand to Hand	25	BW		
Stealth	18	230		
Swimming	5	*		
Alien Technologies	1	75		
Hand Radio	7	BR		
Base Station Radio	3	BR		
Interstellar Comlink	3	BR		
ECM (atmos)	5	115		
Computer Operation	12	185		
Computer Programming	12	185		
Bypass Security (comp)	12	185		
Astrocartography	2	85		
EDC	2	85		
EVM	4	90		
Identify Vessels	15	215		

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Bribery	13	195
Camouflage	18	245
Concealment	20	265
Detect Concealment	22	285
Disguise	20	265
Escape	2	70
Impersonation	20	265
Infiltration	16	225
Intelligence	10	165
Interrogation	14	205
Basic Medical	11	175
Poisons	10	165
Demolitions	6	140
Land Navigation	7	135
Scouting	8	160
Sighting	10	*
Survival (deciduous)	5	130
Survival (desert)	4	120
Survival (arctic)	4	120
Survival (jungle)	4	120
Set Traps	8	150
Tracking	22	300
Identify Robots	12	185
Cryptography	2	85
Forensics	5	115
Bypass Security	18	235
Detect Security	18	245
Pick Locks	15	225
Pilot Skimmer	6	130
Pilot Transcruiser	4	110
Pilot Spacecraft	5	120
Beam Gunnery	2	BW
Missile Gunnery	2	BW
Beam Weapons	20	BW
Energy Weapons	10	BW
Direct Fire Weapons	12	BW
Omega Weapons	15	BW
Pulse Weapons	12	BW
Throwing	5	BW
General Knowledge	10	*
Law	10	165
Street Smart	18	260
Survival (urban)	10	180

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Tremel is 'borged to the teeth, both by choice and as a result of having bits and pieces of himself shot off during his long career. Both of his arms are artificial, with a Strength of 150 and a reaction adjustment of -4. The left arm contains a wrist rocket launcher and finger laser. The right contains a gyro stabilizer and interface for snap-on Destroig weapons systems. His legs are also bionic. They enable him to move at a maximum speed of 96kph, and contain the hover jet and jump pads options. Other cybernetic options Tremel has include a targeting acquisition computer (right eye), hearing amplifier, language analyzer/modulator, Bio implant, sonic implant, toxin neutralizer, reinforced ribcage, storage cabinet, flux shield generator, Destroig exoskeleton, neural implant, mind shield, dermal armor 2, an electronic warfare computer, and a thought processor. All of these cybernetics have full cosmetic surgery, EMP insulation, and micro-

wave insulation. They are also insulated against electricity and corrosives. Tremel has paid various medical firms and high-level Zen handsomely to design a program of therapy which has allowed him to regain the majority of his lost Constitution. Tremel usually carries an Electron Field Generator Power Cannon, but may carry other Destroig systems. His normal suit of armor is heavily enhanced Argus, but he also has a suit of beefed-up Infiltrator for more subtle missions. His usual choice of armament (in addition to his Destroig system) is as follows: Argonite 1200 TIE system, Ripple missile rack with 4 Sabot rounds, 4 Saylon warheads, and 4 Condor anti-missiles. His helmet system of choice is a Digiton Battle System radar in a Cranium Monster, Hostile Identification Computer, and infrared discriminator, all linked together. In civilized areas, he wears his super Infiltrator armor, disguised as normal clothing (a Class 3-AA Bounty Hunter license lets you get away with wonders when it comes to customs), and carries his trademark weapons, a pair of Savage-D laser pistols with refractor prisms on them (refractor prisms are discussed in the artifacts section of *The Galactic Underground*; in brief, they increase damage yield of the laser by 10% and allow it to penetrate heavy armor). He also carries specialized weaponry, depending on what he's going after: a Ram Python probably means Neuro Cannons, a Cizerack means a sonic disruptor. Tremel has no problem with using poison if he has to, and has taken down many a renegade Phentari with mercuric rounds.

DESCRIPTION

The face of the Galactic Executioner is known throughout the Alliance. Children read about his exploits in his own comic-book series, and barely a night goes by without his picture appearing in the news. Tall and muscular, standing 6'2" and weighing 240 pounds of solid muscle, Tremel has brown hair, worn in a buzz cut, just beginning to grey at the temples. His eyes are a steely gray, and people looking into them describe it as an unnerving experience. Some have claimed that it's impossible to see yourself reflected in Tremel's eyes. His face is handsome, angular, and cold. Nobody has ever seen the Executioner smile. Of course, none of this applies when he's stalking a target. In these cases, tremel will do everything in his power (quite a lot) to disguise himself, using state-of-the-art prosthetics, makeup, and holographic imagery. Imagine the surprise on the face of some clueless fugitive when the sweet little old lady walking down the street suddenly turns into the Galactic Executioner and levels a weapon at him!

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Without a doubt, Dameon Tremel is the most accomplished bounty hunter of any class active today in the Alliance. For that matter, it can easily be argued that he's the most accomplished ever. Nobody has ever even come close to his kill and capture totals, or his success ratio of 98.3%. Tremel's methods are a secret known only to him, but whatever they are, they're effective.

Tremel is one of the Alliance's biggest celebrities. Ironically, he's also one of the most controversial. Many see him as a symbol of all that is wrong with the Alliance: the prevalence of vigilantes running unchecked, the value that society places on violence and bloodshed, the high crime rate. Others see him as a hero, risking his own neck to take down vicious criminals the government is afraid to go after. Children idolize him, women lust after him, and pacifists condemn him. But none can match him.

Tremel's private life is a mystery. Between jobs, he seems to disappear, and makes it clear that he doesn't want to be contacted. When a job attracts his attention, he is the one who makes the contact. He seems to always know when a job will require his talents and nobody else's, because he's usually in touch with the authorities almost immediately after they decide they need his help.

The Executioner's method of tracking a fugitive is chilling in its cold methodical ruthlessness. No lead is overlooked, and no opportunity missed. Tremel pursues his quarry with the determination of a scientist tracking an elusive new discovery. When he catches up to them (as he invariably does), he immobilizes or eliminates them with the precise grace of a surgeon excising a disease from a patient's body.



Dameon Tremel is an extremely private person, preferring to avoid the public eye whenever he can. This isn't often, as a sighting of him is enough to bring news hounds running. Because of this, and because it cuts down on assassination attempts, he is known to almost always travel in disguise. His skill at performance is legendary. In a very rare moment of personal indulgence, Tremel once performed "Hamlet" at the New Washington Center For The Performing Arts. His incredible portrayal of the tormented prince won him a standing ovation from some of the harshest critics in the Alliance. Ravnim Beshiil, theatre critic for *Limelight*, was quoted as saying, "Dameon Tremel's choice to pursue the career of a bounty hunter, rather than one in the dramatic arts, is one of the greatest tragedies ever to thespians everywhere."

MALACHAI'S TAKE

This was one write-up I wasn't looking forward to. Tremel is cold as ice . . . and he doesn't like people poking around looking for him. So I decided to settle for what my contacts could tell me, rather than try to track down the man himself. Even I'm not that reckless. Anyway, here's what I could pick up about Tremel on the streets. Some of it's probably true, and some may not be. Judge for yourself.

Tremel grew up in a good family. His mother and father were both accomplished actors and some claim that the reason nobody can find Tremel's parentage is because they performed under stage names (and also because Tremel is probably an assumed name). Both of his parents were killed by criminals one night after a performance . . . the criminals were apparently after the box office proceeds or the jewels Dameon's mother was wearing, or both. I haven't been able to find any accounts of a husband and wife pair of famous actors being murdered in the years Tremel probably would have been a child, but that doesn't mean they're not there; after all, it's a big universe. To continue the story, though, young Dameon was raised by friends of his parents in the acting troupe after that, but he had become cold and withdrawn with his parent's deaths. He continued his studies as an actor, and began to study other fields as well.

Before long, a strange phenomenon began to accompany the troupe. In any town where they showed up, well known local criminals would start to turn up dead. At first, suspicion didn't fall on the quiet young actor whose parents had been killed—until one of his closest friends entered his room uninvited one night and found him, clad in black, heavily armed, and with a fresh bloodstain still visible on one of his hands. The friend stared for a moment, unable to believe what he was seeing. That moment was all Dameon needed. Moving forward with a grace born of long hours of dancing lessons, gymnastics, and other exercises, he struck his friend a stunning blow to the temple. When Dameon's companion awakened, he was nowhere to be seen. In fact, he would never return to the troupe which had been his home. Dameon, the actor, was dead. Dameon, the bounty hunter, had been born.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You work alone. Always, in everything you do. There is nothing and nobody you can count on in this world other than your own talents and skills. And you make sure that you can count on those skills, by honing them to levels that most men would find unimaginable.

You have few hobbies. All of your skills are potential weapons against the scum who feed on society. But you do practice origami, as you find it soothes your troubled mind for a short while. It's become a trademark of yours to leave a black origami swan on the body of any kill you make.

You strive for excellence in everything you do, a holdover from your childhood. The only difference is that you used to hope for a career as a great actor. Now, your goal is excellence in killing. But you have no room for regrets. Regret is a weakness, and you can't afford weaknesses. The first time you killed a man, you shook and cried for fifteen minutes afterwards. If he'd had any friends around, you would've been an easy target. Now, you can kill without batting an eye. What this says about you as a person, you don't know. What it says about you as a bounty hunter is that you're one of the best. You never assume that you're THE best, though . . . that's the surest way to get overconfident and wind up with a laser hole between your eyes. No, you always imagine that there's somebody out there, tracking you down . . . and he's better at this game than you are. It keeps you on your toes.

SEAN "THE BOSSMAN" MULLIGAN

Size Class: 5 Body Points: 18
Initiative Modifier: -3 Race: Orion Rogue

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 101 Manual Dexterity: 85
Intelligence: 83 Agility: 54
Constitution: 99 Aggression: 74
Intuition: 91 Charisma: 116

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 80 Military Leadership: 62
Persuasion: 102 Bargaining: 147

SMRS

CHE: 83 RAD: 33 BIO: 33 MEN: 95 POI: 83
SON: 73 ELE: 54 FIR: 38 ACD: 33 CLD: 58

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 450,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Alertness	3	*
Body Points	4	*
Hand to Hand	9	BW
Strength	6	*
Computer Operation	9	155
Computer Programming	6	125
Bribery	20	285
Concealment	5	115
Detect Concealment	6	125
Forgery	12	180
Intelligence	10	165
Pick Locks	6	120
Pick Pockets	6	120
Bartering	15	*
Basic Medical	6	125
Paramedic	3	90
Anthropology	6	125
Defeat Security	6	120
Detect Security	9	155
Pilot Automobile	14	200
Pilot Skimmer	12	180
Beam Weapons	6	BW
Energy Weapons	6	BW
Pulse Weapons	6	BW
Accounting	13	195
Administration	20	265
Business Management	20	265
Etiquette	10	185
Gambling	19	260
General Knowledge	5	*
Law	5	115
Persuasion	5	*
Street Smart	15	220
Investment	5	115

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Sean has the cash to carry just about anything he wants to, and often does! His typical outfit consists of a street clothes business suit (treat as a heavy skinsuit), tie, overcoat, and gloves . . . all on the very cutting edge of fashion. On his belt, he wears a miniaturized auto-doc, and a Haven PDS. His wristwatch incorporates a mood discriminator and a communicator with a 5km range. Sean's usual choice of weapons are a heavy sonic disruptor (-20 to sonic SMR) and a Neutralizer neuro cannon, though he occasionally carries a Savage-D laser pistol. Mulligan also has the following cybernetic implants: body computer with modem, frequency scanner, jam strobe, emergency mind dump (he has several clone bodies in storage at multiple storage facilities), life shield generator, mind screen, sonic implant, and neuro-implant.



DESCRIPTION

Mulligan is 5'10" and weighs about 240 pounds. He is in excellent shape as a result of a long-term physical fitness regimen designed by his personal Ram Python fitness trainer, Tok. Sean has curly brown hair and a goatee, neatly trimmed. Mulligan is a trend-setter when it comes to fashion; his outfits are all originals, and several clothing manufacturers pay handsomely for photographs of his latest apparel. "The Bossman" has an air of supreme confidence about him, the attitude of someone for whom the universe is a game in which he holds all the pieces. He is generally accompanied by one or two top-flight bodyguards (usually his chief of security, Big Lou Rosario, and one other), and his romantic interest of the week (a list of women he's been romantically involved with is a who's who of famous women in and of itself).

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Sean Mulligan (popularly called "the Bossman") is, as of the most recent Galactic Census, the Alliance's wealthiest citizen (the census doesn't take into account the ill-gotten gains of proven criminals such as Uncle Ernie Freiberg, even if it could get him to fill out a form

without having the census-taker eaten). This dashing Orion businessman has stock in hundreds of corporations Alliance-wide, including substantial holdings in Balshrom, Able, Averon Motors, and many leading scientific research firms. A shrewd and canny negotiator, Mulligan always seems able to walk away from the bargaining table with the best end of the deal.

As with any major celebrity, speculation runs rampant around Mulligan's name. Rumors that he has ties to the Alliance, or to the underworld, are common. There are also rumors that people have disappeared from his private resort planetoid, Mulligan's Rock. None of these rumors have ever been substantiated, however, and for the most part they can safely be written off as the normal desire of the public to "spice up" the lives of its celebrities.

Sean "The Bossman" Mulligan has one quirk which stands out from the rest: he loves to eat. This in itself wouldn't be remarkable, but the amount and variety of food he puts away is nothing short of astonishing! Mulligan loves spicy food, and has been known to consume substances that Ram Pythons would blanch at! Despite the incredible amount he packs away, though, it never seems to affect him. Medical records indicate that Mulligan has an extremely efficient metabolism, which quickly converts everything he eats into energy.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

A warning in advance, I'm going to be biased here. Sean and I go way back, we went to school together on Taos. Still, I'll try to be as impartial as I can . . . okay, I give up. He's a great guy! One of the smoothest operators I've ever seen. But let's face it. This "outstanding honest businessman" stuff is utter crap! There is no such thing as an "honest businessman." Sean has a piece of the action, a big piece. Just how big? Well, some people would have us believe that Sean's one of the family heads of the Silk Lambs. Rumors of links to the Rebels are also a dime a dozen, and people say "the Bossman" is the only person who could have swung some of the arms deals the Rebels needed. But these are the same people who believe that "The Bossman" is in charge of the Picket Fence, so take it with a grain of salt. After all, nobody could be that powerful . . . could they?

At any rate, the point is: Sean "The Bossman" Mulligan is loaded. And he knows how to use his money to have a good time. Matter of fact, he owns his own asteroid, "Mulligan's Rock". He's taken this chunk of rock and turned it into a combination resort and supermarket, where, scuttlebutt has it, you can buy anything—for the right price. The Rock has the best of everything. The bars there are incredible, with drinks even I haven't heard of! The Bazaar is also amazing, with merchants from all over the galaxies plying wares that range from the ordinary to the fantastic. Information is available here, too, from gossip to classified secrets. An amazing range of people from all walks of life roam the alleys and pathways of the Bazaar. In fact, there's only one thing that people on Mulligan's Rock have in common, and that is that nearly all of them have something to sell. The most lucrative feature of Mulligan's Rock to many, though, is the fact that privacy is absolutely guaranteed. State of the art counter-surveillance systems, and an elite security force under the command of Sean's major domo, Big Lou Rosario, ensure this. The cops have been longing to search the Rock from top to bottom for years now, but Mulligan's lawyers are just too good, and have been able to keep them out. Of course, even if they could get a warrant, they'd have to find the Rock, and that might not be easy. Somehow, Sean got a hold of a couple of titanic worm hole generators, and he moves his little pleasure palace around periodically! And despite all the accusations, all the rumors, nobody has ever

been able to stick a conviction on Sean's head. That's not to say he hasn't done anything—of course he has, he admits it himself. But he has the lawyers, the leverage, and the money to ensure that trying to pin anything on him is like trying to hold water in a sieve.

Hmm. Come to think of it, I haven't been out to the Rock in a while. Maybe after I finish this, it'll be time to hit Bernie up for some vacation days . . .

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Charisma. That's what you have, and you've got it in spades. That, and a keen understanding of human nature, have gotten you where you are today. Of course, you had to break a few eggs along the way, but hey . . . if you don't play hardball in today's world, somebody else will—and they'll probably use you as the ball! So you do what you have to do, and you don't lose any sleep over it. The way you see it, the good you do outweighs the bad. You provide pleasure for a lot of people and con them out of their cash in the process . . . but you leave them with a smile on their faces.

Lately, though, you're more content to leave the profit generation to your corporate heads and play the role of the jet setting playboy. Eventually, you'll get bored with the life-style of the idle rich, and get back into the saddle. That's show your life runs, and it's exactly the way you like it. You're richer than sin, more powerful than most major governments, and having a hell of a good time!

You admire excellence, and you reward it in your employees. Your best friend is your bodyguard and personal chef, Lou Rosario, and he's the best there is in both fields. If you see a promising talent who shows signs of really excelling in his or her field, you might just pump some money into the individual's career, or even hire them on the spot! Your legal department can handle the security checks—and they do. Nobody works for "the Bossman" without passing the test with flying colors. And nobody gets hired without a final double check by you. If your instincts tell you something's fishy, the person doesn't get hired, no matter how sterling his record and recommendations are. You've trusted your instincts since you were a kid, and look where it's gotten you!

Still, maybe it's time for you to start thinking about settling down. After all, you're not getting any younger. It might be nice to have a companion, and as MacroCosm Entertainment's Most Eligible Bachelor for the past three years in a row, you don't have any shortage of applicants who'd like to fulfill the position. But any wife you could possibly live with would have to share your viewpoints. You see life as one big adventure, waiting to be experienced, and you want a wife who shares your tendencies!

BIG LOU ROSARIO

Size Class: 6 Body Points: 29
Initiative Modifier: -3 Race: Gen Human

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 115 Manual Dexterity: 80
Intelligence: 82 Agility: 55
Constitution: 91 Aggression: 62
Intuition: 81 Charisma: 73

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 35 Military Leadership: 61
Persuasion: 62 Bargaining: 57

SMRS

CHE: 39 RAD: 37 BIO: 37 MEN: 65 POI: 39
SON: 47 ELE: 62 FIR: 42 ACD: 42 CLD: 64

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 725,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Alertness	3	*
Body Points	6	*
Strength	3	*
Hand to Hand	18	BW
Hand Radio	6	BR
Base Station Radio	12	BR
Computer Operation	12	185
Computer Programming	12	185
Defeat Security (comp)	12	185
Architectural Engineer	8	145
Detect Concealment	20	265
Infiltration	10	165
Intelligence	8	145
Physics	2	85
Cook	22	285
Basic Medical	4	105
Activate/Deac. Robots	6	125
Function Alteration	5	115
Identify Robots	6	125
Forensics	15	215
Bypass Security	15	205
Detect Security	20	265
Operate Security	22	285
Pick Locks	4	95
Systems Design	21	275
Pilot Skimmer	5	105
Beam Weapons	15	BW
Pulse Weapons	10	BW
Administration	5	115
Street Smart	12	185
Defeat Security	12	175

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The most important piece of equipment Big Lou carries is his command console: a state of the art body computer completely dedicated to running the myriad security functions in Mulligan's Rock. In his role as the Bossman's chief of security, he wears Heavy Assault armor and a Defender helmet with Hostile Identification Computer, infrared discriminator, and Digiton Combat Array (in a security complex which Rosario has designed, the efficiency of this system improves to that of a Farsight Combat Array). Rosario's sidearm of choice is a custom built Force impact laser with security lock (only someone with Rosario's fingerprints can use it!). Big Lou also carries a Wax 'Em Gun as a backup weapon. His armor incorporates an experimental blinder strobe. When triggered, this shoulder mounted unit emits a blinding flash, as Lou's faceplate polarizes to protect his vision. This strobe has the same effects as a T3 Blinder grenade. In more public situations, he usually wears beefed-up Streetwise armor (heavy battle armor is frowned upon at most gala events). "Around the house," so to speak, when Lou's not on duty, he prefers to wear casual clothes or his immaculate white chef's uniform (either has the stats of heavy skintuit street clothes armor). He still carries his Force (which he calls "Lucky") as a sidearm.

DESCRIPTION

Big Lou Rosario is a massive Gen-Human who grew up on a high-gravity world. He stands 5'9" and masses 350 pounds of dense, solid muscle. Rosario has short black hair and a beard, with alert brown eyes. He can usually be found wearing either casual, dark clothing, which allows for maximum freedom of movement, or chef's whites. He always wears the silver and platinum pin he received as a token of respect from the great Orion chef, Nomo, upon graduating from his culinary academy with top marks.



THE OFFICIAL LINE

Lou Rosario is perhaps the finest security man in the business today. He is also a master gourmet chef, one of the very best to practice that craft. It comes as no surprise, then, that he has been in the employ of Sean Mulligan for a decade now, both as his chief of security and personal chef. Many have tried to hire him out from under Mulligan, but the Bossman pays his right hand man top dollar, and gives him access to resources that few corporations could match! Still, Sean gives his number one plenty of time to pursue his own interests, and Lou turns a tidy side profit by redesigning security systems for corporations and wealthy individuals. A Rosario security system will cost between 500,000 and 1,000,000 credits, plus materials. When you want the best, you pay top dollar! Between working for Mulligan and contracting out to other parties, Rosario spends his time pursuing his many interests, from martial arts (he has a black belt in four different forms, and is the founder of his own style), to cooking, to adding to his collection of antique weapons. Rosario has over a thousand archaic hand weapons from hundreds of different cultures. Most of them are antiques, and the entire collection is probably the best that can be found outside a museum.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Lou's a good guy. I've eaten his food and tried to crack his security systems (By invitation, of course. I'm not stupid enough to try to break into a Rosario-designed complex!). The food's the best I've ever eaten, and as for the break-in . . . well, let's just say I'm glad nobody got it on tape. It's humiliating to get nailed that quickly! But that's how good Rosario is. We've gone drinking once or twice while he was off duty, and he knows how to party! He also did me the favor of showing me some martial arts moves which have come in handy more than once when I was in a tight spot. Problem is, he doesn't believe in pads . . . I couldn't practice the moves he taught me until the bruises healed enough for me to move, three days later! Rosario's skill with hand to hand combat has earned him the nickname "Kung Fu Lou." He sometimes enters freestyle martial arts tournaments, and does really well for himself. One time, he was fighting a smaller, quicker opponent, and just fell on top of him! He was declared the winner of the bout when his opponent couldn't get up.

The main reason I don't think Lou is ever going to be bought out from his position with Sean is because the two of them are close friends who have saved each others lives repeatedly. Of course, the fat salary that the Bossman pays Rosario doesn't hurt either!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You think of yourself as a chef who just happens to be good at designing security systems. Lucky for you that your job at Mulligan's Rock lets you do both! It's a nice set-up, and you're not just an employee, you're Sean's de facto partner. The two of you have hatched some pretty wild schemes, which almost always pay off big. The one problem is, you're being called on to spend so much time designing security systems that you don't have much time for cooking. You're thinking of going into semi-retirement. You've got enough cash that you could retire now and live comfortably for the rest of your life, after all. So you plan on stopping your independent jobs and just concentrating on your main job as Sean's personal chef, adviser, and security chief. Who knows? Maybe a wife and 2.5 kids are in the works somewhere down the road, but that can wait. For now, you'll just keep playing the field, tinkering with recipes, and committing grievous bodily mayhem on anyone who takes a shot at your boss!

GARRET "THE JACKAL" SMITH

Size Class: 6	Body Points: 30
Initiative Modifier: -7	Race: Gen-Human

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 118	Manual Dexterity: 84
Intelligence: 55	Agility: 128
Constitution: 115	Aggression: 95
Intuition: 72	Charisma: 88

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 30	Military Leadership: 60
Persuasion: 58	Bargaining: 53

SMRS

CHE: 43	RAD: 41	BIO: 41	MEN: 60	POI: 43
SON: 51	ELE: 66	FIR: 46	ACD: 46	CLD: 98

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 350,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Acrobatics	5	116
Agility	7	*
Alertness	3	*
Body Equilibrium	3	*
Body Points	6	*
Hand to Hand	12	BW
Strength	6	*
Swimming	4	*
Musician	6	120
Investment	5	100
Computer Operation	3	80
Concealment	5	100
Detect Concealment	5	100
Mechanic (automotive)	12	180
Basic Medical	4	90
Self Healing	6	*
Etiquette	3	100
Gambling	6	120
Pilot Automobile	21	270
Pilot Skimmer	15	210
Beam Weapons	5	BW
Direct Fire Weapons	15	BW
Throwing	18	BW



EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Garret carries a Defiance personal defense screen, just in case . . . Cyball fans can get pretty flaky at times! On the field, he wears custom designed AKM body armor with reinforced joints, shoulder spikes, and the best imaging technology allowed on the field. This armor incorporates new ultralight materials which cut the encumbrance value in half. The Cyball Regulatory Commission ruled twelve years ago that the equipment used by players could vary within certain parameters, and since that time, different teams have worked hard to

squeeze every last advantage they could out of their gear. Smith's outfit is a shining example of the latest in Cyball technology. So is his Jet, a sweet piece of machinery which he calls "The Shredder". Garret and a team of expert mechanics spent months perfecting this bike, which has an integrity of 80/60, a threshold of 3, and a maximum speed of 300kph. Special gyro-stabilizers have been installed, making the bike much easier to balance and control; maneuver checks on this vehicle receive a +25 bonus. Many other Jammers are now installing similar stabilizers in their bikes. Smith has no cybernetics, mainly due to the prohibition on Cyball players using any form of artificial body enhancement technology.

DESCRIPTION

Most people know Garret "the Jackal" Smith as the quick as lightning, larger than life personality they see on their holo-vids every time they turn to the latest Spirax Warriors game. Clad in his spiked black and gold armor (the Warriors colors), astride his streamlined, wide-tired Jammer bike, the Jackal is instantly recognizable on the field or off. His wild man attitude during interviews and the trademark animal howl with which he finishes most of them are familiar even to the few who don't follow Cyball closely.

Off the field, Smith is a little harder to recognize. Without the wild glare to his eyes that he assumes during a game, he looks a lot different. The Jackal is a big man, standing 6'4" and weighing about 320 muscular pounds. He keeps his brown hair cut short in the front, and shoulder length in the back. During a game, he wears his hair tied up inside his helmet. Garret's face is handsome, but has obviously taken a lot of abuse over the years. His nose has apparently been broken several times, and he has a number of scars. Smith typically dresses in casual clothes; his favorite color is dark blue.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Very little needs to be said about the man who AllianceSport Magazine recently named the overall MVP for the sport of Cyball for the third year in a row. Garret Smith is a name known to nearly every Alliance citizen, and his wild demeanor and full speed ahead attitude are equally well known. Smith's trademark howl and wild, cackling laugh have earned him the nickname of "the Jackal" among Cyball fans. The players who have gone up against Garret tell a different story, claiming that he's the Jackal because "he bites hard and hangs on!" Few can match Smith's phenomenal skill on the bike. Combined with deadly throwing accuracy (he's been known to take down blocks by hitting them dead in the face with the ball), it makes a scoring package which no other Cyball player has been able to match.

In his spare time, Garret enjoys playing electric guitar. He favors heavy neo-thrash, and two of his songs have been recorded by the hit band, Purple Ice Cream Has No Bones. Smith also gambles, and there is some speculation that he may have incurred substantial gambling debts.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Hey, who doesn't love a good game of Cyball? I've got 150 credits on the Spirax Warriors to take the playoffs this year, and another 150 on Smith to score at least two contact goals during the game! The man is phenomenal. I like to keep in good shape, but I don't come close to the level of fitness Smith has. Hell, most professional bodybuilders don't come close to his level of fitness! One of Garret's personal trainers said that the Jackal works out for at least four hours a day, every day. Every so often, you get the usual rumors: the Jackal's a junkie, the Jackal's using illegal technology to enhance his performance, blah

blah blah... nothing very original, and it's usually coming from some disgruntled player who Smith just stomped in a game. There have been cases of that kind of abuse among Cyball players (okay, so there've been a LOT of cases), but you just don't get as good as Smith is by taking shortcuts!

In his personal life, Garret Smith's not doing so well. There's a lot of speculation about Smith's gambling habit. People in the know suggest that Smith owes, and owes big. How big? Well, considering that the Jackal's yearly salary is over three million credits, it'd have to be a pretty enormous debt if he can't pay it off! Some people think that Garret's divorce was because of this gambling problem. If this is the case, then I think Garret needs to get his feet back on the ground, sort out his problems, and get back to what he does best. Jamming!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

What a rush! There's nothing to compare with the thrill of gunning your bike, the Shredder, down the cylinder at breakneck speed, past Blocks who really want to break your neck! You're an adrenaline junkie, and you know it, but who cares? You're doing what you love to do, and you're getting paid for it.

You've always been a thrill seeker, which is how you got into gambling in the first place. Unfortunately, your luck with bets isn't as good as your luck on the field, and you maybe have a little problem with debts. OK, you're not fooling anyone... you have a big problem. Your bookies are breathing down your neck and your wife left you. Worse still, it's starting to affect your game, and that's one thing you can't afford. Lately, some very unsavory types have started suggesting that maybe you could pay off your debts by playing a little worse than you usually do. A missed goal here, a failed pass there... you gave them five seconds to get out before you twisted their heads around backwards so they could see how much of a resemblance there was with their butts! You may have a problem, but you're sure as hell not gonna start throwing games!

TANYA FROST

Size Class: 5	Body Points: 28			
Initiative Modifier: -4	Race: Gen-Human			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 119	Manual Dexterity: 107			
Intelligence: 75	Agility: 128			
Constitution: 120	Aggression: 85			
Intuition: 73	Charisma: 82			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 30	Military Leadership: 64			
Persuasion: 63	Bargaining: 58			
SMRS				
CHE: 43	RAD: 41	BIO: 41	MEN: 80	POI: 46
SON: 51	ELE: 66	FIR: 46	ACD: 46	CLD: 68
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 525,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Acrobatics	15	216		
Agility	6	*		
Body Equilibrium	9	*		
Body Points	6	*		

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Breathing	5	*
Climbing	18	246
Hand to Hand	12	BW
Stealth	10	166
Strength	6	*
Swimming	6	*
Computer Operation	5	110
Escape	4	106
Paramedic	6	130
Mountain Climbing	17	238
Repelling	10	166
SCUBA	8	146
Skiing	16	226
Survival (mountain)	15	210
Survival (arctic)	15	210
Geology	11	170
Pilot Skimmer	8	150
Pilot Crawler	8	150
Bow	12	BW
Rail Gun	8	BW

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Tanya's equipment depends on the event she's participating in. Usually, it's minimal, since most of the events of the Gauntlet rely on the athlete's own physical and mental abilities, rather than fancy toys. Tanya's only cybernetic implant is her medical computer, which maintains precise readings on all aspects of her physical condition. These readings are relayed back to her personal physician's monitor station, and Tanya herself can call up this information on an optical overlay. When she's at home, Tanya carries survival gear appropriate to the mountains of Zidra: skis, arctic gear, snow goggles, and the like. For hunting and personal defense, she carries a BC-Rail Gun.

DESCRIPTION

Tanya is a stunningly athletic woman, 6 feet tall and weighing roughly 170 pounds, all of it lean, corded muscle. She has blond hair which she wears in a ponytail. Tanya moves with an incredible, practiced ease which is beautiful to behold. She dresses in functional clothing designed to allow her maximum movement and comfort, mostly in white and blue. Her taste in colors, pale blue eyes, and focused, intense demeanor have earned Tanya the nickname of "the Icewoman."

THE OFFICIAL LINE

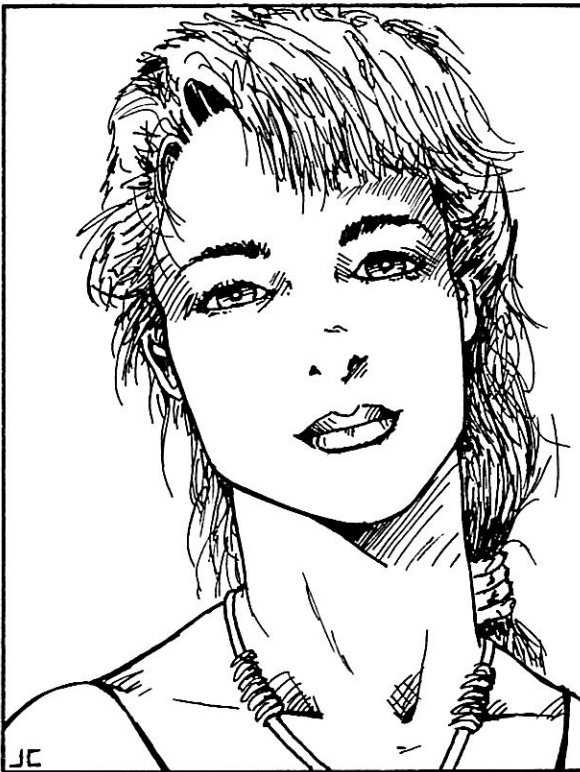
Every five years, the Alliance hosts a competition of the finest athletes from all of its member worlds. This competition is fittingly named "The Gauntlet," and it is quite simply the most gruelling, most demanding program of athletic events ever devised. Similar in some ways to the Olympics and related competitions, the Gauntlet is more intense in every respect, placing tremendous demands on its participants. In the last Gauntlet, four years ago, the highest overall ranked athlete from any world was Tanya "The Icewoman" Frost.

Tanya Frost was born on Zidra in 2256. The rigors of her snowy, mountainous home instilled strenuous exercise habits in her from the very beginning. As she grew older, Tanya displayed an intense love for physical competition, against others and especially against herself.

She derived incredible satisfaction from testing herself, pushing herself beyond ordinary thresholds. At age 7, she recalls first deciding that she wanted to take the ultimate test. She wanted to be a Gauntlet athlete.

In her adolescent years, Tanya excelled in amateur athletics, taking dozens of awards. Despite her hectic training schedule, she still managed to find time to pursue her other interests, earning a degree in comparative geology.

At the 2275 Gauntlet, Tanya competed for the first time. To the amazement of experts, she surpassed all other athletes to take the top overall placement, beating out the heavily favored Eridani and Ram Python athletes. She took seven gold clusters (the Gauntlet uses the old Olympic ranking of gold, silver, and bronze, but the medals have been replaced with clusters, medallions with a likeness of the local star cluster on them, representing the unity of the Alliance), setting new records in her specialty event, the Arctic Triathlon.



Tanya has become a media personality. The public of the Alliance love this feisty, self-reliant, confident woman, who wasn't afraid to take on the seemingly invincible Eridani athletic machine, and who proved to the world that dedication can work miracles.

Tanya plans to compete again this year, and experts predict that her performance will be even better this year than it was in 2275; however, the Eridani know what to expect this time, and have been in intensive training to regain their position of preeminence. All in all, the Alliance can look forward to an incredible competition!

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Wow. Tough lady. And sort of scary, if you ask me. There's nothing wrong with dedication, but when you get someone this obsessed, it's just wrong! Think about it: Tanya Frost is as close to "perfect" as anyone gets. What does it cost to get to that level? Well, for one thing, any sort of a social life. If she's not cross-training or out climbing Mount Ranyart on Basisa, she's studying geology. Tanya's

unique among celebrities, in that the tabloids have never linked her romantically to anyone! When people ask her about her lack of relationships, she says she doesn't have time at this point in her life. Me, I always make time for relationships! Still, we all make our own choices, and I have to admit, seeing the look on the face of that overconfident Eridani jerk Apal-Icas when Tanya beat him in the 2275 arctic triathlon makes me think maybe hers was worth it! Oh, he wasn't happy . . . and he's going to be out for blood in 2280!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

A lot of people seem to think that your goal is to be "the best." That's never been what you aimed for. You aim for "better"—better than your competitors, better than you are now. "Best" is an endpoint, and you don't believe in endpoints. You can always get better, and if you don't, then someone else will!

It's not the trophies you compete for, even though those are nice. It's not the money, even though that lets you continue and expand your training program. It's the surge of adrenaline, the thrill you get when you push yourself to the very limit of your ability . . . and then push beyond. You find a kind of quiet serenity at the very pinnacle of competition, an understanding of yourself that you can't find any other way. You're a lot like the Eridani that way. In fact, you trained extensively with a Buddon Priest, known to you as Ket, when you were a teenager. You don't know why he taught you, though you gather he was an exile from his world. Many of your techniques came from him, and you suspect that it may have been these techniques which made the difference at the Gauntlet. Your closest challenger in the arctic triathlon, Apal-Icas, seemed to think so too. You have a hunch that next year, the competition won't be as easy!

KETH KESTREL

Size Class: 4
Initiative Modifier: 0

Body Points: 7
Race: Gen-Human

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 61
Intelligence: 68
Constitution: 56
Intuition: 45

Manual Dexterity: 92
Agility: 71
Aggression: 81
Charisma: 91

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 33
Persuasion: 103

Military Leadership: 54
Bargaining: 58

SMRS

CHE: 19 RAD: 17 BIO: 17 MEN: 50 POI: 19
SON: 27 ELE: 42 FIR: 22 ACD: 22 CLD: 44

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 100,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Poet	6	115
Singer	23	280
Musician	24	305
Hand Radio	7	BR
Base Station Radio	7	BR
Computer Operation	3	85
Disguise	2	75
Gambling	8	125

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Persuasion	10	*
Street Smart	12	165
Pilot Skimmer	10	165
Archaic Powder Weapons	3	BW
Beam Weapons	3	BW

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Keth dresses in street clothes armor, due to the controversial nature of her music and the generally freaky nature of her fans. She wears the equivalent of a street clothes overcoat and heavy skinsuit. She can almost always be found carrying an antique 1969 Fender Stratocaster guitar, which has been restored to perfect condition. The guitar's case is also custom-built, and Kestrel claims that it's sturdy enough to stop arm rockets! The case is covered with decals and signatures; every time a fan asks for Keth's autograph, she insists that the fan give his or her autograph as well, on the case. Kestrel seldom carries weapons, but does own a Night Stalker pistol with oversized barrel, which she uses for target shooting. She occasionally wears this pistol to enhance her "wild and unpredictable rebel" image. Still, it's not all image. A psychotic fan once decided to kill Kestrel for not returning his letters. He managed to kill the guards from ambush, but before he could get a bead on Keth, she dropped him with three shots to the chest, neatly placed less than an inch apart.

DESCRIPTION

A wild looking Gen Human female, 26 years old. Keth is 5'7" tall and weighs 120 pounds. Her jet black hair is unruly, cascading down to the middle of her back. Keth wears a lot of black makeup, as well. She dresses in a jet black skinsuit with a leather trenchcoat over it. Kestrel is most easily recognized by her manic grin and the black starburst tattoo which covers most of her upper chest, from just below the throat to the cleft of her breasts. Keth almost always leaves the neck of her skinsuit open partway to display this tattoo.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Since her single album, "Capture Nova" went iridium back in August of 2278, Keth Kestrel has held the distinction of being the single most listened-to musician in history, beating out the previous record held by Jayce Dancer of Orion Blue fame. The lead singer and guitarist for the ultrafamous band, Purple Ice Cream Has No Bones, Keth has also released a number of albums on her own. Kestrel is known for her incredible versatility, having recorded with every sort of group, from Python Thrash bands like Guyz Who Sing And Rip Up Puppees, to classical groups like the Royal Theatre of Eridine. Of course, she's best known for the sound which she reinvented, drawing on mid-twentieth century Earth influences and adding her own unique slant to produce what the music community has termed "neo-rock."

Keth Kestrel's musical career started in 2268. The fifteen year old Keth and a few of her closest friends decided to form a band. According to Keth, they came up with the name of the band, "Purple Cream Bones No," by dropping a dictionary into a food processor and pulling out scraps at random. Later, the name evolved into "Purple Ice Cream Has No Bones." Although Keth and the lead bassist, Geoff Martin, are the only two original members left, the band retains the name to this day.

The first performance of the future Purple Ice Creamers was less than auspicious. After totally demolishing the stage and blowing out an "overload-proof" sound system worth hundreds of thousands of credits, Kestrel and her cohorts were arrested and spent the night in jail.

In an interview shortly after the release of "Capture Nova" she commented on this, noting that, "When I was a nobody and trashed a stage, I got arrested. Now, I get paid for it!"

Purple Ice Cream Has No Bones went on to become one of the most popular bands of the twenty third century, recording five number one hits on the MusicNet, and such hit albums as "Dark Side of the Asteroid", "Meltdowns and Melons", "Ripple", and the immortal "Ballad of the Fat Black Pot Bellied Condor." Despite their huge popularity, though, many critics remained skeptical of Keth's potential as a solo musician. To prove them wrong, she recorded her own album. Taking the concept to her usual extremes, she also wrote all the lyrics, provided her own backup vocals and instruments, and handled the dubbing and editing herself. The result was "Me", an album which many critics predicted would flop miserably as a cheap gimmick.

They couldn't have been more wrong. "Me" went platinum the first day on the shelves, and then iridium within a week. What's more, once the critics got around to actually listening to some of the cuts from the album, they had to admit that it was pretty good! Keth had proved herself capable of creating a mega-hit album that stands on its own.

Since the release of "Me", Keth has continued to record, both with Purple Ice Cream Has No Bones and as a solo artist. Her albums have sold a total of just over 9 trillion copies, beating out Orion Blue's overall total of 8.2 trillion.



MALACHAI'S TAKE

I'm an Orion Blue listener, myself. I haven't bought much of Purple Ice Cream's new stuff, because it's so much more commercial than the old classic albums. Still, when I really want to get in the mood to jam, I pop "Dark Side of the Asteroid" into the sound system and turn on the blue lights for an hour or so! Keth's solo albums are another story; they've all ranged between good and fantastic on the Malachai scale of music. Her guitar work has been one of the dominant influences on modern music. In fact, a lot of what I do is based on her work (modified for a seven-fingered playing style, of course). Lately,

a lot of rumors have been flying around about drug abuse, burnout, an imminent breakup with three of her spouses (Keth lives on a communal planet, where multiple marriages are encouraged. She has 5 husbands, each of whom has between 1 and 6 other wives. Must make family pictures a pain in the you-know-what!). Still, that's the big paradox of music: you try to make it big, and when you do, your old fans stab you in the back, claiming that you sold out, you're burned out, and anything else they can think of. Personally, I'm kinda glad that my band, Solaris, hasn't made the big-big time. It lets us concentrate on just having a good time, rather than worrying about what the masses think of us!

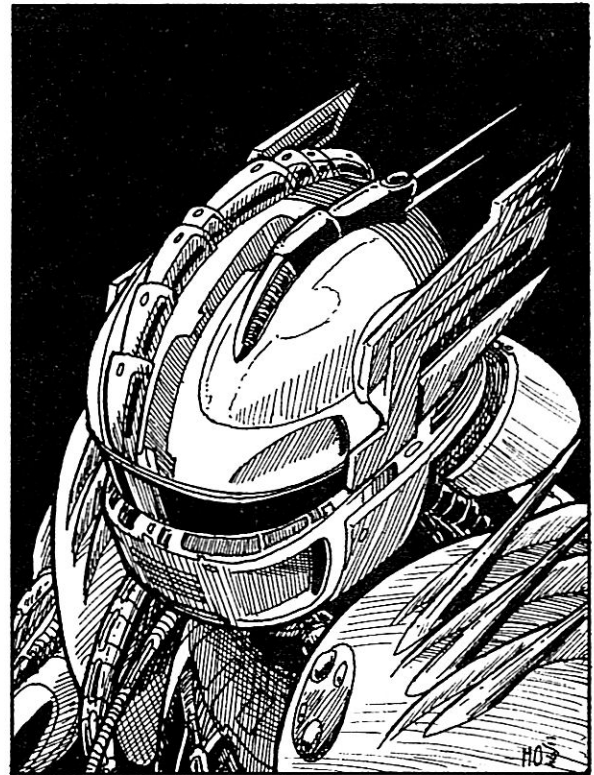
ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You grew up in a small town, with working class parents. Early on, you decided that you had to get out of the grind you saw wearing your parents down from day to day. You knew that your only chance of breaking out of this mold would be music, the only thing you were really good at, and the only thing you really loved to do. Gathering a couple of your friends and one or two other students you only knew through your mutual love of performing, you formed your band (and yes, the story about the food processor and the dictionary is true!). You enjoy the life you lead as one of the media's favorite subjects, and you act extreme just to attract more attention to yourself. You're an exposure junkie; you love being on camera, the more the better. But even that can't compare with the pure rush you get from your music. That's the one thing that hasn't changed over the years.

DEVAST-8

Size Class: 6	Body Points: 100			
Initiative Modifier: -2	Race: Techknight			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 150	Manual Dexterity: 115			
Intelligence: 85	Agility: 101			
Constitution: 65	Aggression: 85			
Intuition: 40	Charisma: 75			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 12	Military Leadership: 92			
Persuasion: 54	Bargaining: 29			
SMRS				
CHE: 99	RAD: 99	BIO: 99	MEN: 99	POI: 99
SON: 99	ELE: 99	FIR: 99	ACD: 99	CLD: 99
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 400,000				
SKILL				
LEVEL		UPS		
Agility	5	*		
Alertness	3	*		
Body Points	5	*		
Strength	4	*		
Poet	5	115		
Computer Operation	8	145		
Cybernetic Repair	5	125		
Astrocartography	5	115		
Identify Vessels	2	85		
Interstellar Comlink	3	BR		
Detect Concealment	10	165		

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Interrogation	2	85
Basic Medical	5	115
Military Leadership	4	*
Anthropology	3	95
Etiquette	10	165
Sword	25	BW
Beam Weapons	20	BW
Pulse Weapons	20	BW
Direct Fire Weapons	15	BW



EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

The Tann dai knight known as Devast-8 relies primarily on his cybernetic enhancements and weaponry. He wears an awesome suit of cybernetic armor, capable of engaging many Ultra-Armor suits on equal terms. Devast-8's armor has an Integrity of 50HP, a Threshold of 7HP, and an AR of 5HP. Its SMRs are all 120, and his personal SMRs have all been enhanced to 99. Devast-8's on-board weapons systems include an Impact laser with the stats of an Able Dancer, a powerful pulse chest cannon with the same stats as an S&M weapon, and twin missile systems with the stats of Ripple missile fire racks. One of these is loaded with Saylor warheads, and the other with EMP missiles (base effectiveness of the EMP pulse is 95%. EMP missiles can also knock out incoming missiles with the same effects as a Condor anti-missile). He has a radar system with a range of 20km, environmental containment, and flight systems which are transatmospheric capable, as well as the following miscellaneous cybernetics: body computer, language analyzer/modulator, infrared and ultraviolet sensors, motion detector, zoom telescopic vision, and a target acquisition computer. Devast-8 also carries a long sword, his personal hand weapon of choice.

DESCRIPTION

A towering cybernetic knight, 6'8" and weighing 265 pounds. Devast-8's armor is glistening gold with silvery highlights. His weapons match the armor, and are very sleek and deadly. His face (when it can be seen) is stern and rugged, and traced with circuitry etchings. His manner is courteous and gracious at all times, even in combat, unless his opponent has acted dishonorably. Dishonorable opponents bring out his cold, angry side, and can expect no mercy from him. Devast-8 is never seen without his armor, as he is dependent on it to maintain his life functions.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

The individual known as Devast-8 is one of the Tanndai, the Technights of Eiril. In fact, he was the first representative to be sent into the Alliance by their queen, Lia-1. He is also the most powerful ever encountered, sporting an array of cybernetic enhancements which make the best Alliance cybertechnology look like toys. Many cybernetics experts believe that Devast-8 might very well be capable of going toe to toe with light Ultra-Armor!

The golden clad knight first appeared in late 2278, on the planet of Dormadz. There, he almost single-handedly fought off a pirate assault against the capital city. Witnesses report that he shrugged off the raiders' attacks as if they were nothing. The pirates, who had been expecting only light opposition due to attrition from the recent Arachnid attacks there, didn't know what to make of this strange humanoid flinging death left and right into their ranks, and retreated. Devast-8 seemed puzzled by the displays of gratitude visited on him by the population, and even more puzzled when the government offered him large amounts of money to stay and guard the city. He explained his mission as well as he could (his translator seemed to be picking up the language as it went along, the witnesses say), and asked only for transport to another world.

Since that time, Devast-8 has appeared a number of times, on many different worlds. The circumstances are widely varied. Sometimes, he comes to the aid of those in danger, while other times he simply stays for a while, observing and asking questions. He always refuses to take more than the bare minimum he needs for his services, and never stays in the same place for more than a few weeks at a time.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Everybody wants a piece of this guy. Not in a fight (that would take a terminal case of dumb), but in a metaphorical sense. Devast-8's appearance, power, and heroic nature have earned him a reputation as a megahero who can do anything! I know for a fact that at least two publishing companies are trying to track this guy down so they can put him under contract, and start producing comics about him. There are other people who want a piece of the Tanndai techknight, too, and not all of them are as reputable as the comic companies. Word on the street is that there are cybernetics companies out there who would love to find out what makes his weapons systems tick... and they don't care much how they get a hold of them! Devast-8 may have the firepower of a tank, but he'd better watch his back.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You're the highest ranked of the Tanndai, the Queen's warriors. In many ways, you're her personal champion. As such, you have some doubts about this mission. Honor tells you that your place is at the side of your Queen, defending her, especially now that there are so many

more potential enemies to worry about. But it isn't your place to question her judgement. Your position of honor makes you an example to the Tann nation and the Tanndai in particular, and your duty is to obey the commands of your Queen without question.

You have to admit, though, that the thrill of exploring this vast new realm, beyond the confines of your own world, is exhilarating! You weren't certain of how to go about it at first, but you've found that there is much for a member of the Tanndai elite to do in the Alliance. There are parasites here, criminals which feed on their own people... a concept which you find alien. Still, these beings are without honor, and you deal with them accordingly. You can't understand why people treat you so strangely... they seem to adulate you, or fear you, simply because you do your duty to Queen and Code. It's a very strange place.

The only beings you've found that seem to make much sense to you are the warriors known as the Eridani. You enjoy discussing spiritual views with them, and you're quite interested in the mental disciplines they've perfected. You understand that General Erash-Ican, the leader of these people, wishes to meet you, and you're very interested in travelling to their world. But it's a long way to Eridine, from what you understand, and there's likely to be a great deal for a Tanndai to do on the way.

HAL GREENWOOD

Size Class: 4	Body Points: 7			
Initiative Modifier: 0	Race: Human			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 68	Manual Dexterity: 61			
Intelligence: 58	Agility: 55			
Constitution: 63	Aggression: 91			
Intuition: 62	Charisma: 81			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 30	Military Leadership: 71			
Persuasion: 102	Bargaining: 72			
SMRS				
CHE: 21	RAD: 19	BIO: 16	MEN: 50	POI: 21
SON: 24	ELE: 44	FIR: 24	ACD: 24	CLD: 44
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 325,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Hand to Hand	6	BW		
Administration	10	150		
Computer Operation	9	140		
Identify Vessels	11	160		
Traffic Controller	15	200		
Forgery	10	150		
Intelligence	16	210		
Basic Medical	8	130		
Poisons	8	130		
Demolitions	7	125		
Military Leadership	3	*		
Biology	7	120		
Detect Security	6	110		
Pilot Skimmer	6	110		
Archaic Powder Weapons	8	BW		
Persuasion	10	*		

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Hal keeps a Model 500 pistol and a Nitro Express rifle for his own use, both loaded with mercuric rounds. Favorite weapons of Black Monday terror squads include MG3 and ASP 30 machineguns, MAC 10 submachine guns, and Walther A2000 sniper rifles (all loaded with mercuric rounds whenever possible, naturally). Greenwood also carries a Haven personal defense shield (Able, the company that makes the Haven PDS, reported sales up 7% last month. Buy yours while supplies last!). The leader of Black Monday has also had some cybernetics installed: bio-implant, neural implant, sonic implant, and mind shield . . . just to be on the safe side. It is rumored that Greenwood's home is patrolled by a killer satellite loaded with sensory devices and weapons intended to take down methane breathers. Supposedly, this K-sat is programmed to shoot Eridani and Phentari on sight.

DESCRIPTION

Hal Greenwood is a 32 year old Human, 5'9" and 165 pounds, with receding brown hair. He wears middle class clothing, and tries to come across as "just one of the guys", but most people who have met him claim that he has an air of tension and watchfulness about him which makes this difficult. Hal always wears an armband with the symbol of Black Monday on it: black silhouettes of a Phentari and Eridani skull superimposed on a red background.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

The extremely controversial political activist known as Hal Greenwood has emerged as a growing force in the Alliance of late. His Black Monday group, which advocates strict control of Eridani and Phentari for the protection of non-methane breathers, has become a full-blown political party, and members are joining in surprisingly large numbers. The vast majority of these members are Humans and Gen-Humans, but there are also a number of Chatilians and other races. Conspicuous by their absence are the Mutzachans. Not one of the energy controllers is a known member of Black Monday.

Greenwood first came to light in 2276, in the aftermath of a pitched gunfight between escaped Phentari felons and Eridani law enforcement officials in a spaceport on Naxtar. Nearly all of the civilians in the main wing of the spaceport were killed in the crossfire; Greenwood, a traffic controller employed at the spaceport, was one of seven survivors. In later accounts, he claimed to have escaped injury by taking shelter behind the lunch counter where he was eating. When he was interviewed after the battle, Greenwood was outraged, claiming that the Eridani had given medical aid first to the other Eridani in the spaceport (five of the six other surviving bystanders were Eridani) and then to their Phentari prisoners, ignoring the dozens of injured and dying of other races. He demanded an investigation. The Eridani were suspended and placed in custody pending an investigation of their actions, but the Eridani government used political pressure to extradite them, and subsequently found them guilty of only minor misconduct, levelling a light fine against them.

It was at this point that Greenwood began to make public appearances, claiming that the Eridani and Phentari acted in collusion to exterminate the other races in the Naxtar incident. He cited as evidence the fact that not one Phentari or Eridani was slain in the gunfight, and that the Phentari captives mysteriously disappeared, never to be brought to trial. Shortly thereafter, he founded the Black Monday opposition group as an organized format to address the "Eridani/Phentari Conspiracy."

Numerous terrorist attacks have been linked to Black Monday, but Greenwood denies responsibility. In an interview shortly after the Sword Poisonings incident, he had this to say:

"Black Monday is a political group, seeking to open the eyes of Alliance citizens to the wolves in their midst. But we do not perform acts of violence. That is a role that must be reserved for the citizens of the Alliance when, their eyes opened at last, they purge this cancer from their midst. The group responsible for the so-called Sword Poisonings and other terrorist acts is a splinter group of extremists, who are no longer affiliated with Black Monday. But their actions demonstrate an important point: the people of the Alliance are tired of living in fear of their so-called allies, and will do whatever it takes to ensure their safety. Until some action is taken to control these methane-breathing menaces, I have no doubt that the attacks will continue!"

MALACHAI'S TAKE

"We do not perform acts of violence . . ." Shyeah right! It's the same old story terrorist groups have been using for thousands of years: "We didn't do it, but we have no problem with threatening you with it, and if you don't give us what we want, it'll keep happening!" Now, I'm not an Eridani-lover, far from it. Most of them are pompous, anal retentive, overly sanctimonious jerks, and I'm pretty sure that the thing with the swords has some Freudian implications. I'll even go so far as to admit that there are a lot of Phentari out there I wouldn't want to invite over for coffee and doughnut-equivalents. But anyone who claims that genocide of not just one, but two of the founding member races of the Alliance is a good plan is just plain nuts! First of all, there's the fact that Eridani ships are far and away the nastiest things out there. An Eridani war cruiser will outperform an Orion or Human-built vessel of the same class on almost all fronts. What are we going to do, attack them with a weaker fleet? Add to that the fact that Phentari cloak-and-strike tactics have resulted in more enemy casualties than any other attack strategy known, and you've got a slaughter on your hands—and not of the Eridani and Phentari. And this joker proposes that we attack 'em both at once!

I'm sure the Arachnids would just love that. Right after they got done laughing their asses off, they'd cruise in and clean up whatever was left. Hello, Reality to Hal! You in there? Go back to air traffic, pal, 'cause you've got no future as an activist!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You've never trusted 'em. The Eridani are bad, with their codes of honor and their arbitrary violence. The Phentari are even worse . . . they look at you like you might look at a t-bone steak. But you were content to live and let live, until that day in the spaceport. Watching those monsters blaze away, not caring who they hit, you realized that they truly have no regard at all for any form of life other than their own. And watching them step over dying people pleading for help, completely ignoring them, to administer first aid to their own kind, you knew that you couldn't stay silent on this. You had to speak out, to make people see.

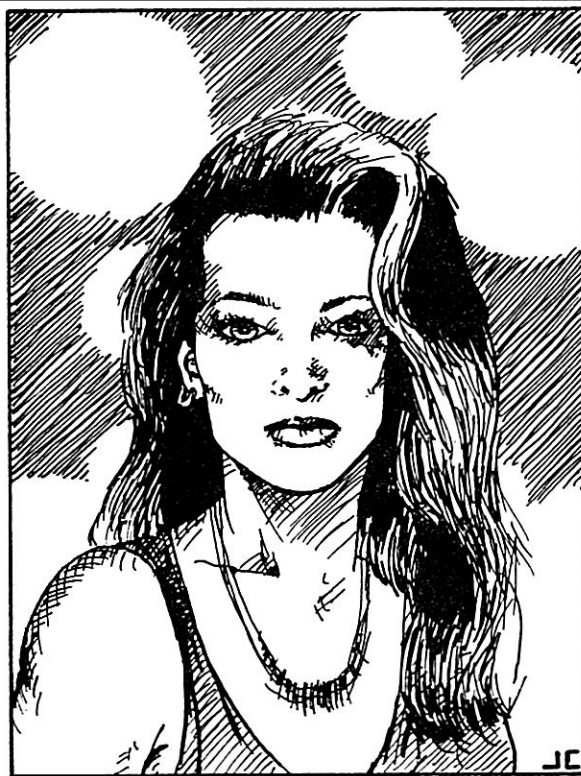
That's why you formed Black Monday. You hoped that you could open peoples eyes to the menace that the Eridani and Phentari pose. Your words drew converts, but not as quickly as you'd hoped. More drastic action was called for. That was why you decided to take matters into your own hands. Others call them "terrorist attacks", but one man's terrorist is another man's guerilla. That's what you see Black Monday as: a guerilla organization, fighting a war against a hostile occupying force.

While the attacks continue, you know that it's also necessary to continue to tell your story, to convince people of the truth of your words. You doubt that there's really a conspiracy between the two races, but claiming that there is gives your people a focus. Instead of two enemies, they see one: the Eridani/Phentari Conspiracy, the threat which has to be eliminated. And you're the one who's going to have to do it.

ARTEMIS RAILA

Size Class: 4	Body Points: 17			
Initiative Modifier: -2	Race: Orion Rogue			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 52	Manual Dexterity: 93			
Intelligence: 78	Agility: 103			
Constitution: 73	Aggression: 65			
Intuition: 105	Charisma: 113			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 105	Military Leadership: 90			
Persuasion: 99	Bargaining: 104			
SMRS				
CHE: 34	RAD: 29	BIO: 29	MEN: 60	POI: 34
SON: 39	ELE: 50	FIR: 34	ACD: 29	CLD: 54
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 850,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Acrobatics	21	270		
Agility	4	*		
Alertness	2	*		
Body Points	4	*		
Climbing	5	110		
Hand to Hand	18	BW		
Stealth	15	210		
Swimming	5	*		
General Knowledge	15	*		
Linguistics	12	180		
Singer	12	170		
Bard	16	245		
Musician	14	205		
Administration	8	140		
Merchant	13	190		
Hand Radio	5	BR		
Interstellar Comlink	3	BR		
Computer Operation	4	100		
Computer Programming	3	90		
Bypass Security (comp)	3	90		
Decontaminate	2	80		
EDC	3	90		
EVM	15	210		
Identify Vessels	11	170		
Navigation	6	120		
Pilot Spacecraft	5	115		
Bribery	12	205		
Concealment	6	120		
Detect Concealment	9	150		
Disguise	8	140		

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Impersonation	8	140
Pick Locks	10	165
Pick Pockets	13	195
Bartering	5	*
Paramedic	3	95
Military Leadership	4	*
Activate/Deac. Security	10	165
Detect Security	12	180
Diplomacy	15	235
Etiquette	15	235
Gambling	12	195
Persuasion	5	*
Street Smart	15	225
Pilot Skimmer	5	115
Beam Weapons	12	BW
Rail Gun	12	BW
Beam Gunnery	8	BW
Missile Gunnery	4	BW



EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

While in space, Artemis can usually be found wearing Tri-Mesh armor configured for space survival (environmental containment, oxygen supply, and a QSU for sealing tears). She carries a Gamma 4 laser carbine, or occasionally a Coilizer Gauss rifle. Artemis' sidearm of choice is a heavily modified Marsson Opticon, which the Dua-Shem's chief weaponsmith tinkered with for her. It has the same overall stats, but the malfunction and system shock numbers are both 99. Artemis also carries a medical kit, for those accidents which sometimes happen when moving a large caravan of people from place to place. This kit contains 4 massive BRIs, a BRA, a CRA, and a vial of Asgilla Fatinan ("Life's Blood") which she won in a friendly wager with a Zen and is now saving for an emergency. On planet, Artemis

seldom wears protective gear, because she trusts her clan to protect her far more than any piece of technology. However, like all Moig Dua, she always carries at least one of her weapons, and is always prepared to defend the clan.

DESCRIPTION

Slender, lithe, and muscular, Artemis Raila is 5'4" and 110 pounds of vibrant, fiery energy! She dresses in silks of green and aqua, loose enough to allow her maximum freedom of movement. Tattoos in a rose and silver-hued flamelike pattern spiral back across her temple and cheek from the corner of her left eye, creating a striking effect. She moves with a grace to rival the nimblest of Cizerack, her motions seeming unhindered by the restrictions of gravity (a result of her long and intensive practice as a zero-g dancer). Artemis loves silver jewelry, and is almost always seen wearing a great deal of it. Her choices are surprisingly simple, though, and the overall effect is not gaudy, as one might expect. Raila always wears at least three earrings: two in her left ear and one in her right. She also always wears the ornate signet ring which has been handed down from generation to generation of Dua-Shem leaders. This ring is only of moderate material value, perhaps 500 credits, but is considered one of the greatest treasures of the Dua-Shem. If it is stolen, they will stop at nothing to get it back.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

The Moig Dua have always captivated the imaginations of many an Alliance citizen, and Artemis Raila embodies the Moig Dua ideals. Beautiful, wild, and free, she delights in the arts, and is a master musician and storyteller. In addition, she is one of the finest zero-gravity dancers in the history of the medium, and whenever she performs, it is to sold out houses. Many patrons of dance will travel halfway across the Alliance for the possibility of one of Raila's recitals, and it's often necessary to do so. True to her Moig Dua heritage, Artemis never follows a set schedule of performances, instead choosing to perform wherever her clan finds itself.

Beneath the beauty, grace, and charming demeanor, though, there's a core of tempered steel. Artemis Raila has proven herself to be a canny and strong leader for her people, as adept at turning a deal or facing down an angry crowd as she is at dancing and singing. Raila is a ferocious fighter, deadly accurate with lasers or Gauss weapons, and a Master-ranked student of the Moig Dua combat form known as Dava. Overly amorous fans at several of her recitals have received firsthand demonstrations of the devastating joint locks and nerve holds a practitioner of Dava can deliver! Artemis is known for her quick temper, and is as fierce as a mother lion defending her cubs when her clan is threatened.

Those who mean her no harm, though, find Artemis Raila charming, eloquent, and witty. A new fashion movement is developing among the youth of the Core Worlds, which mimics the wild clothing and hairstyles of the Moig Dua. It is suspected that this is in large part due to Raila's tremendous personal charisma (a great many teenage females seem to have developed a taste for green and aqua silks) and the "Robin Hood" image of the Dua-Shem. The only people who report major losses after the Dua-Shem have been to town are corporations, generally ones with a less than sterling reputation for scrupulousness.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

When Orions want to have a good time, they hang out with the Moig Dua. When Moig Dua want to have a good time, they hang out with the Dua-Shem! Artemis and her clan know how to party rings around most of the sentient beings in the Alliance. I lucked into travelling with them for two weeks a year ago, and most of it's still a blur! They mix incredible drinks, most of which I couldn't even identify, and play some really wild music. One of their musicians played this funky stringed instrument, I can't remember the name, but she taught me some new tricks for my guitar which I didn't think were possible. She also taught me a few other things, but this is a family publication, so I won't go into that! I didn't even bother trying to hit on Artemis. It's common knowledge that when she's interested in somebody, she lets them know. Anyone who tries to push this lady is likely to wind up with his joints bent into new and exciting positions they've never bent into before, and I say good for her! If there's one thing I respect, it's a lady who doesn't take any crap. Come to think of it, that sums up the Moig Dua in general very nicely. They don't take any crap! I would have loved to stay with them longer, but duty calls. I left with a lot of fond memories, a few new friends, and a tattoo in a very unusual location (it's a long story. Ask me about it sometime when I'm really really drunk . . .)

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Being a member of the Moig Dua, free to travel from world to world without the cares of everyday life, is the greatest existence you can imagine. Being the leader of the largest Moig Dua clan, the Dua-Shem, is a great responsibility, but also an exhilarating one. It's one more area in which you are constantly tested, and constantly pushing yourself to new heights. In many ways, it reminds you of your dancing. Being able to leave the pull of the world behind you, to dance in complete freedom, is one of the great loves of your life. Your people are the other.

You were raised to make your own decisions, and you have always retained a fiercely independent outlook. It's expected that the leader of the clan will take a mate, but you're choosy. The only person who owns you is you, and any husband is going to have to realize that.

Besides, you've got bigger problems to worry about than husband hunting. Several of the smaller clans, operating out on the fringes of the Frontier, have gone missing, failing to show up for the clan councils. It isn't uncommon for a clan or two not to make a council, but it's been happening repeatedly, and the problem is growing. You've been able to come to only one conclusion: something out there is snatching your people, and you don't like it.

GRANNY

Size Class: 3	Body Points: 12
Initiative Modifier: 0	Race: Gen-Human

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 53	Manual Dexterity: 92
Intelligence: 87	Agility: 64
Constitution: 58	Aggression: 91
Intuition: 60	Charisma: 75

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 40	Military Leadership: 100
Persuasion: 64	Bargaining: 59

SMRS

CHE: 125 RAD: 23 BIO: 108 MEN: 90 POI: 125
SON: 63 ELE: 48 FIR: 28 ACD: 28 CLD: 50

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 375,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Alertness	1	*
Body Points	3	*
Hand to Hand	6	BW
General Science	2	62
Alien Technologies	2	85
Hand Radio	3	BR
Computer Operation	3	95
Computer Programming	3	95
Electrical Engineering	1	75
Hydraulic Engineering	1	75
Mechanical Engineering	1	75
Robotics Engineering	2	85
Mechanic	8	145
Electronics	8	145
Paramedic	2	85
Camouflage	3	95
Detect Concealment	4	105
Military Leadership	5	*
Identify Robots	6	125
Pilot Skimmer	3	95
Archaic Powder Weapons	9	BW
Club	12	BW
A/R Beams	1	BW
Beam Weapons	7	BW
Chemical Weapons	3	BW
Direct Fire Weapons	4	BW
Energy Weapons	5	BW
High Tech Weap. Design	14	205
Indirect Fire Weapons	5	BW
Omega Weapons	2	BW
Pulse Weapons	3	BW
Rail Gun	5	BW

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Don't even ask! This is Granny, remember. She can and will be found packing any weapon known to man. In fact, she had a major role in designing most of them! Seriously, though, Major Frump doesn't usually run around packing mortars and Impact lasers. She does carry a Night Stalker pistol in a concealed holster, though, because you never know what sort of scum may be lurking on the streets. Granny occasionally wears street clothes armor of some form or another. As her age has advanced, she has had defective or worn out organs replaced with cybernetics, and of course, being Granny, she couldn't resist adding a few improvements in the process. Granny has the following cybernetics: adrenal implant, bio-implant, needler, neural implant, electro-implant (insulated against explosion and "juiced up", it inflicts 3-12 points of damage), sonic implant, toxin neutralizer, mind screen, target acquisition computer, and biological scanner.

Granny's most dreaded piece of personal weaponry, though, is her cane. This innocuous-looking walking stick is actually one of the most fiendish personal weapons ever conceived! It has the following functions: the upper tip fires a concealed taser with full normal stats. The lower tip has a concealed, miniaturized static pistol built in. This

pistol has accuracy ratings of 60/50/30/-10, contains 4 shots, and inflicts 3-18 points of damage. One of Granny's favorite tactics is to poke some particularly fresh young punk in the ribs with this end, and then fire it at point blank range. Finally, the cane can be charged with an energy field similar to that used in an energy mace. This field allows the cane to inflict 3-12 points of translational (ignores threshold) damage in melee combat. It has enough power for up to 20 rounds of operation. The cane uses the same weapon proficiency as a club, and has a base accuracy of 75, a parry rating of 20, and a system shock rating of 90.



DESCRIPTION

Everybody knows what Granny looks like! She's the little old lady in all the Balshrom ads. You know, the one in the black dress, with the gray hair in a bun, mirror shades, and large-caliber weaponry. She stands 5'4" and weighs 115 pounds. Her frame is tough and wiry, since she still maintains a regimen of physical exercise. Granny dresses conservatively, though she has developed a taste for the mirror shades she wears in her Balshrom ads. All in all, she looks like somebody's grandmother, completely harmless... but anyone thinking she's an easy target is making the last mistake of their life! Granny always carries her handbag (which usually has nasty surprises like tear gas grenades in it) and her cane (see above for the gory details of this little number).

THE OFFICIAL LINE

"Granny", the official spokesperson for Balshrom Weapons ad campaigns, is in actuality Major Prunella Frump, one of their most innovative and talented weapons designers. The 64 year old Frump has achieved notoriety as the result of a series of holoivid ads in which "Granny" demonstrates the use of the latest Balshrom weaponry, usually against vicious young punks who try to snatch her purse. The character concept has caught on and spread like wildfire, and now Granny has become a cultural icon, a household word to the majority

of Alliance citizens. In the meantime, Major Frump continues her work at Balshrom, where she has an outstanding service record. The Granny craze continues unabated. Though the commercials have been running for three years, her popularity remains at its peak, and has even increased to the point where she threatens Fredd the Ram Python's status as the most recognizable character ever seen in an advertisement. Major Frump's alter ego seems to be following in Fredd's footsteps in other ways, as well. Talks are underway regarding a Saturday morning Granny cartoon (Fredd got his own cartoon two years ago, which is still in syndication). Major Frump is also highly sought after for talk show appearances, but only rarely makes any, because, she claims, "I've got work to do!"

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Not too many people know the real story behind how Granny came to be. The PR boys at Balshrom would love to claim credit for this little brainstorm, but they can't. Truth is, Granny was never planned. Balshrom wanted to release a chain of commercials targeting the older audience. These commercials were supposed to show all the terrors of the modern world, and how a Balshrom weapon in the bureau drawer could keep a senior citizen's home safe and secure. But none of the actors and actresses they brought in could pull off a commercial that didn't set the production crew to snickering. Enter Major Frump. After watching yet another miserable failure of an ad, she snorted in disgust and said, "Oh, please! Even I could do a better commercial than that." The director, his pride wounded, challenged her to do so. With that, Granny grabbed the prototype she had been working on, marched onto the set, and proceeded to blow it up in the now-famous first Granny commercial ever, the one that starts with, "You know, little old ladies are supposed to live in houses like these in terror of the world outside their doorstep. Oh, please. KA-BOOM!" Overnight, Granny became the cultural icon of the 70's.

A funny thing about "cultural icons" . . . they sell! Granny is big business right now. There are Granny t-shirts, Granny posters, Granny dolls (with molded plastic weapon accessories), and even a Granny exercise video ("Lift that mortar! You youngsters are pathetic! Let's see if you can keep up with an old lady, eh?") These ventures are bringing millions of additional credits into Balshrom's accounts every year (as if they needed it!). Major Frump, thanks to a really sweet royalty deal she had her lawyers cut when she saw the way the wind was blowing, is raking in the creds hand over fist. That's one sharp old lady!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You're tired of seeing anybody over sixty portrayed as a feeble, senile coward incapable of taking care of themselves. You're mainly tired of this because you've seen way too many people over sixty buy into the image. Not you. Sitting at home in the rocking chair isn't your idea of a good time. You were leading combat missions before most of the people running the Alliance were out of diapers. When you got a little too stiff to keep going out in the field on a regular basis, you took over one of the weapons labs at Balshrom, combining your engineering degree with your practical knowledge of weapons. In the course of 20 years in the labs, you've turned out some of the nastiest prototypes Balshrom's ever produced. But you haven't forgotten your roots. You still do your daily workout, which would leave most 30 year olds gasping for breath, and you still go out on the firing range twice a week with a stack of random weaponry to test fire.

You've gotten used to your fame as "Granny". It surprised you at first, but you've come to enjoy it. Being treated as a media figure sure beats being treated as a helpless old lady. And maybe you can show people that not everyone with white hair is a spineless vegetable. In the meantime, the cash that's coming in from Granny licensing has rounded out your paycheck quite nicely, and allowed you to buy a new house with a beautiful view and a killer security system, including twin killer satellites named Fifi and Foo-Foo. You sure as \$@#&& weren't gonna raise poodles!

BARTER

Size Class: 5	Body Points: 5				
Initiative Modifier: 0	Race: Orion Rogue				
VITAL STATISTICS					
Strength: 56	Manual Dexterity: 92				
Intelligence: 93	Agility: 50				
Constitution: 48	Aggression: 45				
Intuition: 91	Charisma: 81				
SECONDARY STATISTICS					
Terrestrial Knowledge: 90	Military Leadership: 58				
Persuasion: 73	Bargaining: 118				
SMRS					
CHE: 40	RAD: 15	BIO: 35	MEN: 55	POI: 40	
SON: 25	ELE: 36	FIR: 20	ACD: 15	CLD: 40	
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 380,000					
SKILL					
LEVEL				UPS	
Stealth				7	115
General Knowledge				10	*
General Science				6	72
Alien Technologies				10	170
Computer Operation				6	130
Computer Programming				5	120
Electrical Engineer				5	120
Mechanical Engineer				5	120
Concealment				4	110
Detect Concealment				4	110
Pick Locks				3	95
Pick Pockets				3	95
Sneaking				5	120
Bartering				10	*
Metallurgy				6	130
Matrix Manipulation				2	90
Anthropology				8	150
Archaeology				14	210
Theology				4	110
Detect Security				3	100
Operate Security				6	130
Gambling				12	190
Street Smart				10	170
Pilot Skimmer				5	115
Beam Weapons				6	BW
Energy Weapons				3	BW

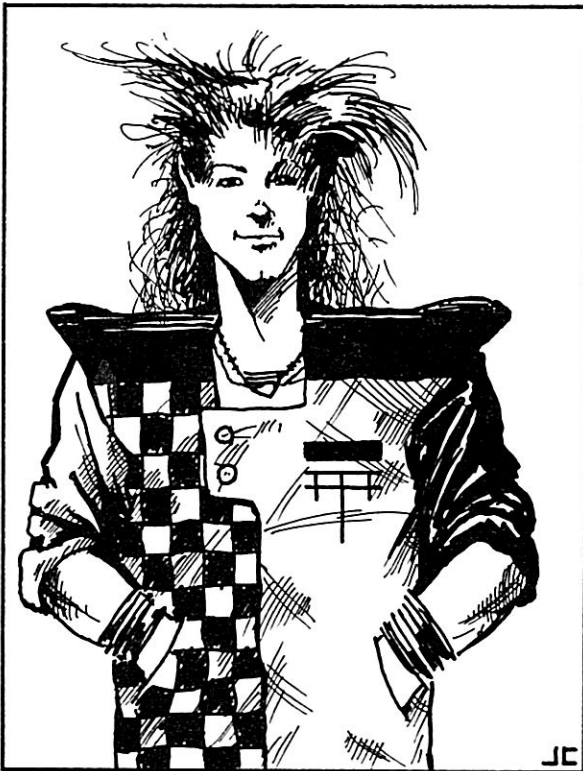
MATRICES

Type: Energy Controller Matrix Level: 13 Power Points: 31

POWER

LEVEL

Chem 101	1
Chilled Veins	1
Darkness	1
Finger Laser	1
Metal Detection	1
Battery	2
Bypass	2
Defeat Security	2
Drain	2
Invisibility	2
Activation Energy	3
Computer Interface	3
Particle Beam	3
Energy Manipulation	4
Psionic Immunity	4
Stabilize Field	4



EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Barter is the foremost independent expert on artifacts of power in the Alliance today. His collection of rare and strange devices is unsurpassed. It is estimated that Barter has some 300 artifacts in his place of residence, possibly more, only a few of them known to outsiders. Among those he is known to possess are: several Harmonic Crystals, a Circlet of Sensing, two Null Stones, a Refractor Prism, a Mind Helm, a Silver Heart, a number of Force Pods, a set of TK Gauntlets, and, of course, the gem of his collection, the ring known only as Barter's Ring, which he wears at all times. (For details on these artifacts, see *The Galactic Underground*, pages 83-85. If you don't have the GU, make up appropriate stats for these items and any others you wish him to possess. A quick summary of the Ring's powers is as

follows: generates a 400 point defense shield, fires a 6-36 point energy blast, functions as a Drain matrix with five times normal effect. The ring may also have other powers). Barter typically also carries the Circlet, the Mind Helm, the Silver Heart, and a Harmonic Crystal attuned to the Activation Energy matrix. He also wears a heavy skinsuit (street clothes armor) when not lounging around his estate.

DESCRIPTION

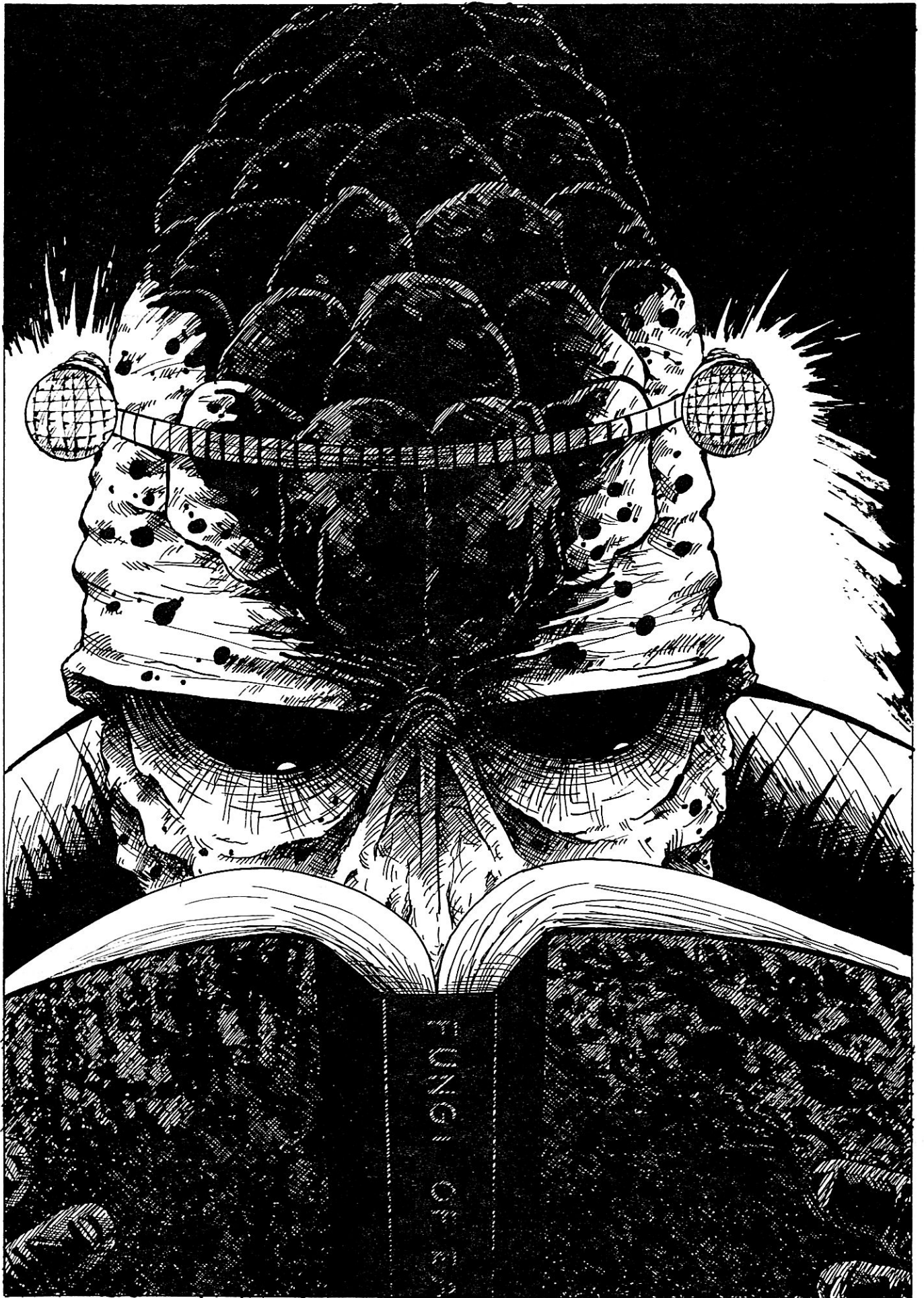
Barter is 6'3" and thin as a rake. His bright red hair sticks out wildly in all directions (picture a young Albert Einstein with red hair and the frame of a basketball player). His outfits tend to clash wildly. A favorite of his is his snazzy iridescent lizard skin sport coat, black slacks, a bright orange silk shirt, and an electric blue tie. Nobody has ever been able to figure out whether his fashion sense is just really that bad or whether he dresses so garishly on purpose. Barter also wears a utility belt with numerous pockets, pouches and containers holding the tools he uses to examine new finds in the field. This belt also has two super case containers for transporting acquisitions back to his lab. Barter's eyes are photosensitive, and he usually wears dark sunglasses when venturing outside.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Little is known about the Orion Rogue known as Barter. Extremely wealthy and reclusive, he generally keeps to himself, spending his time in his heavily fortified home on Taos examining his latest find. Barter is the owner of the largest private collection of artifacts known in the Alliance. Guests will find his home to be much like a museum, with every room of the huge mansion filled with displays from hundreds of cultures, many long dead. The pride of Barter's collection, though, is his amazing number of powered artifacts, which are kept in a separate room defended from nearly any form of intrusion, including displacement. It is unknown how such a thorough screening is possible, though some people suspect that it is the work of one or more of the artifacts themselves.

Barter has proven an invaluable ally to the Council of Timar, lending his expertise in archaeology and alien technology to them on numerous occasions to help decipher the functions of some new alien device. In gratitude, the Council has helped him unlock his own latent matrix abilities, to enable him to better conduct his research. It is also known that if they decide that they no longer have need of a given artifact, Barter gets the first opportunity to purchase it.

The reclusive Orion Rogue sometimes puts his expertise at the services of independents who have discovered new artifacts. The fees he charges are surprisingly low. Barter claims that the knowledge he gains from having the opportunity to study the device justifies the time he spends on it. Generally, he will charge around 50,000 credits to help identify a new device. He does have one requirement, though: should the party decide to sell the device, he has to be given right of first refusal. Barter seldom refuses, and generally pays top prices for new acquisitions. This works in reverse, as well. Barter sends agents throughout the galaxy, searching for new sites to excavate. He pays successful parties quite well, and many an enterprising young band of mercenaries has turned archaeologist in the hopes of a big payoff. He does require some familiarity with archaeological method, to ensure that the sites will not be inadvertently destroyed by the explorers (Battle Master's note: Somebody in the party needs at least level 2 Archaeology before Barter will hire them.)



MALACHAI'S TAKE

There's an expression on the streets of Taos: "Right after I break into Barter's place." This expression means about the same thing as "When hell freezes over!" Not only is his house a fortress, protected by a Rosario security system of truly obscene proportions, it's also guarded by these alien doohickeys he's got. Bad enough trying to get through the best that modern technology has to offer, but even the finest thief wouldn't have any idea how to disarm most of the devices there! I've heard horror stories of little whizzing silver balls which blast you with lightning, energy fields which come out of nowhere and paralyze people, and crystal statues which aren't even slowed down by the best hand weaponry available. Of course, as far as I know, nobody's ever actually broken in and lived to tell about it, so I don't know how accurate these stories are.

As long as you don't bother him, though, Barter's a nice enough guy. He gives to the poor, is kind to puppy-equivalents, and so on. He's also nuts, but hey, who isn't? I've had the chance to chat with him twice as a consultant for Galactic Underground stories. He tends to talk really fast, then trail off in the middle of a sentence. Sometimes he talks to that ring of his as if it was his best friend. The scary thing is, I'm not sure whether he's crazy or the ring is actually listening! At any rate, going to him when you've got some funky alien widget that you don't know how to work and which just vaporized the party Ram is a pretty good idea. Be prepared to sell to him or keep a close eye on it, though—artifacts have a way of popping up in his collection whether he's bought them or not. Now, I don't think he's actually going out and stealing them, but remember: he has a lot of agents out there, and he pays them a lot of money to deliver artifacts to him. It's just possible that a few of them may be a little dishonest. It's also possible that the ocean may be a little wet!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You love history. Unearthing the remnants of a culture which has been dead for ten thousand years, piecing together the clues which will tell you their story... it's your first, best calling in life. Perhaps you're so fascinated with history because you don't know your own. Your first memory is of the streets of Taos City. You didn't have a name—at least one that you knew of—but the people you had to deal with to survive nicknamed you "Barter", because of your talent at making deals. You decided to keep the name; it suits you.

It was here that you first discovered your love of artifacts and the history behind them. You managed to lift a strange trinket from a drunk tourist. You were going to sell it, but something stopped you. Instead, you used the money from the man's wallet to buy books. For some reason, you needed to know what this thing you had come into possession of was. When you finally figured out its origin (a religious idol from a branch Eridani community which died off seven hundred years ago), you were elated. From then on, any free money you had went towards educating yourself in your new vocation. It turned out to be your key out of the slums, because you impressed the captain of an exploration vessel enough that he signed you on as ship's archivist.

Many years and many exploration trips later, your love of artifacts remains undiminished, though you don't have nearly as much time to go out into the field yourself as you'd like. Most of your time is spent cataloging at home now, your only constant companion the ring which you found on your third journey. Of all the devices you've ever found, this is the one you value most, and you think of it as a friend, not a possession. But soon, you plan on going out into the field again. Clues which you've pieced together over the years are finally coming together, and you think that you may soon be able to pinpoint the

origins of the Atlantean culture. You're sending out more agents to look for the last pieces of the puzzle, and the ones who perform the best will accompany you on the trip, in all probability the most momentous you have ever or will ever make.

SOLAMAR

Size Class: 3	Body Points: 6			
Initiative Modifier: 0	Race:Misha			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 30	Manual Dexterity: 52			
Intelligence: 102	Agility: 50			
Constitution: 28	Aggression: 51			
Intuition: 143	Charisma: 91			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge:61	Military Leadership:74			
Persuasion:84	Bargaining:69			
SMRS				
CHE:23	RAD:21	BIO:78	MEN:95	POI:56
SON:72	ELE:16	FIR:6	ACD:01	CLD:16
EXPERIENCE POINTS:200,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
General Knowledge	5	*		
Scrying	20	90		
Prediction	20	100		
Avoid Harm	3	32		
Alertness	3	*		
Bard	15	225		
Botany	10	175		

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Solamar carries little with him in his quest to spread his message to the people of the Alliance. On the other hand, he's not totally stupid, and several attempts have been made against his life. In recent months, the prophet has taken to wearing a set of robes which are actually Street Clothes armor with a total absorption of 100. He also carries a Defiance personal defense screen, and a wide-spectrum poison antidote kit.

DESCRIPTION

Solamar usually startles people the first time he meets them. Tall for a Misha, and gaunt, he seems almost insubstantial, like some phantom which has suddenly appeared from another dimension. His eyes are haunted and deep set, as if he had seen things too horrible to be contemplated. Solamar has none of the usual sleepy friendliness of the Misha. He speaks in a soft, fearful, intense voice. Solamar dresses in simple grey robes.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Solamar the Prophet has been causing quite a stir in some circles of late. His nihilistic prophecies of doom play off the fears of the Arachnids and Dane which run just under the surface of Alliance thought. It is uncertain whether these prophecies are a deliberate act of sedition, a conscious attempt to undermine the morale of Alliance citizens, or imply the ravings of a lunatic.

Solamar first came to public view in 2265, claiming that, "Planets will die in fire, so that a galaxy might be saved." This prophecy would probably have been ignored, except for the destruction of the planet Sharron by Jaquassarius Phentari shortly thereafter. An inquiry was launched into Solamar's private life by Galactic Control, in order to determine whether or not the Misha actually had advance knowledge of the heinous Phentari's actions. All they could find in his history was a relatively quiet life as a botanist, with nothing to indicate anything out of the ordinary. Eventually, they concluded that he was a crackpot who had just happened to coincidentally make a correct prediction. He was sent for psychiatric evaluation, deemed harmless, and released.



Things might have ended there, if not for further predictions. Solamar continued to make predictions, most of which came true shortly afterwards. He began to gain a following, mostly people who had been making predictions of gloom and doom all along anyway.

Then, in 2277, Solamar's predictions took on a more frightening note. He claimed that the Carina galaxy would be destroyed in 2280. By this time, his prophecies were making the headlines of the tbaloid magazines, and this newest one sent his believers into a panic. Many people began frenzied preparations to leave the Carina Galaxy, and articles discrediting the prophet had little effect.

Since then, Solamar has made more predictions, most concerning the destruction of the Alliance. His words echo those of the Dane who have materialized to the Council of Timar, and more and more people take his words seriously. Is Solamar a prophet, or a madman? Only time will tell.

THE REAL STORY

Look, I don't care what they say, Solamar knows something. First of all, there's the fact that he's a Misha. What are the Mishas known for? Seeing the future. Oh, my, that sounds familiar...and then there's the number of his predictions which have come true. We're not talking

about vague predictions here, either...unlike most phonies, Solamar gives specific details, and usually turns out to be right! All I know is that I'm not gonna invest in real estate in the Carina Galaxy anytime soon...

And another thing. Solamar's disappeared now. Real sudden and quiet. Nobody's claiming credit, nobody's asked for ransom...and no clues have been found. Something stinks, and it ain't because the Ram forgot to use his deodorant this morning! Personally, I think that [UNDERLYING TEXT DELETED FOR REASONS OF ALLIANCE SECURITY.] Take it for what it's worth...but something is going on that they don't want us to know about.

THUPP UNGLUP

Size Class:1
Initiative Modifier: 0

Body Points:5
Race:Mazian

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength:33
Intelligence:91
Constitution:41
Intuition:77

Manual Dexterity:100
Agility:69
Aggression:22
Charisma:60

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge:18
Persuasion:40

Military Leadership:23
Bargaining:25

SMRS

CHE:55 RAD:20 BIO:95 MEN:34 POI:55
SON:05 ELE:05 FIR:12 ACD:05 CLD:20

EXPERIENCE POINTS:190,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Shape Change	20	265
Climbing	3	80
Swimming	5	*
Sculpture	25	300
Potter	15	200
Computer Operation	2	90
Geology	4	110
Etiquette	2	70
Impersonation	10	170

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Like most Mazians, Thupp doesn't carry a lot of equipment. Usually, he can be found carrying around his sculpting tools, a set of over three dozen doo-dads which he uses to work materials into his works of art. He also enjoys carrying around the latest in Mazian fashion, "Colorcaps." These are small capsules of carefully-formulated chemicals, which react with the Mazian physiology when broken. The end result is that the Mazian begins to go through a series of amazing color shifts, which last for about half an hour. Although the Mazian can't see these changes, the chemicals also produce sensations which the blobs find extremely pleasurable. Thupp carries half a dozen or so at all times. He also usually carries an advanced prototype IFN (Internal Frame Network,) which can be shifted into forms that the normal IFN cannot. This advanced IFN adds an additional +15 bonus to shapechange attempts, above and beyond the normal plusses.

DESCRIPTION

It's a little hard to describe someone who can look like whoever or whatever he wants to! In his normal form, Thupp looks like a little blob of slime. Now, I'm sure there are all sorts of distinguishing and neat things about him which another Mazian would notice, but to me, one ball of goo looks pretty much like another! Thupp is a master of shapeshifting, though, and is known for the wildly elaborate and beautiful forms he assumes.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Thupp Unglup is the most highly acclaimed sculptor in known space. He has been the recipient of the Alliance Arts Council's highly coveted Silver Sphere (awarded annually for the highest level of achievement in the arts) three times. Thupp's sculptures have a vital, lifelike quality to them which no critic has ever been able to define and no other artist has been able to recreate. His abstract works are awe-inspiring, demonstrating an understanding of form and structure which impresses most Mutzachans. Of course, most of this goes over the typical viewer's head, but even the thickest of Ram Pythons is likely to feel a stirring when viewing Thupp's masterwork, "Fallen Trees On The Slopes Of Mount Tashagg."



Unglup's work is as versatile as it is beautiful. He works in an amazing variety of media, from stone to wood to ice to crystal. He claims that the different sensations produced by the different materials are an incredible pleasure for him. Thupp is also known for his performance art pieces, which combine sculpture and shapeshifting. At times, it's impossible to tell what's sculpture and what's sculptor!

The Master Sculptor is also a major figure at high-profile parties around the Core Worlds. Mazians are extremely social by nature, and Thupp has taken this one step further, hobnobbing with the hoipoloi like he was born to it. He's known for his droll wit, charming personality, and tendency to assume various breathtakingly beautiful forms for the pleasure of the other guests. It's a matter of common

knowledge that dozens of artists of both genders and a dozen races have fallen madly in love with Thupp, and pledges themselves to him. Thupp doesn't seem to have any particular romantic intentions, but one never knows...

MALACHAI'S TAKE

I may not know much about art, but I know what I like. Thupp's sculptures are funkadelic! The first time I saw one of them was at an exhibit on Taos. I was just a wee sprout of an Orion at the time, but I knew greatness when I saw it. I also knew opportunity when I saw it, and all those distracted, rich art lovers were a big-time opportunity. I walked away from that art show richer for the experience...both spiritually and to the tune of 4,000 Credits!

Nobody knows how Thupp does what he does. There have been other Mazian sculptors before, but they weren't nearly up to the same caliber. Also, nobody knows much about Thupp's early life, before he took up the sculptor's knife. Let's face it, Mazians as a rule spend most of their time oozing! Now, that's perfectly cool and fine by me, but it doesn't make for real interesting reading. Still, I couldn't turn up any dirt on him, so it's probably wrong of me to suspect shady things in his background. Just my usual paranoid tendencies coming to the surface...still, one thing I will say for Thupp: he knows how to party! Any schlep can get drunk and stick a lampshade on his head...but when Thupp's around, the lampshade's likely to come to life and start oozing down his head!

This is one Mazian I wouldn't mind going out and tossing back a few with.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You live for the moment, for the sensation of raw material taking form beneath your touch, becoming art. Life is too short to worry about Arachnids and wars and hostilities...you choose to enjoy it instead! If others enjoy what you do, that makes you happy as well.

THE GALAXY'S MOST WANTED

They're out there. Every respectable, law-abiding citizen's worst nightmare. The ones who walk on the wrong side of the law. Now, we're not talking about pickpockets and purse snatchers here! We're talking about the big names, the really nasty ones. These are the people whose holo-portraits you see hanging in every post office. Not a night goes by without some news report on the latest heinous deed committed by one of them or another. These aren't just criminals . . . these are villains.

The following rogues gallery was compiled from the open files of the Galactic Police and Galactic Control. I'd like to thank the officials who made access to these files possible, as some of them weren't open to the general public. The result, readers, is more information for you. Knowledge is power, and hopefully, having this knowledge will make us a little safer.

WARNING: The individuals presented in this chapter all have a Hazard Rating of 10 on the Galactic Police's scale, the highest possible. Every one of them should be considered armed and extremely dangerous. Under no circumstances should any Alliance citizen attempt to apprehend one of these individuals! If you think you've seen one of these criminals, contact your local GalPol division immediately. It must be stressed: these are dangerous individuals, who will stop at nothing. Most of them have killed many times, some hundreds or thousands. Let the police do their jobs.

JAUQUASSARIOUS PHENTARI

No discussion of the Galaxy's Most Wanted could possibly be complete without a section on the most notorious, most deadly, single most heinous being known to the Alliance: the infamous Jaquassarious Phentari, butcher of worlds. This demonic being is wanted for crimes that would make most mass-murderers blanch; the very best of bounty hunters have tried to track him down. Most met with no success at finding the elusive Phentari; they were the lucky ones. The rest were never seen again.

Speculation about the nature and goals of Jaquassarious Phentari run rampant, but very little is actually known about him. Creating a personnel file on him was impossible, due to the total lack of solid facts regarding him, and this reporter wasn't about to try and track him down. I may be a little reckless sometimes, but I like life! What is known about the nefarious squid is presented below:

Jaquassarious Phentari is a tall, imposing Phentari. The deep ridges in his carapace indicate that he is an extremely old specimen, but none of the reports of sightings mention any sign of age in his movements or actions. His exact age is unknown; Phentari history and legend claim that he is a direct male descendent of Phisicus Phentari, born in the seventh year of the rule of Quantuss III. This would mean that he was born in 571 AD. If this is the case, then he is currently 1708 years old, which goes against everything known about Phentari physiology. Most scientists are extremely skeptical of the claim that Jaquassarious Phentari is this old, for several reasons. First of these reasons is the simple fact that Phentari do not live anywhere near 1700 years, even with the aid of the most advanced life-extending drugs available. Another matter which causes this skepticism is the fact that, for the vast majority of the time between 571 and 2272, almost nothing was heard of Jaquassarious Phentari by the Alliance. Again, Phentari history has all manner of records of great deeds of power performed by the elusive

Phentari. The following excerpt is taken from an account in the Repository of the Icon, a historical archive on Phena:

"... the newcomer was tall, and strength was apparent in his stance. He wore the Wingala-Nairsu of a warrior, but Toquiss was unimpressed. He strode towards the intruder, crying, 'You have come amongst us without invitation. Leave now, or I will slay you.'"

The stranger did not move, nor did his expression change from its mask of icy composure. But contempt was powerful in his voice as he regarded Toquiss.

"You will slay me? Hatchling, you are a fool. Go back to your shell, for you know nothing of the power I have seen. I come to tell you, warriors of Phena, that a time of great peril is imminent for the universe. It is the destiny of Phena to stand against the menace which will come from beyond the stars. Your children's children's children will stand with those you call foe now, and with those you think fit only for slavery or destruction, for they, too, have a part to play in this battle. But it is the ruthlessness, the strength, and the determination of Phena which will hold the field of battle. Therefore make ready, for only if you are strong will you be victorious."

The warriors listened, much amazed at the stranger's words and the ring of power in his voice. But Toquiss did not believe, and snarled, "Liar! Our destiny is to subjugate the lesser, not talk like old women with them! Those who stand in our way will be destroyed . . . as I destroy you!" With that, Toquiss leapt at the visitor, Ptfang in the killing position. The stranger did not move, but merely gestured, and Toquiss suddenly froze in mid air. Eyes wide, he watched the Phentari he was about to kill draw close to look him in the eye.

"Young fool," the intruder said, "Have you not realized that you are dealing with a power beyond your comprehension? Impetuousness and overconfidence are weaknesses. Like fear and love, they can be exploited. The superior foe must ever be attacked with stealth, with cunning . . . and I am your superior." He paused and regarded Toquiss, Ptfang still held in the attack position. "But you have the warrior's spirit, and can still serve my purposes. Therefore I will not kill you. Let this, then, serve as a reminder to be ever watchful, ever ready for attack . . ."

The Phentari gestured, and Toquiss screamed in anguish. His tentacles crackled with a strange, alien power where they grasped the Ptfang. When the power faded, they had somehow been fused to the shaft of the weapon. Toquiss would never set his Ptfang down again. The stranger whirled then, and regarded the rest of the crowd.

"Hear me, people of Phena," he said, "And pay heed. Be watchful, be cunning, and be strong. I, Jaquassarious Phentari, have spoken. Heed my words, or you will surely be destroyed." With that, he vanished in a blinding light, leaving the warriors to wonder at his departure. One of them spoke, saying, "Truly this was Jaquassarious Phentari. Let us heed his warning, brothers." And they went forth to carry this message to the people of Phena, Toquiss first among them . . ."

Alliance historians discount these legends, arguing that no one Phentari could possibly do the number of things attributed to Jaquassarious Phentari. There are a lot of different theories about who or what Jaquassarious Phentari actually is. Some people believe that the current Jaquassarious Phentari took the name from legend to impress his opponents. Others suggest that he is not one, but a number of Phentari working together. This theory is supported by a number of

conflicting sightings which would place Jaquassarious at points almost completely across the galaxy from one another simultaneously. However, not all believe that this is the case. Markuss, High Mage for the Vision of Eight, had this to say about Jaquassarious Phentari:

"Long ago, almost 1100 years, I met a Phentari of great power. His name was Jaquassarious, and I was hard pressed to match his strength with my own. Suddenly, he stopped his attack and regarded me with a passionless expression. "You have a destiny to fulfill," he said, "It is not for me to interfere with it. Be ready, Markuss." With that, he vanished. I had never told him my name. Be assured that the Jaquassarious Phentari who destroyed Sharron is the selfsame that I met in 1250 AD . . . you doubt this. Consider, for a moment, the fact that there are beings in the universe older than the Mutzachans. Consider also how young your own race is, Orion. There is much you have yet to learn, and little time. Jaquassarious Phentari is within the realm of that you have yet to learn."

Jaquassarious Phentari came to the attention of the Alliance in a big way in 2272, when he destroyed the industrial colony world of Sharron. Sharron, home to 40 million beings, was a growing colony near the borders of Alliance space. Using a chain of nuclear explosions, the Phentari and his troops split the planet's crust, causing total annihilation of all life on the surface of the world. This act, named "the most heinous act in the history of sentient life" by historian Kudra Chakraam, made Jaquassarious Phentari the number one most wanted criminal in the Alliance. He is one of only three beings against whom a Death Note has ever been officially enacted by the Council of Timar (the other two being Michael Bernel and Uncle Ernie Freiberg). Shortly after the destruction of Sharron, the following statement was released by Jaquassarious Phentari.

"Fools. You wave your hands in the air and cry for the death of one world. But I tell you, there are many other worlds in the Alliance. The time is coming when the destruction of one world will seem as the death of a bug. Destruction on a scale you cannot comprehend is on your doorstep, people of the Alliance. The death of Sharron was simply the first warning tremor of the disease. Open your eyes, people of the Alliance, while you still have eyes to open . . ." Many have interpreted this statement as a threat that Jaquassarious intends to destroy more worlds as he destroyed Sharron. Public outcry for his execution is massive on all worlds save Phentari planets, where "Grandfather" is idolized for his strength and ability to stand against the forces of the Alliance, and among the Mutzachan, who have remained strangely quiet on the subject.

A list of the crimes Jaquassarious Phentari stands officially charged with is below:

JAQUASSARIOUS' CRIMES

CRIME	COUNTS
Spacejacking	53 counts
Kidnapping	27 counts
Murder	7,973,820,601 counts
Murder of a government official	121,375 counts
Espionage, corporate	68 counts
Espionage, government	183 counts
Subversion	197 counts
Treason	399 counts
Possession of Nuclear Weapons	1 count
Destruction of Alliance Property	7,650 counts

Many of these acts were not performed by Jaquassarious himself, but by his agents; nevertheless, the High Judiciary has ruled that he is to share responsibility for all acts of his catspaws. The fact that they were willing to suspend Alliance law to that extent, and that they have charged Jaquassarious Phentari with several crimes for which they don't have concrete evidence, is testimony to the evil nature of the squid, and the hatred with which he is regarded.



Sightings of Jaquassarious Phentari have been on the upswing in recent months. Over 50 people, including numerous government officials, have reported encounters with the infamous Phentari. Most of the encounters are surprisingly similar: Jaquassarious Phentari appears, suddenly and without warning, often in an area thought to be totally secure and safe from infiltration. Though he seldom identifies himself, those he encounters seem to somehow know who he is. He delivers a brief warning along the lines of, "The greatest threat the Alliance has yet known is coming. Be prepared, for you will be assaulted from a distance beyond your imagination, and yet from within yourselves. Things are not as they seem. Open your eyes or be slain." He then vanishes as suddenly as he appeared.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE SQUID

Dangerous as Jaquassarious Phentari is on his own, his menace is increased a hundredfold by the variety of agents he employs to do his dirty work. These agents are usually highly trained, well equipped, and always fanatically loyal. Three of the most infamous of Jaquassarious' agents are listed below:

HUNTER BANE

Size Class: 6	Body Points: 22			
Initiative Modifier: -2	Race: Gen-Human			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 95	Manual Dexterity: 92			
Intelligence: 75	Agility: 98			
Constitution: 95	Aggression: 86			
Intuition: 77	Charisma: 55			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 45	Military Leadership: 65			
Persuasion: 54	Bargaining: 49			
SMRS				
CHE: 35	RAD: 33	BIO: 33	MEN: 60	POI: 38
SON: 43	ELE: 58	FIR: 38	ACD: 38	CLD: 60

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 500,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Climbing	4	98
Hand to Hand	12	BW
Stealth	11	168
Swimming	6	*
Basic Medical	6	120
Poisons	8	140
Camouflage	13	190
Detect Concealment	8	140
Infiltration	4	100
Mountain Climbing	4	102
Land Navigation	10	160
Body Points	4	*
Set Traps	9	135
Survival (deciduous)	18	240
Survival (arctic)	12	180
Survival (desert)	12	180
Survival (jungle)	12	180
Survival (urban)	10	160
Tracking	14	200
Botany	3	90
Long Bow	13	BW
Spear	12	BW
Beam Weapons	10	BW
Rail Guns	12	BW
Repair Beam	4	105
Repair Rail Gun	4	105

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Hunter Bane likes gear that stands up well to the rigors of the wilderness. His armor of choice is a special suit of techno-organic chitin, with these effective stats: Integrity: 130 Threshold: 6 Absorption Rating: 150 Encumbrance: 12. The suit has natural equivalents of the following armor options: camouflage unit, corrosive protection, environmental containment, infrared dampener. It is non-metallic, and unaffected by EMP and electrical attacks. If damaged, the suit heals at a rate of 2 points of armor integrity and 6 points of absorption (1 in each area) per day. To top this off, Bane wears a TDA helmet with infrared discriminator. His preferred weapon is a GAUSS 2 Gauss rifle

with a variety of rounds. He typically carries anti-polymer plus, armor piercing, mega-explosive, signature, and two EMP rounds. His side-arm is a Savage-C laser pistol. Bane also carries a collapsible longbow of superb quality with armor piercing hunting arrows, a hunting knife, and a spear while out in the sticks. His pack contains the basic tools needed to survive in the wilderness; Bane's skills are enough that he doesn't need a lot of fancy survival gear. He does carry a versatile and well-stocked medical kit, though, as well as a variety of herbal poisons, most of which he has concocted himself. He also carries a variety of makeup and small spray cans of dye with which he applies camouflage patterns to his clothing.



DESCRIPTION

A 6'4", 250 pound, muscular Gen-human, with shoulder length dark blond hair and beard, Bane looks like something out of a Viking movie. His skin has a permanent tan from countless hours in the wilderness. He prefers to dress in brown and green, ruggedly tailored clothing, but will adapt the colors to blend with whatever terrain he finds himself in. Bane is attractive, but has a hardness about him which most people will find intimidating.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Hunter Bane is a rugged survivalist and wilderness expert. He is also one of the most wanted men in the galaxy, and a known agent of Jaquassarius Phentari. The master tracker is suspected in the assassination of no less than 15 government officials, usually while they were on camping trips or in wilderness areas where Bane's skills are at their best. Three of the assassinations were in cities, however. High officials in the Galactic Police fear that Bane has taken to stalking the ultimate game in his native habitat, and is now adapting his formidable skills as a hunter to city assassinations.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

A boy scout gone bad! Some people might find it a little hard to take this guy seriously. I mean, what's he gonna do, kill you with superfat campfire building? People who think that way had better hope they never run up against him. I've seen this guy's specs (thanks to a little after-hours visit to the local police archives) and he is *good*. Big, strong, and quick isn't a combination I'd want to go up against under any circumstances, but that's only half the story with Bane. He can blend in with almost any environment and move without being heard. He's almost impossible to shake once he's on your trail. The guy must be part bloodhound! Worst of all, he doesn't give you any warning. His favorite way of taking someone down is from a rooftop 4 blocks away with that rifle of his. Rumor has it he can drop a squirrel from half a mile away with that thing! It's enough to make you nervous about going outside.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

All your life, you've been a hunter. The thrill of meeting the biggest and meanest animals on their home turf gets your adrenaline pumping like nothing else. But eventually, you got to the point where you'd hunted them all, and come out on top. It was no challenge anymore. So you decided to seek the most challenging game of all: man.

But you found that even that wasn't much of a challenge. Most of the people who you hunted had no idea what they were doing. The poor saps died without even being aware that you were there. Then, one day, you were approached by a stranger, who gave you directions to follow. He didn't ask, he simply gave you the directions, as if there were no question that you would agree. You were curious, so you booked a flight to the planet he had named and followed the directions to a ruined city in the middle of the biggest desert on the planet. It was there that you met Jaquassarious Phentari.

Now, the game has taken on new excitement. Jaquassarious sends you after men with the very best of guards, men who even you find it hard to sneak up on. Each hunt has its own flavor, its own challenge, and its own solution. This is what you were meant to do in life . . . the hunt.

Just lately, there's been a change in the wind. Your instincts tell you that something's coming. It's the same feeling you get when a big storm is brewing, only this is much, much bigger. When you go out in the woods for a little peace and quiet, even the animals are behaving differently . . . not much, just subtle shifts that only someone who's spent their entire life in the forests would spot . . . but the change is there. The animals are edgy, and they're edgy on a whole bunch of different planets at the same time. Something big is coming, and you're not sure you want to know what it is . . .

RED DEATH

Size Class: 7 Body Points: 25
Initiative Modifier: -7 Race: Tza Zen Rigeln

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 141 Manual Dexterity: 65
Intelligence: 92 Agility: 101
Constitution: 121 Aggression: 101
Intuition: 69 Charisma: 31

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 10 Military Leadership: 56
Persuasion: 51 Bargaining: 36

SMRS

CHE: 42 RAD: 47 BIO: 69 MEN: 57 POI: 42
SON: 59 ELE: 64 FIR: 44 ACD: 39 CLD: 84

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 460,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Acrobatics	12	180
Agility	4	*
Alertness	3	*
Body Equilibrium	7	*
Body Points	4	*
Hand to Hand	18	BW
Stealth	15	210
Strength	4	*
Infiltration	12	190
Basic Medical	5	120
Poisons	15	220
Biology	8	150
Matrix Manipulation	6	130
Mental Defense	4	*
Power Control	3	*
Defeat Security	9	140
Detect Security	9	160
Pick Locks	6	110
Chemical Weapons	11	BW

MATRICES

Type: Healer Matrix Level: 13 Power Points: 38

POWER

	LEVEL
Awaken	1
Blood Stoppage	1
Calcify	1
Mend Bones (simple)	1
Pain	1
Slow Poison	1
Achilles Heel	2
Burns	2
Cosmetic Surgery	2
Cramps	2
Internal Bleeding	2
Poison Removal	2
Reverse Peristalsis	2
Blind	3
Essence Drain	3
Mend Bones (skull)	3
Paralysis	3
Parasitic Infestation	3
Protein Coagulant	3
Speak With Dead	3
Sonic Immunity	3
Strangulation	3
Age	4
Animate Dead	4
Cellular Disruption	4
Deform	4
Ectoplasm	4
Heal	4
Mind Shield	4

POWER	LEVEL
Muscular Dystrophy	4
Alter Visage	5
Cancer	5
Disembowel	5
Essence Transfer	5
Heartless	5
Zashmil	5

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Red Death travels light. His only defenses are a blood red, street clothes heavy skinsuit with a built in camouflage unit, and a Haven personal defense shield. He carries a BC-Frost Slayer and a Silence micron body weapon. The rounds he carries include Biological-3, Brain Hemorrhage, Cyberdom, and Heart Stopper rounds. The only other items he carries on a regular basis are an MDD-24, a displacer unit, a Sensoid Master, and two massive BRIs. He has molded his fingers into vicious talons which inflict 1-8 points of damage with a swipe; his teeth are now fangs which do 1-3. His strength bonus is applicable to either of these.



DESCRIPTION

Scary looking! Red Death is a heavily muscled Tza Zen. His skeletal features are savage and feral-looking, with vicious fangs; his normal facial expression is a cross between an animalistic snarl and a grin. His skin is paler than usual for a Zen, almost white. His fingers end in lethal looking claws. Red Death's normal outfit is a skintight blood red skinsuit.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

One of the most notorious criminals of the Zen Nation. Red Death was convicted of violations of Zen Law at an early age. He underwent the Zen Ritual of Unnaming, in which a Zen is branded Tza, stripped of his name, and exiled from Zen society. He quickly vowed ven-

geance on the world which had cast him out.

Taking the name Red Death, he began hunting and killing Zen. His vicious, bloodthirsty ways quickly earned him a death sentence from the Zen government, the rarest of punishments. In recent years, he has been repeatedly linked to Jaquassarious Phentari, handling missions which were attributed to the squid. His vicious style, combining animal-like stalking with his formidable powers, has proved extremely lethal.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Wow. This guy is nasty. This is the kind of monster that everyone thinks of when they think of Tza Zen. He lives to cause pain and suffering. Now, I'm all for people being able to choose their own lifestyles, but this is ridiculous! Assassins are one thing; they just kill, and they're usually quick and clean about it. Red Death is sick! There's a story going around that says he once disemboweled a victim and then kept him alive for three and a half days so he could watch the facial expressions. In other words, he's not the kind of guy you'd want to meet in a dark alley. Come to think of it, he's not the kind of guy you'd want to meet, period!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Zen. Once, you were like them. Blind, dogmatic, clinging to old beliefs which probably never had any validity, and certainly don't have any now. Assizzia said one true thing in his life: Power is immortal. You have taken this lesson to heart. The powerful can subjugate the weak at will, and have throughout history. You decided, early on, that you would be one of the powerful. For your research into forbidden areas of learning, you were cast out, your name stripped from you. So you chose a new name, to represent your new life. You have become the reaver, the taker of life. You are Red Death. And the fools who exiled you have reason to regret their folly. You have slain more Zen than any other individual in history. You are one of the powerful. You answer only to one person: Jaquassarious Phentari, the most powerful being you've ever encountered. He has taught you many things forbidden to the Zen people, and strengthened your body and mind. Now you are truly ready to weed out the weak, to prepare the strong to survive the coming storm.

ARASH-IKI (BLADE)

Size Class: 7	Body Points: 27			
Initiative Modifier: -7	Race: Black Eridani			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 115	Manual Dexterity: 82			
Intelligence: 63	Agility: 121			
Constitution: 97	Aggression: 120			
Intuition: 45	Charisma: 40			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 20	Military Leadership: 77			
Persuasion: 29	Bargaining: 14			
SMRS				
CHE: 63	RAD: 51	BIO: 53	MEN: 80	POI: 63
SON: 43	ELE: 68	FIR: 28	ACD: 33	CLD: 117
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 270,000				

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Acrobatics	6	124
Agility	3	*
Alertness	2	*
Body Points	4	*
Body Equilibrium	8	*
Hand to Hand	15	BW
Stealth	8	144
Strength	3	*
Concealment	10	155
Detect Concealment	5	105
Infiltration	8	135
Sword	21	BW
Grav Tech	17	BW

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Arash-Iki's equipment is simple and spartan, but extremely potent. His armor is a suit of ancient, flat black Eridani battle armor with the same stats as Gladiator. He carries a pair of ancient long swords, artifacts which reduce the threshold of an opponent's armor by 2 and can penetrate heavy armor. These are considered treasures of the Eridani people; Arash-Iki wrested them from the body of a fallen adversary, a Koordine by the name of Tosh-Ekal. His gun of choice is a BC-Sparkler gravitational sheer. His other gear will depend on the mission he's being sent on. Arash-Iki prefers to use simple, low tech gear whenever possible.

DESCRIPTION

A tall, powerfully built Eridani, 7'9" and weighing 300 pounds. Arash-Iki has the pale skin of an Eridani royal, and a noble bearing which suggests to all who see him that this is not the average Eridani. His face is cold, and devoid of expression, but extremely perceptive individuals may be able to detect a faint, haunted expression on his face. Arash-Iki's mohawk is cropped extremely short, and dyed blood red. He is never seen without a matched pair of ancient long swords of Eridani manufacture. Any Eridani with a Terrestrial Knowledge of 60 or better will recognize them as the work of Makoi, the legendary smith of 1200 years ago.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Arash-Iki is one of the greatest tragic stories of modern life. Once a promising young Eridani of a noble house, related to the royal family, Arash-Iki had a brilliant career ahead of him. However, it was cut tragically short. A renegade named Kor-Udal killed his younger sister, and Arash took the vow of the Skull Mane, vowing to track him down for his dishonorable attack. He found him at a distant border outpost, and the two engaged in fearsome battle. Kor-Udal fled into the foothills outside the outpost, and Arash-Iki followed. Kor-Udal was found two days later, dead from multiple sword slashes and thrusts to his chest. Arash-Iki was nowhere to be found, though traces of blood which matched his were found at the scene of battle.

The next time Arash-Iki was seen was on Dormadz, in the Andromeda galaxy. There, he viciously attacked and slew the governor of the colony and the executive sector administrator of Teledyne. This brutal attack violated Kaush-Maukal. Iki left a Death Card at the site of the slayings, with the following message: "I am the Blade of Jaquassarius Phentari. These men have died at his behest. As long as

the leaders of the Alliance remain blind, more will die. You have been warned." Though stunned by the drastic change in this upstanding young warrior, the High Priest of the Buddon sadly declared Arash-Iki to be a renegade, and possibly a Black Eridani.

Arash-Iki has participated in many more killings, all with a cold brutality and lack of regard for honor that shocked those who had known him before. The reason for his drastic change remains unknown, but he is considered one of the most dangerous fugitives in the Alliance.



MALACHAI'S TAKE

Behind all the official language, the facts stay the same: nobody knows what happened to this guy! But there are rumors out there. The most widely circulated says that Arash-Iki didn't walk away from his fight with Kor-Udal unscathed. He sustained severe wounds, and possibly a blow to the head. Supposedly, the injuries cost Iki his memory. Jaquassarius Phentari somehow got a hold of him, and programmed him into a perfect killing machine, by feeding him false memories and maybe sticking wiring into his head. If this is true, it just tells us what we all already knew: Jaquassarius Phentari is not a real fun guy who you'd want your daughter to marry!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

For you, life began with Jaquassarius Phentari. Your first memory is of him, and the training. He taught you the skills of combat, which you learned quickly and well. Now, you do as he bids you. You know you have a great purpose, though Jaquassarius has not yet revealed what it is. Until he sees fit to do so, you will do his bidding. Sometimes, though, you are distracted by haunting half-memories which you can't explain. These trouble you, and lately, you've begun to wonder if there's more to your existence than you know... you owe everything to Jaquassarius, but the dreams are growing, and a feeling of wrongness... as if this wasn't the life you were meant to have. You

are Blade, and that's all you've ever known . . . but is there more? You know that eventually, you will have to resolve these matters, or you will go mad. But you don't know how. Where does one go looking for a missing life?

UNCLE ERNIE FREIBERG

Size Class: 5	Body Points: 7			
Initiative Modifier: 0	Race: Human			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 47	Manual Dexterity: 81			
Intelligence: 110	Agility: 55			
Constitution: 85	Aggression: 47			
Intuition: 92	Charisma: 66			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 70	Military Leadership: 63			
Persuasion: 74	Bargaining: 84			
SMRS				
CHE: 120	RAD: 80	BIO: 120	MEN: 105	POI: 120
SON: 100	ELE: 65	FIR: 65	ACD: 60	CLD: 70
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 2,500,000				
SKILL				
		LEVEL	UPS	
General Knowledge		10	*	
General Science		16	95	
Alien Technologies		7	145	
Administration		8	155	
Slave Commerce		8	155	
Computer Operation		20	275	
Computer Programming		20	275	
Defeat Security (comp)		12	195	
Repair Computer		10	160	
Cybernetic Engineering		19	265	
Cybernetic Installation		14	200	
Cybernetic Manufacture		5	110	
Cybernetic Repair		15	210	
Electrical Engineering		6	135	
Hydraulic Engineering		5	125	
Ionization Engineering		2	95	
Mechanical Engineering		6	135	
Nuclear Engineering		10	175	
Robotic Engineering		14	215	
Detect Concealment		6	135	
Forgery		8	140	
Intelligence		13	205	
Speed Reading		8	155	
Basic Medical		9	165	
Biological Attack		13	205	
Chemical Attack		13	155	
Decontaminate		13	165	
Genetic Mutation		20	205	
Infections		8	205	
Poisons		8	205	
Radiation		7	145	
Surgery		12	180	
Activate/Deac. Robots		10	175	

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Function Alteration	10	175
Identify Robot	10	175
Modify Robot	10	175
Repair Robot	10	175
Biology	22	295
Botany	9	165
Chemistry	16	235
Genetics	25	325
Physics	6	135
Pilot Skimmer	5	110
Pilot Transcruiser	4	100
Beam Weapons	1	BW
Energy Weapons	1	BW
High-Tech Weapons Dsn.	13	205

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Uncle Ernie is a lover, not a fighter (okay, so what he loves is creating monsters of mass destruction, that's not the point!). He usually carries little by way of personal armaments; maybe a Savage-C or D laser pistol or a sonic disruptor. He does wear a life shield (as the cybernetic option) on his belt, and a heavy labcoat (treat as overcoat street clothes armor with an extra 30 points of absorption) at all times while working. He'll also be carrying various scientific gear, including HARM (Heuristic Artificial Reasoning Matrix), his highly advanced body computer/artificial intelligence. HARM can be considered to have an IQ of 150, an Intuition of 45, and an alignment of Negative Determinist. Some of the other widgets he's carrying may be important, as well; who knows what's in that test tube, and what will happen if it breaks? Uncle Ernie also carries one other item at all times; a comm device which will summon his bodyguards, 2-4 genetically engineered Ram Pythons (treat as normal Rams with physical stats of 150, mental stats of 50, an SMR against mental attacks of 99, and double the normal body points!) Each of these bodyguards is highly skilled (around 50-100,000 xp) and armed to the teeth.

DESCRIPTION

Uncle Ernie is a 5'6", potbellied human. He weighs about 170 pounds. His hair is a medium brown, but has receded to the point where he's mostly bald; his eyes are a restless, piercing steel grey. Uncle Ernie, when encountered, is usually wearing a stained, battered lab coat, an extremely loud Hawaiian shirt, jeans, and sneakers. He speaks in a jocular, bantering tone, which makes many people forget that this is one of the most brilliant, calculating men in the universe. Ernie is nearsighted, and wears thick glasses. He could easily correct his vision with other means, but wears the glasses anyway, as a matter of personal style.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Uncle Ernie Freiberg is a name that will go down in history as synonymous with pain, suffering, and cruelty. A brilliant scientist who has turned his skills to creating destruction, Uncle Ernie symbolizes the dangers of science, and the need for responsibility in experiments. He is wanted for a list of crimes a mile long, including over 6,000,000,000 counts of murder in the first degree (for his roles in the destruction of New Washington, Borneo, and many smaller outposts), 417 violations of the Terasleague Biological Arms Convention, and 32 counts of high treason against the Alliance.

Brilliant, twisted, and totally without compassion, Freiberg sees life as the clay which a sculptor manipulates. He seems to group living beings into three categories: allies, experimental subjects, and victims. Many wonder whether the experimental subjects or the unsuspecting citizens they're unleashed on are the less fortunate.

Freiberg's areas of expertise include cybernetics, artificial intelligence, and genetic engineering. He was the first man to propose a workable interface between an artificial intelligence and a sentient brain. The Freiberg Principle is still the basis for the vast majority of body computer technology, and was also used in the design of the still-experimental artificial intelligence modules and thought processing units emerging on the market now.

Recently, Freiberg has expanded the operations of his Anarchist Rebellion Movement. Formerly, they were only responsible for releasing biological monstrosities; now, it is believed that Freiberg has branched into the areas of robotics and conventional weapons. At the third annual Corporate Summit on the resort world of Delphi, a small robot popped up out of the ground in the conference chamber as Todd Moorhouse, assistant CEO for Teledyne, was delivering a presentation on upcoming Teledyne projects. The robot detonated with incredible force, killing 43 of the delegates (including Moorhouse) and wounding some 176 others. Right before detonation, the robot played a short audio message: "New from the ovens of ARM! Uncle Ernie loves ya, baby!" It is also known that the Rebels have recently secured a number of nuclear weapons, much bigger than the personal nuclear weapons ARM already sells. Sources indicate that the origin of these weapons was ARM, which would mean that Freiberg has somehow gained both a large supply of bomb-grade heavy metals and the means to refine it. The same sources indicate that Freiberg has developed a new weapons technology, known as a Contractor Beam. This beam supposedly increases the magnetic attraction between molecules with a crystalline or metallic matrix makeup, causing them to draw much closer together. The practical upswing of this is that the object shrinks drastically. Such a weapon would be lethal on the modern field of battle. Soldiers could be crushed inside their rapidly shrinking Ultra-Armor or tanks, or even personal battle armor. Galactic Control denies all knowledge of the existence of such a weapon, and claims that the rumors are insubstantial and false.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

This guy is nuttier than my Aunt Korelle's Danzt Nut Cluster Cookies! Lemme see if I've got things straight: rich, powerful, with a great career, and somebody beat him to one of his patents. So what does he do, take it up in court? Nnooooo! He goes out, breeds a bunch of mutant uglies, and sends them out to eat planets. This is not the action of someone who has all his parts in the right place!

Rumor on the street has it that Uncle Ernie's cooking up something big this time. Really big. So big, it'll make the Blood Warlock look like a Furbl. A small Furbl. Nobody seems to know exactly what it is, or at least they're not saying, but a friend of mine in genetic research mentioned some recent thefts from research facilities. The thefts included DNA samples of Sau Bau and Demonants, some highly classified documents on fourth dimensional entities, and the last samples of canine DNA from Earth. I don't even want to think of what he's planning on cooking those into . . . and then there's those nukes that have been popping up, and those Contractor beam thingees. Rumors? Not hardly! I managed to be a fly on the wall at an illicit arms deal, and I watched one of the things in operation! Thanks to a heavily shielded and concealed cam flybot, I saw one of the sellers point this funky-looking weapon at a suit of armor and pull the trigger. The

armor was covered in blue sparks, and suddenly shrank to about half its original size! Unfortunately, they noticed my flybot right about then and skragged it, and I had to get offworld in a hurry to make sure they didn't track me down. But those guns are out there, and it's only a matter of time before they start showing up on the street . . .



ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Hey, hey, hey, it's showtime! Your latest batch of babies is just about ready to come out of the ovens, and you've got the perfect targets already picked out for them. Yes sir, life is sweet . . . and it's your job to make sure it doesn't stay that way for all the stuffed shirts of the Alliance! They didn't appreciate your brilliance when they had it at their disposal. Just took your work, and then let the first cheap knock-off that came along have licensing rights! You spent years on the design of a stable gene which combined the characteristics of reptile and mammal, and they gave some half-witted lab technician named Krauss who had managed to copy part of your work the rights to the research. But that wasn't something you were going to take lying down. You decided that if the Alliance didn't appreciate your genius while you were working for them, you would show them exactly what it meant to have you working against them! The Blood Warlock was the first of your new endeavors, and you think it turned out pretty well. You dropped it on that stupid idiot Krauss' hometown of New Washington, just to show him how much you appreciated his stealing your work. The Warlock did its job, and Krauss spent the last few seconds of his life gibbering in terror. Of course, it did kill about two and a half million other people in the process, but so what? People, you've come to realize, are a renewable, expendable resource. You can kill all you want, because they'll make more! And it's worth it. What are the lives of a hundred or so "volunteers" who would have lived and died in obscurity anyway, compared to the scientific breakthroughs you can make with their DNA? And there's a demand for your work, a big demand. That's why you started the Anarchist Rebellion Movement. Your followers spread the fruits of your labors far and

wide, sort of "free samples" of your work. The terrorists see how effective they are, and line up to buy your latest state-of-the-art biological wrecking machine, and the money they pay finances still more experiments! Pain, suffering, and misery galore . . . these are a few of your favorite things!

MICHAEL "THE FAT MAN" BERNEL

Size Class: 5	Body Points: 8			
Initiative Modifier: -2	Race: Human			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 56	Manual Dexterity: 61			
Intelligence: 97	Agility: 60			
Constitution: 55	Aggression: 74			
Intuition: 98	Charisma: 115			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 60	Military Leadership: 100			
Persuasion: 126	Bargaining: 96			
SMRS				
CHE: 19	RAD: 17	BIO: 14	MEN: 105	POI: 20
SON: 22	ELE: 42	FIR: 22	ACD: 22	CLD: 42
EXPERIENCE POINTS: 950,000				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Alertness	2	*		
Hand to Hand	6	BW		
Swimming	3	*		
Bard	20	285		
Hand Radio	5	BR		
Base Station Radio	5	BR		
Interplanetary (Comlink)	5	BR		
Interstellar Comlink	3	BR		
Computer Operation	10	170		
Computer Programming	10	170		
Bypass Security (comp)	10	170		
Astrocartography	4	110		
Emergency Damage Control	2	90		
EVM	1	60		
Identify Vessels	15	220		
Navigation	2	90		
Architectural Engineer	3	100		
Civil Engineering	3	100		
Bribery	8	165		
Camouflage	4	110		
Detect Concealment	15	220		
Disguise	12	190		
Infiltration	2	90		
Intelligence	16	230		
Paramedic	3	80		
Military Leadership	5	*		
Survival (deciduous)	6	130		
Survival (mountain)	4	110		
Survival (desert)	4	110		
Survival (tropical)	3	100		
Survival (arctic)	3	100		
Identify Robots	8	150		

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Forensics	7	140
Detect Security	14	210
Bypass Security	3	80
Systems Design	3	100
Pilot Automobile	6	110
Pilot Skimmer	6	110
Pilot Transcruiser	6	110
Pilot Spacecraft	2	70
Powder Gunnery	1	BW
Beam Gunnery	1	BW
Missile Gunnery	1	BW
Beam Weapons	4	BW
Administration	17	240
Etiquette	5	135
General Knowledge	5	*
Persuasion	10	*
Street Smart	12	190
Physics	2	90

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

"The Fat Man" isn't a front line fighter; he's far too valuable to the Rebels for them to risk him. Bernel generally wears a heavily shielded suit of Infiltrator armor, almost impossible to detect (he's gotten it past state of the art planetary security systems repeatedly). The duplication ability of this armor is limited to clothing, but it can duplicate them almost flawlessly, so that even close inspection will not reveal the armor's true nature. Bernel also carries a personal defense shield of some sort. On the infrequent occasions when he does carry a weapon, it's generally a Savage-B laser pistol with mother of pearl handgrips. Bernel has had this weapon for years; where he got it is unknown. Bernel also has cybernetic implants of an unknown nature; these include, at the least, a sophisticated scanning system which detects security measures (equal to a frequency scanner, sensoid master, and jam strobe, all interlinked). He never travels without bodyguards.

DESCRIPTION

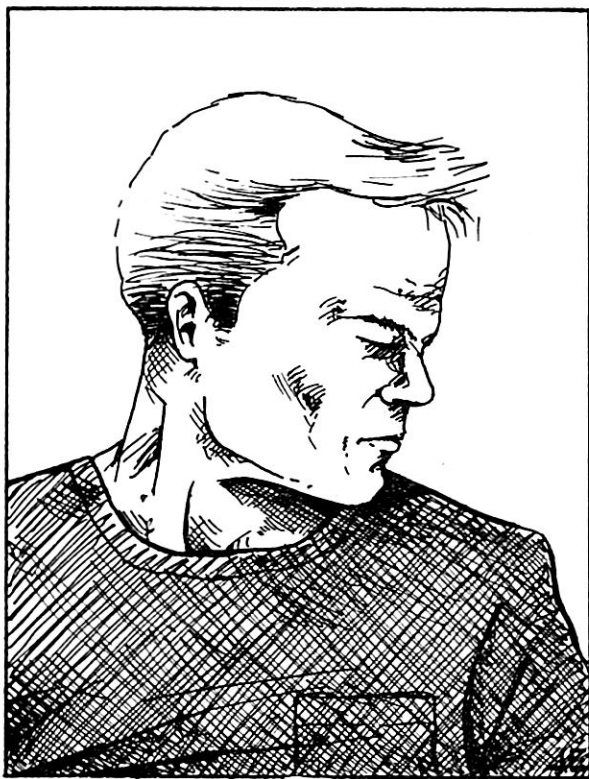
Though Michael Bernel is called "The Fat Man," recent intelligence indicates that he isn't fat at all. Years of hard living and stress have made him thin, almost gaunt; most likely, he keeps the "Fat Man" moniker to throw people off the track. Bernel stands 5'8" and probably weighs in the neighborhood of 140 pounds. His brown hair has gone almost completely gray, even though he's only 47. Bernel dresses conservatively, usually in earth tones. The overall impression he conveys is of some sort of middle-class businessman. The pinky and ring finger of his left hand are cybernetic replacements. Bernel's eyes are a murky green, and those who have met him often describe them as "tired" or "drained." This is hardly surprising; after all, the man has had the Alliance on his butt for the past twenty years!

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Michael Bernel is an unassuming looking man, but appearances are deceiving in this case. "The Fat Man", as he is called, is responsible for acts of violence and sedition throughout the Alliance. The head of the terrorist organization known simply as "The Rebel Movement", Bernel strives to bring about the downfall of the government and throw the Alliance into chaos and strife.

Bernel grew up on New Terra, a product of a good environment. However, he was never content with his place in society. In school, he joined radical political organizations dedicated to "equal rights." Most of these groups advocated the abolition of the slave trade, and immediate extension of equal rights to all races which were even marginally sentient. Government officials believe that the primary goal of these groups was actually to stir up discontent and bad blood between the Alliance and the governments of the Eridani and Phentari. This may be an indicator that, even as a young man, Bernel was already involved with the Rebels.

A government psychologist has provided a profile of Bernel, based on his past history. He characterizes Bernel as "restless . . . unwilling to simply be a part of a group. In all probability, Michael Bernel suffers from delusions of grandeur. He needs to feel powerful, to feel that he is the one making the decisions for others. This is probably the driving factor behind his seditious activities."



MALACHAI'S TAKE

Oh, come on, guys! I mean, fine, the Rebels have done some downright nasty things, but aren't you laying it on a little thick? To read the official story about Bernel, you'd think he had horns and little bat wings. Now, don't get me wrong, I'm not advocating the actions of the Rebels . . . but I think it's a little bit more likely that Bernel's an idealist whose ideals happen to run contrary to the government's. After all, there are records of the Rebels doing good things too, if you bother to look. They've delivered numerous food shipments to starving settlements, and they usually release prisoners, which is more than a lot of mercenary units do. And "a government psychologist?" What school did this guy go to? Sounds more like propaganda than psychology to me. After all, Bernel came from a good family. If he wanted to get involved in politics, with his abilities, he could have done real well for himself—without having to worry about getting shot every day of his life. If he really wanted power, don't you think he might have gone this route instead? With that said, I have to reiterate

that I don't agree with the Rebels' methods. Blowing things up is not the way to bring about social change, especially with the Arachnids drooling on the horizon! Those military ships you blow up today won't be able to defend against the spiders tomorrow, you know. What's wrong with trying to change the system from within?

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

For twenty years, you've been fighting. Fighting against a huge, soulless foe made up of the corporations and their government puppets. You've seen more horror, more pain and misery, than fifty normal men, and you know that it's nothing compared to what lies in store for you and your friends, your allies, if you get caught.

Twenty years. Twenty years of being on the run. Twenty years of trying to defend the rights of ordinary people who see you as the criminal, or worse still, just don't care if they get crushed underfoot. Twenty years of hurling yourself against an immovable wall of corruption. It feels more like two hundred. You're tired of running, tired of sending your friends out on missions, knowing that sooner or later, they won't be coming back. Very few Rebels die of old age. Tired of dealing with those lunatics in the Anarchist Rebellion Movement and that butcher, Freiberg.

Yes, you're retired. But still, you go on. Every time the Alliance deals you a knockout blow, you pull yourself to your feet and keep going. Because you have to. There's nobody else to do it. And perhaps there's hope, after all. You have a feeling, way down deep. You can't put your finger on it, but change is coming, and it's coming soon. Maybe it has to do with the Arachnid invasion everyone's expecting; you think that may be it, but not exactly. It won't be the Arachnids that cause the change, but something else . . . but whatever happens, you intend to be ready. There's an old proverb that says, "The man who sees the winds of change coming should build not windbreaks, but windmills." You intend to have the Rebellion's windmills ready, and when the winds of change come, you'll be riding them.

ODAK

Size Class: 6 Body Points: 30
Initiative Modifier: -6 Race: Eridani

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 61 Manual Dexterity: 56
Intelligence: 82 Agility: 91
Constitution: 58 Aggression: 74
Intuition: 93 Charisma: 62

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 88 Military Leadership: 115
Persuasion: 83 Bargaining: 28

SMRS

CHE: 59 RAD: 37 BIO: 49 MEN: 105 POI: 59
SON: 39 ELE: 64 FIR: 24 ACD: 29 CLD: 113

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 1,200,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Alertness	3	*
Body Equilibrium	8	*
Body Points	6	*
Hand to Hand	24	BW

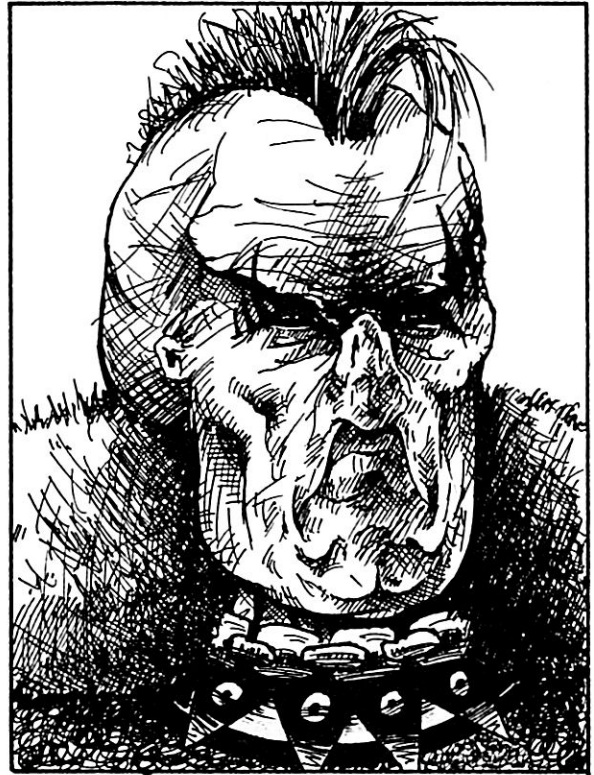
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
General Knowledge	12	*
Poet	10	165
Camouflage	14	205
Concealment	10	165
Detect Concealment	15	215
Infiltration	7	135
Interrogation	15	215
Military Leadership	5	*
Land Navigation	10	165
Scouting	8	150
Sighting	10	*
Survival (methane)	11	180
Survival (arctic)	11	180
Psychiatry	22	285
Detect Security	10	165
Persuasion	10	*
Staff	21	BW
Sword	18	BW
Beam Weapons	15	BW
Pulse Weapons	15	BW
Direct Fire Weapons	15	BW
Omega Weapons	15	BW

MATRICES

Type: Empath Matrix Level: 16 Power Points: 54

POWER	LEVEL
Clairaudience	1
Clairvoyance	1
Concentration	1
Enchantment	1
ESP	1
Fear	1
Patience	1
Sense Danger	1
Telepathy	1
Calm	2
Disposition	2
Ego Whip	2
Intuition Sense	2
Mind Dive	2
Trust	2
True Sight	2
Hypnotic Suggestion	3
Invisibility	3
Mind Blank	3
Mind Over Body	3
Pain	3
Psychic Targeting	3
Surviving Will	3
Ego Smash	4
Hypnotic Trance	4
Mass Fear	4
Mass Friendship	4
Mental Resistance	4
Pass Unnoticed	4
Triok's Invulnerability	4
Crom's Warrior	5
Death Vision	5

POWER	LEVEL
Emotion Control	5
Mind Slag	5
Repulsion	5
Focus	6
Mass Paralysis	6
Mind Control	6
Resonant Structure	6
Scan Planet	6



EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Odak wears simple white robes of coarse fabric and carries a wooden staff. He's not quite as helpless as he appears, though; he somehow managed to get a permanent Flux Shield matrix generated on him somewhere, for one thing. For another, his staff is an artifact of unknown origin, which generates a plane of force somewhat similar to a localized Omega pulse. This staff inflicts 2-12 points of translational damage on a normal hit. The wielder may choose to expend power points to increase this; for each power point burnt, the staff will do an additional 1d6 damage on that strike, to a maximum of 5-30 points of damage (5d6). The staff has a system shock roll of 100; in all other ways, it is identical to a normal quarterstaff. Odak also carries an alien amulet; its nature and origin are unknown to all but him.

DESCRIPTION

Odak is a gaunt, aged Eridani. His skin is deeply lined with age. He has small, black eyes, which fix the object of his attention with a penetrating, piercing gaze. Odak wears coarse white robes and walks with the aid of a wooden staff; a small, complex medallion consisting of twisted, interlinked wires of some alien metal with a crystal lens in the center, depends from his neck. Odak speaks softly, almost in a whisper, and his words are slow and enunciated, as if he was choosing each with the greatest care.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

The mysterious leader of the fanatical terrorist group known as the Yontacha is a shadowy being known only as Odak. This enigmatic figure is a collection of contradictions; he espouses peace, and commands his followers to perform acts of incredible violence and brutality. A master of weaponry and philosophy, he still manages to maintain an incredibly narrow outlook.

The Yontacha first made their presence known seven years ago, in 2272, with a series of brutal attacks on mercenaries and military personnel alike. All of the victims were ritually beheaded, and an odd rune traced on their chests in their own blood. This rune was later revealed to be the Yontacha symbol for peace. Nobody claimed responsibility for the attacks or made demands, and the Galactic Police were at a loss to explain the senseless slayings, which apparently had nothing in common other than the ritualistic method and the military occupations of those slain.

Even now, very little is known about the Yontacha. What we do know has been gathered from the fanatical ravings of the few Yontacha ever taken prisoner. It was from one of these that the name "Odak" was first learned. More disturbingly, most of the prisoners were identified. Those who had known them generally asserted that they weren't at all the type to become fanatical cultists. The mental conditioning which had been used on them was extremely powerful. Attempts to remove it resulted in serious brain damage.

Recent evidence indicates Odak is actually a renegade Eridani. How a member of the warrior race came to such a drastic reversal of philosophy, and what power he has over the minds of his followers, it still unknown. As the investigations continue, the Yontacha remain a menace to every warrior in the Alliance.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

I have a personal grudge against this would-be savior of the galaxy and his mind-frying tactics. I had a good friend named Boomer; gung ho, fearless, always willing to go after the story, no matter where it took him. Well, a couple of years back, he decided to get the story on Odak and the Yontacha. I guess he got more of the story than he ever wanted to. Next time I saw Boomer, it was at the scene of a Yontacha attack. He was wearing those funky robes that all the Yontacha members wear, and carrying a bloody sword. I called out to him, and he turned and looked at me like he'd never seen me before in his life! He pulled a pistol out from under his robes and pointed it at me, babbling something about "purification". I was too stunned to do much of anything, and if the police hadn't showed up and dropped Boomer and his Yontacha buddies right then, I guess I wouldn't be here to write this today. The Boomer I knew was totally loyal to his friends, and very level headed . . . not at all the kind who runs off on wild spiritual tangents. Whatever this Odak guy does, it's powerful, and it's thorough. I have no doubt that Boomer would have dropped me given five more seconds.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You grew up as one of the privileged of Eridani society, one of the warrior elite. You had the best of everything, lived only to glory in battle and bloodshed, and never once noticed the common folk who were ground underfoot in your senseless arrogance. Years passed, and you grew to be a great warrior, slayer of countless opponents—one of the Koordine, a level which few of your people ever achieved. You were awesome in battle, and even more awesome in your foolish pride and ignorance.

All of that changed the day you came across a ruined alien spacecraft while on a spiritual pilgrimage to a small, nearly deserted planetoid controlled by the Eridani government. Curious, you entered the ruined vessel. While exploring, you came across an unknown alien humanoid, who you thought was trying to attack you. You slew him where he stood. Bending to place a death card on the alien's chest, you noticed a strange amulet. You picked it up . . . and suddenly, your mind was flooded with new understanding. You saw the futility of the life you had been living, and the terrible sickness that was plaguing the universe. Donning the amulet, and also picking up the alien's staff, you walked over to a console and pushed a few buttons, which you knew would activate the ship's destruct sequence. You left and watched the ship destroy itself from a safe distance.

You spent many weeks in the desert, contemplating the revelations which had been made to you. You discovered that you had new powers of the mind, and the ability to influence others. You mastered the use of your amulet, which can show others the same truths you yourself have come to understand. Slowly, you began to gather followers. You knew you would need many for your ultimate purpose: the purging of violence from the universe.

SABRINE MCCLOUD

Size Class: 4 Body Points: 7
Initiative Modifier: -2 Race: Gen Human

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 53 Manual Dexterity: 72
Intelligence: 102 Agility: 82
Constitution: 61 Aggression: 45
Intuition: 93 Charisma: 109

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 65 Military Leadership: 65
Persuasion: 76 Bargaining: 71

SMRS

CHE: 21 RAD: 19 BIO: 19 MEN: 70 POI: 21
SON: 29 ELE: 44 FIR: 24 ACD: 24 CLD: 46

EXPERIENCE POINTS: 650,000

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Alertness	2	*
Stealth	8	134
General Knowledge	5	*
Business Management	12	195
Investment	14	215
Law	7	145
Computer Operation	22	295
Computer Programming	22	295
Defeat Security	22	295
Bribery	8	160
Detect Concealment	5	125
Disguise	16	235
Forgery	14	195
Impersonation	15	225
Intelligence	5	125
Pick Locks	15	205
Safe Cracking	15	220

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Smuggling	7	145
Basic Medical	3	105
Demolitions	3	100
Detect Security	16	235
Bypass Security	18	235
Etiquette	6	140
Street Smart	12	190
Pilot Skimmer	8	135
Pilot Transcruiser	6	115



EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Sabrina McCloud runs somewhat contrary to the conventional image of the bank robber, stocking over the head, brandishing a shotgun. First of all, she never carries firearms. McCloud is an avowed pacifist. Her robberies are accomplished with a much more sophisticated piece of equipment: the specially designed Gatecrasher body computer installed in her body. This computer, one of the most advanced and specialized personal systems ever devised, combines the functions of a normal body computer with remote link-up with those of Artificial Intelligence Modules (Bypass Security, Extended Memory, and Programming 2), computer interface joints (Galactic Bank Systems, Galactic Police, and Flight Systems (atmospheric and space)), electronic lockpicks, and a Sensoid Master. The computer system is fully insulated and concealed from scans. "Sexy Sady" also has retinal duplication and dermal replication systems, both with cosmetic surgery. Aside from these, she carries little by way of gear; most of it fits in a normal purse. A pair of infrared/ultraviolet goggles disguised as sunglasses and a set of physical lockpicks are two items she often carries. Sabrina will sometimes wear street clothes armor, but only if she expects a job to go sour or plans on going into a bad part of town.

DESCRIPTION

Sabrina is a 32 year old Gen-Human who looks like she stepped out of the pages of some fashion model magazine. 5'7" and 115 pounds, she has a trim, fit figure, a breathtakingly beautiful face, and strawberry blonde hair which varies in length from short to mid-back. Sabrina typically dresses in clothes that enhance and show off her figure; depending on her cover, this might be a slinky evening gown, a tasteful but still revealing business suit, or just about anything else. All of this is completely intentional! "Sexy Sady" had her already-stunning looks enhanced with the best cosmetic surgery money can buy in order to further her "career". Her reasoning was that men tend to underestimate the intelligence of a beautiful woman because their minds aren't usually on her brain! While this viewpoint might strike some as a little jaded and cynical, Sabrina has almost 600,000,000 credits worth of evidence for the accuracy of her beliefs!

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Sabrina McCloud is a beautiful former model and actress. She is also the fourth most wanted criminal in the Alliance today. Her daring bank heists have netted her huge amounts of cash and other valuables—a total of almost 600,000,000 credits to be exact. But McCloud doesn't burst into the bank's main lobby, point a gun, and say, "Hand over your money." She's much more subtle, using the electronic banking net as her personal playground and source of income.

Originally a moderately successful actress and model on Terra, though considered somewhat unintelligent and vacant by most critics and a large number of movie viewers, Sabrina apparently decided that her career wasn't going as well as she might like. On a hot summer night in 2274, the security of seven banks on New Terra was compromised. The perpetrator made off with over 200,000,000 credits in cash, bonds, and other miscellaneous valuables, all without ever firing a shot or arousing any suspicion. All authorities could determine was that the robber was a woman, between 5'5" and 5'9", who had entered each bank, gone to one of the terminals as if making a normal withdrawal, and somehow completely taken control of the bank's computer system to transfer huge amounts of funds to an unknown destination. Sabrina McCloud wasn't even suspected until two weeks later, when a young police detective realized that she had been reported missing the day after the robberies. An investigation of her apartment revealed that she had obviously been planning to leave; it was completely cleaned out. However, a bank receipt from one of the banks was found in a space between the bed and the wall, where it must have fallen out during her departure. The time matched one of the robberies. Unbelievable as it seemed, the actress who had been the brunt of so many "dumb blond" jokes had apparently made a mockery of the BankNet's much-vaunted security system. An all points bulletin was put out for her, but "Sexy Sady" had disappeared without a trace.

Since that time, Sabrina McCloud has been implicated in four more major heists. In each case, the modus operandi is somewhat different; in one, she caused the bank's fire alarms to go off, then cleaned out several major accounts while the bank was deserted. In another, she actually got a job at the bank, and slowly bled corporate funds off over a period of months, while making it look as if nothing was wrong. In addition to her incredible aptitude with computers, Sabrina is a talented actress (apparently a lot more talented than anyone gave her credit for). It is suspected that she has dozens of aliases in as many different systems. None of the money has ever been found.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Go get 'em, Sady! Sabine McCloud is a folk hero among Orions, which is really saying something considering the fact that she's a Gen-Human. Her confidence schemes and swindles are of epic proportions. 600,000,000 credits? Most of the Orion "creative financiers" I know can only dream of pulling down numbers like that. And then there are the bank systems she cracks. Those systems have the toughest IC in the Alliance, state-of-the-art stuff! I know two, maybe three crackers who would even consider attempting it, and every one of them would have a ready getaway vehicle at hand in case things went wrong. Sady busts the BankNet routinely, and seems to do it with all the composure of someone taking a stroll to the corner market! Consider that she learned how to do this in her spare time, while everyone around her assumed that she was another dumb blonde. Whatever you think of Sabine's actions, you've gotta give her credit for making her detractors eat crow!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

You found out early that beauty is a double edged sword. Your teachers didn't expect much out of you, even though you consistently did well on the ridiculously easy work they gave you. One actually kept you after school and asked if you had been cheating. So eventually, you stopped trying. You were able to coast through on mediocre grades with no effort whatsoever, and this seemed to satisfy your teachers more than when you were getting A's, for some reason.

As you grew older, you had this lesson of life drummed into your head over and over. Beautiful girls and big muscular guys aren't supposed to have brains. One of your closest friends in high school was the school's star wrestler, who you also happened to know as a very intelligent and sensitive person. But the social restrictions of the school saw the two of you in a different way. He was big and strong, and you were blond and beautiful, so both of you had to be stupid . . . and since you spent time with him, you were obviously sleeping with him. High school wasn't a pleasant time for you . . . and neither was the job market. Even when you were qualified to hold a job, half of the male employers seemed afraid to hire you, as if they thought that everyone else would suspect that they'd hired you for your body. The other half wanted to hire you for your body, which was worse. Females were easier to deal with: most of them just gave you a flat "no." A couple were even kind enough to explain to you that they didn't intend to hire someone who'd be sleeping her way into their positions within a year.

After two and a half decades of being forced into the dumb blonde mold, you decided you'd had enough. You began spending your free time reading everything you could about the latest computer systems. Programming has always been an interest of yours, and you were quite good at it—but nobody had ever seemed to notice that the hot blonde knew five different programming languages. Investing a major chunk of your savings in some very special equipment, you hatched a plan over a period of a year and a half. This plan eventually became the Great Terran Bank Robberies—your first criminal act, and in a way, your revenge. People aren't thinking of you as a dumb blonde anymore. On reflection, maybe it was foolish grandstanding to plant one of the bank receipts in your apartment, but you wanted people to know who'd made a fool of the BankNet. You were thumbing your nose at them, and you still think it was worth it.

Since that time, you've boned up on your acting skills—they were there all along, but the only directors who would hire you didn't really expect great acting—and become a master of changing identity. Your main cover right now is as Rae Hunter, the main stockholder in several

large businesses, and a silent partner in others. You're not particularly worried about being discovered; Rae's credentials and papers are impeccable, and she looks nothing like Sabine McCloud. The money you stole has been piped through a wide variety of channels and investments, and you made sure that no paper trails led back to you. You're thinking of hanging up "Sexy Sady" for a vacation . . . you have all the money you'll ever need, and nobody underestimates Rae's intelligence. Maybe you'll track down Jack, your wrestler friend from high school. You could use a few good minds to help run your companies.

JERRED MAKHOUSE

Size Class: 6	Body Points: 24			
Initiative Modifier: -3 (-6)	Race: Orion Rogue			
VITAL STATISTICS				
Strength: 101	Manual Dexterity: 115			
Intelligence: 51	Agility: 71			
Constitution: 92	Aggression: 85			
Intuition: 95	Charisma: 30			
SECONDARY STATISTICS				
Terrestrial Knowledge: 45	Military Leadership: 88			
Persuasion: 42	Bargaining: 47			
SMRS				
CHE: 40	RAD: 35	BIO: 35	MEN: 55	POI: 40
SON: 75	ELE: 56	FIR: 40	ACD: 35	CLD: 60
EXPERIENCE POINTS:				
SKILL	LEVEL	UPS		
Alertness	3	*		
Body Points	5	*		
Hand to Hand	15	BW		
Stealth	5	102		
Strength	5	*		
Alien Technologies	2	70		
Merchant	5	100		
Hand Radio	6	BR		
Base Station	5	BR		
Interstellar Comlink	5	BR		
Computer Operation	6	110		
Computer Programming	5	100		
Bypass Security (comp)	5	100		
Astrocartography	12	170		
Decontaminate	5	100		
ECM (space)	10	150		
EDC	5	100		
EVM	8	132		
Fighter (DS)	12	195		
Identify Vessels	21	260		
Mechanic (space)	2	70		
Navigation	8	130		
Operate Transporter	3	80		
Salvage (space)	15	200		
Spacecraft	15	225		
Traffic Controller	4	90		
Bribery	5	90		



SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Concealment	6	110
Detect Concealment	13	180
Intelligence	10	150
Electronics	4	90
Mechanic	4	90
Basic Medical	6	110
Interrogation	11	160
Military Leadership	5	*
Gambling	3	100
Street Smart	13	200
Pilot Skimmer	10	175
Sword	12	BW
Beam Weapons	14	BW
Energy Weapons	12	BW
Throwing	8	BW
T-Bolt Generators	10	BW
Beam Gunnery	14	BW
Missile Gunnery	13	BW
Pulse Gunnery	13	BW

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Jerred Makhouse goes armed to the teeth, as befits a pirate. His armor is a suit of blood-red Heavy Assault with environmental containment, QSU, oxygen supply, auto laser cannon, skalers, talons, hover jets, and a number of defensive options. For up close and personal situations, he carries a Rommel disintegrator and an Eridani blade which reduces the effective threshold of the target's armor by one and can penetrate heavy armor. Makhouse is heavily cyborged; his left arm is mechanical, with a strength of 140 and a -3 bonus to initiative rolls. He has a wrist pulse unit and grappling hook installed in this arm. His left eye and ear are also cybernetic, and he has a targeting acquisition computer, hearing amplifier, language analyzer, and sonic implant. All of these options have full EMP shielding, but no cosmetic surgery.

DESCRIPTION

Jerred Makhouse is a hulking Orion Rogue. 6'1" and 280 pounds, he has flowing black hair with a red streak in it and a beard, but both of these stop roughly two thirds of the way across his chin. The left side of Makhouse's face is covered with burn scars, his mouth on the left is frozen into a permanent grimace. Burnished steel cybernetic implants gleam out from the scarred flesh in sharp relief. His left hand is usually covered with a black leather glove; when uncovered, it is a cruel-looking mechanical replacement. Makhouse dresses in crimson and black; his usual boarding outfit is his crimson battle armor, with a black greatcoat over it. Grim and brooding most of the time, he can occasionally be amused by odd things, and has been known to spare captives who make him laugh.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Jerred Makhouse is the name which most people think of immediately when the word "pirate" comes up. Mothers use his name to frighten small children into behaving, and indeed, he is a frightening man. Makhouse rules the pirate clan known as the Black Flag with an iron hand. The most heinous of pirates, he is brutal and cold, killing without mercy. Those few who have survived encounters with him describe Makhouse as a huge, menacing Orion, hideously scarred (Makhouse was reported killed in a Galactic Customs attack five years ago; presumably, this is where he received his burns). All described

the butcher's incredible heartlessness, slaying women and children as they begged for their lives. None of them could say for sure exactly why they were spared where so many others were killed, except that something about them seemed to amuse Makhouse.

For his incredible acts of viciousness and slaughter, Jerred Makhouse has been made the number 5 most wanted criminal in the Alliance. Galactic Customs has made the elimination of the Black Flag clan their number one priority, and even some of the other pirate clans are known to have informal agreements with Customs to help stamp out the Flag. The pirate clan known as Kismet, especially, has declared war on Makhouse and his forces; however, dealing with them isn't easy. The location of the Black Flag's main base remains unknown. Several leads have been followed up, only to find bases long deserted, or (more often than not) nothing at all.



The exact strength of Makhouse's forces is unknown; it is estimated that he has between 450 and 600 vessels under his command. His personal vessel is a captured Akeel-a class battlecruiser, extensively refitted (the exact alterations are unknown). This cruiser is the only Akeel-a class cruiser ever to be successfully captured by an enemy. It is considered extremely likely that this was accomplished through treachery from within, as all Akeel-a cruisers are equipped with a self destruct mechanism and security lockout. As a result of this blot on the honor of their Navy, the Eridani government has declared the lives of all Black Flag members forfeit, wherever they encounter them, without trial or appeal.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

I couldn't get much beyond the official story on these guys. They're extremely close-knit and protective of their privacy. I had a contact who was under deep cover, and he told me that he thought he was getting close to the Black Flag. They found what was left of him three days later, and you could have fit it all into a sandwich bag with room left over. Coincidence? I don't think so. The Black Flags aren't

playing, and neither is Makhouse.

One thing I was able to get information on was that ship of his, from a drunken old Sheustron who claimed that he had helped work on it. He said that, in addition to a contraband flux shield generator from a second cruiser of comparable size, his crew also added several features which I'm sure the Eridani wouldn't approve of—like a Phentari cloaking device. The point defense lasers have been upgraded, he claims, because Makhouse doesn't like to use the photon cannons—they usually don't leave enough of the victim to salvage! He also mentioned that there was talk of adding new missile batteries, which were to fire powerful EMP missiles; he couldn't say whether they actually had, because he suspected that Makhouse planned to kill the crew after the ship was finished. He snuck out one night and stole a shuttle, flying blindly until he was picked up by a passing freighter. When I suggested he go to the authorities (he could probably give them a general idea of where he had been, after all), he got violently frightened, and ran. I looked for him, but couldn't find him again, and I didn't push it. The poor guy must have been eaten up with the guilt of knowing that part of every death caused by that ship is on his head.

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

When you were just a boy, you always loved wolves, and you spent all of your money on holotapes and books about wolves imported from Earth. The idea of a predator, a hunter who could work alone or in packs to bring down prey far bigger than himself, always fascinated you. You were small as a boy, and you always wanted to be like the wolf.

On a trip to a mining facility your father owned a lot of stock in, your ship was raided by pirates. Both of your parents and most of the ship's passengers were killed, along with all the crew. You and a few others were taken to serve as slave labor for the pirates.

Life as a worker in their camp was hell. There was one pirate in particular, named Rax, who delighted in being cruel to you. One day, as he was tormenting you, you finally decided that you'd had enough. You broke off the end of a mop and attacked him, driving it through his chest. As a result, you were dragged before the chief of the clan, Captain Korban. You fully expected to be killed, but Korban decided instead to give you a chance to join the clan. You took it.

As a pirate, you did old Captain Korban proud, taking his lessons to heart. It was a shame you had to kill him, but he was in the way of your rise to power. You took over the clan and began building its power. Taking as your emblem a flat black flag, you began to attack other pirate clans by surprise, capturing many of their vessels. Those who survived your attacks were given a simple choice: join or die. Most of them joined, and the Black Flag quickly grew into one of the most powerful of pirate clans. So what if most of the other clans hate you now? You're a match for any of them, and so far, nobody's been able to kill you. Customs came close, in the raid which left you burned and scarred, but you're back now, and more dangerous than ever. You got careless that time, but you won't be careless again.

Every so often, you decide to spare a captive on the spur of the moment. You're not sure exactly what prompts you to let them live, but you figure it's turnabout. You lived to grow strong and become a more powerful pirate than your captors ever were. Perhaps you're paving the way for the next great pirate captain.

KABA

Size Class: 8 Body Points: 75
Initiative Modifier: -8 Race: Ram Python

VITAL STATISTICS

Strength: 150 Manual Dexterity: 47
Intelligence: 73 Agility: 120
Constitution: 150 Aggression: 122
Intuition: 51 Charisma: -12

SECONDARY STATISTICS

Terrestrial Knowledge: 45 Military Leadership: 82
Persuasion: 17 Bargaining: 02

SMRS

CHE: 72 RAD: 87 BIO: 59 MEN: 28 POI: 72
SON: 117 ELE: 82 FIR: 44 ACD: 72 CLD: 52

EXPERIENCE POINTS:

SKILL	LEVEL	UPS
Alertness	3	*
Body Equilibrium	8	*
Body Points	6	*
Climbing	8	144
Hand to Hand	25	BW
Stealth	15	214
General Knowledge	10	*
Camouflage	15	210
Detect Concealment	13	190
Disguise	15	210
Infiltration	13	190
Poisons	14	200
Demolitions	10	150
Tracking	15	200
Theology	12	180
Defeat Security	11	155
Detect Security	13	190
Street Smart	8	130
Pilot Skimmer	5	95
Pilot Spacecraft	6	105
Omega Weapons	15	BW
Pulse Weapons	15	BW
Throwing	12	BW

EQUIPMENT NORMALLY CARRIED

Kaba wears a suit of Assault armor with an MDD-24 and a displacement device installed in it. His weapons of choice are a pair of PC-9000 pulse cannons. Kaba also carries a pair of force gauntlets, alien devices which cause hand to hand damage to be translational (ignores threshold of armor). He prefers using these in combat, as he enjoys nothing more than hand to hand combat. Kaba also carries a bandolier of Plasma Seduction Grenades.

He has cybernetic implants which allow him to change his facial features and skin tone consciously; this implant adds +50 to disguise attempts. Also has dermal replication and retinal duplication.

DESCRIPTION

Kaba is a massive, bestial-looking Ram Python, 9'10" and 950 pounds. His skin is normally an unusually dark green, and his eyes are yellow and gleam with a cold, menacing intelligence, rare for a Ram. Kaba's armor is covered with grisly trophies of his past victims: hides, skulls, teeth, and other, less mentionable things. He carries his twin pulse cannons in Human-hide holsters; these pistols are connected to the same oversized power pack. Kaba's voice is a harsh rasp, but his tones are cultured and educated, which many people find somehow more frightening than his size and savagery.

THE OFFICIAL LINE

Kaba is perhaps the most brutal, most savage Ram Python ever to come to the attention of the people of the Alliance. The vicious Ram is known to have slain over 1,200 individuals, and has probably killed many more that aren't known about. He seems to revel in slaughtering the weak and the helpless. Kaba is wanted on 1,212 counts of murder, 204 counts of murder of a government official, 301 counts of extortion, and a number of lesser charges.



The most dangerous thing about Kaba is not his phenomenal strength or his admittedly superb combat skills, but his cold, calculating intelligence. Government psychologists rate Kaba as exceptionally intelligent, with a brilliant tactical mind and bestial cunning that have let him outwit authorities time and time again.

Experts believe that Kaba's phenomenal personal abilities are the result of genetic engineering by none other than Uncle Ernie Freiberg. Kaba is known to have had contact with Freiberg early in his life; at the time, he was not considered particularly promising or intelligent. He disappeared for a number of years, and when he returned to public attention, it was as the awesome killing machine he is today. Scientists speculate that Kaba was intended to be one of Freiberg's mutated creations. Whether he retains contact with Uncle Ernie is unknown.

Kaba's most infamous deed was the murder of the beautiful Princess Galena of Dimeron. After slaughtering over a dozen palace guards to get to her, Kaba kidnapped the Princess and demanded 20,000,000 credits random, claiming that otherwise her father, King Oboran, would never see her face again. Authorities couldn't track the cunning Ram, and her father eventually paid the ransom. True to his word, Kaba let Oboran see his daughter's face again—he sent her head back in a box. Oboran has vowed vengeance, and is known to have hired dozens of bounty hunters to kill Kaba, or preferably bring him back to Dimeron for a slow and painful public execution.

MALACHAI'S TAKE

Well, you know the old saying: "If a Ram Python had a brain, he'd be dangerous!" Kaba is living proof of this. He's smart, real smart. But he's still got more mean in him than any Ram Python I've ever met! I don't know. I'd rather meet a big, vicious Ram who grunts and tries to put my head through the concrete than one who quotes philosophy at me and then pulls me apart slowly. Kaba may not have the networks of most major criminals, but every time someone's managed to track him down, his incredible physical power has been enough to let him power his way out of the situation. That much brawn matched with brains is a dangerous combination!

A trustworthy source in my grapevine said he'd heard a rumor that Kaba is currently out in Fornax, and that he was spotted at Clementine. Bounty hunters take note! The bounty on Kaba has recently been bumped up to 11,000,000 credits, and nobody's claimed it yet!

ROLEPLAYING NOTES

Once you were an ordinary Ram Python, going through life blind and unquestioning, like a wild animal whose only thoughts are of food and survival. All of that changed when you met Ernie Freiberg, a man you owe a great deal to. He tricked you and a number of other Rams, claiming that he would pay you well for a merc mission. He actually wanted to use you in genetic experiments. You were his greatest success, for not only were you enhanced physically, you were also much more intelligent... intelligent enough to realize that you'd been had. You destroyed the lab, taking weaponry and supplies there for your own use. Uncle Ernie had already departed, though, and that's a pity. You look forward to killing him, slowly, one of these days.

Your mind burning with the need to learn, you decided to go to ground on a small backwater planet. Occasionally, you ventured out for supplies or new books. You studied everything, especially philosophy, which intrigued you. You began to develop your own view of the universe as a place of fundamental breakdown. You realized that it was your role to be an agent of this breakdown, working to hasten it. It was then that you started hunting and killing the weak, those whom the entropy of the universe should naturally have claimed, but for man's attempts to prevent it. You've never felt so complete in your life... this is your destiny.

RACIAL REVIEW

TANNDAI TECHKNIGHT

VITAL STATISTICS	
+10 Strength	+10 Constitution
-10 Intuition	-10 Charisma
SECONDARY STATISTICS	
+15 Military Leadership	-10 Bargaining
+15 Terrestrial Knowledge	
GENERAL INFORMATION	
Body Points: 4 + d10	Movement: 10/10/75
Height: 70 + d10	Weight: 200 + 2d4 x 10
Attacks: 2 Punches	Dam/Attack: 1 Point
Vision Modifier: +05	Hearing Modifier: +05
Smell Modifier: -50	
Home Planet: Eril	
Starting Money: d4 x 1000	
SPECIAL ABILITIES	
2nd level Etiquette Skill	Cybernetics
3rd level Archaic Hand Weapon skill	
Reduced Constitution loss from Cybernetics	
LIABILITIES	
Code of Honor	
SURVIVAL MATRIX ROLLS	
CHEMICAL: 45	RADIATION: 45
BIOLOGICAL: 60	MENTAL: 20
POISON: 60	SONIC: 35
ELECTRICITY: 05	FIRE: 35
ACID: 50	COLD: 50
PRIMARY OCCUPATION	
Noble Warrior	Explorer

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

The beings known as Tann are a race of humanoids from the planet Eril, a small world in the Andromeda Galaxy. Exploration parties from EridiCorp discovered that the planet had an indigenous native culture only recently, as the majority of the Techknight ("Tanndai" in their own language) society is located underground, and the planet's geological makeup interferes with scanning. Cordial relations were established upon contact, and an exchange of information begun.

The Tanndai culture is much like medieval European societies in many ways, but there are some extremely notable exceptions. The culture is a combination of matriarchy and theocracy. The Queen is the supreme ruler of the Tann, and the source of all wisdom for them. Any Tann would willingly lay down his or her life for queen and nation. The Tanndai (Techknights) are the queen's elite warriors, at her personal beck and call around the clock. The Tanndai follow a code much like the Chivalric code: honor, a desire to defend the weak, and personal bravery are all stressed.

The similarities, however, end there. Tann culture is technologically advanced, and cybernetics are an integral part of their cultural and religious life, with nearly 90% of Tann having some form of cybernetic implants. The Tanndai, chosen at birth by means of religious portents, are ritually cyborged within days of birth and raised in the

Queen's palace. There they are trained in the ways of battle and the Code of the Tanndai, but this is not simply education. The Tanndai are actually programmed with these values, creating a level of adherence far beyond normal zeal.

While Eril is not even up for consideration for inclusion in the Alliance (a process which takes months, or more often years), limited contact and exchange of information has been approved. Of the races they have encountered, the Tann seem to have hit it off best with their initial contacts, the Eridani. The two races have enough similarities in outlook that they get along fairly well, though the Tanndai generally consider the Eridani to lack manners, and the Eridani can't understand why such formidable and honorable warriors would waste their time protecting inferior beings.

Player character Tanndai begin the game with 50,000 credits worth of cybernetics. Later, they may obtain new cybernetics for half cost, if they can find a means of returning to Eril. In addition, the Queen herself may award extremely valorous Tanndai with a gift of cybernetics. Bear in mind, however, the code by which all Tanndai are obligated to live. This code cannot be violated! It is programmed directly into the psyche of the Tanndai, and attempting to remove it would likely cause permanent and massive brain damage, since the majority of the Tanndai's world view and education is built upon acceptance of these principles.

GOVERNMENT

The Tanndai have a pseudo-feudal system, with its supreme head in the Queen, whose name in the Tann tongue means "Machine Mother". Cybernetics are a sign of prestige, with the highest nobles having the most cybernetic implants. A strict hierarchy of rank is followed. The only individuals who are partially outside this rank are the Techknights. When on the Queen's business, they have the right to disregard the orders of normally higher-ranked nobles. The Queen chooses her own replacement from the ranks of the newborn.

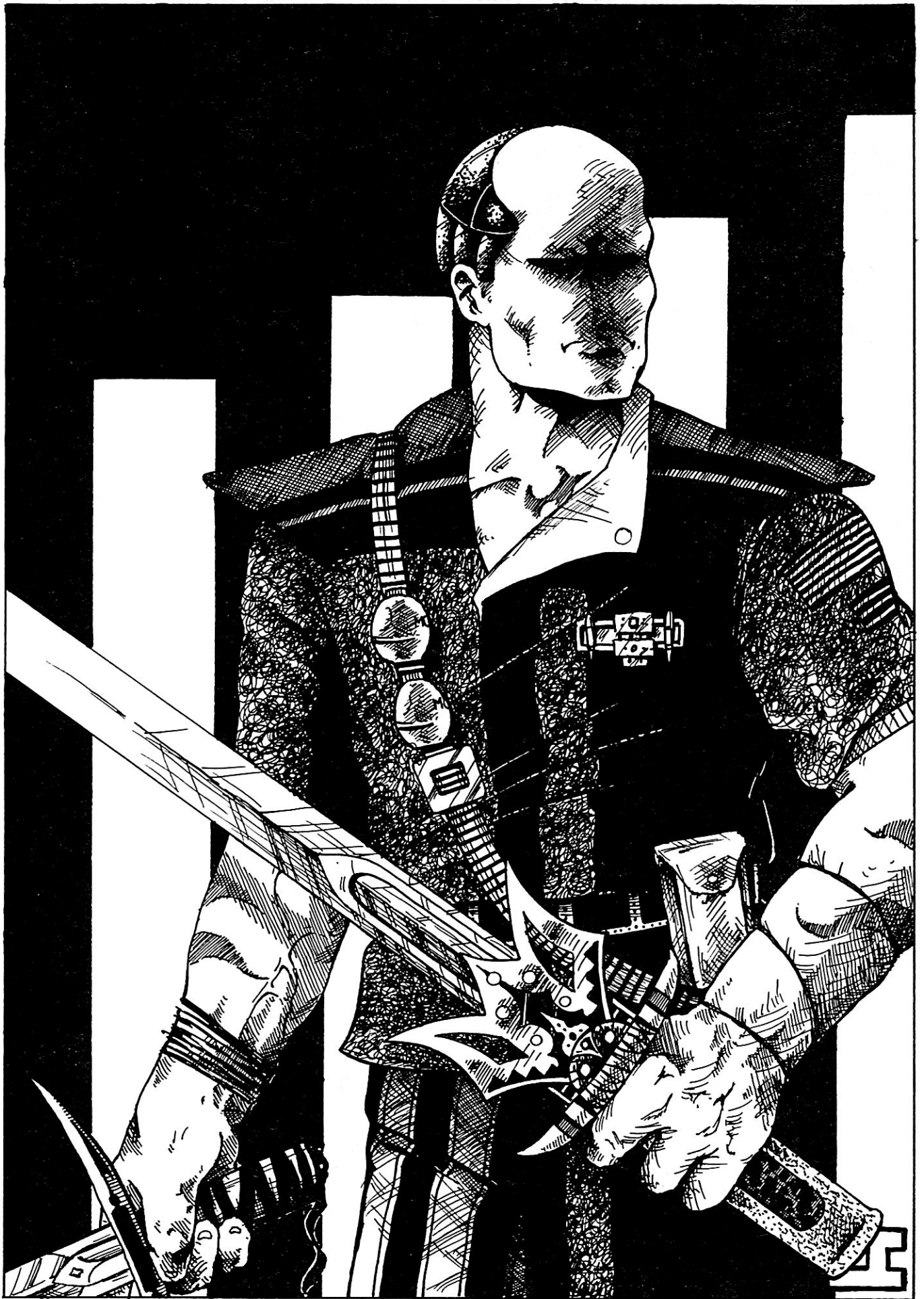
CULTURE

Tann culture stresses the need to achieve a perfectly pure and ascetic life. They believe that this can best be achieved by replacing inefficient biological systems with mechanical counterparts. Tann culture does not glorify the machine over the living; rather, it seeks for a balance between the two, a harmonious melding. The Queen is considered the highest source of wisdom and learning, for the collective stored memories of the previous Queens are placed into the mind of each new ruler as she is raised. The sexes are considered equal, but females hold slightly more positions of power than males.

Tann names are based on their primary gene strain and a number (for example, Tark-400, or Jandel-39).

PHYSIOLOGICAL MAKEUP

The Tann are a race of genetically engineered humanoids, much like Gen-Humans. Less control is exerted over how each Tann develops in the artificial womb, however, as individuality is still valued. The Tann understand that variety is important to a successful culture. The average Tann stands roughly 6'4" and weighs approximately 250 pounds. There is no significant difference between the size of males and females. The Tann have golden-toned skin and no hair. Their faces are flat, with no nose, but otherwise resemble Humans



fairly closely. Tann have three fingers and a thumb on each hand. Their eyes are well developed, with good color vision, and limited infravision to 30 meters, probably developed from living in dimly lit caves for generations. The downside of this is that the Tann are more sensitive to light than usual, and SMRs against blinding attacks are made at a -30 penalty. Tann are omnivorous, but subsist on a vegetarian diet, due to the scarcity of other animal life forms on their homeworld. Most will view the eating of meat as barbaric and disgusting.

As a result of prolonged work with cybernetics, and selection of traits which favor acceptance of implants, Tann lose less Constitution than other races as a result of cybernetic implants. The amount of Constitution lost is halved.

QUIRKS

The extremely rigid code of living adhered to by Tanndai will often cause them problems in the morally grey world of the Alliance. The demands of this code are as follows, in decreasing order of priority.

1. Honor the Queen and obey her orders without hesitation. This is the highest duty of a Tanndai.
2. Be honorable in all dealings, even if your opponent is dishonorable. The word of a Tanndai must be kept, no matter what the cost.
3. Obey those above you in rank. The Tanndai understands his place in the Queen's realm.
4. Deal with subordinates fairly and justly, understanding that they have needs. It is the duty of the Tanndai to defend those beneath him in rank and stature.
5. Display unflinching valor in combat. The Tanndai is prepared to lay down his life for Queen and nation.
6. Administer justice to those deserving of it. Those who behave dishonorably must be punished; this is the Tanndai way.

What this means in game terms is that a Tanndai can't lie unless the Queen tells him to, can't disobey a superior unless the superior orders him to lie or the Queen gives him permission, and can't run from a fight unless a superior or the Queen orders him to. It can be a tricky code to live by!

HISTORY

The Tann advanced into their technological revolution quite rapidly, and poisoned the surface of their world in the process. Horrible mutations occurred among members of all castes. A small number of survivors, mostly scientists (who had foreseen the danger) and their families, managed to build a new society underground. Sexual reproduction was forbidden, due to the risk of mutations. Instead, cloning technology, which was already fairly well advanced, was used to produce each new generation of Tann. Over time, the elders' warnings to use technology responsibly and in harmony with life, repeated down through the generations, became ritualized, a litany. A religion grew up around the need to achieve a balance between Man and the Machine, with the ruler of the colony as a repository for its stored learning. It is unknown why the ruler is always a Queen.

FAVORITE ITEM

The Tanndai's three favorite items are his cybernetic implants, his hand weapon of choice (which he receives upon becoming a full Tanndai), and the Icon of the Queen which all Tann wear around their necks.

DRESS

Tann dress in flowing, light colored clothing. Cybernetics are not concealed, as they are considered extremely attractive. Tann cybernetics are considerably more aesthetically pleasing than their Alliance counterparts, with more smooth, flowing lines. They almost resemble jewelry more than mechanical devices. The Tanndai wear gleaming, high-tech armor, reminiscent in appearance of medieval plate mail. It was this, combined with their code, that earned them the name "Techknights".

HANGOUT

Tanndai need very little space, usually requesting just a small, spartan room where they can meditate and perform maintenance on their cybernetics.

COMBAT TACTICS

Tanndai tactics are as varied and as sophisticated as those used by Eridani. They are well skilled in fighting, either as individuals or in a group. However, a Techknight will never attack a defenseless opponent; this has caused many of them problems in the past, as smart opponents sometimes "play possum" in order to gain the upper hand. This had better be a convincing performance, though, for if the Knight doesn't buy it, he will continue his attack while you lie there!

GENERAL OCCUPATION

All Tanndai encountered in Alliance space will be advance scouts sent by the Queen to find out all they can. She will call them back periodically to report by means of the Icon they all wear (actually, it's implanted in the center of their chest) which is actually a powerful signalling device.

THE TANNDAI VIEW

ON LIFE: It is a quest to achieve a pure, spiritual existence, free from the liabilities of flesh. Cybernetics are a means to this end.

ON WAR: Battle is my primary occupation, but I do not do it for glory. I fight because that is the role which the Queen assigned to me. As with all things, I perform this function honorably and with valor.

ON THE ALLIANCE: It is my sacred mission to learn all that I can about the Alliance and the beings who inhabit it, that the Queen may make wise decisions concerning our relation with it.

ON THE UNIVERSE: I find it awe-striking. The entire world consisted of our caverns until I was sent on this mission. How can anything be so endless?

ON THE FAMILY: The entire Tann nation is my family, for we all come from the same source.

ON SELF: I am Tanndai. I follow my Queen and the Code.

NOTABLE TECHKNIGHT STATEMENTS

"Death before dishonor, dishonor to me before dishonor to the Queen. That is the way of the Tanndai."

"There are many worlds? How many? Ten? Twenty? More even than that?"

"Noble ladies and sirs, it would be my great honor to fight at your side."

ADVENTURE HOOKS

The material in this book should provide the enterprising Battle Master with enough ideas to keep him or her in adventures for quite some time. Sometimes, though, you don't have time to think up an entire adventure. It's happened to all of us. It's Thursday night, your group's on the way over, the munchies are out on the table, and you're feverishly scribbling in a notebook, trying to come up with something in the next fifteen minutes. Hey, there are other things to life besides roleplaying games, right? Don't worry, we at Optimus Design Systems sympathize with you. So listed below are quick adventure ideas which you can add flesh to and fit into your own campaign when you're pressed for time.

GUN RUNNERS

A major munitions company (maybe Balshrom, Marsson, or Able) has gotten wind of a new weapons technology, and decided that they want a piece of it. They send out several mercenary groups to attempt to recover samples of this new weapons technology. One of these groups is, of course, the PC party (funny how that works out...) The problem is, the weapon turns out to be the Contractor beam that Uncle Ernie has whipped up! The characters will have to somehow get into an ARM complex and steal samples of this new weapon (their employers want at least five, but will gladly take as many as the players bring back). They won't want to leave the characters with any, to prevent them from selling to anyone else. Of course, that assumes that the characters succeed! The ARM complex should be full of nasties of the sort that Uncle Ernie makes so well, as well as more conventional troops. For those who are curious, the Contractor Beam rifle prototype has the following stats: Accuracy of 60/45/30/05, Malfunction Number of 90, System Shock of 91, Ammunition of 20, and a rate of fire of 1/3. The contractor inflicts damage by compressing the target's armor around him (if he isn't wearing armor or something else rigid (like a tank), there's no damage). The beam inflicts progressively more damage the longer it remains pointed at the same target. On the first round, it causes 1 point of damage directly to polymers in each section of the armor; on the second round, it causes 2 points, on the third round, 3, and so forth. The maximum amount of damage the Contractor can do each round is equal to the threshold of the armor. The prototype rifle has an encumbrance of 12.

If the players manage to get back, their samples will be whisked off to the Balshrom labs to be studied by their scientists. The players will be paid; it's up to the Battle Master to determine how much they should get, and also whether or not an improved contractor beam weapon will appear on the market in a couple of years...

THE FRAME-UP

The players wake up one morning and turn on the holo-vid for the local news... only to see their own pictures! Apparently, they're wanted for the murder of an important government official. Shortly after the news broadcasts, of course, the police will call to them to come out with their hands up. The players, probably still in their pajama-equivalents, will have to find some way out of their apartments. Even if they do, their problems are just starting! They'll be on the run, with nowhere to go, and they'll have to find out who's behind the frame job. If you're feeling really mean, you can add the following twist: the murdered government official was a friend of none other than the Black Widow, Karen Shesnowicz. She takes time out from her busy

schedule to pay a visit to his supposed murderers... the players will have to convince her of their innocence, or they're likely to wind up with holes in them! As for our old friend, the framer, that's up to you. If the players have an old rival, this would be a good time to bring him back for an encore. Perhaps the source of the characters' grief has a grudge against the Black Widow, and hoped that the characters would be able to kill her with no risk to him.

PLAYOFFS

The Spirax Warriors have made it to the last game of the Cyball playoffs, the Alliance Cup, against the Rigel Death Knights! The Warriors have been burning their way through the opposition, and are favorites to unseat the reigning Knights. Unfortunately, not everyone believes in good clean fun. The players are hired to prevent a suspected assassination attempt against the Warriors' star player, Garret "The Jackal" Smith. The players will pose as stadium employees, from ticket takers to peanut vendors, and have to find out who is planning to assassinate Smith. As it will turn out, the would-be killer is the Jackal's coach, who is actually a reprogrammed I-Bot designed to mimic the actual coach.

SCAVENGER HUNT

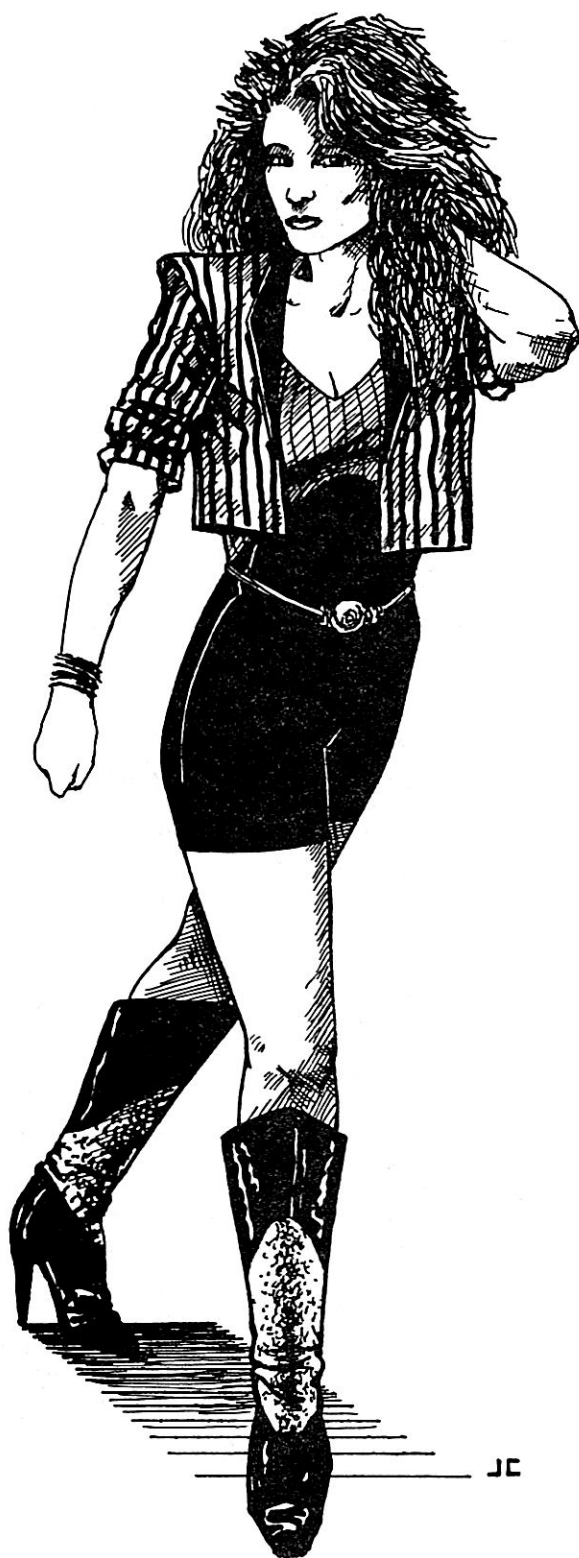
Barter the Orion has put out a widespread notice for mercenaries with archaeological experience. Assuming the players have some, and answer the ad, he tells them that he's found information on the approximate location of an extremely important artifact. Barter will pay handsomely for the recovery of this artifact. He gives the players a general description of the item; a forked crystal prism roughly a foot in length. He also tells them the site: a ruined city somewhere in the badlands of a small world in the Fornax quadrant (choose a world to suit your campaign). Above all, he cautions them never to point the fork at a living being, as the consequences could be disastrous. It looks like a simple mission: get in, find the doodad, and get out. Right?

Well, not quite. Barter has sent in several teams to hedge his bets, and one of the other groups isn't exactly scrupulous. They've decided to make sure they're the ones who find the artifact by eliminating the competition. The players will have to contend with the normal hazards of a ruined city (crumbling buildings, centuries-old security systems and traps, and so on), paranoid hunters who have already been shot at, and our friends who are trying to kill them all. The artifact everyone's so hot to get their hands on? It has no powers; it's simply the last piece Barter needs to complete one of his period collections. The warning about not pointing it was just an example of Barter's weird sense of humor.

THE SEARCH FOR ATLANTIS

This long term campaign adventure involves Barter again. This time, he's looking for trustworthy adventurers to help him examine a site on a small planet owned by the Asteroid Mining Consortium. The last adventure hook is a good one to use as a lead-in to this one; if the players found the artifact he wanted, he'll have a reason to think of them when hiring for this mission.

The adventure will take the players all over the galaxy, as Barter attempts to track down clues to the ancient society of Atlantis. Barter will try to tell the players only as much as he needs to. Along the way, they're likely to encounter everything from pirates to a secret cult



dedicated to making sure that the secrets of Atlantis are never found! Whether or not the characters actually find the origin of Atlantis is up to you, the Battle Master. Now, if you're willing to wait and buy our soon-to-be-written Atlantis supplement, we're certainly not going to object, but it's your campaign, and you can probably come up with ideas just as good as ours!

COFFEE BREAK

The characters are hired as couriers to take a package from New Terra to Taos. They are told that the paper-wrapped package contains five pounds of a special blend of coffee, and tests will show that that's exactly what the package contains—which doesn't explain why a couple of mysterious guys start taking shots at the characters and try to steal the package!

In fact, it's not the coffee the opposition's after: it's the wrapping. Concealed between layers of the paper wrapping on the coffee are copies of reports on the expected performance of various stocks in the following year. Advance knowledge of these reports could give a stock trader a significant advantage. The person who will eventually receive these reports is none other than Tyrus Gloriel, the head of the Orion Economic Council. The gunmen are agents of a rival within the Council who is making a bid for power against Gloriel. The loss of the documents would tie Tyrus' hands, while allowing his rival to make substantial financial gains. This would also increase his prestige within the Council.

SCAVENGER HUNT

Over the past three decades, a semi-friendly (for a change) competition has grown up between major corporations and individuals of great wealth. This competition, called the Great Scrounge, starts on July 8 every year on New Terra. Each participant recruits and outfits a team who will travel through the core worlds, attempting to be the first to collect "flags" which have been hidden there. These flags are small beacons which emit a signal traceable by scanners which each team carries, out to a range of 100km; the teams receive further guidance in the form of clues to each flag's location. The first team to cross the finish line with ten or more flags wins. Betting on this event is always heavy, and millions of credits are won and lost each year wagering on the outcome. The corporate sponsors and gambling establishments all donate a portion of the profits to charity, to maintain a nice, wholesome image for the competition. To the winner goes the spoils: a platinum trophy in the shape of one of the flags. For the past three years, Team Teledyne has dominated the competition, always crossing the finish line first, sometimes with as many as 15 flags! This year, the Bossman, Sean Mulligan, has decided to get in on the action. He decided to recruit a team of unknowns, to take advantage of the element of surprise. After numerous qualifying tests (which can become a mini-adventure in themselves), he decides on (surprise!) the player characters. He offers them 25,000 credits apiece, doubled if they manage to win. For a relatively safe mission, that's damn good pay! He also provides the players with a ship (and a pilot, if they don't have one in their ranks). The hunt is on! The players will have to try and figure out how the Teledyne team does so well (they're cheating, using a secret enhancement chip which greatly extends the range and accuracy of their trackers). They'll also have to deal with the tactics of the other teams; lethal force isn't allowed in the Scrounge, but that doesn't stop some of the teams from playing pretty rough! To top it off, they'll have to actually try to find some of the flags, which can involve anything from repelling down a mountain to deep sea diving (they're not easy to get to!).



THE YEAR IS 2179

Earth is just beginning to recover from its last great war. Mankind has once again sunk itself into a new Dark Age. You are a descendant of one of the "lucky" survivors of the nuclear and biological holocaust unleashed almost 200 years ago. Your home: a wasted and fruitless land once known as the United States, stretching from the domed city of Fort Seattle, across the radioactive hell of the Great Plains, to the fertile lands of the Ohio Territories and Fort Niagara. Your mission: survive; then the unification of all the peoples of The Waste, to take the Earth back from the very people who destroyed it.

This new RPG, from the creators of *Battlelords of the 23rd Century*, melds sci-fi and fantasy role-playing into one game. Choose from a variety of player character races, like the Albino Giant or the Energy Witch. Quest for followers and the destruction of the Settlers, or just your next meal. Role-play among the races is intense, each having a well-developed personality for you to slip into. Combat is quick and realistic, with a nasty critical hit table to really ruin your day. So prepare yourself for the battle of daily survival that is **BLOOD DAWN!**

BLOOD



DAWN

Where Technology and
Magic Meet the Stone Age

Coming Soon From

ODS

BATTLELORDS™

OF THE 23RD CENTURY

AVAILABLE IN STORES EVERYWHERE!

The exploration and development of the known universe is going on at a fantastic rate. The Galactic Alliance has prophesied the complete control of the universe by the turn of the millennium. Huge, powerful mega-corporations run it all from behind the scenes. The twelve races of the Alliance work as caretakers, shaping and expanding the horizon of knowledge, extending to touch the farthest reaches of space. Frontier colonies populate neighboring galaxies: Andromeda, Fornax, Spirax (M33), and the Magellanic Clouds. Outposts dot M32 and the cluster galaxy of Talcos in Ursa Major, some 200,000,000 light years from Terra. The battle rages onward to drive out the Arachnid presence. Strange reports of ghost ship sightings, robot warriors, and evidence of ancient human cultures all filter their way across the vast, empty stretches of nothingness to the hearts of the bold, strong, and curious.

And so the mega-corporations have hired on a few good men to get the job done! They are referred to as Battlelords. They all have one thing in common. Each believes that he, she, or it, can make a difference. They come from everywhere, from the vast savannahs of Cashoulis, to the infernal volcanic regions of Trishmag, from the methane hell of Eridine, to the great seas of Pythos. They are energy controllers, bounty hunters, Swordsaints and changelings, aliens from different worlds, with different agendas, thrown together in a morass of danger to carve out a common destiny.

Loyalty is to the company, yet corporate devotion never exceeds allegiance to your friends. The mercenary team embodies everything that is valued in society, esprit de corps, honor, and valor. At least that is what the papers say! Your job is a simple one, do anything and everything to stay alive. The company gets all the press. You get to pick up a paycheck. No one cares about methods, but in the 23RD Century, everybody needs a hero!

We at Optimus Design Systems believe that YOU, the customer, come first. All ODS products are packed with information and loaded with artwork. ODS delivers the most quality for YOUR hard earned buck!

So be smart and play the ODS.



Optimus Design Systems
PO Box 1511
Buffalo, NY, 14215-6511
Phone/Fax (716) 881-4525

★ **Battlelords of the 23RD Century:** Final Edition! Battlelords is a skill based system, utilizing power points for the equivalent of magic, and is percentile-based. There are 12 races, and players can customize them by choosing from more than 150 skills. There are approximately 170 different weapons, vehicles, and over 250 special powers available. This 256 page rule book has a wealth of background information—focusing on roleplaying alien races that have been forced into an alliance of need. \$21.95.

★ **Lock-n-Load:** A 160-page supplement filled with some 2,000 pieces of equipment. This, the Battlelord's war manual, contains approximately 50 weapon systems and everything from espionage gadgets to personal gear. With it, the players will have the necessities to give their characters a fighting chance to survive the challenges of the unknown 23RD century. \$15.95.

★ **Don't be Alarmed, This is only a Test:** A 48-page adventure module. Players are taken through a would be training environment turned free-fire zone in an attempt to fend off Rebel terrorists and secure an experimental armor design for their mega-corporation. \$8.95.

★ **Injection:** A 96-page adventure module. This adventure starts out in a mysterious web of corporate espionage but ends up with characters in a life and death struggle against alien creatures in the labyrinth of underground sewers on Bena 4. \$11.95.

★ **The Galactic Underground:** 96 pages of roleplaying excitement! Includes 3 new player character races, the Kizanti Assassin, the Goola-Goola space dwarf, and synthetic humanoids. This publication features expanded character generation tables, showcasing the ever deadlier Fickle Finger of Fate tables. The Galactic Underground also contains over 100 new special powers, and articles on matrix technology. Eridani lovers will more than be happy with the globs of new information on the Swordsaints. The Galactic Underground is a must! \$10.95.

★ **No Man's Land:** This 128 page space atlas contains over 100 developed worlds, 3 new player character races, two turtle doves, and an Arachnid dead in a tree! Actually, the focus of the work is to provide background information for roleplaying, detailing over 50 NPC groups and player character services. Learn about Pirates, Cyball, and the Anarchist Rebellion Movement, just to name a few! \$13.95.

★ **Adventure Record Sheets:** Printed on card stock, these record sheets will keep track of the more important but ever changing aspects of your character. They are durable and will stand up to many erasings! \$3.95.

★ **Advanced Character Sheets:** These four page sheets will allow players keep a more detailed record of their character. Twelve per pack! \$3.95.

★ **Uncle Ernie and His Minions of Doom:** The monsters of the future are unleashed into the Fornax galaxy by our favorite mad scientist, Uncle Ernie. This book is 96 pages of creatures; organic, inorganic, synthetic, extra-terrestrial, and more. Uncle Ernie gives Battle Masters the means to invoke fear into player characters. \$11.95.

★ **Hell's Kitchen:** No more messing around. Hell's Kitchen takes you to the edge of the frontier to Arachnid country. Play the forces of evil as this 96 page supplement brings you the Johdan Sacrifice, the Farkon Shapeshifter, and the Lornax Parasite. This space atlas provides political intrigue or firepower. The option is yours. \$11.95.

"Blood will pour like rain from the heavens!"

The effect was instant and absolute. As if seeing a specter of death, the entire chamber of shouting, threat-filled voices fell fearfully silent. Markuss burned with anger, hot and out of control as thousands of distracted eyes once again anxiously fixed on him. He was losing the battle of emotion versus balance. It hurt too much, and the Prefect of Timar could not contain the contempt that welled inside him.

These bickering children whose races he had coddled for thousands of years had not listened to his words of wisdom, never heeded his call for prudence. He could protect them no longer. And now . . . now they would be sentenced to a grizzly future, one the High Priest could not bare to think about. Suddenly, the passion burst from within him and the energy controller slammed his fist on the glowing podium, sending shards of brilliant light flashing in all directions! The affect was dazzling. It froze the entire audience.

"Now heed this!" he commanded, sweeping the room with an accusing finger. "I Markuss, Lord of Timar, Prefect to the High Council, and Keeper to the Gate of Time, hereby condemn you to suffer a future that will be both ghastly and seared with pain. I promise you this . . . yes, I promise you this. You will lament the folly of your sins. And you will pay for them with a currency of blood!"



"Condemned" is the Battlelord's guide to Who's Who in the galaxies. This book is all about the movers and the shakers, those leaders and personalities who will ultimately shape the future of this universe. It's a compendium of aliens and individuals that you the warrior may encounter during your adventures into this dangerous and uncertain future. Condemned is a must for the serious warrior who wants to know just who he is up against. Without it . . . well, you're Condemned!



0987940044

(077844)

Condemned (Battlelords of the
Twenty Third Century)

\$12.95 U.S.

ODS 701A

Games that unleash your imagination