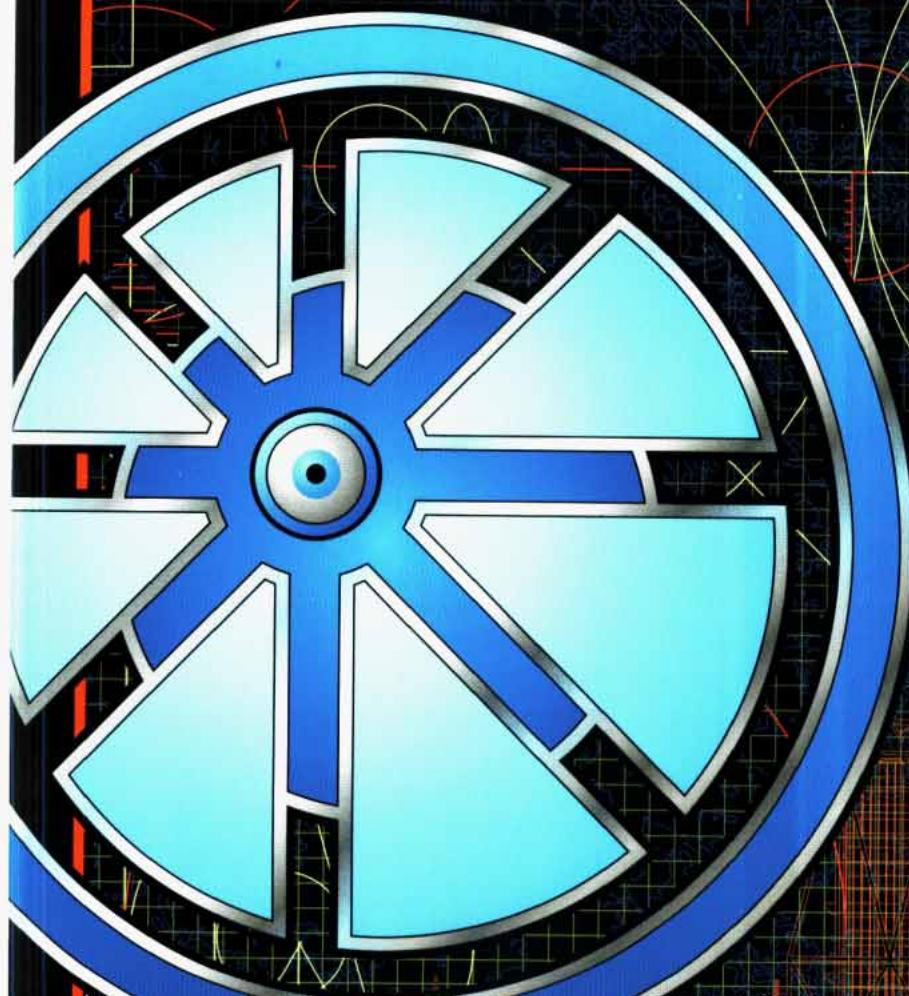


COLONY BOOK ONE

DPG-047

LIFE ON CAPRICE

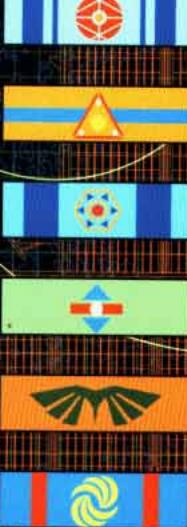


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AD 5372 CAPRICE SUSPENDS TRADE WITH TERRA NOVA
AD 6115 THE EARTH INVASION OF CAPRICE

NOVA AND CAPRICE - AD 5238 SECOND GENERATION
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THE GATEWAY WORLD



HEAVY GEAR SOURCEBOOK



COLONY BOOK ONE

LIFE ON CAPRICE

HEAVY GEAR
TERRA NOVA
SILHOUETTE



Captain Renault of the lead mining vessel Princess moved through the dark, greasy hold of the ship and down towards an open bay. He landed at the feet of a small oblong transport vehicle. There was little on the outside to define it, aside from a sensor and communications array. In front of what was obviously a circular hatch, a greasy-haired and skinny mechanic was waiting. A green light on the side of the hatch pulsed as it spiraled open: a young woman emerged from the vehicle like an uneasy insect from its chrysalis. She was tired and a pale shade of queasy green. Renault smiled and extended his hand.

"Welcome aboard the Princess," he offered kindly.

"I'm..." the young woman began, then stopped as her stomach turned.

Renault smiled again. "Welcome to Caprice, Lieutenant. We're having a small problem with some cockroaches called the NEC. We heard you Terranovans kicked their butts once, and we're hoping you might be able to help us."

Caprice: the planet known as the Gateworld, and Earth's first daughter. One of the main human colonies, this harsh planet harbors a dynamic society that not only survived the turmoil of the post-colonial period but managed to thrive on its own. As the forces of the imperialist New Earth Commonwealth prepare their take-over of the human worlds, however, Caprice finds itself an occupied world, stuck between hammer and anvil. But the Capricians have always been a resourceful people...

Life on Caprice is the first sourcebook in a line detailing the human colony worlds in Dream Pod 9's exciting Heavy Gear science-fiction universe. Within these covers you will find:

- A complete history of the Caprician world.
- An extensive examination of Caprice's composition, from its geology and hydrography to each region's particular characteristics.
- A listing of all settlements, with location, population, political system and special characteristics described in depth.
- Dozens of important personalities for the players to meet and interact with.
- An in-depth examination of the cultures and habits found throughout Caprician societies.
- New archetypes, equipment, vehicles and campaign ideas.

**HEAVY
GEAR**

1941



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COLONY BOOK ONE

HEAVY GEAR®

Behind the Scene

Heavy Gear was planned from the start to be a grandiose science-fiction saga, taking place across all of human colonized space and through many generations. The problem with this approach is that while such great stories make for great entertainment, they, more than anything else, need an easily accessible entry point for newcomers. Throwing multiple worlds, all with different cultures and civilizations, into the mix at once would not work. We thus chose to focus almost exclusively on one colony world for the first third or so of the story, in order to give a solid anchor point to the plot and to facilitate the introduction to the Heavy Gear universe. That entry point, of course, was the arid desert world of Terra Nova.

One cannot stay in the cradle forever, though. Terra Nova is well established by now, and with the introduction of the Black Talon plot we opened the door to the next part of the story: the human colonies. Readers already knew of their existence, of course — a map of the interstellar Gate system was found in the opening pages of the rulebook — but they would now be able to discover them at the same time as the characters they had come to know, love and hate.

Caprice is the nearest colony world, and the most logical next step to the story. It is a very different world from Terra Nova — different geography, culture and altitude. The planet's position at the center of the interstellar Gate network has made it an important port of call in the human galaxy, and a vital objective in the fight against the fascist government of the New Earth Commonwealth.

The only question is, who will the Capricians side with...



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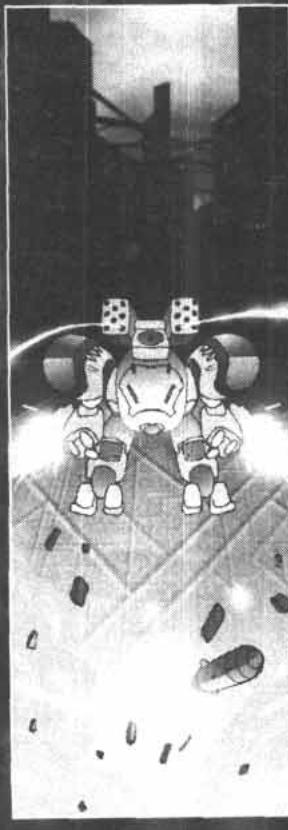
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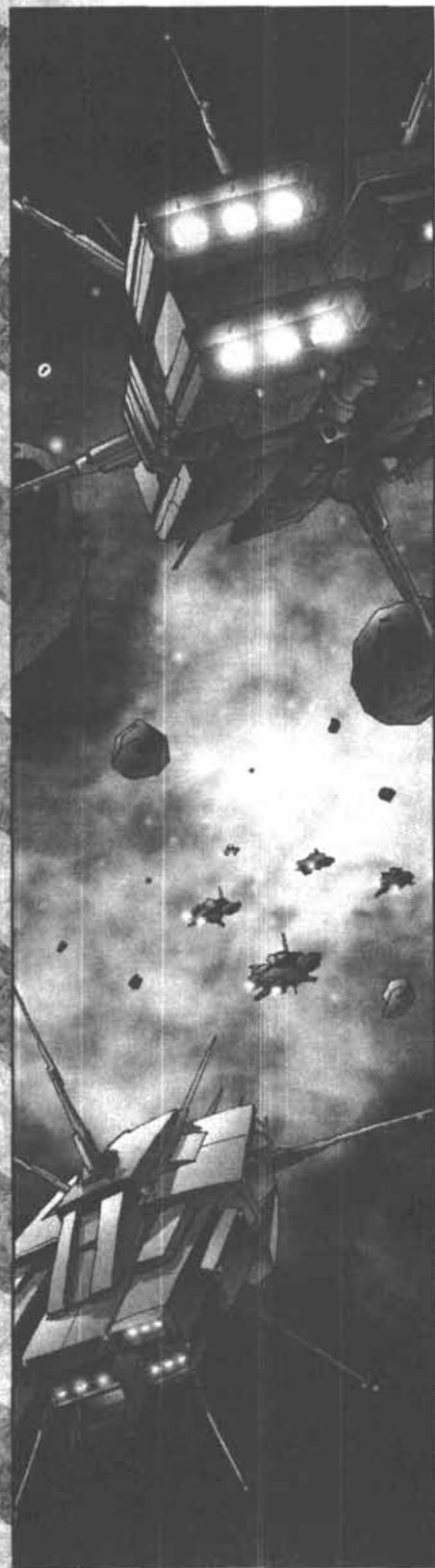
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INTRODUCTION

1



Arrival



Five ice-mining ships sailed silently through the dark ether, blinking their pale lights in a sea of stars. They glided slowly around asteroid fragments that were easily many times their size, following unseen and ever-changing paths dictated by their onboard electronic navigators. Finally, the debris lessened to a scattered handful of rocks and the small convoy broke out into the open, empty space. Two gunships with CEF markings were waiting for them.

"Attention ice-mining detail, this is NEC Gunboat FH-143," a rough voice declared over the convoy's communications channel. "Shut off all external sensors except for your homing beacon. Prepare to follow us back to Caprician space. Deviate from these instructions and we will open fire."

Captain Henault of the lead mining vessel, the *Princess*, ran his hands over the console of his cramped cockpit. The slit-cockpit windows revealed little of outside space and did nothing to clear the already claustrophobic environment. Henault watched his sensors power down, and set the autopilot to home in on the gunships' beacon. He gave them a wide berth of four kilometers.

"Gunboat FH-143 to lead ship of the ice-mining detail," the radio crackled as Henault prepared to float out of his seat, "your convoy was twenty minutes late reporting back to the rendezvous point. Explain."

Henault sighed in the same way he often did when his son did something stupid, and lazily drifted back down to his station. "This is the *Princess*, FH-143," Henault reported, his voice laced with fatigue. "One of the asteroids we collected had a methane core and only 23% recoverable water. We had to release it and find another one. Sorry about the delay." He waited for a minute, listening to the empty static.

"Understood," the gunboat finally responded. "Proceed."

Henault floated up from his seat and grabbed a zipline handle. The ziplines were mechanical tracks that ran the entire spine of the ship and pulled the crew through the weightless environment. It was more efficient, and much more comfortable, than pushing oneself through the small passages.

Henault moved through the dark, greasy hold of the *Princess*, past the sealed bays that contained frozen asteroid core samples. Arriving at his destination, he activated the brake, then pushed himself down towards an open bay. He dropped through the double doors and drifted to the floor. The small charge in his magnetic boots held him in place with a firm "clunk."

Henault had landed at the feet of an almost alien-looking device. It was oblong and the size of a small ground transport vehicle, but it was a human spacecraft — albeit a tiny one. There was little on the outside to define it, aside from a sensor and communications array. In front of what was obviously a circular hatch, a greasy-haired and skinny mechanic was waiting. A green light on the side of the hatch pulsed as the mechanism spiraled open. A young woman emerged from the opening like an uneasy insect from its chrysalis. She was tired and a pale shade of queasy green. Henault smiled and extended his hand.

"Welcome to the *Princess*," he offered kindly.

"I'm..." the young woman began, then stopped as her stomach turned.

Henault smiled again. "Welcome to Caprice, Lieutenant. We're having a small problem with some cockroaches called the NEC. We heard you Terranovans kicked their butts once, and we're hoping you might be able to help us."



COLONIZED VS. COLONIALIZED - 1.1

Caprice: the Gateworld and Earth's first daughter. Caprice has a singular nature in the **Heavy Gear** universe, and its influence over future events may be greater than one would have ever expected. To understand Caprice and what is to come, however, it is important to know specifically how she differs from everyone else. To achieve this, one must memorize this little dogma, for it is the core of all things Caprician: Terra Nova may have been colonized, but Caprice was *colonialized*. A small difference that has deep repercussions. The following example illustrates the effects that that one little statement has had on both worlds.

When explorers first discovered Caprice, it was barely habitable. A thin atmosphere, scant vegetation and near lack of moisture made it unappealing to even the hardiest settlers. While the planet was rich in mineral wealth, everyone agreed that her primary resource was the dozen or so spatial discontinuities that riddled the system. The corporations capitalized on this by turning Caprice into an industrial sector and launch platform for future Tannhauser Gate system expeditions. Big business in essence had annexed and colonialized the entire world for profit. Caprice was an investment, not a home.

Caprice's population was initially a mix of businessmen and heavy labor industrialists. Terra Nova, who always prided itself on its pioneering and exploratory spirit, unjustly belittled Capricans as spineless corporate monkeys (not an exact quote, but the sentiment was close). It was an unfair comparison, of course, especially given the fact that while Terra Nova was a verdant, Earth-like world, Caprice was a good approximation of Hell. Following Earth's decision to abandon the colonies, Capricans displayed extraordinary motivation in achieving independence, but in the "every man for himself" mentality of the time, the distinction was lost to all.

What neither Earthers nor the Terranovans realized was that Capricans evolved to reflect the driven and dedicated nature of the corporate mindset and the hard-nosed "fight for survival" mentality of the Liberati miners. Unlike Terra Nova's settlers, who prided freedom over common sense at times, Capricans knew how to stick together and operate within a set framework. They knew when to follow orders, and they knew when to fight back. And this is exactly what they did when the New Earth Commonwealth fleet appeared above their heads.



Collaborators or Victims - 1.1.1

When the New Earth Commonwealth (NEC) sent their expeditionary force to reclaim the so-called colonies, everyone knew Caprice would fold the quickest. Even assuming the colonists had survived the isolation period and not degenerated into savagery, the planet was an industrial world not well-acquainted with fighting, and would sooner collaborate with the enemy than suffer through a war — or so everyone assumed.

Admittedly, Caprice surrendered to the CEF with little resistance, but it was a practical necessity. Most of Caprice's population live in the single megalopolis of Gommorrah, a trench city that was a bold target to any sort of orbital bombardment. Worse yet, because the trench was deep enough to sustain a thicker atmosphere than that present on the surface of the planet, chemical and bacteriological weapons could be used on the population without harming the city itself or contaminating the rest of the world. The city was, and still is, very vulnerable to any sort of direct conflict.

Beyond its geography disposition, Caprice's other weakness was (and still is) the lack of moisture and concentrated groundwater; it relies completely on a fleet of spaceships to mine ice from the nearby asteroid belt to supply the needs of its huge population. Should the government of the planet create any trouble, all the CEF need to do is to destroy or blockade this meager collection of ships and wait for the population to die of thirst. In mortal danger and faced with few options, Caprice allowed the CEF to take control, but it waits quietly for a chance at freedom.

For the most part, the population of Gommorrah has presented an indifferent face toward the CEF occupation past the initial crisis. One of the resistance strategies was to turn unrelated incidents into anti-NEC sentiment that will unite the population in defiance of NEC control, but without starting any massive conflict. By staging protests and rallies about unrelated issues, the resistance hopes to provoke an escalating response by the Corp-Serf and CEF. Any brutality by the Terran forces would certainly bolster the resistance's cause.

The differences outlined above illustrate Caprice's nature, unique when placed against that of Terra Nova. This does not validate one struggle as more important than the other, but it does bring home the point that both worlds have a fierce loyalty to their heritage of colonial versus colony. It is this diversity that could prove to be the strongest tie that binds Terra Nova and Caprice together in the upcoming struggle against Earth.

INTRODUCTION

1



1.2 - Planetary Basics

Caprice is part of a three-planet solar system, orbiting a G5 star called simply Loki. Caprice is closest to the sun, followed by cold Carthage, a large desolate planet, and distant Indra, a red gas giant. The system also has two large asteroid belts flanking the orbit of Indra. Interestingly enough, while the orbits of both Carthage and Indra are close to being circular, Caprice's is a well-defined ellipse.

Scientists are at a loss to justify the planet's erratic orbit; there are no other nearby celestial bodies exerting that drastic a pull on Caprice. The two theories circulating within the scientific community claim that Caprice either separated from larger Carthage during the formation of the system, as the Moon had done from the Earth, or that Caprice was struck by an asteroid. The first theory states Caprice was thrown off when Carthage was still molten; while Loki exerted enough pull to bring the rogue world in tow, Carthage affected its initial trajectory. The second theory postulates that Caprice was clipped by a massive asteroid at some point in the last few millennia, which also tore much of the atmosphere away. This theory also explains the formation of the Cat's Eye Trench, but has some problems of its own. Whatever the truth, the planetary scientists will keep arguing for a long time.

1.2.1 - Time-keeping

Caprice is slightly larger than Earth, with a 26 hour rotational cycle. It takes 423 days to revolve around the sun, breaking the long year into 14 months. Caprice generally uses Earth standard hours, weeks and month names, although it adds Lares (30 days) between June and July and Penates (28 days) between December and January. Lares is the point when Caprice is furthest away from Loki. Penates is when the planet is closest to its sun. All chronological references on the planet are based on the Free Caprician calendar that was reset after the Colonial Wars. Year One for Caprice began in A.D. 5791. Currently, the calendar is at LC 276 (Liberati Caprice), the equivalent of A.D. 6137 and TN 1939.

1.2.2 - Geology

Caprice is between two to three billion years old, and is thus a fairly young world. Caprice's diameter is 11,990 km, less than Earth and Terra Nova. Its surface gravity is 0.96 g. The surface of the planet is made of tectonic plates similar to the ones of Earth, but they are more of them and they are more fragmented, producing the planet's extensive mountain ranges. The crust is primarily composed of iron and silicate compounds, but it is rich in metals and metallic oxides. Convection processes have created regions richer than others, but mining is always an extensive operation.

Due to her eccentric orbit and thin atmosphere, Caprice's surface is barely hospitable. Heavy tectonic activity and her young age seem to suggest, however, that the atmosphere is still forming. This was evident by the proto-algae growing in the small lakes and bodies of water when explorers first arrived. Unfortunately, human presence and mining pollution mostly destroyed Caprice's limited indigenous life, possibly halting the process that could have made the planet into another Earth-type world in a few more millions of years.

1.2.3 - Basic Geography

Caprice's surface is littered with small mountain ranges scattered about like scars from a thousand cuts; the remainder of the planet is made of broken and barren rock. Most volcanoes are located along these mountain ranges, and geologists estimate at least forty are active at any given time. Earth-type vegetation and livestock exist only in protected installations along the periphery of Cat's Eye Trench. Thousands of hydroponics and cattle domes dot the landscape, feeding Gommorrah's more than 131 million citizens. To prevent any food shortages, the Coalition enforces rationing of meats and grains.

Caprice has a high ratio of active volcanoes. The lessened gaseous state of the magma, however, precludes overly violent eruptions. It could also account for the thin atmosphere, since most air forms from trapped gas in the magma. Convection currents in the liquid mantle are also slower, due to a high silica content, which in turn affects the planetary electromagnetic field.

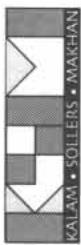
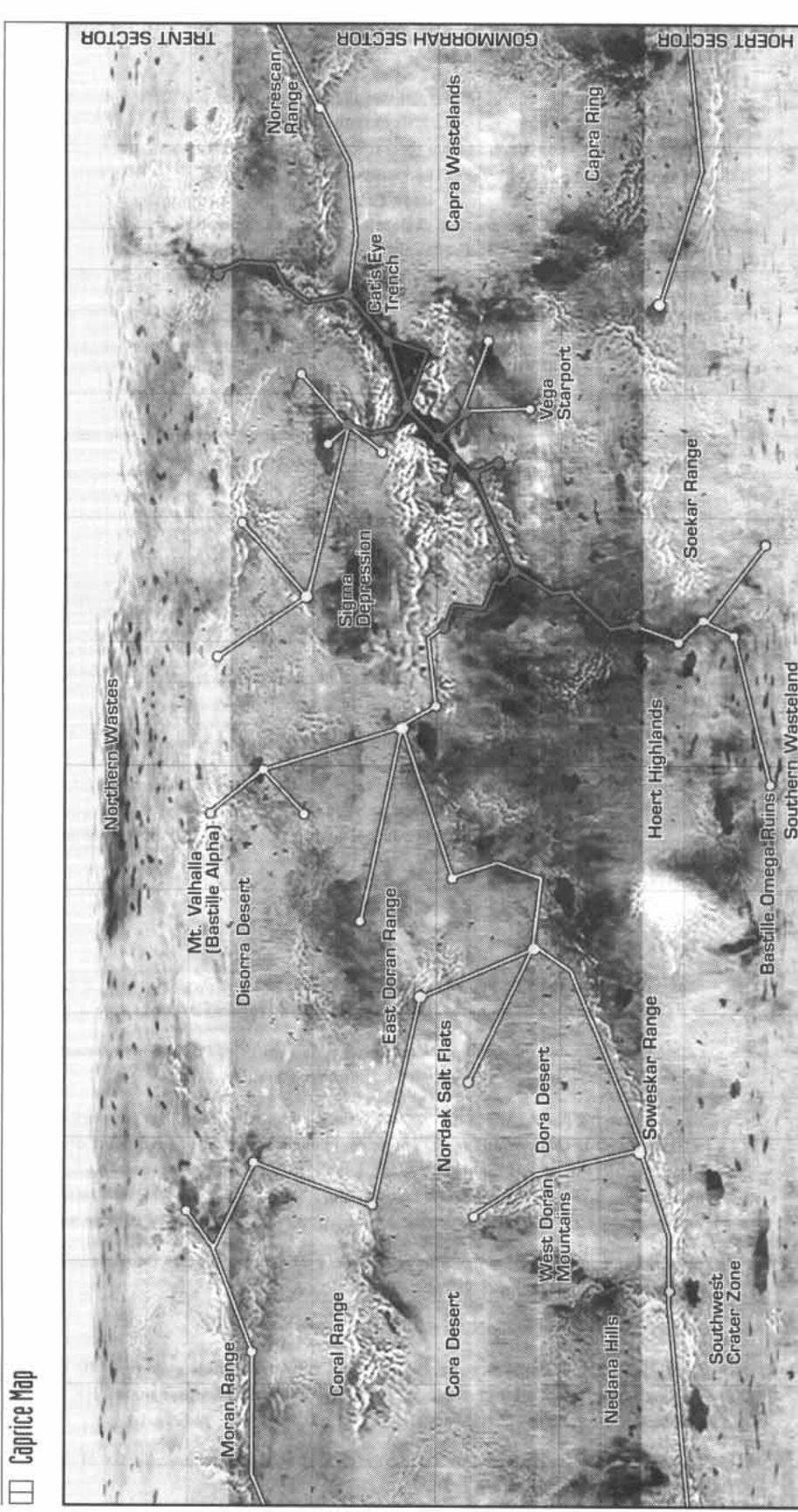
1.2.4 - Hydrography

Regardless of temperature differentials due to its erratic orbit, Caprice is still a cold world. The atmosphere is too thin to hold any sort of precipitation, hence the lack of clouds, and what little moisture exists is present as a thin layer of perma-frost on the ground. Winters on Caprice are bitterly cold, but dry. Temperatures are more seasonable in Cat's Eye Trench, where the thicker atmosphere coupled with pollutants helps keep heat trapped within the trench. On the rare occasion that a light rain storm occurs, it happens over Gommorrah.

1.2.5 - Local Life

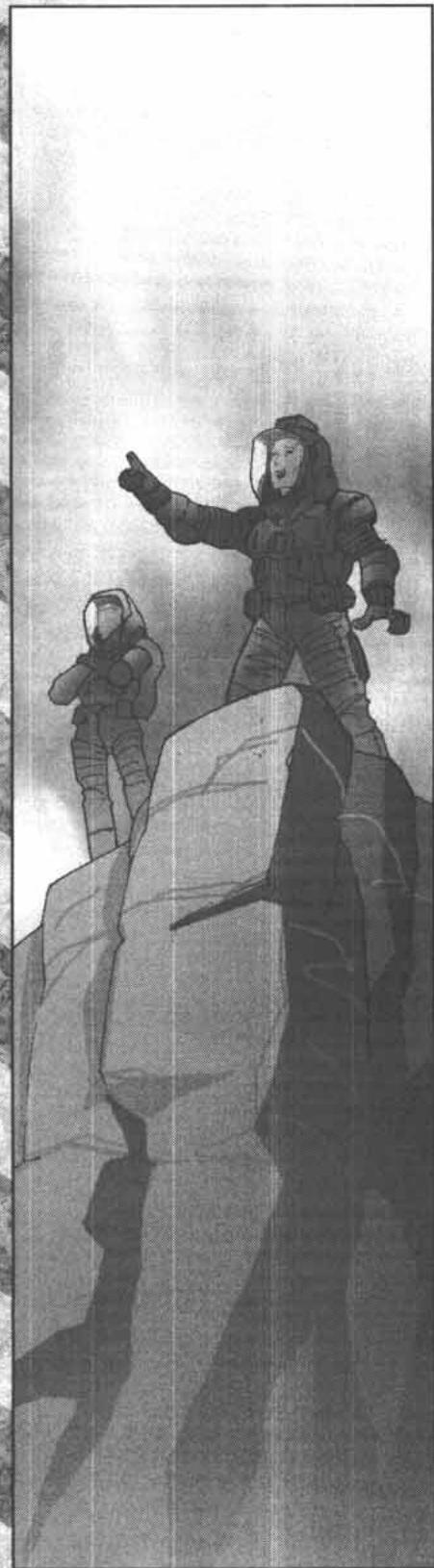
The planet harbors very little indigenous life, most of it rough and simple flora that manage a meager living from the harsh surface in the crags and lowlands. They are based on a carbon-hydrogen chemistry just like Earth life, but use different amino acids and proteins; they thus cannot be used as a source of food. The native lifeforms are very primitive and are not a threat to human installations.

INTRODUCTION





In the Beginning



Cecil Anders looked out over the claustrophobic expanse of the Cat's Eye Trench and smiled his this-is-a-good day smile. His older brother, David, was still struggling with his breathing gear as he stumbled from their rover to Cecil's side. They were both standing on a small plateau at the bottom of the trench and far above them, in the slit that was the sky, Loki began to peek into the immense cavern of rock, warming the ground. In the hazy distance they could see the skeleton frameworks of habitats and industrial complexes under construction. The echoes of heavy machinery sounded faintly in the thin air. Cecil crunched the melting ice beneath his feet as he stepped closer to the edge.

The irony of Humankind's first extrasolar colony had always made him laugh. After the countless stories and dreams of glorious discovery and adventure on other worlds, Caprice, the new world of Humanity, was being settled by the dirtiest of laborers and lowest of corporate sharks.

"Okay," said David, unconsciously mimicking their father, "now, will you tell me why we're all the way out here." Cecil sighed, his reverie broken.

"What do you do for fun, David?" he asked.

David looked at him blankly. "Fun?"

"Yes, fun." Cecil watched his brother scrunch up his face as he tried to figure out what he was really being asked. At the same time David wasn't sure he had had any fun in the last ten years. Cecil got impatient.

"Okay, say you've just had your last board meeting of the quarter and you're ready to live it up a little, right. Maybe you're even a little horny..."

"Cecil..." David was starting to catch on but didn't like where it was going.

"So you hop in a rover with your office mates and head to..." Cecil turned around and waved his arms indicating the barren plateau. "Here. The hottest night spot on Caprice." David rolled his eyes. If only father had kept Cecil on the corporate plan just one more year.

"An empty plateau?" said David.

"No. My empty plateau."

"Yours?" David felt ill. "I knew you were crazy when you left the office life, but... but... the cost alone...." He stammered. Cecil dismissed his brother's protests with a wave.

"Almost nothing," he answered. "Mineral-wise, it's worthless down to the mantle. The board approved the land grant without so much as a thought."

David rested his hand against his forehead. Cecil was still talking. His plan was to build a resort where corporates and miners alike could come and leave the struggles of colonial life behind for nights of gambling, alcohol, prostitution, every vice imaginable. Cecil's entire savings, twenty years of steady corporate work, would be drained. He reasoned that with the rapidly expanding population he would make his money back in no time.

"It'll never work," said David. "The board will shut you down after the first thing goes wrong with one of their own."

"Not if I hire private security," said Cecil.

David threw his hands up in surrender. "I guess you have it all worked out," he said, his voice dripping with disdain. "And what do you plan to call this doomed house of ill repute?"

The younger Anders cracked a smile. "Gommorrah," he answered proudly. David shook his head and walked back to the rover.



EARTH'S FIRST DAUGHTER - 2.1

"Citizens of Earth — the cosmos is no longer unfathomable, no longer alien. We have reached out to the heavens, tried to scale eternity's peak, and have found purchase in our journey. We ventured forth expecting to find only strangers, and instead we discovered hope. Through the Tannhauser Gate, we have landed on the first planet outside our solar system, the first world capable of sustaining life. On behalf of Earth, I welcome a new member into our family. Her name is Caprice, and she is our first daughter."

President Mikael Larin dubbed Caprice "Earth's First Daughter" following his historic broadcast across the Human Concordat. Although this was the first time the public had heard of Caprice, several corporations were already farming out territory for resource acquisition. Ironically, President Larin's announcement came at the same time ground was being broken for Caprice's first dedicated installation.

Although Earth's first yawning stretch into the stars placed the Moon and Mars within her grasp, the discovery, exploration and colonization of Caprice centuries later was humanity's leap into maturity. The universe suddenly shrank and our solar system was no longer isolated in a sea of darkness. Earth was no longer unique in her life-giving qualities, but it was reassuring to know that creation was not simply an accident. It existed elsewhere.

Despite its beginnings as a franchise world for Earth's corporate machinery, Caprice has become self-sufficient and achieved economic independence from her parent world. For obvious reasons, the presence of the Colonial Expeditionary Force is chafing Caprice underneath its corporate collar, instigating the beginnings of a quiet revolution. To understand this world's destiny, however, it is first necessary to know Caprice's past and present.



Caprice's Nascent Years - 2.1.1

Despite President Larin's speech about hope and a new era, Caprice was a corporate investment first and Earth's new home only as a second consideration. Truth be told, even had the planet been open to settlers, few would have taken the opportunity to live in such a wasteland. The thin atmosphere limited life to all but a large trench where the air was thick enough to breathe unassisted; Caprice lacked any major bodies of water, and the most complex organisms were microscopic and existed only in the scarce groundwater. With the rapid industrialization of the planet, even these little grains of life died out, never to fulfill their genetic destiny. The initial flood of excitement over Caprice quickly tapered, leaving the new world to corporations and hope to the new gates discovered around the planet.

Instead of colonies on Caprice, there were installations; instead of pioneers there were miners. Efficiently and systematically, explorers arrived, studied and catalogued the planet. It was like an autopsy where the coroner examined the body one layer of skin at a time. The entire process lacked any sense of mystery; it all seemed so cold and clinical.

The main area of interest on Caprice was an enormous trench which could be seen from orbit. Explorers dubbed it Cat's Eye Trench because of its initial uniform appearance, even though subsequent ground exploration revealed the major canyon broke off into smaller tributaries. The trench was the only region where the atmosphere was thick enough to support human life comfortably. Breathing on the surface was possible, but it required air tanks and compressors to supplement the inadequate atmosphere. Even under these conditions, it took several months before humans could adapt and function normally on Caprice.

Dubious Origins

The first non-corporate community on Caprice was Gommorrah, a small pleasure resort specializing in legalized gambling and prostitution. Because it catered to everyone, the resort was neutral ground in a region rife with corporate backbiting and industrial sabotage. The owner of Gommorrah, Cecil Anders, employed a private security force to marshal his resort, and allowed the use of deadly force to quell a situation. The corporations, in turn, respected this rule as Gommorrah gave their employees much needed R&R.

At a time when Caprice had little room for families, Gommorrah resurrected the forgotten practice of mail-order 'brides,' supplying miners with mates of either gender. At this time, none of the mining installations could handle families, so Gommorrah got corporate backing to build temporary housing facilities for the new families. The resort turned into a real-estate business, with sidelines in gambling and prostitution. Later, even after the industrial sectors grew to include families, the town of Gommorrah was the preferred living district on Caprice. Gambling was still big business for the town, but prostitution lessened after corporations hired their own exclusive "Pleasure Entertainers" for their employees.

Gommorrah eventually became the unofficial name of all habitation districts within the trench. It grew to incorporate various family camps, and increased in size from a town to a city in under three centuries. Sociologists credit the small resort for shaping the face of modern-day Gommorrah.



2.1.2 - Growing Pains



Mining ventures began in Cat's Eye out of practicality. Granted, the trench was a mineral-rich site and large enough to accommodate several major operations, but the main reason for exploiting Cat's Eye was one of convenience. Geologists were still studying the planet and nobody knew all the pitfalls of harvesting minerals from its surface. Normally, companies used satellites to uncover minerals through variances in a planet's electromagnetic field. Between Caprice's elliptical orbit and thick-magma convection currents, however, its magnetic field was erratic and unreliable against the standards used for Earth or Mars. Flying blind as it were, mining companies chose to start in an identifiable region such as Cat's Eye, and learn all they could in what they called a "semi-regulated environment." Harvesting minerals became a hit-or-miss exercise inside the trench over the next few years.

Once scientists calibrated the satellites to Caprice's unique cycle, corporations were able to build installations and processing factories over lucrative areas. With this stable foundation in place, companies planned out their eventual spread to the surface of the planet with miners as their frontiersmen. Through intensive "Atmosphere Indoctrination Training," corporations conditioned miners for life on the surface and Cat's Eye became a transfer point for workers arriving to Caprice.

Over the centuries, installations appeared and vanished on the surface of Caprice, but life within Cat's Eye grew. The planet was still a corporate investment and people looking to settle a brave new world went to Terra Nova instead. Installations within the trench grew into small communities through miners and their families. Businesses cropped up slowly, and eventually, miners on furlough vacationed in the trench rather than paying for expensive trips back to Terra Nova or Earth. The industrial compounds became hubs for disparate communities.

The trench at this time was a chaotic hodge-podge of heavy industry factories, installations, corporate arcologies and mineral processing plants. Because corporations considered proper habitation a secondary consideration, there was no unified effort to better the lives of employees or their families. Public safeguards extant on other worlds did not exist on Caprice; it was up to commerce and industry to supply individuals with basic public services. Unfortunately, the corporations did a poor job of bettering people's lives. Pollution counts surpassed Earth's records set in the 22nd and 23rd centuries; specialized hospital services only existed off-world; corporate security teams with limited jurisdiction oversaw law enforcement and education was community organized. The private sector was growing bitter over the poor standards of living. The bomb was set, but it would take several more generations before it finally ignited.

2.1.3. - The Liberati Revolts



The years preceding the 5370 Liberati Uprisings were a dark and ugly time. Without direct intervention by the Sol-based Concordat, companies subjected their workers to forgotten and often medieval practices. They forced employees and their families to live in crowded compounds even though there were thousands of unused square kilometers in the trench alone; they indentured any miner who owed them money (and there were enough corporate dues to ensure that this happened to many people), and they provided all community services at the bare minimum. The corporations mistakenly believed that as the largest industrial sector of the Concordat and as the location of the shipyards, they were free to dictate their own laws. The corrupt Concordat officials on Caprice had long turned a blind eye to the misery around them.

Surprisingly, the voice for freedom came from miners who were free from any corporate ties. Known as the Liberati, they were Caprice's premier pioneers and a subculture of gypsy miners and nomads who kept their professional trade within familial bands. The Liberati worked as freelance miners, moving across Caprice in nomadic caravans and hiring their services to the often understaffed facilities. Most lived as squatters, claiming unused tracts of terrain and abandoned complexes until local Corp-Serfs (corporate security forces) drove them off. Society saw them in an unsavory light, but needed the Liberati to do the jobs corporate miners considered too dangerous to touch.

In the decades before the revolts, the Liberati's ranks swelled as more miners and families joined the nomads. Many were workers who were let go from their jobs and did not have the money to leave Caprice. Other families were indentured corporate slaves who had managed to escape their lot. In either case, the animosity between industry and the highly independent Liberati grew to near-flashpoint. The only thing left to turn this equation into a violent confrontation was a catalyst, and the corporations eagerly supplied that through the Trent Sector incident.

The Aurora Miners was the only Liberati group to wander near Caprice's desolate Trent Sector, the planet's north pole where the cold summers alone were unforgiving. Normally during winter, the band would leave the region for warmer weather to the south, but 5370 proved to be a deadly exception. An early cold storm trapped the Aurora Miners deep in Trent Sector with few provisions and no adequate shelter. Left with no other option, they broke into a Slayke Industries automated mining station. The station's security systems alerted Slayke's main headquarters and sent vid-images of the squatters setting up camp in the mining station. The company authorized the use of deadly force to deal with the "intruders" and turned the facility's mining drones on the Aurora Liberati. Less than a dozen people survived out of one hundred and twelve. The survivors who escaped the station shared their tale of horror with other Liberati; the fuse was lit.

Throughout Caprice, Liberati mounted guerrilla-style raids against isolated corporate facilities. Corp-Serfs tried handling the situation, but when it seemed likely that the general populace was going to support the rebel Liberati, the corporations turned to the Concordat and requested military assistance in stopping the rebellion. Fortunately, the Concordat realized matters were escalating out of control, and declared a military state while they investigated the matter.





Birth of a World - 2.1.4



In short measure, the Concordat discovered the revolution was a symptom of deep resentment against Caprice's corporations. Outraged by the obvious human-right's violations and corrupt bureaucracy, the Concordat removed ruling power from the companies. In the Trent Sector Accord, named after the fatal incident at Slayke Industries, the Concordat ratified the Caprician Corporate Executive (CCE). This pseudo-government united the disparate districts of Caprice, removed Earth's draconian practices in outlying settlements and created universal programs for waste-management, health care, urban planning, law enforcement and education. The accord also ratified the name Gomorrah as the trench-city's official name.

Although animosity between Liberati and corporations remained for several generations, the CCE successfully balanced the interests of the commercial and private sectors. Admittedly, Caprice was a dedicated industrial world, but the CCE's main concern was to ensure that the standards of living were as high as those on Mars or Earth. Essentially, the corporations were responsible for the well-being of their employees — humanity over profit, or "Responsible Bureaucracy" as it were. In turn, it was the employee's responsibility to ensure his company succeeded; dedication over self-interest, or "Responsible Loyalty." Outsiders accused these policies of bordering on socialism, but Caprice never developed into a capitalist-free environment; Responsible Bureaucracy and Responsible Loyalty were rules of business conduct and not governing laws. It was still difficult for outsiders to understand this fundamental difference, however, and many accused the CCE of condoning corporate slavery. It was of little surprise that the hub world of the colonies was also socially isolated.

With the CCE at the helm, Gomorrah prospered. The Caprician Executive united the trench's disparate communities and districts, turning them into autonomous districts of a greater whole.

Centuries later, Gomorrah was finally ranked as a megapolis. Remnants of her pre-CCE days were still heavily evident with suburban neighborhoods surrounding industrial core centers and arcologies built around ancient processing plants. It was a chaotic city, but it was also ranked as one of the best cities to live in amongst the outlying colonies. Only the beauty of Utopia and Eden seemed able to compete.

Isolationist Years - 2.1.5



Happiness is a temporary situation, as were Caprice's years of prosperity. After the collapse of the Human Concordat, Caprice nearly fell with the ensuing anarchy. High ranking officials, including Gomorrah's political executives, abandoned their responsibilities and fled for Earth aboard the last ships. It was a time of foolish desperation. In one incident, a band of refugees tried stealing three unfinished ships from the Monolith Ship Yards. The Arclight Weapon Platforms orbiting Caprice had to choose but to shoot them out of the sky when the ships threatened to crash back down to the planet.

Just before all contact with Earth ceased, streams of refugee ships passed through on their way to Sol. Many could not make the journey because they lacked the finances to go further, others wanted to go elsewhere to escape the poverty gripping their world, while another handful simply missed the last Gateship. No matter the reason, Gomorrah experienced a sudden influx of several thousand refugees from other colonies. The city was bursting at the seams with needy people and Caprician corporations were suddenly without the revenue of their main customer. The economic stability of Gomorrah teetered, unleashing rampaging mobs and riots. At the apex of the chaos, rioters broke into an oil field's control station in Gomorrah and backwashed the pumps. The pressure was tremendous enough to burst the pipes, sending geysers of oil hundreds of meters into the air. Nearby fires ignited the oil particles, creating an inferno that filled the sky with waves of burning rain. The district went up after that and spread the fires everywhere else. Nearly three-quarters of the city burnt to the ground before the remaining corporations had enough sense to come together. They unified their security forces, quelled the riots, and assumed the abandoned positions of political office for the duration it would take to rebuild the city.

In the ensuing centuries, Caprice, and especially Gomorrah, rebuilt itself from the ground up. The economy of the planet, which was once geared towards mass-production for off-world clientele, had to downsize for the immediate population. It survived, however, under the auspices of the Coalition, the pro-temp government formed around the surviving corporations. With the tremendous mineral wealth of the planet and the mining and processing technology already in place, it was easy to rebuild Gomorrah using the available resources.

Caprice did not give up on the idea of trade with the other colonies, but local needs and several setbacks severely limited its trade potential. Although over a dozen Gateships were left in the Loki system (or rapidly completed after Earth's withdrawal), the Coalition had to convert them to transport water from the local asteroid belt to parched Caprice. When they attempted trade with Earth a few decades later, paranoid Concordat forces crippled their envoy ship. Limited trade continued with Utopia until a devastating nuclear world war engulfed it, while Atlantis proved almost xenophobic in their dealings.

Caprice temporarily suspended trade with Terra Nova in 5988 (LC 231) when a Gateship crew inadvertently brought St. Vincent's Plague to the Loki system. The Plague was fortunately contained to the Liberty space station near the Loki Gate XII. As Capricians had no natural defenses against Terra Novan diseases, the Coalition quarantined the station and waited two years before reopening it. In an effort to develop vaccines against "alien" viruses, Caprice started the Magellan Genom project, a "comprehensive exploration of all alien life-forms." From Terra Nova's Barnabus Iguana to Atlantis' Xenodolphins, Caprice collected thousands of genetic samples for future study. Unfortunately, this noble idea would have far-reaching results when Earth returned to reclaim the colony worlds as its spoils of conquest. Trade with Terra Nova did resume, however, and ships traveled the gates between the two worlds (and between Caprice and Atlantis) every decade or so up until the CEF invaded the Gate World.



2.1.6 - Dark Days



When Earth finally returned, they discovered a different world than the one they had left behind. The city of Gommorah filled the entire trench and now blossomed upward. Hydroponic domes and farm arcologies, water reclamators and atmospheric purifiers surrounded the lip of Cat's Eye Trench. These installations supplied the populace with essential food and water. Unfortunately, it was not the Human Concordat that returned to Caprice, but the New Earth Commonwealth invasion fleet. They took the planet by surprise, and in one swift year, all resistance fell — or so Earth believed.

The Coalition abdicated power rather than watch Gommorah die beneath massdriver rounds and anti-matter bombardment. They were not prepared to fight a war, but neither were they surrendering. Most citizens understood this distinction; now was not the time to fight back — not yet. Outsiders, however, mistook Caprice's actions as one of opportunity.

While the Coalition supposedly cooperated, they enacted Operation: Feint. A few "freedom fighters" escaped into the hostile outlands of Caprice to fight the NEC. These decoys knew this endeavor would likely cost them their lives, but the price was well worth it. The NEC had advanced the art of warfare through nearly three centuries of strife, and the Coalition needed to know how. Whenever rebels engaged the invading force, human and electronic spotters studied the enemy's tactics and technology. If the rebels won, they scavenged whatever equipment they could and smuggled it back to distant corporate R&D installations.

After several months of these attacks, the rebels feigned a last stand at an abandoned mining base. A few people sacrificed their lives and remained behind to man the defense perimeter, but most of the bodies the NEC found on the base had been dead since long before the battle. The rebels escaped through mining tunnels and the NEC was none the wiser. It believed it had won.

◆ Occupation

Once the surface was believed secured, the CEF main forces began landing at the Vegas Starport and other locations across the planet. The vulnerable cargo ships, with their precious supplies, were sent down last and moored in high security areas of the starport. Troop garrisons, consisting mostly of human troops, were posted in all the main districts, in some locations taking the place of the local Corp-Serf units (much to the latter's discontent).

The GREL troops, who formed the bulk of the initial force that made planetfall, were not eliminated in bloody ambushes and skirmishes as first planned. This caused a serious logistic problem for the field commanders, who suddenly found themselves with several thousands extras that by all account should have been destroyed in combat. They requisitioned hangars and other storage facilities as a temporary measure. Later on, some of the GREL groups were shipped off to Bastille Alpha for "reprocessing" — a euphemism for mass murder.

Viruses, GRELs and SLEDGEs □



Caprice created the Magellan program as a means of cataloguing alien species, determining potential host creatures for viruses, working on vaccines against these diseases and plotting possible future mutations of known viruses. It was a bold step and one of the few preemptive measures in Epidemiology. It seemed only logical that the site of the outbreak of St. Vincent's plague, the Liberty space station, would serve as home to Caprice's new Research Pathogens Branch.

The self-contained and re-converted Liberty station proved to be a perfect environment for viral research. The Magellan program produced many of Caprice's premier Epidemiologists and accurately predicted the mutation of many Caprician viruses. There was even advanced research into Adaptive Vaccines, a sort of Universal Solvent that could identify a wide range of viral protein strands and destroy them. Unfortunately the appearance of the CEF halted this research.

The Colonial Expeditionary Forces' first task was to seize and control Caprician space. Liberty, along with the Monolith Ship Yards and Arclight Weapon's platforms were the first to fall to the invaders. Unfortunately, the Liberty station proved to be one of the costliest losses. The CEF seized all genetic samples and viral research, and turned them over to Elite Genom Labs, an Earth corporation accompanying the invasion fleet. EGL used the genetic samples in their GREL and SLEDGE (Second-Line Elite Division GREL Experiments) research, and used the viral catalogues to create specific "doomsday" weapons against each colony-world. For the first time, however, cooler heads within Earth's military prevailed, and the NEC forbade the use of bacteriological weapons against any planet. The NEC wants slave worlds, not dead ones.

Unbeknownst to the NEC, Caprician researchers purged all information on the Adaptive Vaccines before the CEF seized the Liberty station; they also successfully smuggled the hard-copy notes back to Caprice. Although the CEF controls Caprice, a few isolated installations have escaped notice, including the New Liberty research station located in Adam Sector. The Epidemiologists working there have started where the Liberty scientists left off, finding a Universal Adaptive Vaccine against any biological weapon the CEF may resort to using.





The Storm Above - 2.1.7

Several years ago, the NEC used the Tannhauser Gates to send Colonial Expeditionary Forces to Atlantis, Terra Nova and Utopia — the secondary nexus points in the explored interstellar Gate web. Earth assumed the battles would go as easily as on Caprice, so the CEF forces expected to proceed on to Jotenheim, New Jerusalem, Eden and Home in quick measure; Botany Bay was to be a massive prison camp for dissidents and defeated soldiers, just as it used to be. Things, however, did not go as planned.

Within three years, the task force bound for Terra Nova returned, limping. Although the NEC hushed the matter up, Coalition spies reported that many ships — including two main battle cruisers — were gone, several thousand troops did not return and those who did were crammed haphazardly into the remaining vessels. Their supplies were almost gone and many soldiers were badly wounded. By all accounts, Terra Nova had successfully held off the CEF.

The Coalition knew that if it were to uproot the occupation force, it would need to know how Terra Nova succeeded. While it is busy secretly establishing lines of communications with Terra Nova, the Coalition is also observing the NEC, the bulk of whose forces are still in orbit around Caprice.

The Present ♦

Caprician society is currently in a state of uneasy coexistence with the Terran invaders. The Coalition is laying low for the moment, letting the CEF authorities take face-saving decisions while the corporations go on managing the city as they have done for many years previously. Part of their production facilities has been turned over to manufacturing goods and supplies for the fleet to make up for losses incurred in the Terranovan campaign. Progress is slow however, ostensibly because of the unfamiliarity with CEF equipment — the real reason being, of course, that it is in the Coalition's interest to weaken the fleet as much as possible. The fleet commanders suspect as much, but there is little they can do about it: Caprician stubbornness is more than just a legend.

Most of the current preparations of the Earth fleet are intended to rearm and prepare for the next, and hopefully more successful, round of assaults. They have delegated most of the daily administration of the occupied territories to the Commonwealth Integrity Directorate (CID), a secret police-like body that oversees the management of the New Earth Commonwealth's outer holdings. The CID bureaucracy ensures that the territories are properly administrated and quickly become profitable to the mother planet, and they have investigated a number of procedures to do so. Fortunately for the Capricians, the CID must spend most of its manpower on Bastille Alpha (see page 56) and is thus somewhat undermanned, which means a lot of things can fall through the cracks in the system.

When the fleet set down, they quickly deployed troops to all the vital locations to take control. When the expected trouble did not materialize, the CID went into action to instigate the basic population control procedures they had set up on a number of conquered territories previously, starting with curfews and travel restrictions. Unfortunately for them, they were soon to discover that a curfew would be next to impossible to implement, given the life habits of the Caprician society. The world-city simply never slept; keeping all of the population indoors at the same time would be impossible and counterproductive. The Liberati were even harder to deal with, as they often needed to be outside at random hours to check on equipment or deal with sudden storms or tectonic activity.

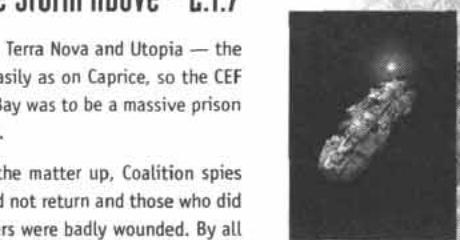
On the other hand, the CID soon found it would be a simpler matter to control the movement of the populace. There would be no need for passports and travel restrictions; some simple modifications to the data-rig tracking grid, which was already up and running, would do the job. Both the corporations and the Liberati groups were quite happy with the idea, since they had long since learned to circumvent the system if they needed to.

□ Talon Strike

The 1st Strike Recon Black Talon's expedition to Caprice was originally planned as a simple reconnaissance operation, with as little actual contact with the enemy as possible. Of course, things did not turn out that way, and the Talons had to fight their way off the planet, destroying a CEF weapon of mass destruction along the way. The destruction of the Project Brimstone massdriver was a major blow to the NEC's war effort, as was the capture of several data files and Frame blueprints.

The raid shook the NEC forces on Caprice; they did not expect such a strike at all. The early efforts of the 1st Black Talon to remain underground paid off. For several weeks, the NEC ignored their existence completely, assuming they were Liberati. When the Talons were finally discovered, the NEC implemented emergency procedures that resulted in the destruction of the Talons' Fury transport ship. This, however, did not stop the Terranovans, who got off planet in a stolen ship.

The CEF has since strengthened their defensive network to prevent additional intrusions. They are, however, beginning to discover how difficult it is to police an entire planet, much less a complete star system. While the 1st Black Talon's original method of getting on planet (using a stolen cargo ship IFF signal) is not likely to work again, there are still many other ways for a small team to get past the planet's impressive defense network.





Stars



The observation deck of Monolith Station was designed to be absolutely breathtaking. The ports were three stories of transparent polyalloy, so pure they were almost invisible. The frames were intricately sculpted steel, platinum and gold commissioned for an unimaginable sum and representing the struggles of early Caprician life. The design of the deck itself was based on ancient Samarkite architecture, using wood imported from the Segul forests on Utopia and polished black coral from the Zorel trench deep in Atlantis.

Jophell saw none of this. Her eyes were only for the stars.

She gazed into the shifting blackness, seeing the clear pinpoints of light stretch deep into forever. She knew that for every star she counted, a billion more were hiding in the void and she smiled. This had been her dream. To ply through the night on antimatter wings and watch the stars from space. To slip through the Tannhauser anomalies and find new worlds waiting on the other side of the veil. Nothing else came close to this feeling.

When Jophell joined the Colonial Expedition Force she knew it would be a hard road, but no harder than life on Earth. Her dreams of space had driven her through the death of her family and the other assorted hells that had been her life. She had hoped that, though primarily a military operation, the CEF would be true to its name and begin exploration again. Her hopes were dashed when the fleet limped back from Terra Nova. What was to be a quick subduing of primitive colonies had become a drawn out war with no real end in site. Jophell knew that the Commonwealth's arrogant superiority would keep pushing the Earth forces to fight until nothing was left.

After all the time she had spent staring out from these windows, Jophell had been rewarded an uncanny understanding of the Loki system. She began to see things that others might have missed, to understand the flow of the people from one place to the next.

Ice was mined in the Belts and transported to Caprice for consumption. Though the ice ships were under CEF guard, there were times they were alone in those massive fields of rock and debris. Things could happen; cargo could be loaded or unloaded. So could people.

The same was true for the independent shuttles that ran from outpost to station to watchpost. Even they were carefully monitored, but again, things could happen. Information could spill from drunken lips at a mess hall, get carried by freighter to the right ears at a station to a group of rebels on Caprice. Suddenly, the CEF lost another experiment being tested in the barren wastes of the planet.

Jophell had seen it happen. She could see the web the Capricians had built under their occupiers. It stretched from a Liberati hovel in the Caprician mountains to a corporate office in Gommorah to Monolith station past Indra into the Belts. A vast network of cooperation and quiet betrayal that would one day soon be yanked from under the collective feet of the CEF and send them sprawling back to Earth. And she was part of it.

Her position as one of the head Quartermasters on Monolith gave her unprecedented access to freight manifests, pilot contacts and information brokers. Her ten years of exemplary service and friendships with a few of the high ranking officers gave her certain trusted freedoms. Therefore the web could rely on her to move cargo and data through Monolith without a trace and without question.

As far as she was concerned, the Commonwealth had bitten off more than it could chew in fighting the colonies, but they would not soon admit it. The quicker the CEF fell, the sooner the rightful owners of the colonial worlds would be able to begin again. So she would help the CEF fall. Not for glory, or freedom, or money — only for her dream.





ASTRONOMICAL LOCATION - 3.1

The Loki System is a three-planet solar system orbiting Loki, a yellow dwarf star. Caprice is the closest planet to the star, followed by Carthage, the lesser Blessed Asteroid Belt and distant Indra. Beyond Indra is the greater Blessed Asteroid Belt.

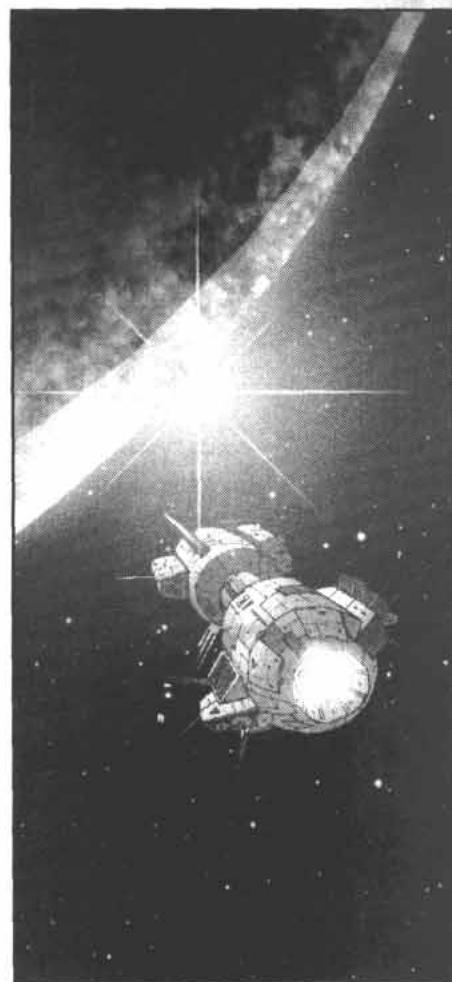
Loki is a yellow dwarf sun better known as an G5 class star. It has a surface temperature of 5800 degrees, and although it is smaller than both Helios and Sol, Loki is hotter and brighter than either. Both Caprice and Carthage are within Loki's ecosphere (a region around a star where the temperature can sustain life), but Carthage is on the outside periphery of this region and thus too cold to sustain life. Caprice, despite its erratic orbit, still remains within optimal range from Loki and could have sustained life had several mitigating factors not arisen.

Carthage, second planet out from the star, is a planet that many scientists feel could have been better suited for life than Caprice, had it achieved a closer orbit to Loki. Even where it is, it has managed to hold on to a thin atmosphere that equals about 3% of Caprice's total atmospheric pressure, enough for microbe-sized life forms to survive. Unfortunately, Carthage is a dust-world filled with constant storms. The little volcanic activity that exists is not enough to form a useful atmosphere or create large bodies of water to help spark life. The planet's weak magnetic field does not provide much protection against the solar wind.

Far beyond Carthage is Indra, an enormous red gas super-giant eight times the size of Jupiter. Like Jupiter, Indra is the remnant of a collapsed gas cloud. It too could have become a star, had its mass been heavy enough to achieve nuclear reaction during the collapse. Instead, as it formed, its growing gravitational field affected the formation of four smaller moons and planets outside Indra's orbit. The field, which is currently eighty times stronger than that of Caprice, tore the outside planets to shreds and formed the Greater and Lesser Blessed Asteroid Belt. Indra's gravitational pull is strong enough to keep thirty-seven smaller moons in distant tow.

The rim of the Loki System is framed by the Greater Blessed Asteroid Belt, while the Lesser Belt orbits between Carthage and Indra. Comprised largely of frozen methane, ammonia and water asteroids, the belts serve as Caprice's lifeline. Harvesting frozen asteroids for water is a full-time pursuit for the Caprician fleet.

Of all the systems explored to date, the Loki System is the oldest and most unusual. When first discovered, Caprice was the Concordat's Gateworld, a nexus point with no less than thirteen registered Tannhauser discontinuities leading elsewhere. Through recent advancements in Gatedrive technology, however, Earth and Caprice scientists have discovered over 900 micro-anomalies throughout Loki's space. The Astronavigation division of the CEF's 2nd Fleet is still trying to catalogue these new events, and has not explored their full potential yet.



ARTIFICIAL SATELLITES - 3.2

When the corporations arrived in the Loki System, Caprice was not the only resource exploited by industry and commerce. Companies built space stations at the doors of the major Tannhauser discontinuity and littered Carthage and the Blessed Belts with mining and research outposts. The most impressive artificial satellites, however, were the skeletal Monolith Shipyards and the Arclight Defense Platforms, both in orbit around the planet Caprice. These were monuments to the power and success enjoyed by their parent companies, and were widely promoted as such.

The Concordat rule of Caprice had been the most prosperous in terms of growth. When the Concordat failed and the Coalition took over the task of governing, however, the years of external expansion came to an end. The time to build from within had arrived, and zero-g construction was focused on the upkeep of available facilities rather than building new testaments to capitalism. This became the standard fare over the next two centuries, although concerns were growing over the safety and integrity of the old Tannhauser stations and a few factories on Carthage itself. As with any bureaucracy, the Coalition debated the matter for several years before the Herod Catastrophe in LC 206 forced the government's hand.

Over the last century, Caprice has tried to build new stations to replace the outdated and obsolete facilities, many of which had been in operation for several centuries. Unfortunately, when the CEF arrived they commandeered the key installations, including Arclight, Monolith and the major waypoint stations. Essentially, the Capricians are all but shut off from the stars. Any ventures the populace may make towards space, such as the ice-gathering expeditions, are only feasible with the CEF's permission and under their surveillance.



3.2.1 - Liberty Station

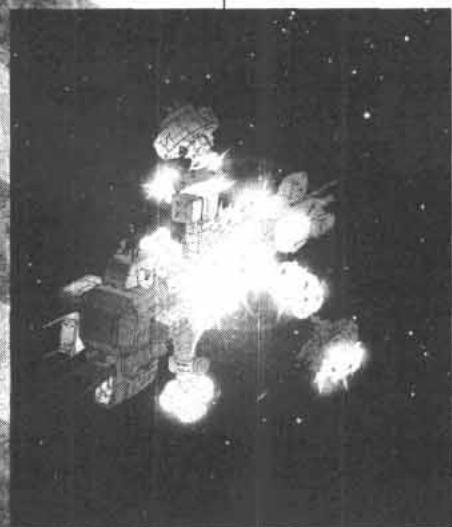
While upkeep and overhauls of various space stations are a routine task of the Caprician Space Corps, few places have undergone as many widespread changes as Liberty. Initially, Liberty Station was a waypoint facility for the two discontinuities reaching to Terra Nova. Piracy was a constant fear in the days of the Concordat, especially after several marauders tried to steal Gateships in order to gain the Tannhauser drive. Liberty was put in place to police and monitor traffic going to or coming from Terra Nova. As such, all ships, regardless of register, had to dock at Liberty and undergo customs examinations. In the early years of exploration, this meant placing all unidentified or new genetic samples, seeds and alien foodstuffs into quarantine until scientists felt secure enough to send it off to Earth or Caprice. As a matter of fact, all waypoints in the Loki System acted as Earth's buffer zone. Nothing made it to the Sol system without at least a year of study and dissection.

Even after the Colonial Wars, when Caprice traded with Terra Nova, Liberty remained a waystation for trading ships. During this time, a Terranovian Gateship, the *Charlotte*, entered the system with thirty children and their families aboard. The children were infected with St. Vincent's plague and on the verge of death. The desperate families came to the Loki system hoping to find help that they could not get on war-torn Terra Nova. Although the Coalition told stations to refuse the ship asylum out of fear of spreading the disease to the Loki System, Captain Alymers of the Liberty could not ignore the pleas for help. He put the matter to vote aboard his station and received unanimous support to dock the *Charlotte* (even though the crew of the Liberty knew they could die either if the disease mutated or if the Coalition court-martialed them). Despite the efforts of the Liberty medical crew, however, all the children perished, ironically at the same time that Terra Nova had discovered the cure for the plague.

Following the tragic events at the Liberty, the Coalition suspended trade with Terra Nova, sealed the station and quarantined the crew until doctors felt that St. Vincent's plague no longer threatened the Loki System. They also discharged Captain Alymers from the Space Corps, even though he inadvertently served as the catalyst for the Magellan Genom Project. The incident with the *Charlotte* revived old fears of alien diseases reaching and infecting the Loki System. With no natural immunities, a plague could feasibly wipe out all Capricians in one easy stroke (especially since the majority of Caprice's population lived in one location). It was decided to take a proactive step in preventing such a disaster and rebuild the isolated Liberty waystation into a xeno-genom and plague lab. Code-named the Magellan Project, the new center for Special Pathogens Research procured genetic samples of indigenous life forms from Atlantis, Utopia and Terra Nova. Over the first century of operation, Liberty Station conducted groundbreaking research into adaptive vaccines, accurately predicted the course of several mutating viruses, and uncovered a handful of deadly viruses that had gone previously undetected. Although another incident like St Vincent's never arose, experts hailed the Magellan project as an complete success.

Unfortunately, Earth nipped this promising project in the bud when it invaded Caprice. The CEF seized Liberty and most of its research like they did all space installations (except for the information on Adaptive Vaccines, which was smuggled off by partisan scientists). Unlike the other waystations, however, Elite Genom Labs, an Earth corporation, took over the Liberty facilities. Liberty, a station with a proud history, is now a dark place damned by Capricians for what it has become. Elite controls it and uses it as a genetic research factory, something they neither publicly confirm nor deny. Their latest experiments, the SLEDGES, are supposedly under development in EGL's labs in Gommorrah, even though Caprician rebels suspect Liberty is the actual production facility for the production and growth of these new super-soldiers. Regardless of what is actually happening on Liberty, the CEF is defending the station with several gunboats.

The Herod Catastrophe



The Herod, like the other Tannhauser space stations, was over three centuries old and falling apart screw by screw. With much of Caprice's fleet dedicated to trade missions or recovering water from asteroids, the Coalition debated and delayed the construction of new stations for the better part of three years. Then the unthinkable happened. The Herod Station, a waypoint reconverted into a research station that oversaw three Tannhauser discontinuities (CP-15/5727.3, CP-05/4952.6, CP-17/5755.6), suffered a meltdown in its power core and exploded.

Thirty-seven crew members died in the explosion, and the subsequent radioactive cloud irradiated the region around gate CP-15/5727.3. Although the cloud eventually dispersed, Caprice has yet to activate the Gate since the incident. Scientists are still trying to determine the effects that the explosion may have had on the discontinuity, especially since re-opening the gate involves the use of anti-matter. Experts are afraid that the lingering radiation following the Herod's demise may interfere with the gating process.

Despite the loss of life, the accident was still fortunate in that it did not affect an important Gate. CP-15/5727.3 does not lead to another solar system or any further discontinuities. It also helped galvanize the Coalition into replacing the stations around the active gates. Caprice's government eventually took the stations around "dead-end" discontinuities off-line until a time when they could replace them as well. With the CEF's arrival, however, and the discovery of multiple micro-anomalies throughout the Loki System, Caprice and Earth are repairing the unmanned stations as best as possible. Both planets believe that the former "dead-end" discontinuities may actually lead to other habitable planets and systems, accelerating a new push towards discovery and colonization.





Arclight Weapon & Communications Platforms - 3.2.2

While the Arclight Platforms may not be the first Caprician installations, they are the oldest and probably the most important artificial constructs in the Loki System. When explorers first arrived on Caprice, they discovered an immediate drawback to the planet's thin atmosphere. Meteorites impacted the planet with greater frequency than on Earth, because the atmosphere was not thick enough to burn away the smaller meteors. To make matters worse, continued activation of Tannhauser discontinuities near the Blessed Asteroid belts affected the orbit of already-precarious asteroids through intense gravitational flares. After centuries of Tannhauser travel, the Loki system was filled with rogue asteroids drifting, waiting until some planet's gravity pulled it in.

In 5261, Exe-Tylor Ltd., one of the Concordat's main weapons contractors, built eight weapons platforms known collectively as the Arclight Program. Six platforms remained in geo-synchronous orbit, each with a wide enough fire arc to overlap the neighboring satellites. The remaining two platforms remained above the poles, targeting the rare detritus that the other platforms could not see. Equipped with a variety of long-range sensors, particle-beam cannons, heavy railguns and missilepacks, Exe-Tylor LTD designed Arclight to handle any and all inbound meteorites that were too large to burn up in the atmosphere. In 5379, following the Liberati Revolts, the Caprician Corporate Executive re-fitted the stations with newer weapons, and incorporated the planet's communications network into them as well. The CCE dedicated the old Hermes satellite communications array to growing civilian needs, and outfitted Arclight with state-of-the-art pulse-laser technology for industrial and military use.

By 6116, Caprice had rebuilt or modified the Arclight Platforms a dozen times over; they, along with the ice-mining fleet, were high-priority maintenance. When the CEF invaded Caprice, however, they seized the platforms as a potential military threat. The Coalition surrendered control rather than have the platforms shot down. Over the last few years, Earth has replaced the original Arclight platforms with newer CEF battle platforms capable of shooting down incoming meteorites and defending Caprice against invasion fleets. Unfortunately, not only can the platforms monitor all system-wide communication lines, but the new arsenal includes high-yield anti-matter warheads, some of which, the Coalition is sure, are aimed towards Caprice. Despite the newer technology and the new owners, however, the weapons platforms are still collectively called Arclight.

Monolith Shipyard - 3.2.3

In the forgotten past, the Monolith Shipyard was the Concordat's golden egg and the nerve center of the Gateship fleet. Its very presence and image engendered images of success and the promise of new worlds. When one spoke of Caprice, the words most people associated with it were Gates, Gomorrah and Monolith.

The shipyards are the largest artificial satellites in the Loki System, and the only ones visible to the naked eye from the surface. Like some alien Leviathan left to rot, Monolith is a floating skeleton of interconnected girders, anchor beams, cables, travel tubes and construction lights. In the heyday of Tannhauser exploration and shipping, Cantonni-Rand Industries, the main suppliers of Gateships and starships, won approval from the Concordat to transfer their main shipyards from Mars to Caprice. It made sense since the Loki system was a nexus of gates, and the growing center for trade and exploration. As corporations and organizations bought new worlds, the need for private fleets grew. It was a boom market Cantonni-Rand thought would never end; they invested everything in Monolith.

Monolith was the main contractor for Gateships, modular stations and space-worthy craft. Just before the Concordat died and the Colonial exodus occurred, Cantonni-Rand was on the verge of becoming the single most influential and powerful corporation in recent history. In 5790, when the Concordat cut subsidies to interstellar travel, Cantonni-Rand stock plummeted at light-speed. Desperate for capital, it scrambled to collect all outstanding bills and payments on already finished ships. When the Concordat declared Gateships restricted technology, however, overdue payments and leased ships vanished; it was everyone for themselves.

Cantonni-Rand was on the verge of bankruptcy. Its own CEOs, desperate for money, kidnapped their own vessels and charged fortunes for shuttling people through the gates. When pirates tried to hijack three unfinished Gateships from the shipyards, however, the Concordat annexed Monolith as part of Gateship technology, and declared it off limits to everyone. Any Cantonni-Rand employee caught ferrying people through the gates was arrested and court-martialed for espionage. The Concordat pressed those people with useful research skills into the military, and executed the remainder.

The final blow to the fragile relationship between Caprice and Earth came when a Concordat war cruiser blasted its way through the gate to destroy Monolith and the three rogue Gateships still under Caprice's control. Since Earth had severed all ties with the colonies, and Monolith could not be transported back, the military decided to destroy it as "compromised" technology. Caprice, in turn, threatened to turn the Arclight Platforms on the cruiser if it did not back down from its mission. After a five-hour standoff between both sides, the cruiser simply returned back through the gate, heralding the years of isolation to come. Monolith became a constant reminder of what the Capricians had lost. While Caprice still used the structures to build and repair ships for its ice-fleet, it was like using an aircraft hangar to fix a car. With the exception of the few piers in active use, the Coalition abandoned Monolith and allowed it to fall into disrepair. It had become a waste of space, resources and technology.

When Earth returned, they seized Monolith and repaired the entire structure. In addition to updating the piers, they built new facilities to house the Navy's central command, and added close-range weapons to compliment Arclight's defensive capabilities. Monolith is now the headquarters for the CEF's main invasion fleet and the hub of all interstellar traffic.



3.2.4 - Moscow Base

The Coalition is still allowed to use its ships for harvesting ice, although all Caprician vessels are now under heavy military escort. For some reason, portions of the Blessed Asteroid field are off-limits by order of the NEC. Caprician mining ships, however, have seen several Earth cruisers making runs into the asteroid belt.

The shadow maneuvering of the NEC fleet remains a mystery, but the Coalition has its suspicions. Before the Colonial Wars, Davida Industries, a major corporation in the Concordat, was building a mining facility in the Blessed Asteroid Field. With the fall of the Concordat, however, Davida was one of the few companies with enough Gateships to evacuate all her personnel and equipment. Without Davida records or employees around, the Coalition was never able to ascertain the location of the mining base.

Recently, the Coalition learned that Moscow Heavy Industries, one of several corporations accompanying the NEC fleet, was formed through the merger of Davida and several smaller businesses a century ago. Armed with this information, the Coalition believes that Davida's mining base is being refitted for some secret purpose. Unbeknownst to Caprice, the asteroid installation is being converted into a massdriver station and a Tannhauser Gatebase. The NEC plans on firing mass-driver rounds through the Tannhauser Gates in order to strike at Terra Nova and Atlantis from afar.

3.2.5 - Planetary Research Stations and Mining Outposts

As stated previously, Caprice oversaw the construction of dozens of stations and off-world facilities during her Concordat boom years. In the centuries following the collapse of the Concordat, the Coalition had to abandon many installations because their upkeep was no longer a priority, or because they had become too dangerous to use anymore.

There are seventeen research stations and mining plants scattered across Carthage. The nine research stations are abandoned and have not been environmentally secure for nearly two centuries now. Constant dust storms have entirely covered almost all of them, and only the lonely echo of their transponder beacons hint at their existence. Of the remaining eight mining plants, five are no longer operational and a sixth has been completely destroyed due to an explosion that took out a pocket of methane gas and the facility itself. The Sifter Project, one of the two remaining active facilities, is a small mobile base that moves methodically over the surface of Carthage and uses enormous sifters to process the mineral-rich dust. The second active mining venture is the Deep Core Drill, a mining base four kilometers below the surface of the planet. It has supplied Caprice with a steady source of magnesium, tin and iron for the last three centuries of operation. Recently, however, the DCD project has drawn up short on its yearly quota, suggesting perhaps that the lucrative region has finally been farmed out completely.

The Gas Collector station orbiting Indra is the only artificial satellite in that region. Indra's immense gravitational well and magnetosphere make creating a stable orbital platform a logistical nightmare. The Gas Collector station, however, uses an unorthodox technique to harvest gases from the planet's outer atmosphere. Rather than a stable orbit that would place the station well outside Indra's envelope, the station uses an elliptical orbit much like Caprice's. At the apex of its orbit the station is too far away to harvest anything, but at its closest point, it skims through the atmosphere like an enormous scoop. Unfortunately, while the technique works, the station is working just above its operating costs. Were several of Indra's gases not laced with highly rare elements, the Coalition would never have sanctioned such a risky project.

3.2.6 - Tannhauser Waystations

The Waystations are space stations outside a Tannhauser's gravity field. They were initially built to regulate the flow of traffic, defend the area against pirates and to act as a customs broker for inter-colony trade. They were rest-stops along the intergalactic highway. With the arrival of the CEF, however, they fell under military jurisdiction, becoming fortresses and checkpoints guarding pivotal paths into and out of the Loki System.

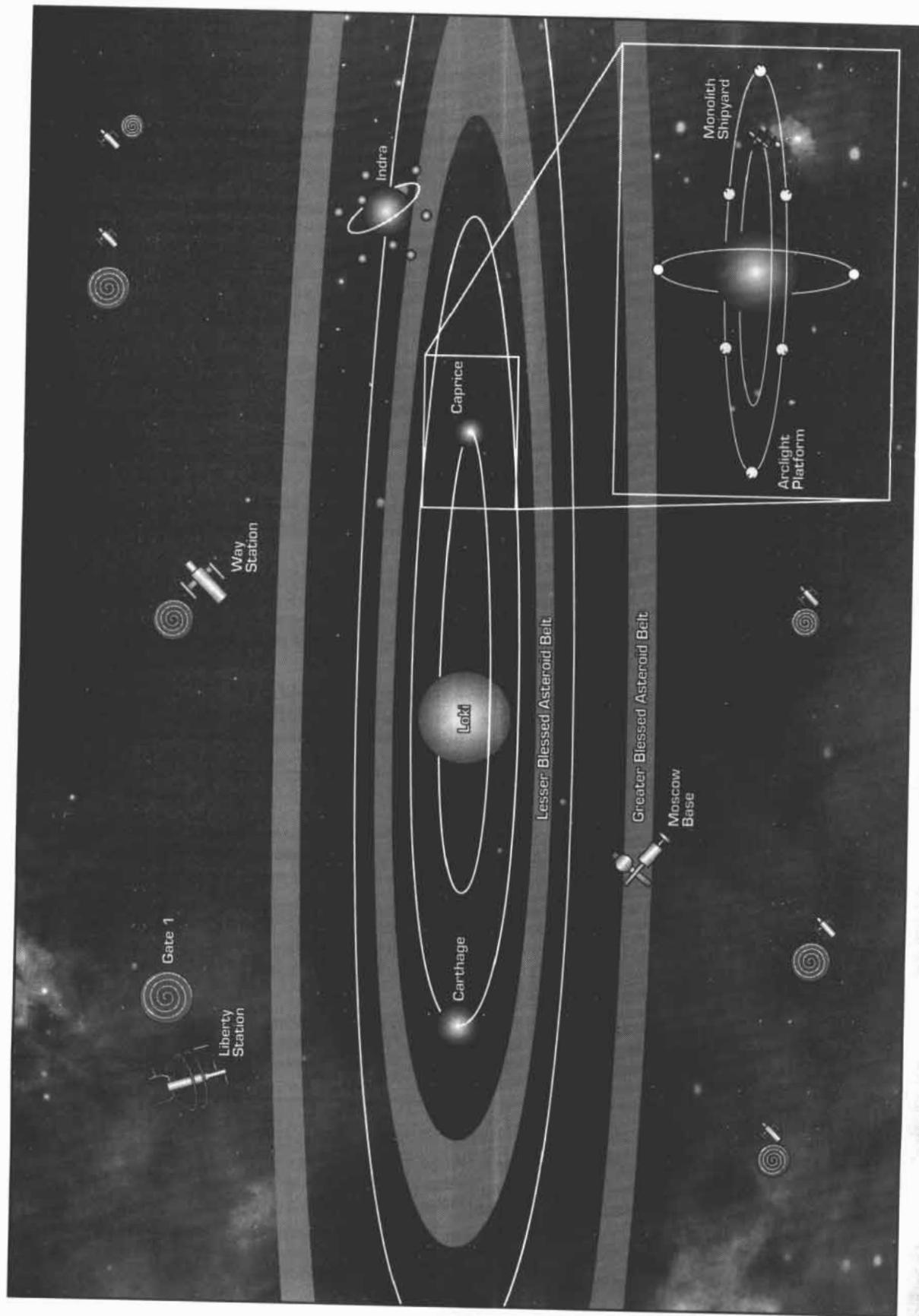
Once, the Tannhauser Waystations were modern marvels and heralds of a universe that had suddenly fallen into humanity's hands. Over time, though, they aged without continued care, and eventually became unusable. The Waystations were a mirror of Caprice's own successes and failures. At the height of the Human Concordat, they were well-maintained and enjoyed a steady stream of traffic from the other worlds. Later however, they became reminders that the universe had suddenly shrunk and fallen out of humanity's tenuous grasp. Although there was still limited cross-system commerce, it was not enough to man the large stations at their original capacity. Very few funds made their way towards the upkeep of the facilities, and many became floating debris.

Following the Herod incident, the Coalition deactivated all non-essential Waystations and repaired the main corridor stations. With the CEF's arrival, the stations immediately fell under military jurisdiction, as did most artificial satellites. Unlike the others, however, the CEF repaired the Waystations and outfitted them with armaments, turning them into outposts for the fleet and a warning system against potential attacks. With the discovery of micro-portals, the Waystations have become a sensor network for the Astronavigation division of the CEF's 2nd Fleet. All new data pertaining to these events is being compiled at these stations. The Liberati have it on good authority that the Astronavigators plan on presenting that information to Fleet Admiral Veda Winthrop within the next month. Early reports indicate some of the micro-portals are back doors to several hard-to-reach systems.



THE LOHI SYSTEM

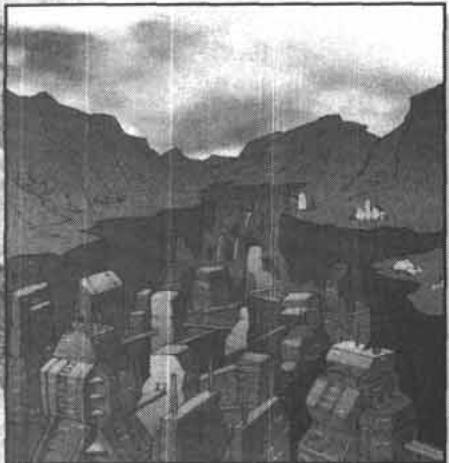
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3.3 - THE GATE WORLD



Caprice has long been known under the moniker of "Gate World," a name derived from its unusual astronomical location in a system rich with Tannhauser Gates. The planet itself is a harsh world, where most of the populace is concentrated in a small amount of habitable territories. In fact, unlike the other human colony worlds, there are only a few important regions on the planet; the rest is empty wastelands and deserts, where the solitude is only occasional broken by the odd Liberati caravan or mining outpost.

Gommorrah is the only major city on Caprice, a megalopolis that covers the floor and part of the walls of the planet-sized canyon known as the Cat's Eye Trench. Due to poor urban planning and an almost organic style of growth, the modern Gommorrah is a chaotic labyrinth of buildings, streets and industrial parks. Space is such a precious commodity that the city is spreading up the walls of the trench like moss, structures being built atop structures. The concentration of population and energy is so high, that the city is highly visible from orbit, like a permanent lightning strike etched deep in the bedrock.

There are only two other main concentrations of population, namely the Bastille Alpha prison city and the Vega Starport. Both are linked to the city via high tech monorail systems that fly in elevated structures far above the surrounding wasteland.

3.3.1 - Bastille Alpha

Caprice's one and only prison, this monstrous structure is situated in the tundra of the arctic polar region. All criminals, regardless of the length of their sentence, are sent here for rehabilitation. It is a brutal and hard life where freedom is gained in the gladiatorial arenas of the hellish Iron Maiden Coliseum.

With the NECs' arrival on Caprice and the subsequent failure of the GREL program, Bastille Alpha has become an overcrowded installation housing both human and GREL prisoners. The NEC took command of the prison when they arrived, and rumors are now circulating that Bastille Alpha has become a death camp. Dozens of GRELs are killed each week in brutal extermination programs designed to study the fatal-trauma thresholds of victims. The experiments are a poor excuse for the genocide of these artificial humans, and the Liberati is planning a massive jail break.

Those who are freed could certainly add to the small but dedicated forces of the Liberati, who are always at a lack for resources and able fighters. Unfortunately, several issues must be addressed beforehand, including the coordination of the various resistance cells, transportation for the prisoners across the arctic tundra, and proper facilities to house the hundreds of recruits the resistance expects to free.

3.3.2 - Mining Network

The surface of Caprice is an unyielding mistress. Despite the freezing, thin atmosphere and the infinite expanse of broken tundra, however, she is also geologically wealthy. Over the centuries, installations have been built and abandoned in an unending cycle of mining. The surface is dotted by disparate camps and scarred by the deep wounds left by careless strip-mining.

This is the lonely and isolated world the Liberati inhabit. Born from a proud heritage, the miners known as the Liberati live either as squatters in abandoned camps, or as contracted help in any operation willing to hire them. In some cases, entire communities known as Gypsies travel from one contract to the next. They grow up, work and die together in what often amounts to a short life. There is little doubt, however, that they are the toughest beings Caprice ever produced. There is no hardship they cannot survive. It is not a matter of hope, but of perseverance and innate stubbornness.

The mining camps and settlements are also used as an outlet for the corporate criminal justice system. Crimes not considered grave enough to justify a stint at Bastille Alpha can be atoned for with period of work in the mining camps. Some chronic criminals actually seek out this sentence, looking forward to the "rough life" on the frontier as a sort of mental vacation from the stresses of Gommorrah.

3.3.3 - Vega Starport

The Coalition dismantled Gommorrah's original starport in Cat's Eye Trench when living space became a priority. Its replacement, the Vega Starport, was built several hundred kilometers away from the trench. The facilities were small, considering that Caprice had a tiny fleet of ships dedicated to ice mining the Blessing Asteroid field just beyond Indra.

Plans to expand the port took an odd turn with the arrival of the NEC. Although the invasion force commandeered Vega, they increased its size to handle the constant flow of military traffic. Currently, Vega is a depot for supplies and home to the 42nd Tactical Wing, "Sky-Razor." They keep their skills honed through continued military drills in the skies south of the starport.





FACtIONS - 3.4

Caprice has always accepted that a certain amount of struggle was necessary for the fulfillment of any plans or desires. Whether this struggle came about from an individual's need to validate his own existence through socially acceptable conflict or it was present to begin with, Capricians thrive on friction. This makes them dangerous opponents, not only for the fact they do not fear death as a whole, but they also know when to fight and when to watch. The time of watching is fast ending and the Capricians are looking forward to a good brawl.

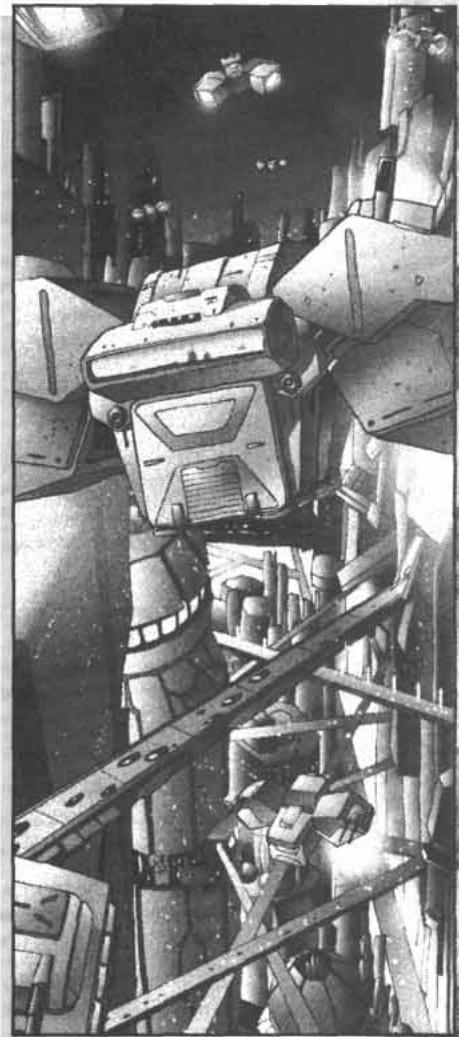
The CEF is a completely different picture. The invasion fleet to the colonies was a crusade of sorts. During the cycle of violence that tore Earth apart following the collapse of the Concordat, many Terrans came to blame the colony worlds for their troubles. According to popular belief, they created the financial burden that dragged the "utopian" Concordat down to its grave. The colonialists were a plague of locusts who devoured everything in their path. When they could no longer bleed the Sol system dry, they stole Terran property by settling on pristine new worlds.

The rabid anti-colonial rhetoric espoused by the New Eurasian Commonwealth was a calculated shift of blame for what happened in the Sol system. Terrans could not be held responsible for destroying their own worlds, it had to somebody else. Colonists, unfortunately, proved to be the easiest scapegoats, since they were not present to defend themselves.

Unfortunately, the NEC's hopes that the CEF would sweep in and conquer the lazy and unprepared colonies was a myth. Atlantis' navy surpassed that of the CEF's in technology and skill, and fought the invaders to a standstill. While the CEF took control of Atlantis' limited surface space, the so-called "colonists" still controlled the seas. Terra Nova was an even larger fiasco. While Atlantis' victory only affected the Naval branch of the Earth armed forces, Terra Nova's fiery response to invasion decimated a portion of the CEF's Space, Marine and Cavalry branches.

Sol's occupants, many who still live in bombed-out city husks or in massive refugee camps, are growing dangerously restless. The NEC promised its citizens new homes on colonial worlds, but things are not moving as quickly as they had once projected. Now that the initial euphoria of war has subsided, people are complaining once more. The NEC is pressuring the CEF central command to earn some quick victories before the situation at home completely disintegrates. This is only adding to the frustration levels on Caprice.

The CEF Third Fleet, which is stationed in the Loki system as Earth's first line of defense and Caprice's invading force, have not seen any action since they first arrived over a decade ago. They have watched other fleets enter firezones and either take their designated worlds, or fail. In either case, the Third Fleet has been denied those chances, assigned to baby-sit a planet that surrendered before the first shot was even fired. The Third Fleet is desperately eager for some action, any action. This means that events to come will see them more trigger happy than most. If the Capricians are eager for a fight, then so is the occupying CEF.



The Forces at Play - 3.4.1

Despite appearances, Caprice has four major factions at odds, not two. The most obvious two are the CEF and the growing Liberati movement. They are going to be the most visible players in the upcoming conflict. The second area of conflict is between Earth and Caprice's major corporations. When the CEF arrived, they brought several allied corps with them for military purposes. Rather than relying on Earth to send them supplies, the CEF and their affiliated corps established industries on Gommorah to supply the fleet's immediate needs. This small conglomeration of enemy businesses has more clout than Gommorah's own Coalition council of ruling corporations.

For the corporations, the real war is not over territory, but over resources and technology. While the CEF and Liberati prepare for a fight, the corporations are playing industrial warfare with one another. Their conflict is overshadowed by the military presence, but that is how both sides like it. They know that they will control whomever emerges victorious on the battlefield. It is big business, after all.

THE LOKI SYSTEM

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3.4.2 - Colonial Expeditionary Force

The CEF is the foreign conquest army corps of the New Earth Commonwealth. They are tasked with reconquering Earth's wayward colonies and bring them back to the fold, by intimidation or by outright force. Most of the veterans and equipment that survived the world conflict back on Earth have been thrown into this effort, making the CEF a powerful, if not particularly agile, juggernaut of unprecedented proportions.

The effort to retake the colonies is a massive military ballet. All branches of the NEC's armed forces have dedicated over half their numbers to this endeavor, which, some feel, is proving to be a colossal waste of resources and manpower. While the CEF main fleet is still active, people in the Sol system are still living in refugee camps, cities still lie in ruins, and only the most fortunate have proper access to medicine or food.

The hardest-hit military branch during the previous conflicts has been the CEF's small naval force, which was nearly decimated on Atlantis. This has slowed the timetable for retaking Eden and Home's ocean outposts, since they are no more specialized troops available. The Naval branch is rebuilding the naval forces on Utopia, and plan to be back up to full strength within three Earth years. It is currently at 68% of optimal operational strength.

◆ Space Navy

The CEF invasion fleet includes the largest collection of warships and troops ever seen in Earth's history. Their function is to transport troops and equipment, provide artillery support for ground units and to engage other space-worthy targets. The CEF fleet is comprised of the 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th and 8th fleets, all of which have been transferred to the Loki system. Most of the vessels are either stationed at the Monolith Shipyards, undergoing maintenance, or are out on wide orbital patrols in space and near the discontinuities leading to other worlds.

Dreadnoughts: Also known as super-carriers, the Dreadnought-class ship is the fleet's flagship; only one is present in any armada. Almost as big as a Gateship, it measures four hundred and twenty meters in length and one hundred and twenty meters in width. The Dreadnought is equipped with three massdrivers along her central spine, state-of-the-art communications and sensor systems, and bristles with artillery gunpods and five types of missile systems for ground support. She carries a compliment of 650 officers and 6500 enlisted personnel. There is only one class of Dreadnought currently in operation, the Leviathan class. Earth forces have seven such ships, with five in service to the CEF.

Carriers: Normally two carriers accompany a Dreadnought-class ship, though Nova-class carriers (the largest ones) also serve as command craft in smaller fleets. Carriers are between three hundred to three hundred and fifty meters in length, with a width between 80 to 90 meters. They carry up to 600 officers, 6000 enlisted men and women and up to 70 interface transports.

Cruisers: These ships are a hybrid of destroyers and carriers, protecting the fleet and providing housing for the support craft. Measuring up to two hundred and fifty meters long, Cruisers hold 550 personnel in addition to various weapon systems. Cruisers are the most versatile ships in the fleet; they can either provide a protective screen for larger ships or support ground forces through orbital bombardment.

Destroyers: Destroyers establish a defense perimeter for the fleet, and are best suited for ship to ship combat. The classes are based on Jupiter's fourteen moons; the most prevalent are the Io-class destroyers, which measure two hundreds meters in length by twenty-five meters in width, with a crew of 300 personnel. Destroyers are equipped with a wide variety of weapons capable of space combat, including two different missile delivery systems and several magnetic and particle accelerator cannons.

Frigates: Frigates are smaller-scale destroyers, but their function is to provide cover fire and escort to transports. Measuring an average of one hundred and fifty meters long, Frigates hold a compliment of 230 crew members. They have a number of missile systems to protect both themselves and their escorts, and are a maneuverable foe during capital ship sorties.

Other Ships: The space fleet is nothing without her supply corvettes, atmospheric transports or patrol fighters. By the same token, these ships are nothing without the protection of the capital ships, but they are the only vessels capable of operating inside a planet's atmosphere.

Colonial Expeditionary Fleet, AD 6135

Fleet	Function and Assigned Operation
2nd Fleet	Retake Gatepoints UT-01 through UT-04 including Jotenheim, Utopia and Botany Bay. Establish command post on Utopia.
3rd Fleet	Secure Alpha Gatepoint. Establish central command on Caprice. Operate as Sol's first line of defense.
5th Fleet	Retake Gatepoints CP-20, AT-02 through AT-07 including Atlantis and Eden. Establish command post on Atlantis.
7th Fleet	Retake Gatepoints HO-1 through HO-04 including New Jerusalem and Home.
8th Fleet	Retake Gatepoints TN-01 through TN-02 including Terra Nova. Establish command post. Due to mission failure, remnants of 8th Fleet is currently in Loki system undergoing repairs at Monolith Spaceyards.





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Fleet Admiral Veda Winthrop ◆

Fleet Admiral Veda is the highest ranking CEF officer outside the Sol system. He orchestrates the five fleets from his command post aboard the NEC Dreadnought *Alexander*. Unfortunately, as the highest ranking officer in the region, all the subsequent blame for the failed Terra Nova and Atlantis operations are falling on his head. Factions within the NEC are actively demanding that he be replaced by Vice Admiral Carolynn Polowski, an ardent nationalist and extremist. Thus far, it is Veda's constraints that have stopped the CEF from using some of the more virulent bio-weapons in their arsenal. Should Polowski replace him, the death toll on both sides of the conflict is sure to become apocalyptic.

Because of this present political climate, Fleet Admiral Veda is using harsher methods than before to achieve results, stopping short of blatant genocide. He will not accept any more mistakes from his subordinates, nor will he tolerate any rebellion in the conquered territories. His job is on the line, and he will not be pushed out for any reason whatsoever.



Commodore Edith Mubatu ◆

Commodore Mubatu, a strong and capable leader, is living in the shadow of her mother. Rear Admiral Angela Mubatu was in charge of the 8th Fleet during the Terra Nova campaign. Following the fleet's devastating loss, however, she was demoted and eventually discharged for her supposed incompetence. She died a few years later, broken and disgraced. Her daughter never accepted the charges, putting the blame squarely on the head of the enemy forces. Over the years, she has slowly built up a strong hatred toward the colonials.

In an ironic twist, Commodore Edith Mubatu is on the verge of earning her mother's old command aboard the Dreadnought *Napoleon*. Driven by the embarrassment her mother suffered a decade ago, Mubatu is thirsty for revenge. She cannot wait to take the rebuilt 8th Fleet and smash Terra Nova once and for all. Within the forces, she is the strongest proponent of using orbital saturation to devastate the defenses of Terra Nova. She is currently aboard the *Naiobi*, a carrier defending Moscow Base in the Blessed Asteroid field.



Lieutenant General Armin Szetir ◆

Lieutenant General Szetir is in charge of the 3rd and 11th Infantry Divisions currently occupying Gommorah itself. Operating from Paladine Lots, an annexed district hub of Gommorah, the two divisions police Gommorah with close to 40,000 soldiers. The lack of combat is making the troops complacent; however, a fact the Liberati are trying to capitalize on. Despite the orders that prohibit CEF military personnel from entering Gommorran bars, more soldiers are breaking the rules, searching for a bit of excitement.

General Szetir himself has also grown complacent about his duties. He can be found fraternizing with the elite of the city, attending corporate parties or sporting events, indulging in mild narcotics and satisfying his libido with Gommorran socialites. The Commonwealth Integrity Directorate has recently been informed of his behavior and has started monitoring his activities. The Liberati are also aware of General Szetir's vices and believe he will be easiest CEF command staff member to manipulate, kidnap or assassinate when the time comes.



Lieutenant Colonel Krynn Rassul, CID Operative ◆

Thorough, fanatical and ruthless are three words that best define the Commonwealth Integrity Directorate. One of the most noted agents of the Directorate, Lieutenant Colonel Krynn Rassul embodies these traits in her every thought and action. Unlike most of her colleagues, who believe the weak Capricians are no longer a threat, Krynn is not so gullible. She believes the Liberati are still active, and has made it her personal mission in life to uproot the movement and ultimately destroy it (hopefully in a spectacular manner, so that it can serve as an example to others who would dare oppose the NEC).

While she has been highly successful in killing several Liberati agents, she has never been patient enough to find convincing proof that the organization still exists; she simply follows the trail and terminates whomever it leads to. The Liberati, while they consider her dangerous beyond words, will not sanction her assassination. Doing so will only validate Krynn's assertions that the Liberati are still active.





3.4.3 - The Liberati

The term Liberati was originally used to identify one of the people who chose to live on the highlands of the planet rather than the Cat's Eye trench, but it has come to encompass all those working to undermine the Terran invaders. While the Liberati rebels and the Liberati nomads are two separate entities, they are tied together quite closely. Most nomads will assist and even hide CEF fugitives, assist in raids if asked and provide support within their capacity. In turn, the rebels will do the same for the nomads. It is this exchange of assistance that enabled the rebellion to survive for this long. In addition to the nomads, however, the Liberati rebels also enjoy the secret support of the Coalition. Caprice's civilian government supplies them with weapons, information and resources when necessary, and turns a blind eye when the Liberati need access to restricted areas.

The Liberati are not as well equipped nor as large a fighting force as the CEF. They are extremely well-organized, however, and are adept at keeping a low profile. In some cases, they have even managed to camouflage sabotage operations and assassinations so effectively that the CEF did not suspect their involvement in the matter. Thus far, the Liberati have played their cards cautiously.

Over the last two years, the Liberati movement has been growing in Gommorah. More citizens are joining, if only in an observer or reserve member status. The number of active members has remained static, but the support base has increased twelvefold. Liberati rebels know they need more troops, but it is still a dangerous time to organize a standing army and the organization lacks the resources to supply their expanding membership. So, for the time being, the Liberati are still divided into cells until such a time they can support larger groups.

◆ Major Liberati Groups

Though the Liberati are often presented as a unified block to outsiders, there are in fact composed of a large number of very distinct families and factions. A Liberati worker hailing from the Disorra Desert will not have the same dialect and dress as one from the Hoert Highlands, or one from the Nedana Hills. Each region has its own social peculiarities based on its history and relative isolation.

The three major Liberati social groups are the Van Daar, the Roy and the So-Doura. The Van Daar are the oldest, tracing their history back for nearly a thousand years. They have a well-established network of connections and, some say, have ties with the largest Caprician corporations. Most of the Van Daar holdings are located in and around the Capra Wastelands.

The Roy are the second most numerous group, though they have neither the connections nor the long history of the Van Daar. Their current wealth and prestige can be traced back to the connections they formed during the aborted Bastille Omega project. Most of their settlements and outposts are found in the Soekar Range and the eastern regions of the Hoert Highlands.

The So-Doura are not a faction as such, but more of a loose group of families gathered together under a single banner for protection and influence. Members of the So-Doura are generally nomadic, their caravans being found anywhere on the planet (though mostly in the Cora Desert and surrounding regions).

◆ Liberati Ranks and Divisions

None of the active Liberati have data-rigs. Their real identities were wiped away by the Coalition following the CEF's invasion, allowing these individuals to work anonymously. If captured, they have no accessible records, thereby ensuring their families cannot be hurt or used against them. The Liberati are a small force with limited manpower. As such, they have a highly compartmentalized hierarchy and a small number of actual ranks. Their titles and descriptions are here ranked in order of importance (the names come from the Liberati's Highlands slang):

Jund: Code word for Liberati army as a whole. It also represents their cause.

Amir al-Juyush: The leader of the Liberati movement. It means *Commander in Chief* just as Admiral comes from Amir al-Bahr or *Commander of the Sea*.

Atabeg: Senior officers. The Amir al-Juyush's command staff of five officers. They act as advisors and keep in contact with the Amirs. Each is responsible for ten Amirs.

Amir: Equivalent to a CEF Senior officer, the Amir cares for five Yazak, better known as cells.

Yazak: Means advance post, but it is used by the Liberati to mean a cell of Ghazis or full time soldiers. There are 5-10 members per cell.

Qaids: Commander of each Yazak or cell.

Ghazis: Full time soldiers. The Liberati are divided between full-time members who fight, carry out assignments and do all the dirty work, and the volunteers who act as lookouts, provide shelter and information.

Karariyah: Newly adopted code word for the GRELs joining the cause. The word itself means Shock Troopers. There are no active Karariyah yet, but if Bastille Alpha is liberated there will be several hundred.

Muttawah: Volunteers. The Liberati are divided between its full-time members, who fight, carry out assignments and do all the dirty work, and the volunteers who act as lookouts, provide shelter and information.





Born Daniel Arrie, Wick was a Corp-Serf captain when the CEF invaded Caprice. Having always been a man who followed orders, he agreed to become a rebel during Operation Feint at the behest of the Coalition, and spent a decade living amongst the Liberati nomads. He carried out efficient and professional raids against the CEF, and when time came to "lose" the fight, he did so without hesitation. He managed to survive the following turmoil and has lived with the Liberati ever since.

Wick rose to power within the Liberati not because the Coalition wanted him to, but because both his men and the Liberati nomads respected him. He was brutally honest, without a shred of arrogance. He did what had to be done, without apologies or excuses. Currently, Wick runs the Liberati through capable leadership. The fact that the CEF has not yet uncovered his identity or location is testament to his skill and cunning.

Amir al-Juyush Wick ◆



Amir Falcon, Leader of the Old Guard ●

Sendra Fallons, better known as Falcon, is an unusual candidate for a Liberati leader. She is a tiny, petite woman with a seemingly soft disposition. In truth, she is kind-hearted, albeit only toward Caprician natives. Otherwise, she is a lethal adversary, with little or no remorse. To her, the world is sharply divided between allies and enemies, and the divinities help the latter.

Sendra is Amir for the Yazak cells growing in Bastille Alpha, where she is a prisoner herself. She deliberately killed a known CEF sympathizer to get thrown in prison, so that she could help form and direct its growing Liberati movement. Sandra communicates with the outside world via a micro-burst transmitter she managed to hide in her body when she first arrived to Bastille Alpha. As leader of the Old Guard, she has been instrumental in bringing the GRELs over to the Liberati's side. All the information stored on her data-rig is false.



Qaid Henault, Captain of the Princess. ◆

Henault is one of the few Liberati members to retain his original identity; it was essential for his assignment. Also known simply as Captain, Henault commands the *Princess*, an aging ice mining spaceship that routinely shuttles between Caprice's low orbit and the Blessed Asteroid Belt. The *Princess* has been making the supply run for several years now, and elicits little attention from the CEF gunboats patrolling the belt.

Henault's ship is one of the few that smuggle inbound Terranovan Gatecoffins and Talon teams back to Caprice, and keep an eye on the traffic bound for Moscow Base. With Henault's help, the Liberati have been in near-constant contact with Terra Nova since the first Black Talon mission, allowing them to transmit relevant information about the CEF's activities. Henault himself is an easy-going gentleman with a trustworthy disposition. He can essentially talk his way out of any problem, and can convince people of his arguments fairly easily, a skill that often comes in handy when dealing with the CEF blockade.



□ The Genosia Marketplace

Once a year, most of the major Liberati families meet at the Genosia Outpost, just outside of the southernmost limits of Gommorah, for a week-long marketplace where everything from mineral exploitation rights to the prices of a given metal will be set for the following year. The meeting, at first a practical opportunity to meet with one's business partners, has evolved into a deep-seated tradition that is now near-sacred for the nomad families.

Allegiances of convenience and work trades are often arranged, with groups making informal contracts to assist each other for large or dangerous tasks in return for help with a specific task or a promise of future aid. These promises help to bind the groups together on yet another level, ensuring a kind of safety net for the Liberati families. Debts are never fully erased, groups constantly escalating the level of aid provided or changing the kind of assistance, to ensure that there will always be someone who has an open promise to fulfill.

Not everything is so serious, however, as the gathering of long-unseen family and friends is the perfect opening for parties and games of all kinds. Contests of skill and strength are common, with prizes offered by various groups for the fastest runner, the heaviest drinker and the most ribald poet or songwriter. Mock combat is common, the use of tag guns training the youth to fight while still appearing as innocent play.

The CEF authorities wisely chose not to disrupt this gathering, despite protests and cries of dismay from the CID. They decided to send discrete observers instead (including a few moles) to keep an eye on the proceedings. The observers are usually quickly tagged by the astute Liberati — even more so when they actively try to blend in — and shunned by everyone (or better yet, made fun of).



3.4.4 - Corporations

While the Liberati prepare for open conflict with Earth, Caprice has already been fighting a shadow war. Gommoran and Terran corporations are battling each other over concepts and technology they know will emerge from the war effort. For them, whether the CEF wins or loses is not the point. The real issue is whether they survive, and the only way to survive is to become irreplaceable.

The battle-lines are not, however, clear-cut. Many Caprician corporations are willing collaborators with the NEC, while others give lip service to the occupiers while secretly supporting the Liberati and sponsoring contacts with Terra Nova and other colony worlds. The corporations are political animals, and what you see is very rarely the truth. Despite the presence of the CEF and interloper corporations, Caprician companies continue to fight among themselves in a cannibalistic frenzy, seeking to maintain or advance their position in order to survive. Similarly, not all of the Terran corporations are wholehearted supporters of the CEF, but instead see their campaigns as a means of opening up new markets and gaining access to resources. Indeed, many are fearful of the military but are resigned to "riding the tiger," collaborating with the CEF and acceding to its wishes as a means of maintaining influence.

◆ Corporate Regulatory Authority

Officially, the Corporate Regulatory Authority oversees relationships between the corporations, adjudicating disputes and overseeing fair play. In practice, however, it is a tool of the largest corporations, used to protect their position and crush their rivals. Furthermore, Terran corporations operating on Caprice fall outside of the CRA's remit, instead falling under the aegis of the NEC Colonial Board and working without the restrictions and need for balance that has maintained order in Gommorah for centuries. Faced with unfettered opposition, many on the Caprician Corporate Executive, the de-facto planetary government, have advocated disbanding the CRA, allowing the native corporations to turn their full might — physical and economic — against the interlopers. Only the martial threat presented by the CEF, who have no desire to see their supply of equipment interrupted, and the rivalries among the member corporations have stayed the Executive's hand.

At the Executives insistence, however, the CRA has opened up the Caprician Mercantile Exchange, the principal center for trading commodities in Gommorah, to the Terran corporations. Though seemingly capitulating to the interlopers, legitimizing their presence and access to Caprician markets, the move also aids the corporations opposed to the Terran presence. By joining the Exchange the Terran companies are bound by the market forces within the trench-city, which are easily manipulated by the larger and more numerous native companies.

For almost twenty years the Exchange has been the site of a quiet, but no less deadly, war between the corporations on Caprice. The tides of battle have ebbed and flowed, with alliances formed and betrayed, but the CEF and the NEC Colonial Board have allowed this proxy war to continue provided it does not interfere with their war-making capabilities. Indeed, the NEC commanders have actively encouraged the conflict, believing that the divisiveness thus engendered — some native corporations have actively sided with the invaders — keeps the Corporate Executive weak and ineffectual. If the corporations are fighting among themselves, or against their Terran rivals, they are not plotting against the CEF. They misjudge the resolve and versatility of the corporations, something that may yet be the CEF's downfall.

◆ Corporate Workers

There are as many office traditions and attitudes among the Caprician workers as there are corporations. While all the companies (and their employees) share similar values, such as hard work, loyalty and competitiveness, they each express them in their own unique ways.

Some corporations require their workers to have a very submissive attitude. These are most often described as *hive corps*, where the individual worker is but a cog in the greater organization of the company. They are expected to submit to the policies set forward by upper level management without question or comment. Team-building exercises are common, as are a wide range of 'optional' benefits (housing, medical care) designed to encourage the absolute loyalty that is demanded of the workers.

While no corporation demands that its workers live in the provided housing or use the recommended medical plans, the level of 'wheeling and dealing' that goes on in the corp compounds threaten to leave anyone on the outside permanently out of the loop and far beyond any potential for advancement.

Most of the corporations, however, recognize the benefit of individuality and self-determination, and give much more leeway to their staffers. The more liberal corps tend not to own company housing, and permit their workers to live wherever they choose. On the downside, they don't provide the 24-hour assistance and security so popular with the more stifled workers.

Corporate spirit is kept up with scheduled events, sending a department or floor out for concerts or drinking evenings, cutting further into the limited amount of free time that workers are grudgingly granted. Any hour not spent working towards the benefit of the corporation is seen as an hour wasted, and the pressures brought to bear reflect that inflexible attitude.





THE LOHI SYSTEM

3

Hakkar [Stock Reference: HAH] ◆

Emerging from the shattered remains of SynTek, Hakkar is the most powerful corporation on Caprice, and the direct rival of EGL. Both companies have played the CEF off the other, using their knowledge and power to curry favors and contracts. Hakkar has its fingers in many pies (notably hydroponics, heavy engineering and consumer electronics) and is, publicly at least, a staunch supporter of the colonial administration.

In reality, the corporation is the prime supporter of the Liberati and is dedicated to ending the occupation. Should the Liberati's secret rebellion fails, however, Hakkar has a number of contingency plans already in place to ensure that its services will remain essential for the CEF for many years to come. Cold and ruthless, Mazir de Souza has ruled the corporation for almost a century, and is now kept alive mostly by artificial means and sheer willpower. Quite literally the "old master" of the Caprician Corporate Executive, his goals are as often a mystery to his employees as his opponents.



Elite Genome Labs [Stock Reference: EGL] ◆

Elite, the NEC's most powerful corporation on Caprice, is the foremost authority on genetics research and development. They are Earth's lapdog and the loudest corporate advocate for recapture of the colonial worlds. EGL maintains a central laboratory in the heart of Gommorrah, formerly a possession of the now-defunct Sartru Labs, although there are shadowy reports of a secondary factory facility in orbit within the system. This second installation may be responsible for the wide-scale manufacturing of SLEDGEs (see *Moscow Base*, page 18). Due to a blackout on orbital traffic, however, the Coalition and Liberati can only guess at the truth.

Interestingly, the CEF's "Sour Grapes" contingency operation (see page 41) has angered EGL chairman Mariko Sanvit, who has no desire to see "her" population slaughtered. As a consequence, there are rumors of both work on a vaccine and covert contacts between EGL and several Liberati cells. The corporation works hard to ensure that any such contact remains secret, and will go as far as removing problematic personnel if need be — the stakes are just too high.



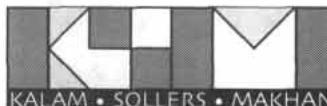
Gallot Enterprises [Stock Reference: GEC] ◆

Another remnant corporation, Gallot Enterprises (Caprice) differs from Hakkar in that it has managed to operate continuously since the 53rd-century, even through the dark days of Earth's withdrawal. The years of isolation allowed Gallot Caprice to assert its independence and the company, renowned for its line of computer software and home appliances, as well as military contracts, has vigorously defended its autonomy from its former parent, Gallot Sol. The Earth-based corporation's claims on Gallot Caprice have to-date been rebuffed by the CEF, but this has not prevented a war of words — and covert forces — between the two factions.



Gallot Caprice's best means of retaining its independence is to make itself invaluable to the CEF, and with that in mind the company has recently staged a hostile take-over of Webb-Bowen Industries, a mechanical engineering concern, with a view to using Webb-Bowen's resources to expand their Mount and Frame production. Simon Webb-Bowen, whose complicity in the Gallot take-over disenfranchised his father, has been elevated to Gallot's board but has clashed repeatedly with GEC chairman, Clayre Jussiaume.

Kalam-Sollers-Makham [Stock Reference: KSM] ◆



Seen by many as upstarts, Kalam-Sollers-Makham have only recently "bought" their way onto the Caprician Corporate Executive, having made massive profits from the resumption of interstellar trade since the CEF's occupation of Caprice. Best known for their banking and finance interests, KSM also serve as mediators and factors between hostile corporations and also serve as venture capitalists, underwriting new companies in exchange for a share of the profits (usually, a large one).

Unscrupulous and cold-hearted, KSM have underwritten much of the CEF development programs on Caprice, gaining considerable influence in return with the Earth military chain of command. Chairman Eleni Cohl is a close associate of both Admiral Veda Winthrop and Lieutenant General Armin Szetir, and the two are often seen visiting the headquarters of the corporation. Szetir in particular is the target of KSM's "corporate hospitality," enjoying numerous kickbacks and privileges along with full access to the corporation's facilities.



Escape!



Holli leapt over the guard rail of the walkway and braced herself for the harsh landing two stories below. Her CID pursuers screeched to a halt and looked on with awe.

"Coming down!" she shouted to unwary pedestrians below. She rolled with the impact, miraculously missing the moving crowd. In one smooth motion Holli was up and running, trying to lose herself in the mass of bodies. She glanced back to see the CID agents using their wrist comms to alert the local Corp-Serfs.

Once, Holli had counted all the time she spent running from the law. It came out to something like half of her fifteen years, if she included hiding time. That was all right with her; she enjoyed her work — not that it was actual work.

Holli wasn't about to fool herself; growing up on the streets of Gommorah is a lousy way to spend a childhood. She had snuck into enough theaters to know that much. Kids were supposed to get toys and birthdays and parents who cared for them, not the freezing cold streets of Alpha Level for beds and handouts from the back of restaurants. She began running when she had gotten tired of handouts and decided to eat real food. In a few short years she had mastered petty theft and burglary, and she had never been caught.

She could have been, but by the time she had moved on to anything near a serious crime she knew most of the Corp-Serfs in her Hub on a first name basis. In fact, some of the local vendors actually ordered extra stock of her favorite items. Of course, if the Serfs needed help finding a real criminal they knew who to ask. Unfortunately, the Earther agents didn't understand her little *arrangement*.

Holli cut into a back ally and picked up speed, hopping old machines and dodging trash as she went. She had never expected to make a name for herself, so when an agent of the Liberati approached her to act as a courier, she was completely surprised. They offered her chance to fight back. A chance to do what she was good at and help her people at the same time. Sure, it was dangerous and she could get herself killed, or worse, sent to Bastille Alpha, but how many people get a chance like this? Besides she was almost a full grown woman; it was time to start living.

She ran past a group of Corp-Serfs who dropped their conversation and gave chase. Holli smiled. "Hey Daryl!" she yelled over her shoulder, "How's Marion and the baby?"

Daryl tried to keep a straight face and fell back a few steps, giving a quick nod to the left. Holli took the cue and slid under a fence. The Serfs cursed and rattled the fence for effect; Holli laughed and checked to see if her package was safe. The small data chip rested snugly under her shirt, pressing against her belly. This little piece of information was worth a lot to the Liberati and their fight against the CEF. However, it had cost Holli her anonymity. Even though she had never been data-rigged, now that the CID had seen her face and knew her territory she would have to relocate.

Holli made her way to an upper level of the Hub and looked out over the city from the edge of an unfinished building framework. A sea of lights and towers stretched out before her, all the way to the horizon. Flyers and shuttles swarmed around the ever-living city like the fireflies she had seen in Earth holos. Even after all this time, seeing this much of the megalopolis at once gave her goose-bumps. Getting lost in Gommorah was as easy as breathing.

"Halt!" Holli stayed her panic and looked around. The two CID agents from earlier were cautiously making their way out onto the framework. One had a pistol drawn.

"You guys never quit, do you," Holli muttered with a smirk. She took a deep breath and looked down. She had never tried this before, but it looked easy enough in the holos.

"Appreciate well, Earth freaks." She said and dropped off the end of the framework. The agents looked on, surprised for the second time in a day as a cargo flyer sped into the distance, Holli clinging for dear life to the top panels. Darn, she loved this city.





4.1 - The Infinite City

Gommorrah, the infinite city, spans the horizons of imagination and shatters them into pieces. No matter where you stand within her monolithic presence, there is nothing but city around you. From the lowest streets in Alpha level, Gommorrah reaches into the heavens and strangles it with bridges, buildings, walkways and a billion support masts. From the rooftops, the sky is a distant crack in the earth, shadows fill the streets below like a river of darkness and distant skyscrapers create an uneven horizon. Even standing near the trench wall does little to improve the view; cliff buildings called "crawlers" and quarter-mile thick tubes shoot up the length of Cat's Eye canyon walls. Technology smothers whatever natural beauty Gommorrah possessed, but in doing so, creates an architectural wonder to shame Caprice's Mother Nature.

There is more to Gommorrah than this artificial facade, however, for this city of industry is a hive filled with 311 million people in a space equal to the island of Japan in the pre-ice age years. Floor space is a constant concern, which has been circumvented by building the city higher and higher. While some people worry that this vertical climb could eventually lead to disaster, the fact remains that Caprician architects are among the most advanced and ingenious builders of the known worlds. Gommorrah is nothing short of a technical marvel.



The Cat's Eye Trench - 4.1.1

Without a doubt, Gommorrah is the largest city of the colonies and even has the honor of dwarfing Earth's megalopolises. As stated previously, however, this stems from its location within the Cat's Eye Trench, the only spot on Caprice where the atmosphere is thick enough for people to breath properly. The trench encompasses an area of over 328,000 square kilometers. Lengthwise, the cliff walls merge at the northern and southern periphery, giving the trench the appearance of a cat's eye slit against the planet's surface.

The notion that Cat's Eye is a simple iris-shaped trench is wrong, however, for secondary canyons break away from the main chamber. Regardless of their size, Capricians waste no open space; they fill these trench offshoots with buildings and, most importantly, installations. Many of Gommorrah's more dangerous industries are squirreled away within the tight walls of the smaller canyons, effectively sealing them off from the rest of the city.

On average, Cat's Eye is eleven kilometers deep. Because of its depth, direct sunlight hits the bottom of the trench for two to three hours per day at most. Daytime is a brief pleasure, and many companies divide the work cycle around the fleeting sun. Gommorrah is a dark city, illuminated artificially through street and office lights, soft-glow phosphorescent sidewalks, neon signs, advertisement screens and the headlights of vehicles. In addition, all building roofs are lit for air-traffic. Staring down from the lip of the trench, Gommorrah is a bright and compact starscape floating in the darkness. The effect is more stunning than staring out at the clear night sky.

Gommorrah's status as a megalopolis stems from the confined space in which she grew. Had Caprice been better suited for habitation, there would have been several smaller cities scattered across her surface. Instead, all the cities have been crammed into the trench along with 311 million people. The word "chaotic" does not even begin to describe the teeming multitudes and atmosphere of Caprician urban life. Life continues all the time, regardless of the day, hour, minute. Gommorrah has been awake for the last several centuries.

Main Regions - 4.1.2

When explorers first discovered Cat's Eye, the trench was one main body with two adjoining canyons and five large "micro-trenches" running parallel to it. True to efficient form, explorers catalogued the trench and divided it into neat sectors much like a butcher's diagram of a cow. The sectors facilitated the sale of land parcels to the various corporations, but following the Trent Sector Accord the Concordat dropped the old standards of measurements in favor of proper names. Today, Cat's Eye Trench uses District Hubs to identify certain sectors. Still, however, the trench is broken up into ten major blocks of terrain. The main body of Cat's Eye is made up of three large areas coined the North Tower Region, the Central Plaines and the South Tower Region.

The Central Plaines is about seven hundreds kilometers long. It is also the largest and most level of the regions, with the terrain lifting softly at less than 10° towards the surrounding cliff walls. The North Tower measures six hundreds kilometers from the border of the Central Plaines to the top-most point of the trench. The terrain of North Tower is uneven, enough so that some buildings with adjoining annexes may be offset from one another by five to ten floors (i.e. the 5th floor in one building is at the same height as the 12th floor of its neighbor). The terrain also rises at 30-40° to meet the cliff walls from as far away as fifteen kilometers. In essence, building anything in the Northern Tower can be an architectural nightmare.

The South Tower region of Cat's Eye Trench measures five hundreds kilometers long. The narrowest section ends where the eastern and western cliff walls meet, in a narrow fissure some thirty meters across. Unlike the Central Plaines, which is eleven kilometers deep from the trench lip, the South Tower's terrain rises steadily for most of its length — the point where the incline begins marks the border with the Central Plaines. At its highest point, the trench is only nine kilometers deep, but strangely enough, it is not the highest point in Cat's Eye. Both Tourmaline Arm and the Babylon Summit District have higher elevations.



4.1.3 - The Divergent Arms

Any canyon or micro-trench that diverges from Cat's Eye proper, whether artificially or naturally, is called an arm. While there are hundreds of these arms along the trench walls, only two main canyons and five micro-trenches are large enough to be recorded on the primary maps. The rest are less than a dozen meters wide, and run as short as forty-seven meters.

The two prime canyon arms are the Umberto and the Fahd Arms. Both are large enough to be seen from orbit and large enough to be included as part of Cat's Eye Trench's main body. The fact that geologists describe them as arms is only a matter of strict definition. The general populace rarely makes that distinction, since both canyons were formed through events that only scientists care to understand.

Fahd Arm earns its distinction from its elevation alone. It looms seven hundred meters above South Tower's terrain, as a sort of recessed ledge of mammoth proportions. It extends for three hundred kilometers further in, with a maximum width of a little over a hundred kilometers. While the city sprawl hides all evidence of elevated ledges and uneven ground, buildings at the reinforced lip of Fahd's Arm rise well above the heights of those buildings in neighboring South Tower. The few buildings that bridge the gap between the two regions are equipped with a complex series of industrial-quality elevators to facilitate all traffic.

Umberto Arm is the thinner and longer cousin of Fahd. It is four and a half hundreds kilometers long, seventy kilometers wide at its greatest expanse and seven kilometers wide at its narrowest point. Geologically speaking, Umberto is the youngest feature of Cat's Eye Trench. Geologists estimate that it formed a million years after the main trench, when then-active tectonic upheaval tore open this new canyon over the span of several centuries. The terrain is not level, which is partially a result of massive strip mining projects during the exploration years.

After centuries of exploitation, the corporations effectively turned Umberto into barren landscape of varying steps of massive proportions. This has had an odd effect on subsequent architecture since, from the sky, this section of the city looks like a garden maze of hedges, gray with buildings instead of a lush green.

◆ The Squatters

The smaller fissures and arms of the canyon are generally considered too small to be used for any constructions, and many have been covered by the foundations of the larger buildings or filled with processing machinery of various types and functions. This leaves small volumes of space open under and behind the structures, where almost no one ever goes.

Many of these forgotten fissures are now home to the Squatters, disenfranchised people down on their luck who have nowhere else to go. Most of them fell through the cracks of the corporate and social net, either through bad luck, accident or malicious intent. Some Squatters have malfunctioning data-rigs, others were never equipped with them (especially the children of Squatters), and they thus cannot function in the mainstream Caprician society. Trapped in the trench, unable or unwilling to join the Liberati nomads, they survive as best they can on the refuses they find.

Squatters are continuously exploring the surface and underground of the trench, and many say they have access to anywhere they choose. This makes them valuable allies to the Liberati freedom fighters, but the natural mistrust of Squatter society against all outsiders make relations tense at best. Some Squatters have been adopted by the Liberati in return for a series of safe houses in the city, which they watch and protect.

The Micro-Trenches □

Geologists are at a loss to explain the formation of the Cat's Eye Trench, although most concur that it was created by some catastrophic event. One camp believes a giant meteorite clipped Caprice, forming the trench during the skip-impact, while another group believes a sudden surge of tectonic upheaval created monumental stress fractures throughout the region. The available data supports both theories.

Regardless of the specific explanation, Cat's Eye Trench formed with five primary micro-trenches running alongside the main body. Known as Cartmann, Hauser, Genji, Callway and Tourmaline, these arms were initially autonomous from Cat's Eye. As Gommorah grew, however, engineers blasted away at the partition rock, linking these arms with the rest of the trench through artificial annexes to facilitate the construction of new structures.

The only exception to this is Cartmann, a heavy mining district that was still farming out the mineral resources in their partition wall. Because of all the buildings that have sprung up around the area over the past centuries, work has slowed down to a crawl. Geologists estimate it will take another ten years before they can even prepare to create a new annex.





GOMMORRAH FRAMEWORK - 4.2

Caprice is singular among all the human-colonized world because most of its population is concentrated in a single, gigantic urban sprawl rather than a number of smaller separate cities. For all intents and purposes, the entire world is one single, massive city. This is due both to the peculiar geography of the planet and the historical development of the colony. There is thus less cultural differentiation within the Caprician society, though it is not, as many would believe, a uniform social group.

To many, Caprice is Gommorrah, and vice-versa. While the many Liberati populations that inhabit the highlands and the deserts would disagree, the fact remain that virtually all of the planet's socio-economic interests are centralized within the (admittedly very large) area of the Cat's Eye trench and the city itself. The appellation "world-city" has often been bandied about, especially during the 39th and 40th centuries, but it never really caught on. Outside of the city's borders, one enters a harsh, hostile land where the amenities of human society are a luxury, and where danger lurks around every hill.

In order to understand Gommorrah, it is important to understand the manner in which the architects and planners of the Human Concordat built her. The following sections cover the basic framework and disposition of the city itself, from urban planning to general architecture. Her facade reflects the life within her, for the populace of Gommorrah are intrinsically linked to the function and form of their city. The tour of the districts as well as a glimpse at the Gommorran society can be found on page 37 and following.



Urban Planning 4.2.1

All cities can cite their beginnings from a small community, oasis or installation that eventually grew to encompass the lives of millions. Gommorrah, like in everything else it does, exemplifies this dogma on a grander scale. She did not begin from a single point, but grew out from over a dozen different points scattered across the trench floor like buckshot. Districts developed around massive industrial parks and mining facilities built when Caprice was first settled. They grew, merged and eventually formed the single city of Gommorrah. As such, there is no central core to present-day Gommorrah, only District Hubs scattered throughout the trench, each named after their founding pioneer companies.

As is evident by her history as a corporate planet, little was done in the way of urban planning. As companies expanded beyond their original mandate to include families, they constructed homes, offices and buildings where and when needed. Urban planning, essential services and even streets were a distant, and all too late afterthought. Borders between industrial, residential and business sectors were non-existent and based solely on what was most convenient for the parent company.

To further complicate matters, over three dozen mesas were scattered across the trench floor, forcing construction around these natural monoliths. Eventually, some companies developed the bright idea of building their offices or installations on the tops of these buttes like a royal eagle atop his nest. Urban planning went right out the hatchdoor with that idea; the corporations built whatever they did not want to deal with directly at the bottom of these mesas, and this included homes for the employees of families. This move clearly divided the corporation's hierarchy between the rich owners who lived on the mesas, and their employees who lived at their proverbial feet.

Even after the creation of the CCE and the common regulation of laws, little could be done about the already existing chaos which was now entrenched after centuries of existence. To rebuild and replan the city would have been impossible, and matters certainly did not improve following the collapse of the Concordat. During that brief, but turbulent period, three-quarters of Gommorrah went up in flames amidst heavy rioting. Rather than taking the opportunity to rebuild Gommorrah into an efficient and model city as Nagasaki had done following her nuclear holocaust, companies committed the same short-sighted mistakes of the past.

Most corporations preferred to rebuild exactly where they were before, while the populace demanded better zoning laws. The newly formed Coalition tried appeasing both factions and built Gommorrah through a committee rather than making the important decisions themselves. Again the city was built amidst anarchy. Companies constructed new streets, establishments and homes over the skeletons of the old, covering many places up like forgotten ruins. Gommorrah Architects (a sort of Gommorran adventurer skilled as a novice architect/archeologist) still comb the ancient and nearly forgotten streets of the megalopolis, hoping to find abandoned basements or covered streets predating the Colonial Wars. Antiquities from this bygone era fetch a pretty ransom from many private collectors.

Fortunately, Gommorrah, in the decades following the Colonial Wars, was not the chaotic megalopolis it was before. It was still, however, a confusing city where the old and the new coexist side by side. In the span of five blocks, a traveler could encounter well-maintained offices, dilapidated apartments, a corporate arcology and the ruins of Gommorrah's past. The city appeared to be a contradiction in terms, a collage of various states of existence. To the unprepared, it was a confusing experience; to Capricians, it was a monument to their struggles.



4.2.2 Urban Growth

The city underwent a chaotic development period in the early 6th millennium as hopeful new immigrants arrived in the system. Buildings were added to the trench almost daily, and the city grew into a large sprawl that, within a few centuries, had come to cover the entire floor of the trench. As will become clearer later, Gommorah had no choice but to spread vertically once horizontal growth was no longer viable. This had a profound effect on urban planning when architects and city zoning officials tried to establish a uniform construction law.

Their solution was unique, to say the least. Rather than dividing Gommorah's precious floorspace into commercial, industrial and residential zones, they chose to separate the city's various levels into zones. The city planners decreed that the first one hundred meters of any building, generally the widest and most heavily enforced, was to be part of the industrial zone. They designated the second fifty to one hundred meters as the commercial sectors of the city, while the remaining upper levels of any building were the residential zones.

◆ Alpha Level

The lower levels, near the base of the Trench, are referred to as Alpha. Although the zoning laws are not a hard and fast rule, they have turned the base of present-day Gommorah into an abandoned maze of buildings and support masts. The little traffic on Alpha level streets (ground-level streets) is primarily composed of industrial vehicles traveling between the ground factories and the vehicle elevators to reach the upper highways. While motorists are not prohibited from using Alpha streets for commercial or private traffic, the base level of Gommorah is a claustrophobic and silent place that few use.

◆ Beta and Gamma Levels

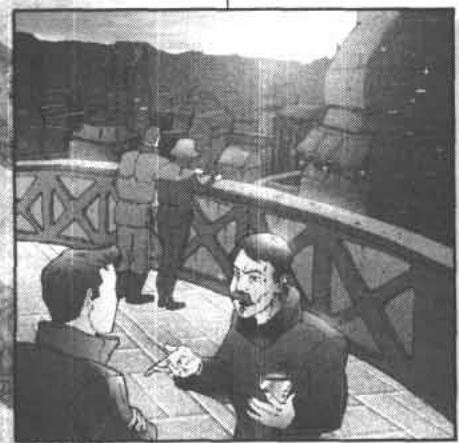
The zone above the industrial level is the commercial district, one of the brightest lit and most frequented portions of the city. Beta and Gamma streets are constantly awash with traffic snaking in and out of arcologies and complexes, while large bay windows several stories high stretch across the sides of buildings. From the outside, these open and often spacious malls are like ant farms, revealing a vibrant cross-cut of life within Gommorah's bowels. Day in and day out, the sidewalks are filled with a fast moving and colorful crowd.

◆ Delta and Epsilon Levels

The residential zones are within the upper portions of the city. Since living space is at a premium, each district must hold a certain number of people in relation to its size. Moving to another district is difficult since some Hubs even have a seven years waiting list for new homes and apartments. In some of the poorer neighborhoods, it is not uncommon to have whole families, and sometimes their relatives, share the same small apartment.

While building owners can circumvent certain zoning laws, the one rule that remains enforced is one of living space. Every building must have a minimum of 25% of its floorspace set aside for apartments or condominiums. This is not a concern for newer buildings constructed with this law in mind, but installations and factories predating this zoning ordinance have had to make adjustments to their set-up. The standards of living are poorest within these ancient establishments — some of which border on indoor shantytowns.

A Party with a View



One distant side-effect of residential zoning involves the importance placed on (brief pause is necessary here) windows. A web of windows surround the tops of most buildings, but few people are fortunate enough to own an apartment with a view. Most places fetch too high a price for anyone but the rich and elite of Gommorah. Owning or living within a place that has windows is a mark of social status and even importance. People fortunate enough to have this asset are expected to throw many parties.

A further distinction within this unusual status trend involves accessibility to a balcony. Gommorah is filled with balconies that are used mostly during the two to three hours of daybreak. Communal balconies, better known as sundecks, span the width of most building facades and are available to everyone.

Some apartment and condominium owners are fortunate enough to have a private balcony, however. These lucky few are usually the richest members of Gommorah, such as the Rivays or Strathcourt families, and are often hosting daylight parties on their balconies. These two families in particular own private balconies capable of holding over one hundred people if necessary. Needless to say, attending a Rivays' or Strathcourt's daylight party is the highest symbol of status one can achieve short of being Madame Rivays or Admiral Strathcourt.





Architecture of the Eclipse - 4.2.3

Due to sparse daylight, Gommorrah is known as the City of the Eclipse. Everything is built using dark materials to help capture heat: black steel, black glass and black cement, cut with the occasional dash of color. Because of this, however, any light sets a sharp contrast to the ever-present night of Gommorrah. Even when buildings vanish into distant shadows, a billion different lights define the shape of the city. Tibelus Asranni, a Caprician philosopher, once commented: "I know I live in the shadow if only because the light shows me that I do."

Although the city exterior is dark and somewhat austere, most building interiors are well lit and surprisingly spacious. While there are thousands of different styles of structures within the city, Gommorans generally favor large exposed lobbies, indoor parks and even apartment balconies overlooking the building's interior. Most structures, especially those built following the new zoning laws, are in fact gigantic arcologies dedicated to both work and habitation.

Internal Layout

A common layout for an arcology uses the first five to ten floors of the building base as the industrial quarters. The "rooftop" of the base normally holds an indoor park of sorts, and is exposed to the remaining building above it via an open atrium core on each level. Most shops, restaurants, bars, entertainment forums and kiosks are located on these levels. Other times, an interior quarter of the building's vertical space is empty, with the exposed levels decreasing in size as they go up. This creates a stunning-step ladder effect. Above the commercial sectors are the apartments, many of which are often cramped to deal with Gommorrah's massive population.

Size

Nothing in Gommorrah is built on a small scale, for space is a precious commodity. On average, a building can reach over two hundred stories high, with a base of up to several square kilometers. Through bold construction techniques and the constant development of new load-bearing alloys, the average may soon become three hundred stories.

Initially, densely packed Gommorrah could afford to raze older buildings due to the potential for high collateral damage to surrounding blocks. Older buildings were therefore surrounded with a girder skeleton to improve support for the structure. Using a technique called stacking, smaller buildings were then constructed atop the older, larger skyscrapers. The weight was then distributed across several blocks through a network of skeletons and the buildings underneath. Later, architects transferred the practice of an exterior framework to completely new buildings, giving Gommorrah the nickname of the City of Skeletons to the dozen appellations already describing her.

Common Design Philosophies

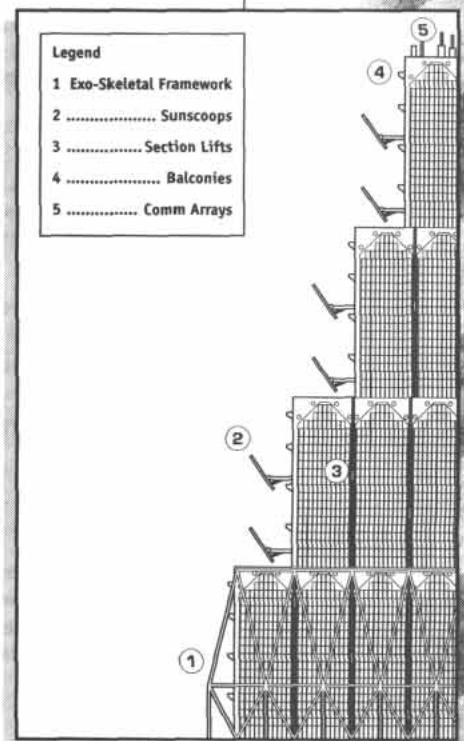
The buildings of Gommorrah are nearly as varied as her population, but common elements of construction can be found throughout the city. Here are a handful of little touches that, while they may not matter in the grand scheme of things, do give Gommorrah her unique character.

Exo-Skeletal Framework: In new buildings, a cluster of high-alloy columns called masts are placed at the corners of the structure. The columns are linked and supported through short beams, cross braces and suspension trusses, all of which reinforces the entire framework. Some skyscrapers use this external design as the building's actual support structure, and while it is frameworthy, most civil engineers prefer the exoskeleton be a secondary support system. While Gommorans are debating whether they should spread this design philosophy to include all buildings, for the time being engineers have limited the use of skeletal frameworks to new buildings or those undergoing "stacking."

The philosophy behind this idea is simple; as city planners know eventually, space, both horizontally and vertically, will run out. When this happens, construction will focus on creating new floors in-between the pre-existing buildings, using the exoskeleton framework already in place. This will effectively link separate buildings together. Gommorans can foresee a future where their city becomes one enormous structure.

Sunscoops: One common design for most "open-plan" facades (exterior glass walls) is the use of an external sunscoop. These tracks of hardened glass panels use photoelectric sensors to follow the path of the sun, Loki, and reflect the light into the interior of the buildings. This is highly important since not everyone can be outside when the sun is shining.

Section Lifts: Due to the height of Gommorrah's skyscrapers, buildings are divided into vertical sections, each with twenty floors. People use high-speed elevators to go directly to secondary lobbies located between each section rather than going to each individual floor. They may then travel to a specific floor through the escalator system.





4.2.4 - Streets

Gommorrah is a multi-leveled megalopolis. Streets jut out from the sides of buildings and connect to other structures through bridges, or run their course within the interior of most buildings. There are five street levels, designated Alpha through Epsilon each interspersed in height by a quarter of a kilometer. Most buildings are either equipped with industrial elevators to carry vehicles from one level to the next, or with interior streets and ramps to facilitate traffic. Tunnels through buildings and elevated highways through atrium-style arcologies are not uncommon sights on Gommorrah.

All roads and highways throughout the city contain subsurface surge rails, a hidden mini-generator and scanners interspersed every kilometers miles or so. At any time the civil authorities are apprehending a vehicle, they use the generator to build a charge within the rail. When the target vehicle passes overhead, the rail discharges a magnetic pulse that fries the electrical systems of the car, bringing it to a halt. If EMP shielding protects the vehicle, if the transponder code is muted or if for any other reason the authorities cannot stop the target, they will surge other vehicles ahead of the target in order to create an *impromptu roadblock*.

◆ Alpha Streets

Alpha Level streets are at the bottom of the trench and are by far the most intricate of the levels. Very few people use this tier anymore, mostly because it is a maze of corridors and streets, and partly out of superstition — although nobody will admit that. The only accurate map of Alpha Level was stolen several decades ago then erased from the database of the City Planner's Office. Attempts were made to remake the map, but the compiled information always seemed contradictory. Eventually the Coalition dropped the project.

Many Alpha Level streets are in a state of disrepair. Detritus and debris block or litter hundreds of square kilometers worth of road because of *constant construction of new buildings and exo-skeletons*. Sanitation is falling further behind in clean-up efforts, turning the once primary avenues of Gommorrah into canyons of trash. Despite the squalor and filth, Alpha is becoming home for the city's transients.

While this state does not bother Caprice's ruling Council, the occupying NEC is worried, and rightfully so, that Alpha level is turning into a haven for the black market and for dissident forces. It is not *uncommon* for NEC Gunpods (automated drones) to patrol Alpha level, scouring the streets with their spotlights and reputedly using the homeless population as target practice. Whether this is true is uncertain, as the little civilian and industrial traffic that uses Alpha-level have never been shot at. Occasionally, however, a vehicle will go missing, only to be discovered days later, abandoned and scuttled.

A few Alpha-level streets, primarily those predating the great fire, vanished under the shadows of Gommorrah and exist like forgotten sewers beneath the city. The Liberati, however, have been fortunate enough to discover the odd hidden street here and there. Their most valued prize is Juniper Street, a covered and forgotten road below Paladin Lots, the NEC's camp on Caprice. This avenue extends for over three dozen kilometers before ending at an old mining shaft. Beyond that, the mine is a maze unto itself.

◆ Beta and Gamma Streets

Beta and Gamma Level streets are Gommorrah's main thoroughfares, despite their chaotic layout, and are therefore well maintained. They are normally under half a kilometer above Alpha level, and since most of the commercial district is as well, these two street levels extend across the entire city. Beta and Gamma streets are the only ones that can access the interior of buildings and arcologies. Most are sealed within tunnels, but a few — approximately 27% — are actual driveways through shopping plazas. Exposed roads are surrounded by a guardrail that not only protects pedestrians, but also contain an extensive filtration system that sucks up any harmful fuel byproducts or emissions.

Because industrial and commercial vehicles are allowed on Beta and Gamma levels, both streets are heavily reinforced and several lanes wide in either direction. The only restrictions are within buildings, where industrial vehicles are barred entry. Otherwise, Beta and Gamma are essentially a complicated and extensive highway system through Gommorrah.

◆ Delta and Epsilon Streets

The last two levels, Delta and Epsilon Level streets, are far less in number due to the few structures over a kilometer in height. Many of these streets and roads are suspended between buildings that are a kilometer or more apart, and supported either as suspension or as arch bridges. These roads are for civilian traffic alone — commercial and industrial vehicles are prohibited.

All streets, regardless of their height have service platforms for vehicles on the exterior of buildings. While inter-level ramps are common throughout Alpha and Beta, they are rarer between Beta and Epsilon, and more so for Delta and Epsilon. Elevators allow access directly to certain loading docks, interior garages and merge-lanes for slower highways. The law even requires certain heavy vehicles to use elevators rather than using the smaller ramps which can tie up traffic.





Walkways - 4.2.5

Although many walkways are situated outside, people prefer the well-lit interior. Besides, most of the buildings are joined via tunnels, shielded streets, annexes and enclosed pedestrian walks, making it possible to travel from one end of a district to the next without ever venturing outside. In either case, high-traffic walkways, whether indoors or outdoors, are surrounded on at least one side by elongated video walls. Computer images of ancient forests, ocean beaches and tropical islands play continuously. This is very important in a world devoid of "soft" beauty. Most of these images come from Earth, Atlantis and Eden, though the NEC censors forbade any Terranovan images from being used — Capricians call this sour grapes. Some wall segments broadcast advertising messages or round-the-clock news. This constant barrage of sound and sight does not bother the Gommorans, however, as they enjoy overwhelming their senses.

The largest series of walkways, located between Beta and Gamma levels, are the Pedestrian Highways. Although they are on the outside of buildings, these paths are self enclosed roads some twenty to thirty meters wide. Pedestrian Highways are for foot traffic, and used for jogging, skating or bicycling, three of the many forms of exercise encouraged by the corporations to keep their employees healthy. Filters and scrubbers keep the air free of most pollutants, and hedges and small trees decorate the view. Some highways are only connected to one building or set of buildings within a few blocks, but the Vista, a two hundred fifty-three kilometer stretch of road, bridges two districts. The Vista, like other Pedestrian Highways, is lined with small food and drink kiosks, stretch areas and observation courts. It is currently one of the trendier places to frequent.

Parks - 4.2.6

Any empty space in Gommorrah is jokingly referred to as a "park." In actuality, parks hold a special significance for the populace of the city. They are places of tranquillity, where people can go and spend a rare moment listening to their own thoughts. It is rude to disturb people meditating or resting in a park; it is also an unwritten law of the city that most respect. Parks can take any form, from the traditional grass and tree kind to stone gardens and sand lost reminiscent of Japanese Zen Gardens. Some parks are simply empty lots of cement or open galleries filled with sculptures. It is said that within Gommorrah, everyone has at least one quiet spot that appeals to their nature. The most popular ones to date, however, are Sundecks and Mesa parks.

Most arcologies have enormous ledges called Sundecks that extend for several hundred meters along the exterior of the building. These platforms are used mostly during the fleeting hours of daylight by millions of people throughout the city. Daytime is the only point during the day when all life comes to a complete standstill, a sort of city-wide state of meditation. People appreciate Sundecks because it brings and unites a city of millions; there is no other time when Gommorrah is so in synch with one another.

While people enjoy Sundecks on a philosophical level, they love Mesa Parks for their beauty. When Cat's Eye Trench was first discovered, it was not level ground; over three dozen irregular mesas broke the trench floor. Due to their enormous size, however, the corporations were unwilling to invest the capital or monumental manpower in demolishing them. Communities and eventually the city grew around the mesas. Although most of the mesas have had structures built into their walls, the four largest ones remain untouched by city law. They offer a striking contrast of imperfect yellow rock against the dark gleam of cut glass and steel. Despite the fact they are overshadowed by most buildings, there is still a serene sense of barren majesty to their presence.

The tops of the other mesas are now authentic parks, complete with trees, grass and cobblestone paths. Although people are allowed to enjoy the scenery, each person is rationed an hour of park time per month and entry is by appointment only. The waiting list is currently three weeks long. Mesa Parks offer a rare moment of "alien" beauty in the lives of people who are surrounded by the artificial at worst, and the cold hard cut of Caprician nature at best. As previously coined, trees, grass and other flora and fauna are known as "soft" beauty, not because of any perceived weakness, but because they remind Gommorans of the gentler side of the soul.

Mesas: The Pillars of Caprice

Gommorrah has thirty-eight mesas scattered throughout Cat's Eye Trench. Twenty-six are hidden beneath buildings and riddled with tunnels and subterranean installations; four are beautiful parks; two serve as heli-pad stations and the main offices for Gommorrah's Corp-Serfs; three mesas are off-limits due to unstable foundations; one serves as massive amusement arcology, while corporations near the end of mining depleted resources out of the remaining two mesas.

While some mesas are discussed further in the city tour section, five of them deserve special mention. They consist of the three off-limit mesas and the two containing mining operations. Essentially, centuries of exploitation have weakened these mesas to the point they cannot support any construction attempts on or over them. Reinforced tunnels and shafts riddle their interiors to the point of near collapse, and geologists fear that when they do, thousands of people in the adjoining sectors will die when their buildings are crushed beneath the avalanche of stone.

Before the CEF invasion, the ruling Coalition ratified a plan that would plug the hollowed mesas with cement — demolishing them was not an option, especially in a city as densely packed as Gommorrah. Unfortunately, the NEC mysteriously vetoed the project and took control of the three abandoned mesas. For what purpose is unknown, but NEC troop carriers have been seen entering and leaving the structures under cover of night. The Coalition is certain that the NEC is building something, but whatever it is, is not large enough to register on geological seismic sensors. Curious as to the secrecy, the Liberati have tried unsuccessfully to infiltrate the three mesas.



4.2.7 - TACHYON MONORAIL SYSTEM

Regardless of Gommorah's super highways, it still takes several days to travel the five thousand kilometer expanse from one end of the city to the other. Most long-distance people, therefore, use Gommorah's elevated monorail system, the Tachyon, to travel across the city. The monorail hub, Tachyon Station, is situated in Mineral Forest District, which, in turn, is in the center of Cat's Eye Trench. From Tachyon Hub, ten monorail tracks spread out across the city, each stopping at a line station at every fifty to sixty kilometers on average.

The monorail system uses a standard, high redundancy magnetic levitation system to propel the Tachyon trains to speeds in excess of 300kph, depending on the amount and type of compartments being pulled along. Power comes from the general city grid, backed up by a series of highly redundant fusion powerplants located outside the trench. Depending on the zoning, the track is either simply elevated or runs into a sealed tunnel that goes under and through buildings. The entire system is highly automated and monitored by a series of security computers to prevent accident. In the entire history of the system, there have been only three known accidents.

Most trains are two level cabs with the top story for passengers and the bottom one for vehicles. Tachyon also has specialized cabs and trains to move commercial trucks and industrial equipment, but the NEC's occupation force recently commandeered three of these trains for their own personal use. The military uses two of these trains for rapid deployment of equipment and troops when the transports are out. When inactive, they are housed at the Jerusalem station in the Paladin's Lot District. The NEC has converted the third one into a private train for high-ranking military personnel on leave in Gommorah. Designated "The Regal," the train is under constant guard.

◆ Stations

There are 119 monorail stations across Gommorah, each named after an Earth city and designed around motifs or pictures from that city. The Tachyon system is effective in bridging the great expanses of Cat's Eye Trench, but a secondary network of elevated bullet trains and mass-transit trams handle public transportation for the areas in-between the main stations. This can include regions as large as two to three thousands square kilometers. Commuters should remember that Tachyon is good for rapid transit from one region to the next, much like a train or plane traveling between two cities. It does not offer transit services as one would expect to find within a specific city, for example.

The Lost Subway

Gommorah's initial attempt to create a mass-transit system yielded Wind Tunnel, a proposed subway system for bullet trains that would connect the already pre-existing subways beneath several districts. Concordat engineers successfully built 300 kilometers worth of new tunnels before two disasters involving boring trains sidelined the project. Both incidents had their roots in the past. The first dated back to the pre-Trent Sector Accord days, when corporations mined extensive veins throughout Cat's Eye Trench without much supervision. In the following centuries corporations forgot about these ancient tunnels — a problem further aggravated when the great fire claimed many records. The second disaster's catalyst was due to construction practices that used pillars and foundation masts sunk over one hundred meters deep into the earth for proper building support. Although buildings fell or were destroyed in later years, their ancient supports and hidden basements remained. Again, the great fire destroyed many pertinent records that could have averted the two disasters.

Whether the problem was that extensive or the Wind Tunnel project was simply unlucky, two large boring-trains were destroyed by these previously mentioned pitfalls. The first boring train struck three buried high-alloy masts in rapid succession. The masts destroyed the train's cutting head and caused a generator explosion. The explosion in turn ripped through the operator's cabin and through the confined length of the train like a bullet through a barrel. Twenty-three miners died in that accident alone.

The second accident occurred when a boring train passed over an abandoned mining network, causing a massive cave-in. The ground beneath the train gave way, dragging the nine hundred ton cutting head down some thirty meters, and crushing the entire train. Thirty-nine miners died in that fiasco. Following these two disasters, the city abandoned the Wind-Tunnel project in favor of the Tachyon monorail. Eventually, all subway systems were closed down.

While the occupying NEC knows about the abandoned subway systems and have them under surveillance, they do not know about the Wind Tunnel project or the 300-kilometer long passage which is still intact. Caprice's ruling Coalition destroyed or erased all pertinent data on Wind Tunnel in order to use it as an underground staging area. The Wind Tunnel project is now the home of Gommorah's growing Liberati movement whose base is the burned out boring train left behind centuries ago.





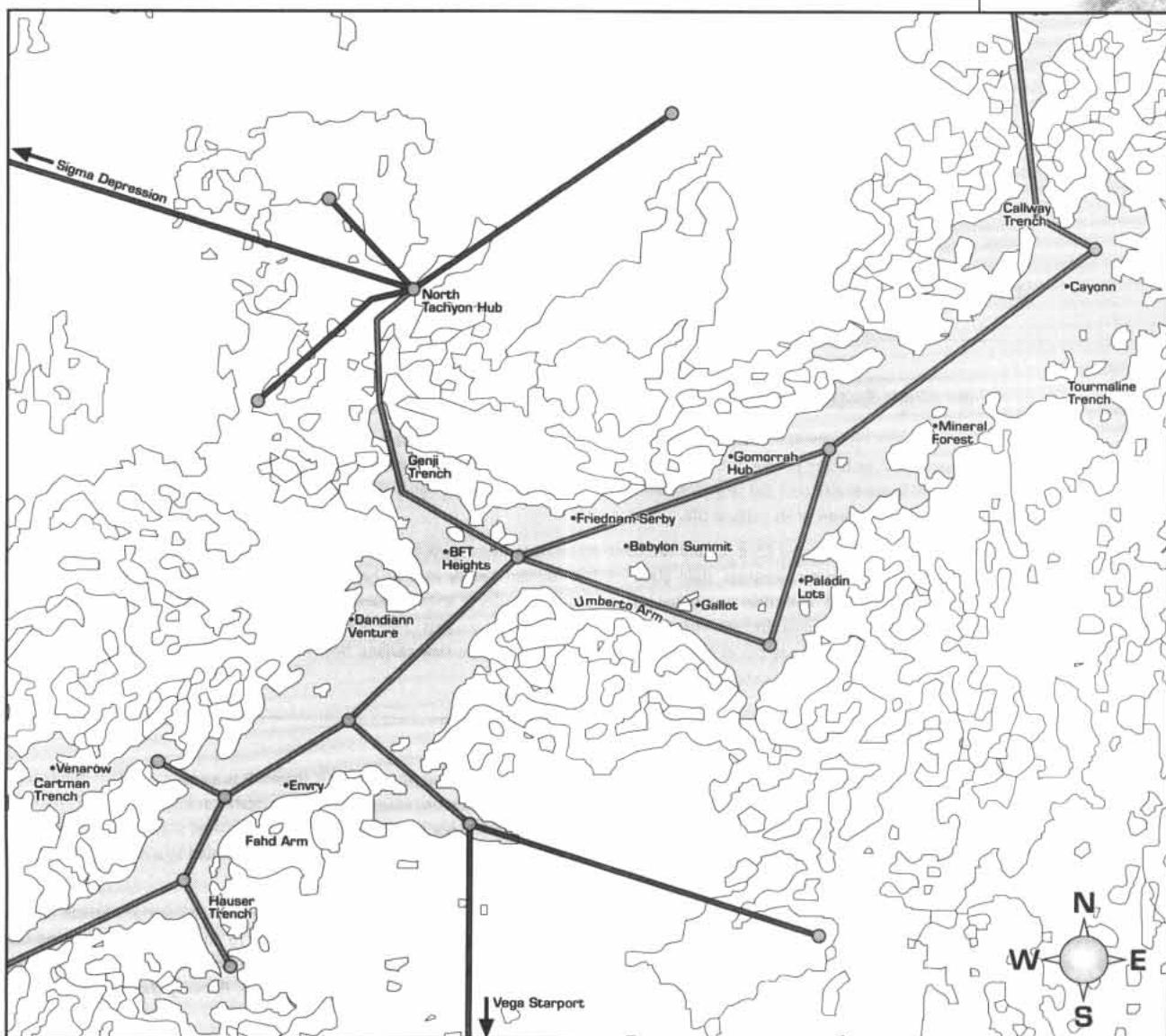
The City of Hubs - 4.3

The scale of Gommorrah often belies description, both in elevation and in expanse. Even natives are sometimes taken aback with the sheer magnitude of their own city - which of course is nothing compared to the reactions of new visitors. To facilitate governing Gommorrah, the Trent Sector Accord divided the city into "Hubs." Although these districts look deceptively small on a map, they are in fact city-sized regions with populations exceeding five to ten million people. In essence, Gommorrah is a mega-megalopolis made up of metropolitan-sized cities.

Currently, Gommorrah is made up of seventy-two District Hubs of varying size, but only eleven will be covered in greater detail in the following pages. These particular districts will likely have some impact in future events or are key regions for Caprice today. The other districts are no less interesting, but most of them contain only residences and industrial facilities, and thus need little coverage.

Gommorrah's Hubs began when communities first developed around industrial complexes and mining installations nearly eight centuries ago. These companies formed the axis of life on Caprice, and even though many folded up or eventually faded away, their legacy was never forgotten. Before the Trent Sector Accord, Cat's Eye Trench and even Caprice herself were catalogued numerically. Following the Accord, however, the newly created Hubs honored the regional pioneer companies by adopting their names for their districts.

MAP OF THE HUBS





4.3.1 - Babylon Summit

There are no place more impressive or imposing in Gommorah than the Babylon Summit district. Founded by Styger Industries, a respected weapons and defense contractor for the military forces of the Concordat, the original factory floor was built atop Babylon, the largest mesa in Cat's Eye Trench. As a community formed around Styger Industries, it remained atop the enormous mesa, eventually becoming a city above the city. Although Styger Industries has long since disappeared, the community it spawned has endured and prospered.

Over the years, Babylon Summit became the richest and most affluent sector on Caprice. It was kept apart from the rest of the city by the tall walls of the mesa and the restricted access roads, and the local council could thus easily control the urban development. Families paid fortunes to live there, and the corporations that subsequently replaced Styger maintained an excellent standard of living in the area. The sector had its own committees and its own schools, hospitals and public services. Even before the Trent Sector Accord created equal standards for everyone, Babylon Summit was being hailed as a model community.

In the near-destruction of Gommorah during the post-colonial inferno, Babylon Summit was one of the few districts to emerge unscathed thanks to its remote position. Privately-hired security forces made sure no one would reach the summit of the mesa, where frightened families huddled together for safety. This earned it the enmity of everyone who had to sift through the ash while it shone above them like an untouchable angel. This only accentuated its reputation of the sector as a home for the elite and rich.

No structures rise higher than those on Babylon Summit. The mesa is nearly two kilometers in height from base to top, and its buildings are all testaments to the marvels of architecture. Babylon Summit dwarfs the city like a blade of grass to an ant, and seemingly threatens to surpass the canyon walls. It is a trick of the eye, but the buildings are high enough that the air is thinner on the higher balconies, and it is not unusual for visitors to feel lightheaded.

Vital Statistics

Joined Gommorah:	5384
Main Corporations:	Gordicon Industries & Madufir-Assir Inc.
Coalition Delegate:	Delegate Aswar Najeed
Size:	6,430 square kilometers
Population:	6,095,640
Standards of Living:	Ultra-Rich



◆ Styger Museum of History

Edward Styger, last inheritor of Styger Industries, was an avid historian, a philanthropist and a collector of antiquities. When he died, he donated three billion pounds and all his antiquities to open a museum in his name. Once completed, the Styger building became and remained Gommorah's best and largest museum. It is one of the few buildings in Gommorah exempt from the residential zoning laws, and possible the heart of its cultural life.

Built in the style of a grand 22nd century cathedral, it has magnificent gardens and fountains designed in obsidian marble imported at great cost from Atlantis, immense stain-glass windows surmounted by high arches, and a domed interior reminiscent of ancient Byzantium cathedrals. One critic even called it the museum of opulence and shameless extravagance. On display are antiquities dating back nearly three millennia, including medals of astronaut Elido Carlomagnes, a set of Prime Knight armor, some crushed vehicles from pre-Ice Age Earth, and many pieces of authentic clothing from different time periods. Needless to say, security is extremely high, and no one has ever succeeded in stealing anything from the museum.

◆ Gordicon Tower

The Tower, as most inhabitants call it, is the headquarters of the corporation whose name it shares. It is among the tallest building on Caprice, and it is said that one can see the curvature of the planet from the tiny observation lounge located at its highest point. Whether or not this is true matters little, since few have ever been given the honor of visiting it. The external panel of the tower are made of black polymer heatsinks that are used to regulate the building's internal temperature. They are complemented by a metallic blue lattice that shines in the morning light.

In addition to the headquarters offices of Gordicon, the building contains a series of apartments and commercial districts for the upper and middle class workers of the corporation. Much to their distaste, Gordicon was forced to allow some high ranking CEF officers to use the opulent visitor suites located on the upper South side of the Tower. The entire floor has been sealed, and the other inhabitants of the tower are slowly getting used to the sight of the hulking GREL guards flanking the forbidden access elevators.





B.F.T. Heights - 4.3.2

Although there are a number of smaller districts scattered and trapped in-between the larger ones, B.F.T. Heights is the smallest of the major industrial hubs. It was formed by Brandon, Frasier and Theresa Heights, a family owned drilling company that flourished for a brief period in the second-to-last century of the colony. They were a one-generation success story that met with a tragic ending, and their story has been retold in countless movies and re-enactment.

The Heights and their business died during the post-Concordat riots. As a matter of fact, the reason three-quarters of Gommorrah burnt down was because of B.F.T. Heights Oil Field. At the apex of the chaos, rioters broke into the oil field's control station and backwashed the pumps. The pressure was tremendous enough to burst the pipes, sending geysers of oil hundreds of meters into the air. Nearby fires ignited the oil particles, creating an inferno that filled the sky with waves of burning rain. The district went up after that, and strong convection winds spread the fires everywhere else.

Today, the small B.F.T. Heights Oil Field at the center of the district is a memorial park for Gommorrah and a reminder of her darker days. The site is filled with melted pipes and oil tanks, gutted buildings and scorched cement. The place holds an uncharacteristic sanctity for the people of the city, and despite the need for space, nobody can bring themselves to build over these ruins.

Vital Statistics

Joined Gommorrah:	5804
Main Corporations:	Annyklas Entertainment Division
Coalition Delegate:	Delegate Marianne Fornochi
Size:	115 Square Kilometers
Population:	109,020
Standards of Living:	Middle- Class



New Corporate Area ◆

When the sector was rebuilt in the years following the riots, a number of zones, which had been literally leveled by the inferno, were set aside to form the new core of the sector. It is there that the new arcologies and skyscrapers rose from the ashes of the previous constructions. Care was taken to ensure that an ergonomic and practical plan was used for the layout of the sector, and the area is exceptionally easy to navigate. Except for Annyklas Entertainment, most of the new inhabitants of the sector are manufacturers, and more than one has large machine-shops housed within their headquarters buildings. Separate underground accessways, sneaking their way across the Alpha level among the broken ruins of the previous sector, are used to bring the required raw material in and cart the finished products out.

B.F.T. Memorial Park ●

The main attraction of this district is a four square kilometer area filled with the burnt memories of yesterday. Heat-twisted pipes, blackened facades of buildings and scattered detritus all contrast sharply with the brightly lit surroundings of Gommorrah. It is a somber industrial park filled with cement, metal and vague memories of yesterday. While there are paths through the carnage, people appreciate the experience more by venturing into the half-collapsed basement of Gildof Tower, or through the blackened corridors of Terrace apartments. Exploring B.F.T. Memorial Park always leaves people in an introspective mood.





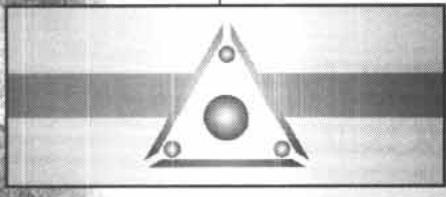
4.3.3 - Cayonn

Situated at the northern end of North Tower region, Cayonn is one of the seven largest districts of the city along with Babylon Summit, Gallot and Envry. The district itself grew out of Cayonn Prospecting, a strip mining venture that once controlled the entire region. Cayonn bears the honor of being a founding corporation for the Coalition, and is still the largest mining operation on Gommorrah. Since its initial mining days, however, Cayonn has gone on to supply companies with heavy-duty vehicles, and is now one of the major developers of Mounts for the Corp-Serfs.

Due to the company's long-standing reputation, the CEF is entertaining bids from Cayonn to supply combat models for a line of new Frames and Mounts for their armed forces. Already, heavily protected convoys of armored CEF limousines can be seen driving across the higher streets of the Gamma level, on their way to meetings and demonstrations. They are watched with hate from the numerous small windows that dot the apartment complexes lining the streets.

The sector is one of Caprice's most heavily industrialized ones, and it shows in the number of smokestacks and heavy duty service tracks found throughout the area. There is a constant hum of activity in the sector, and the sounds of tools and tortured metal echo day and night as work shifts succeed one another. The air is thick and bears a metallic or oily odor, depending on the day and the direction of the wind. Most of the inhabitants have long since become used to it, but visitors are often incommoded by the smells and sounds.

Due to Cayonn's size, it employs nearly 30% of the district's workers. The company's enormous smoke stacks and foundries are Gommoran landmarks, as are the soot stained canyon walls and building facades. Despite various environmental safeguards, Cayonn is the most heavily polluted district. Locales have higher incidents of lung cancer, emphysema and asthma than anywhere else in the Trench.



Vital Statistics

Joined Gommorrah:	5603
Main Corporations:	Cayonn Prospecting
Coalition Delegate:	Delegate Salazar Regis-Cayonn
Size:	7896 Square Kilometers
Population:	7,485,408
Living Conditions:	Impoverished - Heavily Polluted

◆ The Corpse Atriums

Corpse Atriums, an unpleasant and derogatory description, is what Gommorans call the living conditions at the lower-rent apartment structures scattered throughout the sector. Due to the greater number of industrial parks and warehouses found throughout Cayonn, apartments are cheaply priced. These low-rent buildings, however, are almost all downwind of the deathstacks (Cayonn's smoke and foundry stacks) which have polluted windows black and left a coat of soot everywhere.

The Corpse Atriums earn their name from the fact that one person a day, on average, dies in Cayonn from some lung-related ailment. Most victims hail from these low-rent apartments. There is currently a debate forming in the Coalition whether Cayonn has a responsibility to implement stronger anti-pollution measures or, as Cayonn claims, if people's deaths are simply an expression of the Right of Consent (they know Cayonn Hub has a high pollution count, but still they choose to live there).



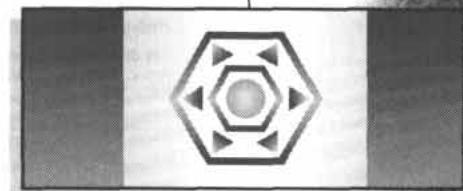
**Dandiann Ventures - 4.3.4**

Built around the Dandiann Ventures Mining complex, this district bears the honor of being the oldest existing community in the trench. It encompasses an area of over 280 square kilometers, most of which is residential apartments. When the company closed down following the collapse of the Concordat, the old industrial complex was rebuilt and the empty mining tunnels sealed. Unfortunately, ambitious mining practices undermined the stability of the region and subsequent buildings could only be built with wide bases to properly distribute their weight. No structure in Dandiann can exceed 100 stories in height.

To meet zoning occupancy quotas, living space in this district is tight and cramped. There are few open interior arcologies and many apartment are uniform, even cubicle in appearance. To further limit living space, a small mesa known as Mayan rests on the Hub's borders. It is an unstable rock formation, and currently under the domain of the CEF. No structure can be built on top of it. Dandiann was voted worst in proper living conditions and is a waste of space and resources.

□ Vital Statistics

Joined Gommorrah:	5630
Main Corporations:	Dandiann Ventures Mining
Coalition Delegate:	Delegate André Bilough
Size:	284 Square Kilometers
Population:	376,546
Standards of Living:	Poor- Very low Income

**Operation Sour Grapes ◆**

The CEF, over the last decade, has been implementing a plan they euphemistically call Operation: Sour Grapes. Three mesas, designated as the Mayan, the Hun and the Moor, are largely abandoned due to ambitious mining practices that undermined their foundations. Tunnels and mine shafts riddle these structures to the point of collapse, but the CEF has managed to stabilize some passages for safe operation. The mesas now hold the launch systems for a deadly bio-plague called Seravin-Three. Should Caprice ever fall into enemy hands, then Seravin-Three is to be released into the canyon via exploding canisters which will shower several thousand square kilometers with contaminated droplets of water. The launch is timed to coincide with the two hours of sunlight, when most people are expected outside. Seravin-Three is a genetically engineered filovirus, the 23rd type recorded in human history. Most viruses are spherical, but a filovirus looks like a long strand of thread beneath an electron microscope. Seravin-Three seems closely related to ring-shaped Marburg (a rare type of hemorrhagic fever), but it has a higher infection rate than its Earth cousin. An as-of-yet unidentified protein strand laces the virus.

Transmission of Seravin-Three is through contact with bodily fluids such as bile, blood, phlegm, spittle and sweat. It is airborne through coughing and sneezing and the most dangerous filovirus to date. The first symptoms are nausea, fatigue, sever backaches and the rupturing of capillaries (most evident in blood-tinged eyes). The virus weakens cell lining first, thinning out veins and arteries till they break under the slightest pressure. It goes on to sever the connective tissue between the facial muscles and the skin, as well as the lining of organs. Victims can cough up the surface skin of their tongue, swallow the lining of their throat or even excrete their intestinal wall. Hearts can rupture and organ fluids can seep into the blood, toxicifying the bloodstream. Rapid fluid loss occurs through constant vomiting, and the blood's platelets (the agent that allows them to clot) coagulate into solid clumps. Eventually the blood clumps shut off circulation to parts of the body, forcing the isolated organs and cells to gray and atrophy prematurely. The platelets are all used by the final hours of the disease, causing the victim to bleed internally. Even a minor cut will not heal at this point. By the end, the infected patient's internal organs are all liquefied, including the brain; the spleen is one solid clot and blood is almost yellow-gold from the missing platelets. The victim vacates blood from every orifice, including tear ducts.

There is no known vaccine for Seravin-Three, as no victim has survived it yet. Should fighting on Caprice begin, the launch systems for the virus will be primed and ready. If the CEF have to retreat, they will launch Seravin-Three into the environment as a last resort. The virus is genetically engineered to affect humans only, and will die once its host dies. Gommorrah will be abandoned for a few years, more than enough time for the virus to run its course, and then recolonized.

□ Seravin-Three

Contagion:	10	Onset Time:	3 days
Virulence:	12	Infection:	Airborne; mucous membranes, bodily fluids, skin contact
Successful Health Test: Backaches, fatigue, ruptures of the capillaries in the eyes, violent vomiting.			
Margin of Failure 1:	Effects listed above; reduces FIT by 2; destroys the connective tissue in face, lowering APP by 2 permanently; regenerative surgery is required.		
Margin of Failure 2:	Effects listed above; brain damage reduces all Primary Stats by one permanently. Wounds cannot be stabilized until the disease passes; victim requires intravenous life-support, or bleed to death.		
Margin of Failure 3 or more:	Full effects of Seravin-Three, followed by death.		



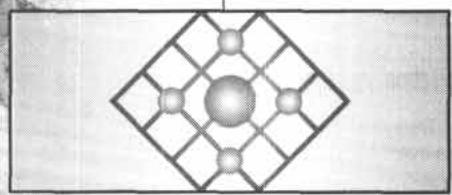
4.3.5 - Envry

Envry Hub was a community born from Envry Electric Dynamics, the Trench's first privatized power company (until the Trent Sector Accord, corporations had to supply their communities with power). When the city burned down during the B.F.T. Inferno, E.E.D. and its local facilities were completely razed, down to the foundations in some cases. During reconstruction, the central power plant was moved closer towards the center of the Trench to make installation of the new power grid easier. The E.E.D. central offices, however, were partly spared and thus remained in Envry Hub.

Like Babylon Summit, Envry Hub rises above Gommorah by an additional seven hundred meters. Situated at the edge of the Fahd Arm shelf, Envry is fast becoming one of the places to live for new families. A recent flurry of rebuilding and beautifying has created a series of stunning buildings, interconnected arcologies and massive rooftop parks. Lighthouse Park, a balcony sanctuary that extends across no less than eight enormous arcologies, rivals the beauty of Mesa Parks. Buildings and lodgings along the Fahd Shoreline (the shelf's edge) have a ten year waiting period for occupancy because of the magnificent view they offer over Gommorah.

Families are currently flocking to Envry Hub because it is considered to be the safest place to live in the entire city. Ming Mesa, the main Corp-Serf base in the Southern region, is located within Envry, as are several prestigious universities and colleges. In addition to the beefed-up security, Envry Electric Dynamics, the region's main corporation, has sunk countless millions into beautifying its district. It is one of the few companies who have taken an active interest in their community, and the inhabitants gratefully return their loyalty.

Vital Statistics

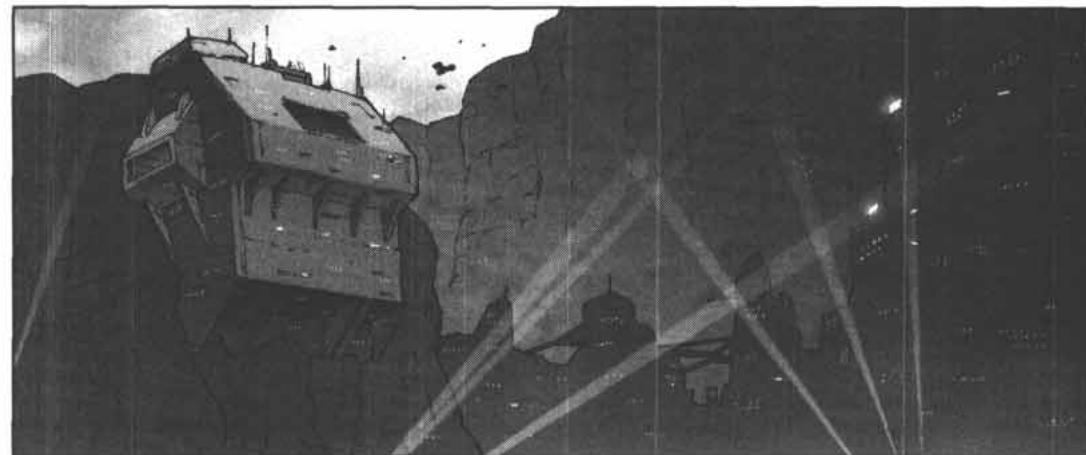


Joined Gommorah:	5373
Main Corporations:	Envry Electric Dynamics
Coalition Delegate:	Delegate Mitchell Zbiersky
Size:	8,844 Square Kilometers
Population:	8,384,112
Standard of Living:	Upper-Middle Class to Rich

◆ Ming Base

The Corp-Serfs maintain hundreds of individual precincts across Gommorah for rapid responses, but they mainly operate from two bases located on Ptolemy Mesa to the North and Ming Mesa to the South. Ming is a small geological formation, measuring twenty square-kilometers in surface area and rising forty-eight meters above ground. The Corp-Serf's Ming Base, however, is an impressive structure. This monolithic building straddles the mesa like a lion surveying its domain. The Corp-Serf symbol of office, which is engraved in its huge facade, can be seen from kilometers away. Corp-Serf A.F.V.s (Aero-Flight Vehicles — all emergency vehicles use vector-thrust flight to get around the congested city), continually fly in and out of the base's main hangar doors, located in the mesa wall itself.

Ming Base fulfills several roles for the Corp-Serfs. It is the Southern region's headquarters, and contains the commissioner's office, forensics lab, behavioral sciences unit, anti-gang and anti-vice squads, and a dozen more specialized branches of law enforcement. The Ming Base also serves as the Corp-Serf academy, with its own barracks, campus and training field. A series of enormous hangars and repair bays for the hundreds of police vehicles used throughout the Southern region is buried in the base of the mesa. While the Corp-Serf forces are impressive in themselves, their power is all the more appreciated when seen against the backdrop of Ming Base.





Friednam-Serrby - 4.3.6

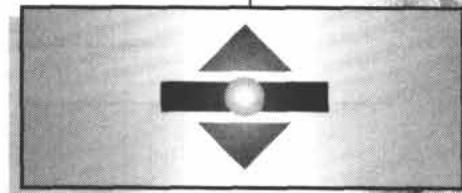
Friednam-Serrby Corporation was a founder of the Coalition before the company collapsed and broke apart into a dozen different corps and businesses. The community that it created followed suit, unfortunately. Before the B.F.T. inferno, Friednam-Serrby district was an up-and-coming community that seemed to be attracting all the right people to her neighborhoods. The inferno, however, decimated the community, destroying nearly 90% of the district and killing hundreds. It took longer to rebuild F-S Hub due mostly to the incompetence of the faltering mother company, by which time all the right people had moved elsewhere.

For the remaining centuries, Friednam-Serrby spiraled into poverty until finally, Hakkar Inc. settled in the region. As Hakkar's wealth increased, it boosted the local economy, until finally, F-S seemed ready to crawl out of its hole. Then Hakkar pulled out over a zoning dispute concerning larger office buildings, and took all its business with it. Hakkar relocated to Venarow and Friednam-Serrby fell back into abject poverty within a matter of a year.

Today, Friednam-Serrby is a neglected run-down portion of Gommorrah. The situation is becoming so bad that the Coalition is talking about razing the entire area and rebuilding from scratch. As it is, abandoned office buildings are homes to thousands of squatters, and the number of transients is doubling every year. Crime is so rampant that Corp-Serf A.F.V.s pair up during patrols. Gunfire is as constant as honking cars and crime families are vying for control in ultra-violent skirmishes.

Vital Statistics

Joined Gommorrah:	5661
Main Corporations:	None
Coalition Delegate:	Delegate Asha Terrablik (M.I.A., presumed kidnapped).
Size:	4,152.36
Population:	3,936,437, + estimated 380,000 transients
Standards of Living:	Far below poverty line. Jobless rate at 56%.



Rat Mall ◆

Many abandoned corporate arcologies and office buildings have become illegal low-rent apartments or the homes of numerous groups of squatters. They generally lay as low as possible, and while there are some problems with scavenging and hygiene, the Corp-Serfs leave them mostly alone. It is not unusual to see a gang take over an old structure, build some thin partitions inside and install some primitive power and vid lines to later rent the place (at exorbitant cost) to poor newcomers in the area. Because of the crime problem in Friednam-Serrby, the authorities rarely clear out the transients from these places, preferring to deal with those problems that are too dangerous to ignore instead.

Rat Mall is Hakkar's old arcology, whose interior was once an enormous atrium with a park and a large shopping mall. When Hakkar pulled out, many of the larger businesses pulled out as well, leaving the arcology empty except for a few smaller stores. Transients looking for shelter have turned Hakkar's abandoned building into a squatter town. The large fountains are now dry and desecrated with graffiti, windows are smashed, small fires to stave away the cold burn feebly in the darkness, empty stores house poor families, and the smell of offal pollutes the air.

Robbery, rape and murder are everyday crimes in Friednam-Serrby, but that does not stop thrill-seekers from prowling the dark corridors. Gommorans may be disgusted by the standards of living here, but they are attracted to the fight or die instinct of Rat Mall's denizens.

Running Gun Battles ◆

Though this section should be more properly titled "Things to Avoid," the fact remains that the sector is known for its occasional bursts of spectacular violence between rival gangs. It is not uncommon to witness a high speed pursuit between two or more vehicles filled with screaming, over-armed thugs who are busy shooting at each other. The Corp-Serfs have long since learned not to interfere, and often let the pursuit follow its own course to the bitter end (unless it appears to head outside the sector, which will not be tolerated). They will clean up once the pursuit is over, but most often they leave the destroyed hulks where they crashed, to be picked clean by the local equipment scavengers.

There does not seem to be any rhyme or reason to these outbursts of violence, but the wizened streetwise observer will say otherwise. The gun battles are part of an intricate social order between the rival gangs of the area, and are never as spontaneous as they seem. They are used to enforce jurisdictions over a given area, to punish the action of a rival gang, or as a response to an aggression (perceived or otherwise).





4.3.7 - Gallot

Like many Hubs, Gallot came from mining roots, in particular, Gallot Enterprises. Unlike most mining ventures, Gallot Ent. adapted over the centuries to the continuing needs of its surroundings. Still listed among the top ten companies, Gallot is the oldest Corporation on Gomorra, with interests in computer software, Corp-Serf military contracts and a highly successful line of home appliances.

Although it took longer for a proper community to form around it, Gallot itself has been in operation since 5240. Many corporations respect it for its longevity alone, but there may be some trouble brewing on the horizon for the venerable company. During the Colonial Wars, Gallot split off from its parent company on Earth. Since 5790, when most of its CEOs refused to return to Earth, Gallot Caprice has effectively become an autonomous entity from Gallot Sol.

Gallot Sol also weathered the centuries of warfare on Earth, however. With the invasion, the board has been asking the CEF's permission to come to Caprice in order to reclaim their "stolen" property — namely, Gallot Ent. Fortunately for Gallot Caprice, their parent company is not a military affiliated corporation, and therefore has little to offer the Commonwealth. Gallot Caprice, on the other hand, is a recognized Mount developer for Corp-Serfs, and may be of use to the CEF in developing their new lines of Frames. It is their only chance to stay independent.

Gallot Hub is the business Hub of Gomorra. More than thirty major corporations make their homes here, and nearly 58% of the region's population are businessmen and women. Because of the dedicated nature of many corporate employees few have children. Gallot is therefore a professional Hub with few schools and only two universities. Both universities, however, have the best business programs in the city.

Vital Statistics

Joined Gomorra:	5370
Main Corporations:	Gallot Enterprise, Swiftpress Publishing & I.Q. Infinite Possibilities
Coalition Delegate:	Delegate Hiroshi Nazami
Size:	9,475 Square Kilometers
Population:	8,982,300
Standards of Living:	Rich to Independently Wealthy

4.3.8 - Gommorah Hub

In the early days of Caprice, Gommorah was just an establishment dedicated to entertaining miners and other corporate employees. The isolated small cluster of buildings offered a wide variety of services ranging from gambling to prostitution, and also served as the hub of a flourishing black market. Gommorah later moved on to supplying mail-order-mates for the lonely pioneers of the trench, and eventually grew into the first non-corporate habitat community on the planet. The original Gommorah pleasure town is long since gone, buried over massive new buildings erected in the last few centuries, but its name lives on for the district which flourishes in its place.

True to its heritage, Gommorah Hub is known as the red light district of all Caprice. Although it adequately meets its populace zoning quota, it is dedicated to the sex-trade, pleasure and entertainment industry. Prostitution and gambling are both legal on Caprice, but Gommorah Hub has a near-monopoly on the industry. Understandably, this district is both the most glamorous and seediest sector within the trench, and almost any black-market commodity can be found within her tight, dark corridors.

Because Gommorah Hub mostly escaped the riot fires, a majority of the buildings date back several centuries. Depending on which street you are on, it is a bright carnival or a rundown sector where most citizens live at or below the poverty line. The back alleys are not a place to visit unless one wants to savor the local danger. Of course, Capricians are a hard lot who enjoy risking their lives in deadly games, and it is not uncommon for thrill-seekers to go hunting in the slums for some adventure.

Vital Statistics

Joined Gomorra:	Founded 5290
Main Corporations:	Extravaganza Playworld
Coalition Delegate:	Delegate Tarra Fresno
Size:	230 Square Kilometers
Population:	218,040
Standards of Living:	Lower-Middle Class.





Mineral Forest - 4.3.9

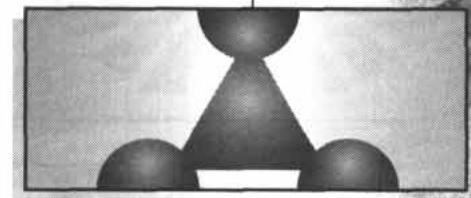
This sector derived its name from the large volcanic formations that were found scattered across the area by the first explorers. Crystals and frozen lava tubes jutted from the ground like bizarre mineral plants, creating a curious geological forest. Though most of these are now gone, buried under the buildings, several beautiful examples can still be found in the sector's few parks.

Mineral Forest was the last large scale community to be built around an industrial zone. The original corporation still exists, although they have since abandoned mining to follow more lucrative pursuits. Following the collapse of the Concordat, Mineral Forest converted its facilities into a plastic factory dedicated to supplying the city with consumer wares. They were the first of many companies who changed their function to meet the public's needs after the planet found itself isolated from Earth, its former best customer.

Although the post-Concordat riots destroyed most of Mineral Forest, it was the only district able to take full advantage of the reconstruction period. The Coalition rebuilt the entire hub through careful planning, allowing for the creation of perfect vertical industrial, residential and business zones. In particular, they constructed twelve monolithic buildings — measuring five stories high and covering 20 square kilometers each — as a common base for future structures. Skyscrapers were added over them, creating the largest closed interior space in Gommorrah. Special effort was then put into creating a different atmosphere within each arcology, from ancient South American motifs to Second Renaissance design philosophies. The twelve buildings are collectively known as the Twelve Realms (see below).

II Vital Statistics

Joined Gommorrah:	5690
Main Corporations:	Hezer City Construction
Coalition Delegate:	Delegate Ansari Matti
Size:	6,001 Square Kilometers
Population:	5,688,948
Standards of Living:	Upper Middle-Class



The Twelve Realms ◆

The Twelve Realms are an exception to the usual modern Caprician architectural practices. Though they are formally part of Alpha Level, they house recreation and commercial facilities that would be more likely to be found at the Beta and Gamma levels. Roads and ramps connect the facilities to these levels, and there are virtually no access to the outside Alpha levels beyond a few heavily guarded armored doors leading to the service roads.

The entire structure of each building has been designed with two objectives in mind: support another layer of constructions above it, and feature the largest possible interior space. These two goals were pretty much mutually exclusive, but the addition of a set of skillfully incorporated support pillars within each open area resolved the problem. These also incorporate heavy-duty elevators that lead to the buildings erected above the Twelve Realms themselves.

The space within each building has been kept open and clear as much as possible. Light is provided by artificial sources, though there are mirror-lined "sun pits" where light from the outside is channeled whenever possible. Each building has its own typical decoration, which is used for both esthetic purposes and to individualize the surroundings of the inhabitants. Vegetation typical to the time and place portrayed by each realm is scattered throughout the interior, but to help maintain the atmosphere and to create a warmer ambiance. Hidden pipes and recycling systems keep the environment functioning, reducing the cost of importing replacement water.





4.3.10 - Paladin Lots

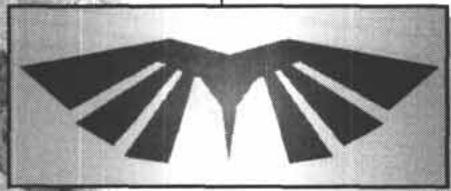
This district is one of the few communities not built around a corporation or industry. It only measures 40 square kilometers, but bears mentioning because the NEC military annexed it when they first arrived. Despite the objections of the Coalition, the military displaced the district's population across the city and turned the area into a military camp for troops interned on Caprice.

The NEC has filled every building in the district with troops and equipment, but it is not enough. Many soldiers still live in tents and pre-fab units in whatever open space they can find. This includes the sides of streets, in parks and within arcology lobby floors. A Coalition delegate to the region described it as a military shanty town.

Road-blocks seal off most streets leading into Paladin Lots while soldiers and military vehicles guard the remaining seven gates. Civilian entry is prohibited unless cleared by the NEC. The main park of this district, Allondare Park, was completely leveled, and now serves as a makeshift landing strip for patrol gunships.

As a final note, Elite's Genome Labs moved into this district a year ago when the okay was given on the SLEDGE program. Liberati rebels, hoping to ascertain the location of the SLEDGE factory, have been desperate to break into these facilities. Stringent NEC security measures currently prevent this, however.

Vital Statistics

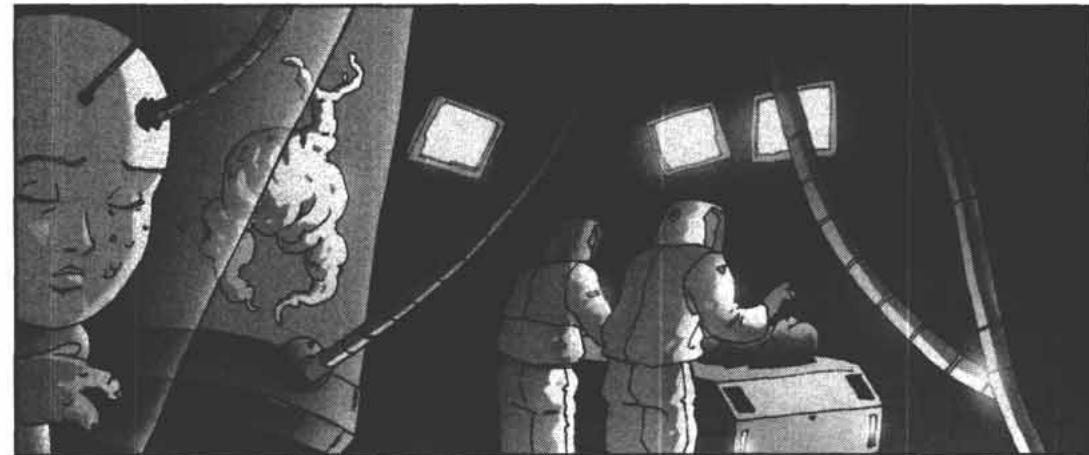


Joined Gommorrah:	5847
Main Corporations:	Elite Genom Labs
Coalition Delegate:	None
Size:	48 Square Kilometers
Population:	Classified but at least 40,000+
Standard of Living:	Military Camp

Elite Genom Labs

Elite Genom Labs, the CEF's strongest corporate sponsor, has taken over the Sartru Labs, a company that went bankrupt because of the occupation and annexation of Paladin Lots. With exception of some high ranking military officials, few people know what transpires beyond the building's walls, but it is enough that the entire building is off-limits to everyone. Elite is best known for its hand in creating the GRELs and its second line Legionnaires, the SLEDGEs. Sartru Labs is too small to house the breeding factory set to create the SLEDGEs, but it is suspected to be the research laboratory where the initial experiments were carried out.

The Liberati have been searching for avenues into Sartru Labs, but have been mostly unsuccessful as of late. The information contained within should reveal the location of the SLEDGE factory as well as the progress of the project and how many SLEDGEs have actually been created as prototypes. Unbeknownst to everyone, including CEF military, is that Sartru Labs have advanced the SLEDGE program several months ahead of schedule. The Liberty Station factory has released the first batch of five hundred SLEDGEs from training, and plan on presenting them to the CEF as a surprise. The SLEDGE research, however is a smoke screen for vaccination research against Seravin-Three. Elite knows about Operation: Sour Grapes, but is trying to develop a vaccine against it as an ace-in-the-hole. Should the Liberati get a hold of this information, they can feasibly combine it with the research on Universal Vaccines from the Liberty's pathogens researchs. If they cannot, Elite knows the location of the launch installations, information that Liberati can use to sabotage the mesa facilities.





Venarow - 4.3.11

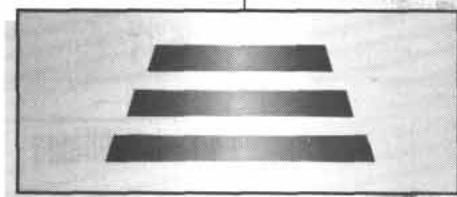
Venarow, located within Cartman Arm, is the only Hub still isolated from the remainder of the Trench. A mining district through and through, Venarow has spent the last six centuries exploiting the surrounding cavern walls with the help of different mining corporations. From Cartman Drilling to Venarow Conglomerate, the region has always enjoyed success in any incarnation, and has managed to keep the residential and commercial sectors far away from the noisy and rough mining zones. Venarow, while not as flagrantly rich as Babylon Summit, is one of the richest communities as well as a model sector. Gommorrans have always disliked Venarow and its inhabitants for their pompous attitude, a situation aggravated when the sector was spared from the fires of the great blaze.

Recently, however, the mining cash cow has been thinning a bit. Fortunately, it is not a situation that will hamper Venarow's life style for at least another decade, but they realize they have to diversify before it is too late. As part of this new push, the Hub has wooed Hakkar into their district with more lenient zoning codes. This is bringing a boost into the local economy that is sure to attract other businesses.

Because the Venarow Preservation Society has saved many building facades pre-dating the colonial conflicts, the district has an old, almost quaint feel about it. The Hub tries to encourage this feel and look by preserving its antiquities and playing up the old charm of their region, so it is not uncommon to find balcony cafes or dirigible tours about the district.

Vital Statistics

Joined Gommorrah:	5990
Main Corporations:	Hakkar & Venarow Conglomerate
Coalition Delegate:	Delegate Justice Venarow
Size:	5,053 Square Kilometers
Population:	4,740,186
Standard of Living:	Middle-Class to Wealthy

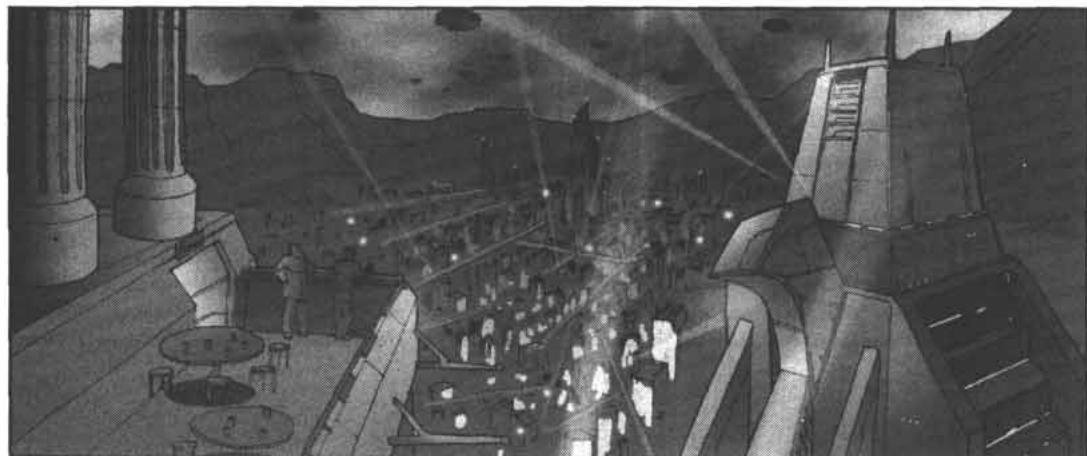


Hakkar Arcology

In addition to developing weapons and Mounts, Hakkar manufacture their own line of vehicles and run multiple ice-mining ventures in the Blessed Asteroid Belt. Largely recognized as one of the most powerful corporations on Caprice, Hakkar's Arcology is a testament to that influence. Rising above the Venarow like a spire, it overshadows the city with its presence. The corporation is so large that the arcology was built for the company's upper management and their families alone. Within is an arena stadium (for private concerts or when Hakkar's Mount team challenges rival companies), several thousand apartments, a public mall with the largest selection of merchandise anywhere in Gommorrah, multiple swimming pools (a rare sight in water-poor Caprice), gyms, a private theater and Hakkar's main offices. This single structure may well beat Babylon Summit in wealth alone.

Hakkar Stadium

The Hakkar Arcology houses a medium-sized armored stadium within its foundation. The arena is large enough to accommodate nearly 10,000 seated guests, all in the best luxury, and is equipped with multiple trideo screens and a massive sound system. A series of private booth/salons are also available, providing even greater comfort for the higher officers, their families, friends and guests. All of the guest seats are protected by thick armored transpex viewpanes which guarantee a perfect view with all the thrill but none of the risks.





4.4 - The Highlands



The difficulties inherent in transporting and establishing a civilization on a brand new world means that population growth is severely limited by the space available, and cannot reach the same levels of expansion as has been seen on Earth in the past. Virtually all of the colony planets have low population concentrations when compared to Earth. Their population densities tend to be low, with most of the people living in close proximity in cities; the rest of the planet is generally left in its original state. Caprice is probably the most extreme example of this; with almost all of the human population concentrated in one location more than 80% of the surface is uninhabited, save for the occasional convoy making its way to a distant outpost or mining town.

The Highlands is the generic name for the area that covers the plains and mountains that make up most of the surface of Caprice. The name comes from the fact that most of the human installations are located in a deep trench, and everything outside of the trench is thus "higher" for them. For convenience, the planet has been divided into four large quadrants: the Cat's Eye Trench takes up most of the Northeast Quadrant, and has been amply covered in the preceding pages.

Despite the absence of large amount of vegetation, each region, even within a given quadrant, is very geographically distinctive, having been formed at different times and under different geological processes. The landscape is primitive, harsh and rugged, but with a natural beauty of its own.

4.4.1 - Inhabitants

Caprice, the new frontier, has long attracted a hardy brand of pioneers, who often had a deep aversion to central government control. The culture that developed among the planet's Highland occupants emphasizes freedom and hard work.

The various Liberati groups do not exactly have a homogenous culture, but they share similar characteristics which stem from their shared environment. They live in small clans and educate each other as old Earth tribes did, passing on knowledge from parent to child. This lack of formalized education would normally increase the risk of error a great deal, but a strong emphasis is always put on safety first. All Liberati children learn the various security procedures and how to use survival gear from an early age. Due to the large number of mining operations which are dispersed across the planet, many Liberati have one or more levels in an Earth Sciences Skill, usually geology or mineralogy. Even the lowly miners need to have a large body of knowledge to control and maintain the various automated pieces of machinery that do the actual grunt work in the mines and pits of the surface.

The Liberati are merchants by necessity: they cannot produce all they need by themselves, and will engage in trade whenever it proves convenient. Trade has the additional advantage of mixing the population, allowing new genes to enter the community and preventing the effects of inbreeding in isolated settlements. They feel somewhat uncomfortable around total strangers, though they do not shun them - other groups represent possible allies and mates for the youngsters. Liberati value friendship and honesty: their trust is hard to gain, but they remain extremely loyal once befriended.

4.4.2 - Settlements and Outposts

There are very few human settlements outside of the Northeast Quadrant. The conditions on the surface of the planet are harsh: the air is extremely thin, often requiring the use of a breathing rig or even a pressurized suit, depending on the location, and the ground is rugged and broken. To make a living in this uncooperative wilderness requires a certain kind of person, and most of the Highlands inhabitants are Liberati. There are exceptions, of course: for all intents and purposes, a few large corporate-affiliated installations, like the Vega Starport and the penal city of Bastille Alpha, are part of the Highlands.

The Liberati settlements are always autonomous, since the nearest help might be many hundreds of kilometers away. Each group own a generator, recycler and hydroponic bays, often mounted on mobile or semi-mobile chassis for greater flexibility. They do not live apart from the world, though: all outposts and caravans are equipped with high-gain antennae and satellite dish to remain in contact with the rest of their society.

As their name indicate, Liberati like their freedom and personal space. The isolation of the farms, science stations and mining installations scattered across the planet only compound the independent streak among their inhabitants. They live in small towns and settlements where everyone knows everyone. Strong-willed and self-dependent, they have a frontier-like mentality, hardworking and distrustful of strangers.





Southeast Quadrant - 4.4.3

The Southeastern Quadrant is a relatively diverse area, and is controlled almost entirely by the Liberati groups who live and work within its borders. The Soekar Range mountain range is the most distinct feature of the area, with high peaks rich in mineral wealth, but which are nearly impossible to cross. The mountains, with their craggy peaks and tunnel system, are perfect hiding places for the Liberati, but are used only as places of last resort because of the dangers involved in getting to and from the hidden caves.

The southern Capra wastelands are a flat, wide area stretching for hundreds of kilometers. There is some evidence of ancient meteor activity in the area, which gives plausibility to the suggestion that the wastelands themselves are the partially lava-covered remnants of an ancient, monstrous crater.

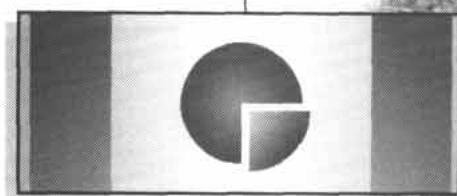
The southern wastes, or Hoert Sector, is a frozen wasteland with no appreciable resources. While minerals may be buried far below the surface, they are almost certainly completely inaccessible with current technology. There is some water locked in the permafrost, but it is not easily exploitable.

The Hoert Highlands, a large plateau dotted with volcanoes and craters, is rich in certain rare minerals. The higher altitude of the area requires the constant use of breathing masks, and work there is very draining, due to the added effort of getting enough oxygen along with the sheer physical labor required by mining operations. Some miners prefer to use pressurized suits for increased comfort.

The SE quadrant is the end point of the equatorial monorail track. Inspired by Terranovan efforts, the Concordat attempted to create a series of high speed transport trains that would cover the entire surface of the planet. They almost succeeded, but the line stops a few thousand kilometers away from making a complete circle.

Vital Statistics

Joined Gomorrah:	n/a
Main Corporations:	n/a
Coalition Delegate:	None
Size:	105 millions Square Kilometers
Population:	Unknown, estimated at least 100,000
Standard of Living:	n/a



Ghost Ship

Local legends say that, many centuries ago, a ship on final approach to the Vegas Starport overshot and crashed into the rugged hills southeast of the landing area. Depending on who is telling the story, the ship was either as small as a fighter or as large as a Gateship, the explosion rocking the earth, sending dust and debris high into the air. Likewise, the content of the cargo hold and the affiliation of the vessel often varies according to the storyteller. Invariably, the ghosts of the ship's dead crew haunt the wreck and the area around it, frightening and sometimes killing any poor salvagers who try to disturb their melancholy rest.

In reality, many spacecraft and shuttles met an untimely end over the vast rock fields of the Southeast quadrant. Time and again, travelers pass near a burned out hulk or debris field, or even sad remnants of an unlucky crew. While rumors of vast fortunes and secret treasure ships abound among locals, most scavengers have found nothing left worth note. Generally, rescue and salvage teams have already picked the wrecks clean of everything even remotely useful or important, but it sometimes happens that a ship is not found until centuries have passed. Most of the time, the vessel is still in good shape, the dry and nearly lifeless atmosphere of the planet preserving many of the organic materials present in the hulls (including the bodies of the crew, which are sometimes found mummified where they fell).





4.4.4 - Southwest Quadrant

The Southwest Quadrant contains a large number of different terrain types, ranging from the wide and open plains of the Cora and Dora deserts to the rugged mountain chains of the West Doran and Soweskar ranges. The wide variety of environments (as much variety as Caprice gets, anyway) provide for a large number of different resources available for the taking, and rich mineral deposits along transition lines between one area and another.

The quadrant has a number of peculiar areas with unique and individual geological formations. For example, the Nedana Hills region is remarkable for its great number of very old mountains. Their soft slopes, atypical of this almost atmosphereless planet, show stripes of minerals on the surface, probably placed there by volcanic activity in the first few eons of the planet's development. The hills were never terribly high to start with and now are much smaller than the usual image of a mountain, having been slowly eroded by airborne dust particles over the millennia.

Closer to the south pole, the Southwest Crater Zone is an area that has been subjected to long-term and devastating meteor bombardment, possibly as recently as one or two million years ago. The area is, consequently, thick with surface permafrost, making any shaft mining practically impossible, and rare minerals such as iridium. This combination has made it a relatively popular destination for mobile extraction factories.

The Nordak Salt Flats are an interesting geological anomaly; the salt deposits may be the remains of what was once a primitive sea, the basin and large amount of water it contained possibly caused by the impact of a giant ice asteroid. The heat of the impact would have melted the ice instantly, and kept the water liquid for a few decades, but the sea must have eventually evaporated due to the low ambient air pressure.

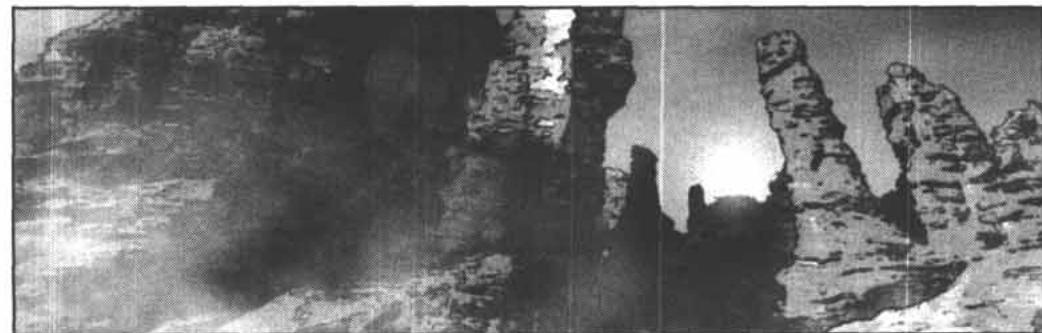
Vital Statistics

Joined Gommorah:	n/a
Main Corporations:	n/a
Coalition Delegate:	None
Size:	105 millions Square Kilometers
Population:	Unknown, estimated at least 60,000
Standard of Living:	n/a

◆ Mobile Extraction Factories

The Liberati do not like to be tied down and they have always embraced the wide expanses of the open plains, their ancestors shunning the fast lifestyle of the urban sprawl in favor of the rougher life on Caprice's frontiers. Most of the early Liberati were nomads or squatters, living off whatever they could scavenge or salvage from the refuse heaps of the city and the mining towns scattered across the surface of the planet. They moved about in small, highly individualized tribes of twenty to thirty people, meeting and convening a few times a year to trade surplus supplies with their allies. Other Liberati were miners, ore conveyors or technicians, selling their services to the corporations in exchange for food, clean air or the occasional credit. These freelancers sometimes owned their work vehicles, which were often extravagantly decorated with lavish abstract paint schemes.

As the years went by, the families' vehicles became ever more sophisticated, in an attempt to reduce the dependence of the Liberati on the corporations and the rest of Caprician society. Purchased or rebuilt from old wrecks and discarded frames, the lumbering wheeled factories became both home and refinery, carrying entire families from mine to mine. When the colony was abandoned by Earth, some of the Liberati vehicles were already extremely large crawlers, moving about slowly across the Highlands in search of easily exploitable pockets of permafrost or high-yield ore. The isolation of the colony only spurred the development of these MEFs (Mobile Extraction Factories), small land convoys of habitation, supplies and extraction vehicles.





Northwest Quadrant - 4.4.5

The isolated Northwest has the distinction of including the Disorra Desert, home of some of the oldest Liberati families on the planet. The broken land of the North, fragmented into several plains separated by tall, ragged mountain ranges, is rich in both frozen water and a large variety of minerals. The Quadrant has a comparatively well-developed rail system, mostly because the early colonists needed a way to get the ore and water back to the trench as rapidly and efficiently as possible. Remnants of ancient automated track-laying robots can sometimes be seen half-buried besides a well-traveled section of track, stripped of all but the bare bones by scavengers.

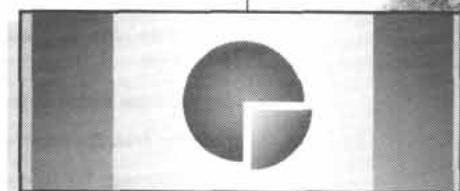
Nearly half of the quadrant is taken up by the Moran Range, a line of tall, imposing mountains stretching horizontally across the surface of the planet for many thousands of kilometers. The range eventually dips down a little before growing tall once more, becoming the Northeast Quadrant's Norescan Range. The region is one of the planet's main fracture points, and holds an impressive number of volcanoes.

A few thousand kilometers down south, another mountain line breaks the horizon. The Coran Range, just bordering the north edge of the Cora Desert, is similar to its northernmost cousin but is even more rugged. The tall peaks rise from the plains like daggers, and several sectors are still completely unexplored to this day.

The East Doran Range is more of a raised plateau than an actual mountain range. The result of a large outburst of tectonic activity many millions of years ago, it was once believed to be extremely rich in a number of metals and oxyde compounds. A direct monorail track was built nearly five hundred years ago to exploit these rich resources, but the distances involved, and the increasing ruggedness of the land, made it a commercially stillborn project. While the track is still useable today, it receives few visitors.

Vital Statistics

Joined Gommorrah:	n/a
Main Corporations:	n/a
Coalition Delegate:	None
Size:	105 millions Square Kilometers
Population:	Unknown, estimated at least 80,000
Standard of Living:	n/a



Marriages ◆

The Disorra Desert is an inhospitable land cut in half by the northern sector separation line. It is a wind-swept plain with little surface features but the occasional boulder group. The soil, however, is a water-rich permafrost which is easily exploitable by heavy machinery. As a result, it is a popular spot for Liberati miners, and is home to several semi-permanent settlements known as the Marketplaces where the various groups can meet to trade or rest.

Traveling separately for most of the year, the collected families find the marketplace a perfect opportunity to close some more personal deals as well. The size and the rambunctiousness of the gatherings makes it the perfect place for the youth to meet and mingle, and most arranged and love-matches are solidified there. When a couple decides to marry, they approach each other's parents and formally ask for their lover's hand in marriage. This is usually just a formality, and has become something of a public performance, with a standard script.

When both sides have given their consent, an affiancing ceremony is held where the couple is pledged to each other for a year and a day. They then spend the next year traveling and working with one of the families. Upon their return to the market the next year, the couple is offered a chance to dissolve the alliance or make it permanent. The ceremony takes place the next day, with both families in attendance. The couple then lives with the other side for a year, before deciding which group - if either - to live with on a permanent basis.





4.4.6 - Mining Operations

Mining is one of the main sources of revenue for the Liberati nomads and outposts that dot the surface. The ever-expending city is always in need of more building materials, and the arrival of the Terran fleet has created a new market for rare metals and other precious resources. Though there are a lot of resources in the system's asteroid belts, it is often cheaper (and far less dangerous) to dig immense open mining pits into the surface of the planet.

Mining in the highlands is generally a brute force operation. There are plentiful reserves of ore all around, and all that is needed is a good prospector to find the areas with the greatest concentrations. Fusion power or solar collectors are used to provide power to large grinders which break down the raw material before feeding it to the extraction chambers, where the material is melted down under a high temperature plasma torch before being separated into its component parts by powerful magnetic fields. The lava-like output is then channeled in wide, open troughs to cooling chambers, where it is cast in large ingots ready for shipping.

◆ Typical Mining Site

Mining sites on Caprice are easily compared to open wounds. Unless the valuable ore is deeply buried, strip mining techniques are quickly employed to remove the overburden. Some especially large mining operations have on-site processing facilities, or a smaller, centrally-located operation to process ore for several mining sites.

Mine Pit: The pit begins to look stepped as explosives are used to loosen the ore for loading into huge trucks. The loaders and trucks are some of the largest ground vehicles ever used. The loaders and trucks work around the clock, with driver changes and refueling occurring in the pit or at the unloading area.

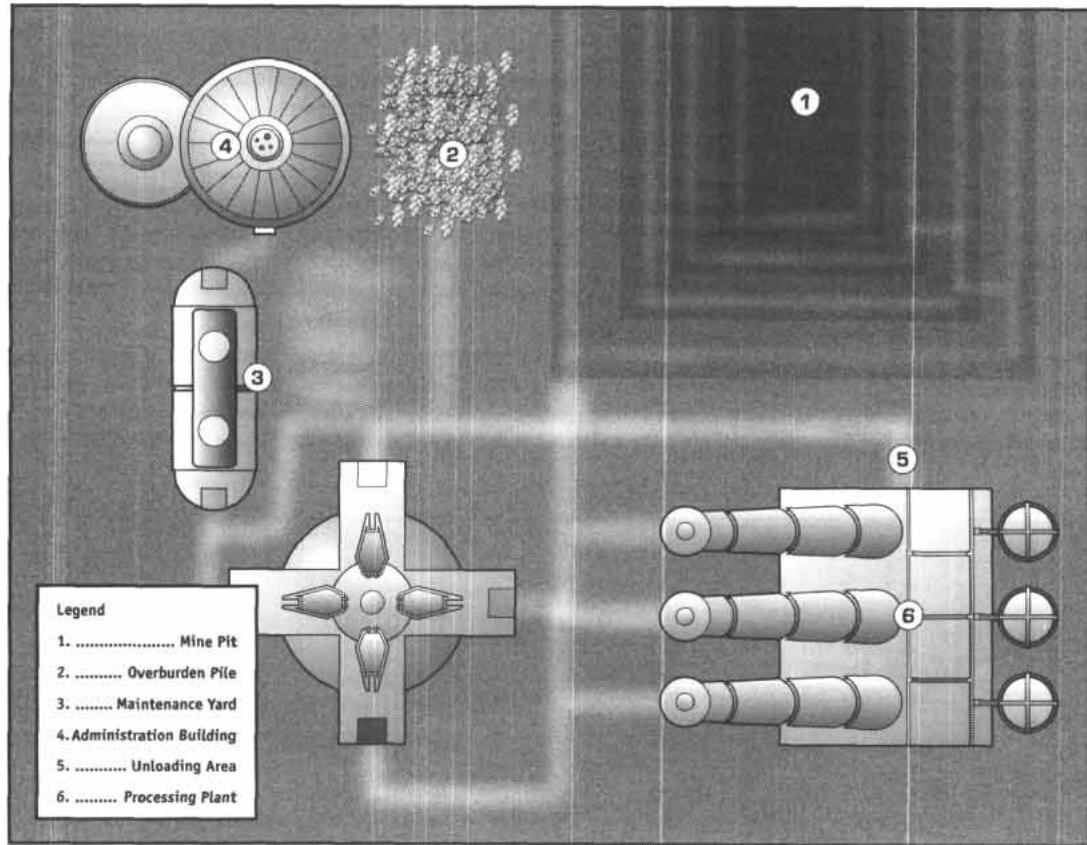
Overburden Pile: All the dirt and rock removed from the mine pit to get at the ore is piled here.

Maintenance Yard: The only time a truck or loader is not in the pit, at the unloading area, or somewhere in between, is when it needs maintenance.

Administration Building: These small offices run the entire mining operation.

Unloading Area: The trucks unload into huge hoppers that move the ore into the processing plant on large conveyor belts.

Processing Plant: The plant smelts and refines the valuable ore into raw material form.





Industry - 4.4.7

Light manufacturing is usually carried out within the Alpha level of corporate arcologies and towers within the Cat's Eye Trench. Most of the final assembly for items commonly used within Gommorrah is also done at Alpha level facilities. Finishing raw materials for light industry and heavy industry activities are conducted at facilities that surround the edge of the Trench.

Most of the light industrial complexes follow a similar layout. The buildings can be permanent or semi-mobile (Liberati factories often have built-in crawler tread systems), and their disposition can vary, but the requirements of the industrial process mean they tend to cluster in pretty much the same order.

Administration Building: The site's operations are run from this building, including the operation of all the automated machines. A backup control room is a common feature, as are staff facilities.

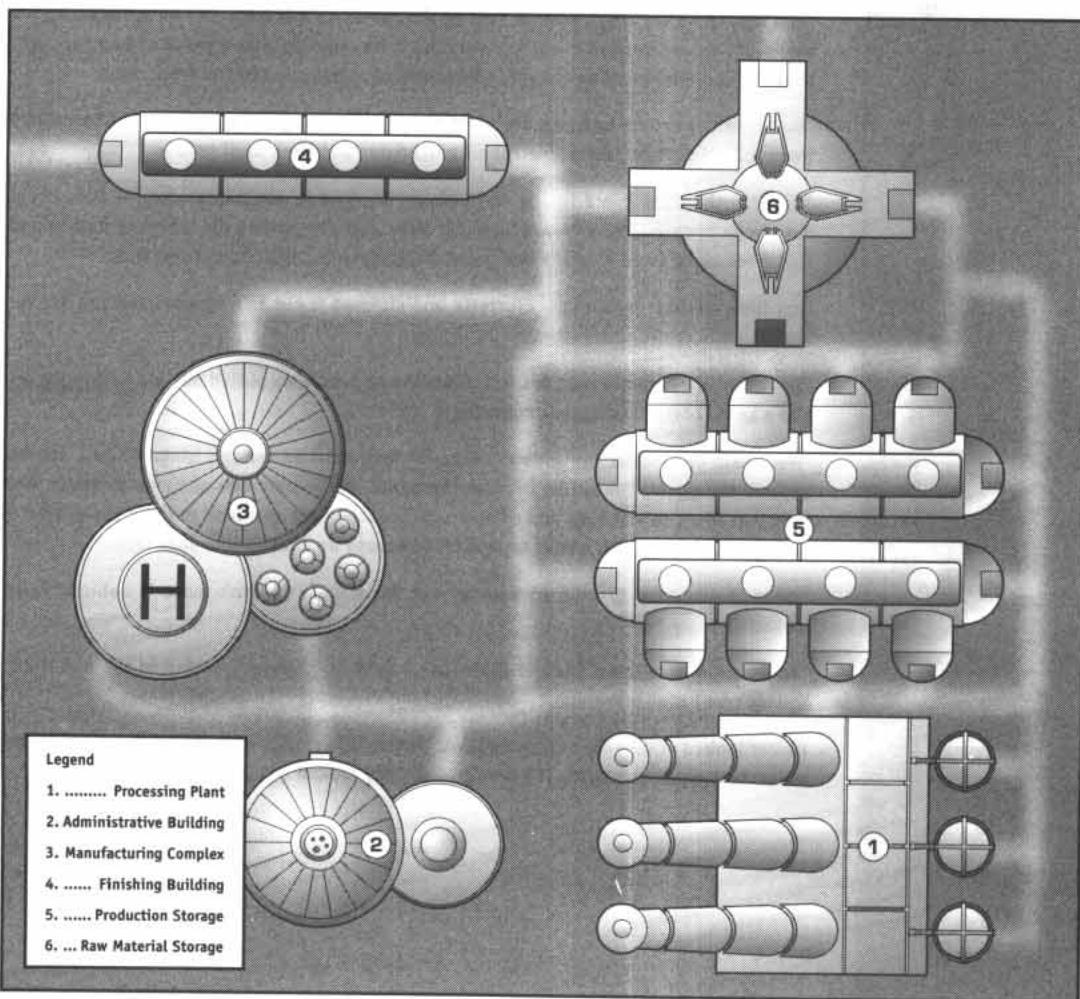
Finishing Building: Products that require finishing work are brought here. Finished products are also inspected for quality in this location.

Manufacturing Complex: This building manufactures parts and assembles them into finished products. Most of the industrial autofacs are located in this building. Wide internal hallways allow transport vehicles to move products and make repairs.

Processing Plant: Unless raw materials are processed at a mining site, or they are produced at another complex, this is first stage of production. Large vats or processing machines are lined up within the building, ready to transform raw material into something more easily usable.

Production Storage: Unless the complex's production rate is high enough to warrant continuous shipping operations, finished products are stored here until they are enough of them to justify transport to the markets.

Raw Material Storage: Storage facilities usually comprise a number of large warehouses and tanks, which typically hold enough material to allow the factory to run at full production for a day or two.





The Guard



Lars Baron rolled a cigarette gingerly between his rough callused fingers. He glanced around his cell. Hazid was there, and so was Tanner. Morris was in the med lab again. Lars knew that one of these times, Morris would not come back.

Tanner was the new kid, a politico involved in some kind of industrial espionage. He called it "fighting the Terran oppressors." Lars remembered those days all too well. He cleared his throat and spoke to his new cellmate.

"I couldn't help overhearing you and your young friend talking about getting out of here, Tanner." The young man shot Lars an irritated look. Lars finished wrapping his cigarette and lay it next to the stack of forty more of equal quality. Not bad for a couple of hours' work.

"I've only heard of one guy who escaped Bastille," said Lars slowly, "and I'm not talking about the Coliseum either." Hazid went back to his book. Lars light one of his creations and continued.

"I'd say it was about fifty years ago, before this whole Earther mess. Young fella, a lot like you actually. Smart, educated and wrongly imprisoned, or so he said. He figured he could get out of Bastille by impersonating a guard."

Tanner was listening now; his face creased with a frown. Lars puffed lazily, watching the smoke curl around the ceiling.

"You see, there are what, several tens of thousands guards here, and back then a bunch would get cycled through every few months. If he could pass as a guard at just the right time, he could leave when the guy's term was up, just walk out the front door.

"So he waited and he watched. For years he observed the guards, learned how to act like them, talk like them. He learned their procedures and their motivations.

"One day the right guard finally came along. I'm told it was pretty scary — they could have been brothers, they looked so much alike. The con worked his schedule just so and found the right place to make the guard disappear. And then he became him."

Lars took one last pull on his cigarette and stubbed it out in a wooden ashtray. Tanner watched him.

"So it worked?" said Tanner, his full attention on Lars. Lars pulled out his rolling papers and a small box of hydroponic tobacco.

"No," said Lars. "See the problem was, he had watched for too long. When I say he became the guard, I mean he became the guard. He became one of those bastards that tells you when to wake up and when to go to sleep. One of those sadistic pukes who'll keep you in solitary for weeks on end just because he doesn't like your face."

"When it was time for him to transfer out, he stayed. Couldn't leave it behind." Lars looked at Tanner.

"You see, you can leave Bastille Alpha son," he said, his eyes glinting in the dim light, "but it won't ever leave you."

Tanner looked at Lars for a long moment. Opened his mouth then closed it, silent all the while. Lars shook his head. The poor boy already looked ten years older.



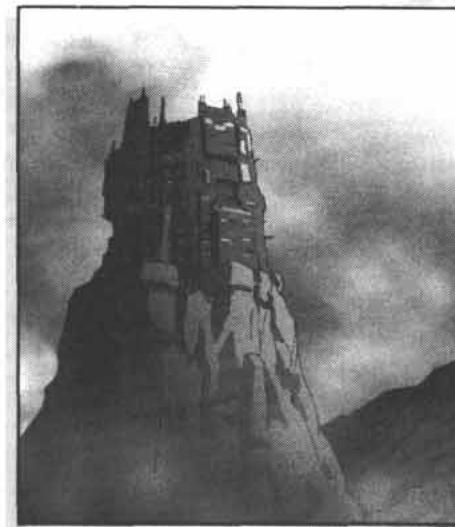


OVERVIEW - 5.1

Gommorrah has a population of 311 million people, with an additional two million people scattered across Caprice. Even if this was a utopian society where only 1% of the populace were convicts, the penal system would still have to deal with over three million prisoners. Gommorrah is no utopian society, however, and there is only one prison on the entire world. It is Bastille Alpha, and it is Caprice's second major settlement.

Bastille Alpha is situated on Mount Valhalla, one of the highest points on Caprice. It is a vast penal city incarcerating two million of Gommorrah's worst convicts. At least, that is what the NEC would have people believe. Bastille Alpha was simply a prison at one point, but it has become a dumping ground for the CEF's unwanted. Although Gommorran convicts still number over 1.5 million, the remaining 500,000 are Earth's political or military prisoners. Most of these, in turn, are the first GRELs to be terminated in Operation Slate, a eugenics program paving the way for the SLEDGE program.

Overpopulated to begin with, Bastille Alpha is on the verge of ripping open through internal strife. The CEF runs the facilities with deadly mis-management, and the prisoners are growing angrier with each month. Already one contingent of convicts have formed the Old Guard, a group sympathetic to the Liberati rebels and willing to fight the CEF openly. Another group is the Legion, a unified force of GRELs trying to escape the CEF's eugenics program. While human-GREL relations are tenuous at best, both groups have found enough common ground to work together. Oddly enough, Caprice's best hope for freedom comes from this body, an army of convicts and abandoned genetic experiments.



History - 5.1.1

Before the Trent Sector Accord, corporations dealt with criminals in different ways. Some used factory-prisons where convicts worked during their incarceration; other companies enforced a zero-tolerance attitude towards crime and killed anyone caught breaking the law; a crafty few sent their criminals to other communities. The need for standardized judicial and punishment practices came after the consolidation of the Corp-Serfs (Corporate Security Forces) into a unified law enforcement agency. In particular, there was no proper prison. Most settlements and businesses had their own jails, but these antiquated facilities could not keep up with Gommorrah's booming population. Gommorrah needed a central holding-facility that was well outside the city limits.

Initially, Bastille Alpha was to be the first in a series of super-prisons designed to hold several thousand convicts. The prisons would incarcerate those with potential for rehabilitation, while life-termers and dedicated criminals went off to Botany Bay. As plans progressed, however, the number of prisons decreased in favor of building larger facilities which were more cost effective. Finally, the Bastille Series simply became Bastille Alpha, a single penitentiary housing all of Caprice's criminals high atop Mount Valhalla.

Evolution and Growth ◆

Over the centuries, the prison grew deeper into Mount Valhalla. Under hard-labor programs, convicts served time by building additional annexes into the mountain to deal with continued growth. When the facilities reached maximum saturation in 5768, the CCE ratified plans for a larger prison named Bastille Omega to be built in the wastes of the southern pole. That changed after the Colonial Wars. By this time, Gommorrah had stopped burning and all available ships were harvesting frozen asteroids. The newly emplaced Coalition diverted resources bound for Bastille Omega to help rebuild Gommorrah. They also offered general amnesty to all non-life-term convicts willing to help reconstruct Caprice's capital, and changed Bastille Alpha's mandate to include life-termers. Transporting prisoners to Botany Bay was no longer an affordable luxury.

Because Bastille Alpha was Caprice's only true prison, law enforcement changed as a result. With the constant problem of overcrowding, the number of jailable offenses decreased. Drugs, prostitution and gambling were already legal vices, but now terms for low-offense crimes such as assault and theft could be served out through house-arrest, arena combat or through indulgences (paying a cash penalty for a crime). Adversely, rape and murder still remained high-offense crimes. While first-time offenders could be jailed for life, repeat offenders such as serial rapists and mass murderers faced immediate execution. Many arrest warrants indicated whether a Corp-Serf could execute criminals.

The Return of Earth ◆

Bastille Alpha changed ownership with the arrival of the CEF. Although they designated Botany Bay as the main prisoner camp, Bastille Alpha was, in effect, the NEC's concentration camp. Here they could question, torture and kill powerful political prisoners and enemy commanders, and phase out the GREL program in favor of the SLEDGEs. This is the current state of affairs. The CEF has slowly executed Caprician life-termers over the last two decades, and has now turned their attention to the GRELs. They are not expecting the prisoners to unite or even fight back, and while the CEF is paranoid to a degree, they believe they have quelled Caprice's voice of dissent. They have not yet realized they are catalyst for the Liberati's new army.





5.1.2 - Society

Initially, the socio-political borders formed, first and foremost, between prisoners and the administration, then between rival gangs from different cell-districts. With the arrival of the CEF, however, the schism between administration and convicts widened, while the gangs found a common enemy in Earth and united. Now, instead of the complex web of interaction normally found in large prisons, the societal factions fall into three basic categories: Earth personnel, Caprice personnel, and prisoners. Though they are collaborating with one another, there are strong tensions between the first two.

The Capricians' ranks are starting to fissure: some of them, shaken by the CEF's brutal takeover, now leaning toward the prisoners' side. As for the latter, they have closed ranks, despite some residual tensions and rivalries dating from far before the CEF's time. Their spirits have been buoyed by the 1st Black Talon's successful assault on one of the prison's wings and the subsequent liberation of several prominent Liberati personnel.

Currently, Bastille Alpha is a good micromodel of Gommorah's socio-political structure. If one wants to understand Caprice's current situation, one need only study Bastille Alpha's role and reactions in the events to come. The latter is a harbinger of the former; the prison-city is a boiling nexus ready to explode, and no one knows what the effect will be.

◆ Administration

The CEF presence on Caprice is a military presence through and through, and this includes the new administration of Bastille Alpha. Unlike Botany Bay, where the office of the Inspector General and the Military Police oversee the penal colony from orbit, Bastille Alpha has the dubious honor of falling under the auspices of the CID, the Commonwealth Integrity Directorate. The CID "preserves the sanctity of the Commonwealth and her Earthborn children." This last bit is important, for the CID believes the colonists are squatters on Terran property, and no better than second-class citizens. It is the CID's role to ensure the integrity of Earth by eliminating all threats to her. If this mandate sounds too open-ended, it is; the CID is a thinly-veiled secret police operating outside and beyond the jurisdiction of Military Intelligence.

One of the CID's roles is to handle political prisoners of war or anyone else considered a threat to the integrity of the NEC. As such, Bastille Alpha is under the supervision of Colonel Hendricks, a particularly zealous member of the CID. Under his command is the 2nd Guard Brigade, the Reavers, one of the new guard brigades formed during the war effort. The Reavers serve as Bastille Alpha's guards, but it is the CEFs Administration corps that runs the prison's day to day operations. Elite Genom Labs, a civilian corporation, is also part of the prison staff as advisors. While they help run the prison's med-bays, they also operate the newly built labs and run the eugenics program.

Colonel Jintz Hendricks



Colonel Jintz Hendricks



Prisoners fear few individuals as greatly as Colonel Hendricks. The legend goes that on his first day as warden, he killed one of his own men in cold blood in front of everyone. It was his way of telling the prisoners that he valued nobody's life. From that point on, the Bastille Alpha convicts realized they could never use hostages as a bargaining chip. Hendricks did not care.

Jintz Hendricks was born in New Paris, along the Paris Basin Inlet. All he knew his entire life was war and strife. As Terran cities fell to orbital artillery salvos, bio-chemical bombardment and nuclear devastation, Jintz embraced the same anti-colonial hatred sweeping the world. The collapse of the Concordat occurred, according to revisionist history, because of the extravagant excesses of the bourgeois colonies. They brought Earth to the state of poverty and war, then abandoned it to rape other Terran resources.

In a world becoming more anti-Colonial with each passing year, Jintz excelled. He fought the war as a zealot patriot, he was eloquent, and never once questioned the actions of his superiors. As a soldier, it was his duty to support the Commonwealth in all aspects. He was a member of the affluent Integrity party, he attended the weekly rallies and often spoke at them, and he consistently donated money from each paycheque. Eventually, he became the poster-child for the Commonwealth, a strong man from a poor home who fought against the excesses of the colonies. Not surprisingly, he gained the patronage of high-ranking members within the Commonwealth command structure, and earned the post of Lt. Colonel in no time.

Even before the war on Earth ended, the military was already planning on retaking the colonies. With the armistice, the NEC swung into full gear and rebuilt the mothballed Gateship fleet around Jupiter. During this time, they also created the Commonwealth Integrity Directorate to maintain the "purity" of Earth. Lt. Colonel Hendricks was one of the first officers transferred to the new division. Not long after, he received the plum assignment of managing Bastille Alpha, a job that came with the promotion of Colonel.





Guards ◆

The guard population of Bastille Alpha is extremely large, larger than many towns and sectors. They are housed in the upper level of the prison-city, where they enjoy comfortable, if cramped, quarters. Some of the higher officers have their families with them, but the rank and file serve shift of six months away from home.

Guards can be recruited from all segments of the Caprician population, but most of the recruits come from the Corp-Serfs (or have failed the Corp-Serf's entrance exams). The Department of Law and Consent, a bureau originally formed by the corporations to handle the daily running of Bastille Alpha, soon discovered that there were advantages in hiring people from the rougher neighborhoods of the city. Not only did they complain less — the prison's guard quarters being a marked improvement over their usual surroundings — but they seemed to *enjoy* the job. When the CID took over, they continued the tradition, letting go of some of the "softer" guards to replace them with people with stronger stomachs, often from the CEF ranks.

All guards are selected for physical size and mental resilience. Some of the criminals incarcerated in the prison are among the most violent offenders on the planet, and weaklings would not last long in this harsh environment. The preferred attitude for prison personnel is a blank "I don't care" look, which tend to unnerve and demoralize the inmates. All potential guard candidates must undergo a battery of complex tests destined to discover whether they have the mental endurance required for the job. They are also selected for their utmost loyalty, and it is almost impossible to find a guard that can be bribed or bought — though several can and do slip through the safety screening, given the sheer number of guards.

The guards wear a variant of the standard Corp-Serf uniform, in black with blue trim. Mirrorshades are not mandatory, but many like to wear them since they tend to intimidate the inmates. Because of the dangers inherent to having such a large carceral population, the safety procedures are always followed, without fault. The procedures include doing a guard's head count at the beginning and the end of shifts, operating in pairs and carrying secure-enabled firearms that cannot be fired by anyone except someone with the proper code on their data-rig.

Caprician Prisoners ◆

Bastille inmates watched over the last two decades as the Colonel Hendricks murdered over 500,000 of their own through privations, experimentation or direct executions. With the arrival of the GRELs, many prisoners suspect that the number of executions will increase dramatically. There are already rumors claiming Hendricks is going to gas the entire prison in one fell swoop. This has stirred the rebel soul in many convicts.

Before the CEF, prisoners formed gangs based around their cell-districts. They fought turf battles over territory and "rares" — any black-market item in Bastille Alpha like pornography, drugs or alcohol. When the CEF arrived, however, they clamped down hard on the prisoners. The CID guards executed anyone caught dealing in illegal contraband, and they exposed convicts to ultra-harsh work conditions. In places like the mines, where one prisoner died for every ten metric tons of extracted earth, there was now five deaths. While there was resistance to the CID, the prisoners never actively confronted their captors until the arrival of the GRELs. It was then that the convicts really noticed that a quarter of their number had died or were executed over the previous two decades, and when the prisoners vocalized their anger. During one cell-district riot, however, Colonel Hendricks sent his men in with flame throwers, killing over four hundred prisoners and wounding hundreds more. Since then, the convicts have kept quiet.

Being quiet does not mean being inactive. Over the years, the prison gangs have merged and consolidated their power into factions. The Old Guard is by far the most active in organizing resistance cells. Their membership includes Liberati nomads, and this has opened lines of communication with the rebel forces. The prisoners want to fight back, but they cannot act without dying by the thousands. As such they are cautiously approaching the GRELs who have also growing discontent with their treatment.

The Legion ◆

There was a time when the GRELs followed orders without question, without hesitation. Their obedience was total and their reward was combat. Then the CEF's 8th fleet returned from Terra Nova, brutalized and battered by their war with the colony world, and the GRELs heard how the CEF abandoned tens-of-thousands of their brothers and sisters on Terra Nova. GREL loyalty faltered, but held. Then the CEF ordered older-model GRELs to report for re indoctrination while all Legionnaires had to surrender their weapons to their superiors and await further orders. The GRELs began to question, but still their loyalties held.

The GRELs of Bastille Alpha are the older model Legionnaires no longer loyal to Earth. They know about Operation Slate, they have heard rumors of the SLEDGEs, and they have watched hundreds of their kind walk into Bastille Alpha's Elite Lab and not come out. The Legion, as they call themselves, are those GRELs who now seek freedom. Their loyalty to the CEF is gone, replaced by their sense of kinship to the Legionnaires outside Bastille Alpha. To the Legion, knowing the truth is no longer enough; they must now act with that knowledge.

Unfortunately, this newly discovered self-awareness also breeds distrust. The Legion knows about the Old Guard, but does not fully trust them. Both sides want freedom and the chance to fight the CEF, but neither know enough about each other to rely on each other as allies. So while the CID continues to execute prisoners, the Legion and the Old Guard desperately try to cement their mutual solidarity.





5.2 - PRISON TOUR

Nobody has ever escaped Bastille Alpha, and for good reasons. Bastille sits atop Mount Valhalla, one of the tallest mountains on Caprice. If at "sea level" the planet's atmosphere is thin, then at her highest peak, it is almost non-existent. Convicts falling off the mountain would suffocate to death before their frozen bodies hit the ground. Even if they survived, Mount Valhalla is in Caprice's Arctic zone, a frozen wasteland with no vegetation or animal life. Nobody tries to escape from Bastille Alpha because there is nowhere else to go.

Bastille Alpha emerges from Valhalla's rock face at odd intervals like a sinister modern keep. The exterior is as austere and foreboding as the rock face, and decorated only through warning lights and squat windows. Beyond the walls are the administration levels, hangar bays, med-labs and the sleep-cubicles for the thousands of guards and office workers. Some call this area a prison with a better view.

The visible portions of Bastille Alpha are but a fraction of the prison proper which extends into the heart of the mountain. This area is a cramped series of annexes housing two million convicts in one hundred cell-districts. Each of these districts, in turn, holds 20,000 prisoners. While the prisoner-to-guard ratio is high, auto-gun turrets line the corridors, blast doors isolate block sections and the floor is electrified — incidentally, all tables and chairs are made of metal and attached to the floor. Riots are not an option.

5.2.1 - Administration Section

Bastille Alpha's administration section extends along the outskirts of Mt. Valhalla. It is an ominous sentinel perched at the top of the mountain. Lok's rays shine fiercely, since there is little atmosphere to scatter the light, and sound is oddly lacking. Looking out the small squat windows is a depressing experience, and most are covered by pictures or the rare plant. The administration's interior is equally as drab as the exterior. Spartan in design, there has been little effort to beautify the work space. Corridors convey the impression of being trapped in rock, rooms remain equally claustrophobic and all the walls are solid gray stone. Bastille Alpha has a harsh, unyielding quality about her.

◆ Offices and Administration

The top and most exposed floors of the administration section are the offices. Below that are the living quarters and off-hour habitat sectors for over two thousand personnel, followed by security buffer zone filled with automated gun-emplacements. No convict is allowed higher than this section.

Beyond the habitat levels, but still considered part of administration level, are the main hangar bays and indoctrination facility, followed by a second security buffer zone. Elite med-labs and the security offices and surveillance chambers are next, followed by the tertiary and largest security buffer zone that shields the administration level from the prison proper.

◆ Elite Med-Labs

The med-labs used to be a place of healing, but with the introduction of Elite scientists, they have become Death's house. Convicts rarely use the med-labs anymore since a quarter of their numbers never returned from their visits here. It is the heart of the eugenics program, a working model on the science of death and how it pertains to genetics. Admittedly the experiments are a flimsy cover for the eventual widespread termination of GRELs, but the research is dangerous in that Elite scientists are trying to find genetic markers inherent within colonials from different planets. The CID is experimenting with precision genetic weapons that will target a race based on their birth planet. Operation Slate is a proto-step in that direction.

Although the med-labs may have once been a place of healing, they now resemble a highly advanced research laboratory. Scientists posing as doctors wear protective gear designed to keep the workplace sterile, and various bio-safety measures are in full effect. Areas with the tightest security and level four quarantine restrictions are the gas chambers — which tests the effects of various biological agents — the genetic labs and the morgue. Any prisoner sent to any of these areas is never coming out again.

◆ Hangar Bay

The last glimpse any prisoner has of freedom is the closing bay doors in Bastille Alpha's massive hangars. Five stories high and two square kilometers in total surface area, the hangar bay contains a refueling depot and repair bays for prison transports, a machine shop and the maintenance offices.

Even though the floor is filthy with grease, the lighting dark and the air cold from poor insulation, this is still a favorite gathering spot for off-duty guards. It is the only interior area large enough for personnel to throw a ball or disk around. When the hanger doors open, however, freezing air sweeps in and the air gets sucked out. Everyone leaves the bay until the compressors equalize the pressure and the heaters have a chance to bring the temperatures back above zero.





Containment Section - 5.2.2

Also known as the Core, the prison portion of Bastille Alpha is deep in the heart of Mt. Valhalla. The Core gets its name from its appearance. It is a deep shaft descending 200 meters, with levels every six meters - four meters per floor for ceiling space with half a meter for the ventilation and power grid and one and half meter of rock separating the floors. In all, there are twenty-five fully operational levels, with another eight floors under construction at the bottom.

Each floor has four districts branching out from the Core like a pie wedge. The districts, in turn, are a tight claustrophobic series of corridors containing five thousand cells each. Prisoners are four per cell, for a total of 20,000 prisoners per district. Also found within each district are communal bathrooms, an enormous mess hall, a rec-area and a gymnasium. Because of the high prisoner count in relation to guard and staff manpower, districts operate off the Gomorran three-shift cycle. That means one-third of Bastille Alpha is sleeping while another third works and the final third is on down-time.

Running the central length of the Core is a cluster of eight industrial platform elevators. Each floor has massive catwalks lining the walls of the Core, and a set of ramps bridging the elevators to the catwalks. During low cycles (non-work hours), the ramps are brought up like a drawbridge, preventing convicts from reaching the elevators — which are forty meters away from the nearest catwalk. To make matters more difficult, there are four auto-gun emplacements every two floors, secured against the housing frame of the elevator. The emplacements have such a wide arc of fire that once Bastille Alpha is on full alert, the catwalks are a killing field.

Work Areas ◆

The convicts are kept busy in a series of work areas where they perform a number of tasks to keep them busy and exhausted, thus making it easier to keep them docile and controlled. Many of these tasks are maintenance-oriented, which reduces the prison's need for technicians and other support personnel. A system of cross-checking is in place to prevent sabotage, and include wide (and general painful) punishments for entire cell blocks if any is discovered.

The luckiest (or best connected) prisoners draw menial duties, such as cooking or cleaning up the living quarters. This is generally reserved for the older prisoners, who are not necessarily able to keep up with the more active duties. The kitchen assignment is highly prized, since it generally means better food in greater quantity (even though the algae glob being served is just as bad, the authorities sometimes serve additional vegetables, often as rewards).

Others are forced to serve in the prison's machine shops, turning simple parts and supplies to feed the CEF war machines. The security features are notable by their absence, and the shops are dirty, ill-lit areas with outdated tools and stringent quotas and quality requirements. The corporations frown on this use of the prisoners, since it cuts into their potential profits, but they have little choice in the matter. Shuttles from the fleet come in once a week to load the small mechanical assemblies and tools created in the Bastille Alpha's sweatshops.

The troublesome prisoners, or those that were unlucky enough to attract the wrath of the prison's personnel, are sent to the lower levels for extraction and building duty. It is a back-breaking work, with little tools other than hands, shovel and pick. The work is pretty much unsupervised: landslides are a common danger, and several inmates are killed every month. They are slowly expanding the lower levels to create yet more cell blocks.

Hydroponic Bays ◆

To reduce the maintenance costs of the prison, almost all of the food is grown locally in large hydroponic bays that are also part of the prison-city's water reclamation system. A variety of algae and fungus are bathed in a nutrient solution derived from the used waters and exposed to powerful wavelength-adjusted lamps for light, whose power is produced by a large fusion reactor located in a small hill not far from the base of Mount Valhalla. There is no direct access from the prison to the reactors, though the power ducts may be wide enough to squeeze through, if one can find a way inside the system and down the vertical shafts that core the mountain.

The interior of the bays is bright and extremely damp. While workers welcome the light (even though they have to wear crude eye protection at all time), the high ambient humidity gets to them after a while, causing a variety of disorders ranging from foot fungus to lung ailments.

The Showers ◆

Because water is such a precious commodity on Caprice, convicts are not allowed to use water to bathe. Instead, they use chemical showers to dissolve sweat and grime. It is not a pleasant experience since the chemicals are a mild abrasive and cause rashes on the sensitive regions of the body. Prisoners will often forego showering for weeks at a time, and then will only do so once their own body odor gets to them as well.



◆ The Plank

There is only one place where a prisoner can see the outside; it is the Plank, a thin thirty meter long platform extending out the side of the mountain. This is where prisoners come to commit suicide by leaping off the platform. The rule is that once a convict passes through the final door leading to the Plank, there is no turning back. Either he jumps, or the guards shoot him off.

The Plank extends out from Cleaver Wall, a smooth, polished cliff face over one thousand meters high. Descending the cliff is impossible: between the freezing temperature that numbs extremities within seconds and the lack of air at this altitude, not even professional climbers would consider tackling this killer. Convicts can reach the Plank through a narrow corridor in the first district on the first floor. The corridor leads nowhere else and ends at three successive pressure doors designed to keep air from escaping the prison. Once a convict passes through the final door, he has made his choice to die.

◆ The Well

The Well is the last habitable floor at the bottom of the Core, and it is where the CID imprisons all its GRELs. Although the four districts on this level are by no means full, Elite hopes to incarcerate the remaining Legionnaires once the two floors below the well are completed.

Unlike most of Bastille Alpha, the Well is the cleanest section of prison. Samson, the Jan-class GREL who leads the Legion, has occupied his troops' attention by giving them tasks. During their three years in prison, they have pursued a daily ritual of cleaning their district, building the new floors and honing their hand to hand combat skills.

The only time the Legion and the Old Guard can communicate is during work shifts. Needless to say, they keep their conversations to quick, hushed whispers, which, of course, makes communication a drawn out process. Otherwise, the GRELs remain in the Well, and rarely venture beyond their districts.

◆ Gates and Security

Though most of the prison is located within the rock of the mountain, the expansion of the last few decades have brought it dangerously close to the surface in some areas. The authorities have thus created additional prison wings in these areas, equipped with beefed-up security and access to the exterior. These would eventually serve as additional receiving and triage areas, relieving part of the burden from the overworked upper hangar staff. Aside from a small landing field, each gate facility is flanked by layered walls topped by laser and cannon-equipped turrets. Squads of CEF troops and Caprician walkers patrol the area.

When the 1st Black Talon came to Caprice and made contact with the Liberati underground, they were asked to help liberate a number of key Liberati personnel from the prison. Fortunately for the Talons, the latter were still housed within one of the newly build annex, and while the rescue team would still need to fly there, they at least had a better chance than going against the main facility. After a careful series of reconnaissance missions to establish the exact layout of the defense, the Talons struck, breaching the walls and allowing several dozens of prisoners to escape. The CID has been understandably upset by this turn of events, and they have closed the outer facilities until such time they can guarantee the security of the new gates.

Faultline



When Caprice's Department of Law and Consent were preparing to leave Bastille Alpha to the Commonwealth Integrity Directorate, they knew the convicts were as good as dead. Although the prisoners were almost *persona non-grata* in the eyes of Caprice, they were still citizens who deserved better treatment than the one they were about to receive at Earth's hands. For this reason alone, former Warden Clairobeth left vital information behind, allowing it to fall into prisoner hands.

The information in question concerned the Nomardiss Slip, a small network of subterranean tunnels several dozen meters below Bastille Alpha's last floor. There was a reason why the prison was reaching a maximum saturation point; geologists knew the Nomardiss Slip could undermine the Core's stability, and engineers were unwilling to dig too close to it. Bastille Alpha could only grow so much, hence the need for Bastille Omega. With the arrival of the CID, however, Clairobeth, then Warden of Bastille Alpha, removed that bit of information from the records and doctored the geology surveys to appear normal. The CID, unaware of the danger, continued expanding the prison to accommodate their needs.

The Old Guard are now the inheritors of the Nomardiss Slip. While they do not know how far away they are from breaching the tunnels, they suspect that they be within ten meters of it. The Liberati are also aware of this knowledge, and are secretly exploring the base of Mt. Valhalla to find the entrance to Nomardiss. So far, they have been unsuccessful, but if they do uncover a way into the small network, then they have a means of breaching Bastille Alpha unnoticed.





Iron Maiden Colosseum

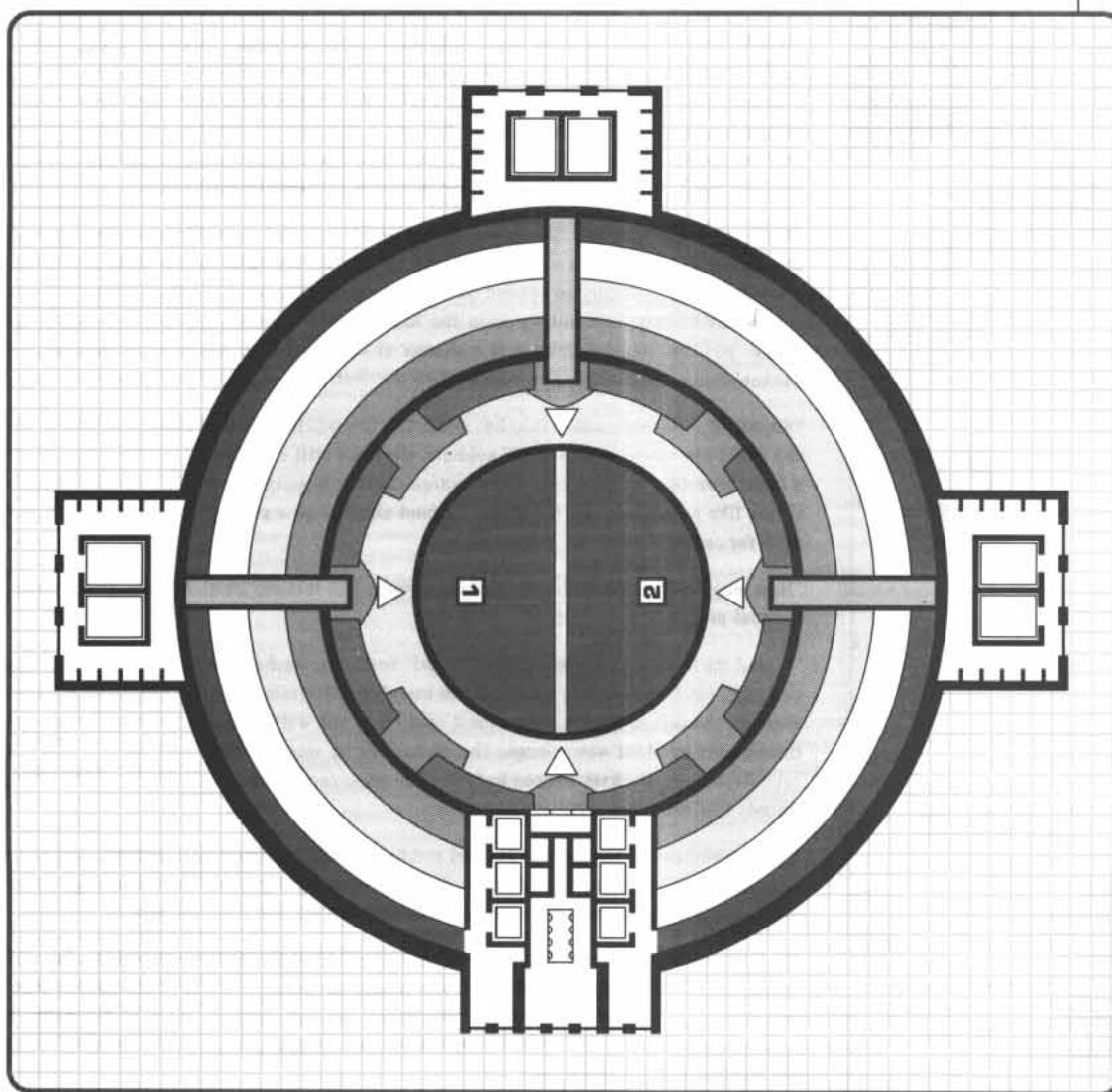
The battles at the Iron Maiden Coliseum are one traditional practice the CID still allows. Located on the eighth and ninth levels, just beyond the northern districts, this combat arena was fashioned from a large cave discovered before construction of Bastille Alpha. It was initially meant to be part of the prison dorms, but when engineers were forced to dig the Core several meters to the south because of geological concerns, the sealed cave was converted into a combat arena.

The rules of the Iron Maiden Coliseum are simple: two convicts enter and fight to the death. Combat can take any form, from hand-to-hand to crude melee weapons, and nobody is held responsible for the death of an opponent. As per the law of Consent, entering the arena is agreement to the terms of combat: life or death, it is as simple as that. Many prisoners contemplating suicide often fight in the coliseum rather than leaping off the Plank; there is no struggle or value from that passive kind of death.

The Iron Maiden is designed like a typical Roman coliseum. The seats are rising steps carved from natural limestone, while the combat stage is set in a circular platform and recessed into the ground. For security reasons, the CID will only allow 5000 prisoners to watch a fight at any one time. The remainder can view the battles, which, incidentally, are televised to Gommorrah as well, in the rec-rooms.

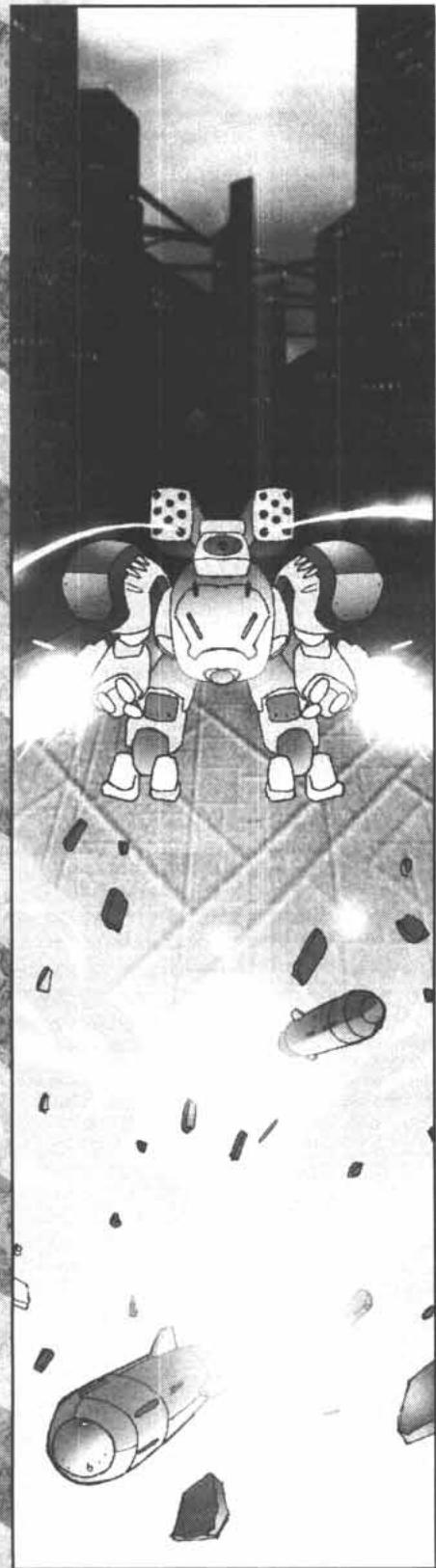
In honor of the gladiatorial battles of ancient Earth, one tradition still followed by the CID is that whomever wins one hundred fights may walk free. It is not a trick, and there are no strings attached. The CID will pardon whomever wins that many fights, no questions asked. Needless to say, during the centuries of Bastille Alpha's existence, only a dozen men and women have ever won their freedom. During the CID's term of occupation, it has only happened once.

Colosseum Map





Hymn to the Fallen



The rifle butt jerked against Rachael's shoulder and another CEF soldier fell. She scanned the small valley. The firefight painted the late afternoon landscape with tracer rounds and energy weapon signatures. They had picked this convoy out from the dozens leaked from sympathizers back in Gommorrah because it was a small cargo shipment and not heavily guarded, giving her a chance to break in some new recruits. Also, the convoy was headed to one of the CEF outposts near her operating theater, and any damage they could do to that outpost would be good for her in the long run. Of course, the supplies would be a welcome relief to her ragtag group.

"The Keffs are moving into defensive positions," Rachael radioed to the valley floor. "We don't want to be here all night so press your advantages." Immediately the pattern of fire below her changed as her ghazis began to advance, taking more chances, gaining more ground. Rachael's eye twitched.

"Where do you think you're going, little man?" she said as she exhaled. Her long rifle jerked again and the soldier's chest sprayed against the rocks. She trained her scope on the cargo trucks. They still hadn't moved. That wasn't right. They should have made a break by now, unless... Rachael checked the truck's tires. The suspensions were depressed far too low for any ordinary cargo. Rachael's heart went cold.

"Hold!!" she shouted over the radio, bile building in her throat, "pull back, get back!!" As if on cue the back ends of the cargo trucks ripped outward like some bizarre biomechanical birth. Three stubby Combat Mounts stepped from the trucks and immediately opened fire on the rebels. Laser fire and rocket volleys cast the valley in a hellish light as shockwaves rolled across the battlefield. The Liberati were being vaporized all over the field as they took weapons fire intended for armored vehicles.

"No!" screamed Rachael. She repeated the word over and over like a mantra against panic. One of the Mounts leveled its laser cannon on the ridge to her left. The sniper there had only a second to scream before he was cooked alive. Rachael dove from her ridge, half sliding, half rolling down the hill as a small rocket streaked overhead. Her former position popped upward in a shower of rocks and dirt, the blast slamming into Rachael like a cargo rover. She stumbled to her feet and forced herself to keep moving.

"Sound off," Rachael yelled into her mike. Too few replies. Rachael cursed. Ahead of her she could see one of the dead CEF soldiers. His hand still was still grasped tightly around a large tube-like weapon. One rocket, three Combat Mounts. The Mounts had not moved; it was like a shooting vid for them. Rachael skidded to a stop, grabbed the rocket and dove for cover.

"How many rockets do we have?" Only one reply. Two rockets, three Mounts. Better odds. Rachael prepped her rocket.

"I need those Mounts against the wall now!" Someone, Rachael thought it was one of the new kids, ran from a hiding spot near the machines with something tucked under his arm. Weaving through enemy fire, he almost made it to the walkers before a CEF bullet ripped through his head. It was enough. The explosives he was carrying went up in a blast of soundless light. Rachael ducked behind cover then came back up aiming her rocket. The Mounts had retreated a few meters.

"Hit the wall now!" Her rocket streaked across the valley, turning up at the last second to slam into the ridge behind the Mounts. A second shot was right behind it. The ridge broke into a dozen ugly shards and collapsed onto the walkers and their carriers.

The battlefield fell silent. Blood ran down Rachael's temple as she watched the few CEF soldiers that were left scramble out of the valley. Her troops were too busy pulling their wounded off the field to give chase. She wiped her face with the back of her hand. A pyrrhic victory at best, but that was Caprice for you. Many drinks would be raised to honor the dead tonight — too many.





Society - 6.1

The word most apt to describe Capricians is driven. They pursue their work, entertainment and life in general with full gusto; there is no meandering and there is little hesitation once a decision has been made. Outsiders would describe Capricians as being headstrong, but they see it as a matter of self-confidence. The reason behind this philosophy can be traced back to the pioneer days and the struggles of the Liberati. In essence, Caprice was the first far-flung colony of the Concordat; the colonies on Mars and the Moon were always a short distance away from Earth, their safety net. The people who settled Caprice realized this and did their best to be self-reliant as a matter of exercise. Their children carried this philosophy with them, which was why the Liberati struggle for independence struck such a sympathetic chord with the local populace.

This proved fortunate following the fall of the Concordat, when the mental exercise became a reality. Although Gommorans nearly failed their trial by fire, they managed to pull together and establish a new government to replace the Caprician Corporate Executive. The Coalition, the CCE's replacement, was the first true Caprician government that was autonomous from Earth influence and control. Many viewed this day as the planet's rite of passage into adulthood.

Capricians, especially the Liberati, are proud of their heritage and will die protecting it. City-dwellers and nomads alike know their ancestors forged their identity through struggle. They believe struggle is still necessary to keep its memory alive and fresh. If adversity did not exist, then complacency would set in. Once that happens, people take their heritage for granted, and history becomes a set of meaningless words without an anchor to the present. If people allowed that to occur, then Caprice would die on that day.

Knowing this, one can fully appreciate a common Gommoran axiom which states: "Work hard, play harder. Life is not valid without sweat to cleanse it and blood to sate it."



Work - 6.1.1

Gommorah is the city that never sleeps. Work is based on three shifts of eight hours each with a two hour hiatus at midday, coinciding with the brief daylight. Most businesses plan their shift change around this period so employees can enjoy some sun. This is typical of the way the city operates; most of the scheduling and habits of the people are centered around the workplace, not their personal lives.

Salaries differ according to the job and position, obviously, but many people are paid a base rate with monthly bonuses for productivity. Companies encourage strong group dynamics and after-hours socializing between co-workers. To further this, businesses will hold a Team Pride retreat to foster a positive environment in the workplace. Several of the richer corporations even go so far as to maintain an arcology where their employees live and work. In Gommorah, a job is a full time dedication and, often, a lifetime commitment. People take their work and their position within the workplace seriously.

□ Lexicon

Appreciate Well:	Have a good day. Enjoy yourself.
Corp-Serfs:	Short for Corporate Security Forces. A title for law enforcement officers.
Die Standing:	To continue fighting.
Frames:	The NEC's version of Gears. Designed to be smaller and faster than their Terranovan counterparts.
Frosted:	Wasted on drugs.
Fulcon:	Short for Full Consent or anything goes. Usually implies a fight to the death.
Grudge Ring:	A sanctioned arena where two parties can settle their differences physically.
Jape:	Idiot or moron.
Liberati:	People living in the wastelands of Caprice, and the resistance cells fighting against NEC's occupation. Often, most Liberati settlements are involved or sympathetic to the Liberati movement, hence their shared name.
Mounts:	The traditional walker combat vehicles used by Caprician security forces.
Seepage:	Nasty or ugly.
SLEDGE:	Second-Line Elite Division GREL Experiments; the next generation of GRELs.
Strong:	Expression for "that's great" or "excellent."
Tagged or Deadlocked:	When a Data-Rig account is frozen and the signal number identified for arrest.
Torque:	Rude send-off



6.1.2 - Family

The Caprician idea of the family has not changed much over the years, except that the idea has grown, literally. The close conditions of many Gommoran residences means that many people live their lives in close proximity to each other. In the case of corporate employees, this also means that they live and work in contact with the same people day after day. As a result the idea of family has come to encompass the many people that a person has contact with on a daily basis. Corporate families, along with their extended nanny relationships, are especially notable in this regard.

The Liberati adhere to clan structure of family. A family often shares living quarters between in-laws, cousins, aunts and uncles, and grandparents. The Liberati also often follow the tradition of the man going to live with his wife's family, though the reverse is permissible. While women are just as likely to perform heavy labor, men are still stronger and this give families that bear many daughters to have the extra strength available; not to mention keeping the family growing and prosperous.

6.1.3 - Spirituality

While the religions of Terra Nova have developed some unique view of spirituality, the Capricians have no predominant religious beliefs. While people of many different religions passed through the Loki system to other colonies, no great concentration of any one religion established itself on Caprice. In fact, the early settlement and exploitation of resources on Caprice lead to the typical boom town of loose morals and big thrills no different from the gold rushes of Earth's 1800s. This type of environment is intrinsically at odds with the tenets of any religion, and while many of the major religions did try to persuade the morally corrupt to seek enlightenment, they failed miserably.

By no means is Caprice devoid of faith though. All the major religions of Earth are represented by small groups of adherents. The major religious groups include Buddhism, Sartahism and Jerusalemism. These are mainly groupings of the various sects that fall under each of these religions.

6.1.4 - Prejudice

Prejudice takes on many forms on Caprice, both subtle to overt. It is also important to realize that, like on Terra Nova, the prejudices of the 62nd-century have little in common with pre-colonization Earth. Racial and sexual discrimination are non-existent. Prejudices based on geographic location and social class are still widespread, however. The Liberati have long held a sharp disdain for 'Trenchers' (people living in the Cat's Eye Trench) as slackers and lackeys of the corporate aristocracy. The Gommorans generally regard the Liberati in turn as uncivilized anarchist with archaic beliefs. People that do not hold to this belief are likely to romanticize the Liberati, so in both cases meetings of Liberati and Gommorans are often conducted in strained politeness.

The NEC occupation of Caprice has created new prejudices between resistance supporters and CEF collaborators. Since NEC personnel are restricted from public activities to a large extent, the anger that would be directed at NEC personnel is instead directed at native Gommorans. While these prejudices between resistance supporters and collaborators are not widely acknowledged, there have been increasing numbers of disappearances of people believed to have links to the NEC, whether directly or indirectly. If anybody cared to take notice, and some people are beginning to, there appears to be increased attempts to get suspected collaborators into the Challenge Rings of Gommoran bars where they can be killed without fear of repercussions.

This resistance versus collaborators mentality has also spilled over into the traditional disdain by some groups for the Corp-Serfs. As resistance support among the general population continues to grow, the Corp-Serfs are increasingly seen as an extension of the NEC occupation. The fact that Corp-Serf raids have increasingly fallen on resistance activities — same old crimes, but supporting the resistance instead of criminals — has made the population increasingly agitated in response to Corp-Serf activities.

6.1.5 - Communications

Public and private vidphone consoles are the most common communication device used on Caprice. All middle and upper class residences have their own vidphone, and public terminals are widely available and easily accessible throughout Gommorah. Public terminals require the users data rig information to connect a call, and costs one pound for every two minutes of use. Public terminals also have a jack for connecting portable computers to transfer data, though the connection itself is not encrypted.

Portable vidphones (average cost of 50 pounds) and audio-only communicators (average cost of 20 pounds) are also available, and cost one pound per minutes and one pound per five minutes of use, respectively. Portable devices are coded to the owners data rig, so they are need to be within a meter of the user to function.

Since most of Caprice's population is concentrated in the Cat's Eye Trench, there is little need for satellite communications except to keep in contact with mining outposts and outlying industrial complexes. The small constellation of satellite in orbit when the CEF arrived has been taken over by the CEF. While both the corporations and CEF military use the satellites for communications, the corporate bands are heavily monitored by the CEF.





6.1.6 - Languages

Caprice's predominant language is Anglic, the common language of Earth and Terra Nova (and, indeed, most of the human colonies). Caprician Anglic has changed little since the withdrawal of the Concordat, but it has developed some of its own dialectic flavor. There are local variations on the main language, along with what is often referred to as gutter speak; most of these are sharply divided along hub and sector lines.

The Liberati have their own dialect, which is based on a mixture of Anglic and other equatorial languages from old Earth. Commonly known as Highlands, it includes lots of technical and cultural slang that is usually shared between all Liberati groups, though some of the vocabulary will usually differ from one region to the next.

6.1.7 - Education

Under the Trent Sector Accord, the corporations we compelled to provide the people with an education. And they did, sort of. All children of corporate employees receive a free basic education. At the age of 12 children are tested for aptitude before they receive further education in an area of specialty. Children without aptitude in valuable areas are done their education unless their parents can afford private schools, colleges or universities. People that don't possess any useful aptitudes, or the money for private schooling, are consigned to labor jobs or any other work they can find. Many of these people end up working in entertainment establishments, janitorial work, or labor jobs that people can do for cheaper than a machine.

Further training in their area of specialty includes all the basics for technical or scientific occupations — math, chemistry, biology, physics, computers. At the age of sixteen the young adults are tested again before being assigned to a technical school or university. Technical training or university degrees don't ensure jobs either though. High grades are necessary to qualify for work experience internships that get a person a high paying job. The social sciences are generally ignored by most corporations, though all corporations train a pool of mental health professionals to deal with employee problems so they remain productive. People that want an arts education must pay for it themselves.

6.1.8 - Justice

Caprice's basic principle of law comes down to the Right of Consent. As long as all members of a situation agree to that situation, then it is legal. If two women agree to a death duel that results in the death of the first participant, the second is innocent of any wrong doing because both parties consented to the act — though there must be written or recorded consent by both parties to the duel, otherwise the courts consider it murder. If a man and woman decide to have public sex, however, that is wrong because no one asked the consent of people witnessing the act. Therefore rape, theft and unwilling murder are still crimes.

Individuals are responsible for their actions at all times. Murdering somebody and claiming drugs inhibited reason is not admissible on trial. You are equally responsible whether sober, drunk or high. This brings about an interesting interpretation of the Right of Consent. Most entertainment establishments dealing with live sex-acts, arena duels or serving hard drugs must post clear and easy to read signs indicating exactly what can be found inside. Entering any of these establishments is an admission of consent on the part of the patron.

Currently, the Corp-Serfs handle law enforcement. If fired upon, they have full right to terminate the offender regardless of the situation; if they capture the perp, they can cold-lock his data-rig (if he possesses one). The criminal is then brought before a portable vid-link that connects the Corp-Serf to an Adjudicator (judge). The case is heard immediately and the Adjudicator decides the outcome of the trial.

- 1) The Adjudicator realizes that they are too many circumstances to the crime and orders the suspect to be placed under house arrest until his trial can be presented before a panel of Adjudicators (not a very common outcome).
- 2) The suspect is found innocent and released.
- 3) The suspect is found guilty of minor offenses (public nuisance and theft), he can either pay what is known as an Indulgence (each crime carries a monetary value or cost that can be paid in the place of serving time), or serve time in house arrest.
- 4) The suspect is found guilty of committing murder or rape and is sent to Bastille Alpha.
- 5) The suspect is a threat to society and to be immediately executed at a Corp-Serf facility.

House Arrest

House arrest, it sounds like a breeze like take-home test or rent-to-own. Fortunately it is not. Once an Adjudicator assigns somebody to house arrest, they are trapped within their house or apartment for the duration of their sentence. Their television, vid-phone and computer uplinks are all cut-off, their friends or roommates are kicked out, all exits are sealed so not even light can come in, most furniture except for the essentials are removed, and the only electronic literature allowed are self-improvement text files. Every week, civil servants come by to drop off the week's rations of food and to verify the health of the convict. It is a sentence of solitary confinement.



6.2 - Lifestyle

Life in Gommorrah is an ant hill of activity. People are awake at all hours of the day, whether they are working, playing, or sleeping. "Work hard, play harder" is also a common theme among Capricians — a persistent attitude from its first days as a new colony. In fact, it would be accurate to say that things haven't really changed except for the increase in population and improved living conditions. Most of the population's schedule is based around the sunlight hours and the outdoor conditions, and the parks are always busy and crowded.

6.2.1 - Residence

Lower class apartments are anything with four walls encircling an area no bigger than ten square meters, and a sturdy door. Where it is located and what it contains depends greatly on where the apartment is located.

Middle class housing ranges in size and features from a kitchen/living room and bedroom at the lower end to separate living room and kitchen spaces with up to three bedrooms at the upper end.

Upper class residence are located along the outside walls of towers and arcologies. Even these suites are graded according to the size of the balcony attached. The balconies are located off a large area for entertaining guests and relaxing. The most wealthy among the upper class will have catered meals delivered or a cook to prepare meals. Two or more spacious bedrooms and a space to work at home undisturbed is also the norm.

6.2.2 - Rites

The most common rite observed on Caprice is the data-rig party. This is a commonly celebrated occasion when friends and family gather for a child's first official day as a Gommoran — the day a child's data-rig is installed.

One of the few rites the Liberati indulge in is the Solitude. This involves a week of solitary fasting when the person reaches adulthood. The rite is meant to foster an appreciation of life, family and the few luxuries the family share. After the Solitude the family holds a small feast.

6.2.3 - Travel

Most travel in Gommorrah is limited to the daily commute. Most Gommorans live where they do, so everything they enjoy doing when not working is within easy reach. Most people don't own a personal vehicle since parking space costs a premium and it usually just as easy, and cheaper, to use the mass transit system or walk.

Prior to the arrival of the NEC one of the most sought after travel experiences was short duration stays in orbit. Capricians have always had something of a love affair with the roguish heroes the media portrayed ice miners as being. The chance to get away from the crowds held a great attraction for many people, not to mention the chance to experience zero gravity.

Most Gommorans have little interest in visiting the highlands. Some caravans of Liberati roam the surface prospecting and offering their services. They are also traders that spread necessary goods that the Liberati would not have available to them.

6.2.4 - Clothing

Fashion rarely dies unless completely forgotten. Both music and fashion borrow from their predecessors no matter how old, and avant-garde designers often look to the past for fresh and new material. Here are some popular clothing statements currently on the market.

Garb: This trend is based on the pseudofeudal fashions from Earth's Ice Age. This includes coifs, T-tunics, hooded cloaks, cloth boots, wide leather belts, breeches, ruffled collars and cuffs, chainmail accessories, tabards, robes, broaches, tiaras, gauntlets, armored chestplates and anything else from that era. The style suits students (who focus more on hooded cloaks, T-tunics, breeches and knee-length boots) to the rich (aristocratic dress or even modern versions of light armor).

Ocean Wear: Once imported from Atlantis, the clothing has patches of clear plastic containing multi-colored liquid gel. Body heat and movement changes the colors, creating a kaleidoscope of hues. More expensive clothing includes Ocean Wear pads with a micro-crystallized surface, thereby creating snowflake patterns of colored liquid (also called Frozen Wear). Ocean Wear comes in a variety of fashions from fabric clothing with Ocean Wear pads on various surfaces of the body, to complete body suits that hide the nipples, buttocks and crotch regions. This fashion is mostly worn by club-goers and trendy kids.

Hop (Hodge Podge): A style used by the counterculture opposing the CEF, these rebellious youths wear any clothing they can find and stitch in any bauble or trinket into the fabric. A popular trend amongst this group is abandoned or cut Ocean Wear. The more dried gel that stains the fabric and plastic, the better the statement.





Food and Drink - 6.2.5

Because most of the water resources are harvested from the Blessed Asteroid Belt, water is something of a commodity for everyone. Every dwelling is equipped with a water meter and a small recycling tank; all domestic appliances are carefully tailored to use as little water as possible. The additional demands of having a large NEC military presence has naturally increased demand, so the price of water has risen steadily in the last ten years.

The vast majority of food consumed by Capricians are soy-based products and tank-grown seafood like shrimp and fish. Genetically modified cattle (if they can be called cattle still) provide meat and many other useful byproducts, and are raised in large pressurized domes located on the outskirts of the city. They are small, grow rapidly with a minimum of food and water, and have major organs, and blood, that are genetically human. In essence, the cattle are a combination of food source and emergency organ transplant source, making the animals extremely cost-effective.

Liberati food is similar, but more oriented toward the "handmeal," basically rolls, fajitas, sandwiches and things that can be eaten rapidly with no utensils. The normal diet is based on soy-products, seafood and algae that is easily grow in the limited space available to the family. Some of the more sedentary families specialize in more "exotic" foodstuffs, like corn, that they trade to the nomadic groups.

Caprician Beverage

Item	Cost per Serving (Pounds)	Item	Cost per Serving (Pounds)
Bottled Water	2	Coffee	3
Gourmet coffee	6	Tea	2
Fruit Juice	3	Flavor Additives	1
Sports Drink	4	Sake	3
Liberati dark ale	10	Slam	6 to 15
Average wine	12	Fine wine	60+
Generic beer	3		

Caprician Food

Item	Cost per Serving (Pounds)	Item	Cost per Serving (Pounds)
Generic snack	1	Generic dinner	18
Soy burger	6	Beef burger	9
Steak dinner	35	Seafood buffet	15
Green salad	4	Loaf of bread	3
Energy bar	2	Sandwich	4
Tortillas	3	Two topping pizza	20

6.2.6 - Medicine

While Caprice regards most technology as essential, personal augmentation prosthetics do not exist on the planet. Science is advanced enough to develop some cybernetics, but there is a huge stigma attached to the entire notion. In the struggle of life, using prosthetics is cheating according to Gommoran philosophy, even if it is to replace a lost eye or hand. Despite the corporate image that Caprice carries, the populace regards scars as beautiful, missing organs, such as an eye, an indication of a strong character, and damaged limbs as a status symbol of one's struggle in life.

Physical perfection is secondary to achievement. Even citizens with mental and physical disabilities are well treated, for the populace knows they have to fight harder for what they want to achieve. The cultural biases against prosthetics are only reinforced by the practical difficulties with mechanical organ or limb replacement, including wear, tear and interference with other pieces of equipment — especially for prosthetics with large power sources, such as weapon systems and above-normal strength enhancements.

Genetic engineering also faces the same public stigma that prosthetics do. Initially, Gommorans despised the GRELs because they were the result of genetic tampering: no effort went into their nature or characteristics, they just simply existed. When some GRELs broke free from their programming and escaped from Bastille Alpha, a grudging respect formed between the former-legionnaires and the Liberati. The GRELs were struggling for their freedom, their very lives, and the Capricians, at last, appreciated their fight to survive. It is for this reason the Liberati are willing to free the GREL prisoners from Bastille Alpha.



6.3 Money and Identification

Data-rigging has all but replaced cash and standard identification. Through this process, doctors fit a micro-data chip on the skull cap or in the neck area, just underneath the skin. The data-chip holds all vital information on the user, and is linked to the Bureau of Protected Information and to electronic banks. It acts as credit card, identification marker and tracer. Once implanted, companies can download salaries, the government will immediately deduct taxes, the user can purchase consumer products through cashier scanners, blank identification badges can display downloaded information from the chip, etc.

Paper is a precious commodity on Caprice, and it is not wasted on currency. Instead, the Coalition computerized the entire monetary system and turned Caprice into an electronic economy. The government only uses hard currency when dealing with the other colony worlds, and even then, it has a mint of Terranovan marks and dinars, Atlantean gilders and Utopian dollars.

While hard cash is no longer used, Caprice still relies on old monetary values, but rounded to the nearest whole figure. The Caprician pound (P) has no "cent" or fraction value.

6.3.1 - Data Rigging

The corps first used data-rigging on their employees, offering them discounts at corporate-run stores, restaurants and food marts. As the idea spread, it became apparent to Corp-Serfs that they could use data-rigs to monitor and track felons. The criminal element, however, did not like the idea of being tagged like some beast in the tundra, and developed technology to counter or mask their rigs.

Currently, most newborns are immediately data-rigged after three months. Data-rigging is handled in one of two ways, through a corporation that either parent works for or through government programs. Both are free, but government sponsored surgery does have a longer waiting list. This poses a problem since children on the government list have to wait up to four years to receive a data-rig, and non-rigged infants are cash cows on the black market.

It is dangerous to remove a data-rig. The implant can sense attempts to bypass the protective sheath. Once it does, it wipes all information present on the rig and sends a signal to the local Info-nodes to freeze any and all information/assets dealing with the owner. This in turn alerts the nearest authorities. That is not to say that someone cannot remove a rig: they can, but the process is expensive and illegal.

The only people not rigged are the Liberati. Paranoid and suspicious, they prefer to barter their services and talents in exchange for supplies and food.

◆ Data Rig Info Nodes

Because a data-rig carries everything a person would normally have in their wallets and purses, there has to be a method to display the information. The first way is through a Smart-Pack Unit (covered in the *Equipment* section). The second way is through the ever-present Info-nodes found throughout Gommorrah.

Info-nodes are sensors designed to locate and read the information on data-rigs, as well as connect the rigs to the central information network. They log time and date of usage, but their purpose varies according to location and function. Here are the types of Info-nodes sensors found throughout Gommorrah and their general function:

Business Transaction: This node handles any transaction requiring payment or purchase. Most stores have items marked with scanner tabs. Shoppers carry scan guns that identify the item and log the purchase automatically. The purchaser then enters a final consent for the sale through a retinal scan or through a sub-vocalized password before leaving the store. The B.T. Info-node then withdraws the sale price from the purchaser's bank account and logs the item purchase future record.

Information Terminal: This node supplies the user with general information such as weather, sports updates, tourist sites, restaurant listings, live news, the current stock market index, etc. The user can obtain the information directly from the IT node, or by using a Smart-Pack to display the data. The IT will address anyone by their first name (or by the name present on the data-rig) and will assist to the extent of its capacity.

Watchdogs: This hidden unit scans and identifies Data-Rigs within its periphery (50 meters, line of sight). It detects 'tagged' or wanted individuals and promptly alerts the nearest authorities. Watchdogs also detect high energy sources such as energy weapons.

Lifeterms: Lifeterms or Life Terminals are used for everyday business needs such as sending faxes, bank transactions, paging other people the moment they venture near another Lifeterm unit, vid-phone calls, etc.

Voiders: These nasty devices are only rumored to exist. Capricians believe that the CEF modified certain Info-nodes to kill by blasting a Data-Rig, thereby causing severe brain trauma. This weapon's alleged capability has never been agreed upon, but some claim it fires a highly concentrated and directed EMP burst. Others believe the Voider marks and tags a target so that an orbital satellite can fire a MASER (a pinpoint microwave amplification beam) to kill the target.





ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT - 6.4

In Gommorrah, it is always night for 43 million people, and it is always the weekend for six million people. Bars never close, the noise never stops and there is always something to do. As one crowd staggers off to bed, the next wave of revelers pour into the clubs and restaurants to begin having fun. It simply never stops, ever.

The Gommorrans apply their philosophy of life to the way they have fun. Despite their strong work ethic and respectable veneer during business hours, people will, and are even expected, to vent their extra energy, frustration and hostility after hours. Although the local laws are usually vague on the matter, it is still illegal to destroy or steal property, or kill an unwilling participant outside an acknowledged duel or game. Indeed, the kind of fun Gommorrans pursue can sometimes be fatal. This is yet another example, however, of struggle elevating the appreciation of life.

Capricians use their free time to go out, enjoy hobbies, express themselves, play sports and games, or much more rarely, just vegetate in front of their vid-unit, alone or in groups. A well-established communication network system means that most forms of art and entertainment are shared by people across the planet (another characteristic of the "world-city"). Most Capricians thus watch, read and enjoy much the same things. The following text is a short sampling of the many ways through which the locals entertain themselves. Because of space restrictions, only broad categories are examined - obviously, there are many more forms of leisure activities in existence (especially in some entertainment sectors, like Gommorrah's Hub).



6.4.1 - Music

The most lasting musical tradition on Caprice parallels the Gommoran appreciation of the numerous parks. Called sonic landscaping, or soland for short, it blends natural sounds with instrumental harmonies to form an auditory equivalent to the visual landscape. Highly skilled soland musicians, such as Louis Sororna or Myra D. Bel, are few and always in great demand. Soland is often played outside in the park, so quietly that most people only register it on the subconscious level.

A derivative of soland idea music, adrenaline shock moves soland from the parks to the clubs where sound and movement are intermeshed thrills, dance, drugs and alcohol. A deep bass rhythm and extensive use of percussion is combined with varied rhythms and shrills into the higher ranges with numerous and varied instruments. Adrenaline shock is also accompanied by extensive use of lighting effects to affect every sense except smell, which is already assaulted by the normal crush of humanity and smoke.

6.4.2 - Literature

Most Gommorans are too addicted to the adrenaline rush of the most common leisure to read books or look at art. This does not mean that people do not read and write. In fact, a surprisingly large portion of the population (about 10%) engage in some sort of literary activity or art form. Through all the millennia of human existence, writers and other artists have acted as gauge of humanity's moral situation, and it is no different on Caprice.

It has become increasingly common for writers and their audience to target the NEC, and those that collaborate with them, in moral works and other revolutionary literature. With help from people sympathetic to the resistance, many writers are placing these moral works on public networks. Some people have even managed to turn electronic billboards into giant display screens for their artwork. The increasing occurrences of 'vandalism' are becoming more worrisome for the occupation commanders.

6.4.3 - Videos and Trideos

Video and trideo are often the last resort for entertainment on Caprice. Though there are video and trideo broadcasts, they are used mostly for information services. When the CEF occupied Caprice, broadcasts of information and entertainment material brought from Earth received significant time allotments on the different channels. While the Capricians were initially curious about what had happened, and what was happening, on Earth, that interest quickly waned. Terran programs still occupy a large portion of broadcast time, but it is almost completely ignored by Capricians.

The most popular video and trideo programs are the smuggled recordings of Terranovan Gear duels and battles that were brought over by traders and CEF survivors. Terranovan agents, having reported this, are now bringing datachips of victorious battles from the War of the Alliance when they are sent to Caprice. Public broadcast of Gear battles is illegal, but they are common, and wildly popular, in the bars and nightclubs of Gommorrah.



6.4.4 - Bars and Nightclubs

With the introduction of drugs into the bar scene, establishments could serve clientele a choice of narcotics, alcohol or a combination of the two known as Slams. From classics such as Laudnum (rum and opium mixed together, the favored poison of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle), to recent mixtures such as Black Mamba (a concoction of whiskey and icecoke set aflame and partially inhaled before ingested).

Bars and pubs that served meals also experimented with drug-laced foods. Executive Meals (as they have been coined) elicit a variety of effects including better performance in the workplace and in bed, after-work 'relaxers,' combat-aggression enhancers, etc. Generally, though, drug/food consumption is not as widely favored as Slams.

With the endless combinations that came about through the amalgamation of drugs, food and drinks, the bars experienced a surge in profits as well as problems in controlling certain clientele. Rather than calling Corp-Serfs every time a problem arose, bars and clubs obtained the right to enforce their own laws within their own businesses (for a yearly fee that is paid to the government). Most establishments dealing with alcohol or drugs have specially trained bouncers and equipment meant to put a customer down fast. All establishments post warning plaques above the entrance stating that any and all damages incurred on site (including accidental death) is not the fault of the proprietors. Basically, one enters these places at their own risk.

◆ Featured Nightclubs and Other Oddities

Dance Clubs feature more than just alcohol and Slams; many use gimmicks and other tricks to lure people into their establishment. Most have a Challenge Ring built in the middle of the establishment. Any patron can challenge whoever he wishes in a battle to first blood, to submission or to the death. The former is considered friendly competition, the middle is done to settle a rivalry or prove a point, while the latter is an unfriendly vendetta. Only hand-to-hand or melee combat are permitted in the ring; few establishments have the facilities to host firearm duels.

More innovative clubs use novelty to bring people in. *Hard Bodies*, a B.F.T. Heights dance club, is part gym and part danceclub. The two areas intrude upon one another like two houses trying to occupy the same space. A clear wall separates the gym and dance club, allowing visual access to the gym proper, aerobic studios, tanning salon, health bar and even the shower rooms.

The Ark Asmodeus is Babylon Summit's current hot spot. This dance club is devoid of most decor except for plain chairs, tables and a bar; everything in here is white. Upon entering the club, the patrons are given a set of light virtual reality glasses designed for free movement on the dance floor. With the glasses on and activated, patrons are transported into a virtual construct of the "true" *Ark Asmodeus*, an open-air dance club in Hell. The drinks served are real, though the virtual program makes them appear as the foulest possible concoctions. The patrons can even dictate how they wish to appear to others, so it is not uncommon to have Demons consorting with Angels or half-beast creatures shuffling on the dance floor. The one unspoken rule of this establishment is that no one can appear completely human.

6.4.5 - Sports

Mechanized games and sports are also very popular on Caprice. These are generally gladiatorial to one extent or another, but often feature remote controlled combat machines. The expense involved in these types of games means corporate support is more formalized and that the sports are integrated into corporate relationships. Company teams are used to build morale and channel inter-company rivalries. Often conflicts within the Coalition will be resolved by a sporting match of mechanized combat. Sports stars are thrillseeking but sportsman-like warriors. The Coalition also regularly sponsors open competitions in which university graduates field new mechanized designs. The winners of these competitions are often offered lucrative jobs with top corporate houses.

Needless to say, the NEC was shocked by this behavior and issued orders that no Terran soldier could set foot in a Gommoran bar. In addition, the NEC also banned Gommorans from running or participating in games known as HSK — Hunt, Stalk, Kill — tournaments. HSK tourneys still exist as an underground favorite, however. HSK participants place their name in a box. The names are then drawn and distributed to the other players. Each contestant has one week to locate their target and ambush him while hiding from his own stalker. Deaths are acceptable if pre-agreed upon, though workplaces are off-limits, as are the use of explosives and slug-throwers.

Capricians and Gears



Caprician traders, CEF soldiers and current spies have all brought back from Terra Nova footage of Gear battles and duels over the years. These have hit a chord with the popular psyche and illegal recordings of duels are hot properties for entertainment bars. Capricians have fallen in love with Gears, and hold duelists in particularly high esteem. They regard Terranovans with growing respect, and cannot wait until the day they fight side by side with their "roguish" cousins. In the mean time, they simulate Gear combat with robots, salvaged Mounts, or even with the new CEF Frames, when they can get their hands on them (the Black Talon mission did give underground scavengers a lot of material to work with).





TECHNOLOGY - 6.5

During Earth's isolationist period, her military technology advanced by leaps and bounds due to three centuries of conflict. Once the NEC marshaled this knowledge against the colonies, she mistakenly believed she had the advantage in the situation. Truth be told, she did when it came to the applications of pure technology. Anti-matter bombs, VTOL tanks, orbital bombardment and GRELs were all devastating applications of Earth's legacy in her last century of conflict.

Unfortunately, the NEC did not expect the colonies to advance significantly, and did not take into account that they would experiment with divergent forms of technology. In the well-known example of Terra Nova, the highly mobile and diverse Gears provided the former colony with an advantage over the CEF. Gears were more maneuverable and more diverse than most ground vehicles in Earth's armada. Their modular design and interchangeable weapons made them perfect field units; they could be refitted, repaired or outfitted according to the needs of the current situation. In the War of the Alliance, adaptability was Terra Nova's advantage.

Atlantis could not be conquered because most of the society lived underwater. While the CEF secured many of the land-masses, it could do very little to target the underwater cities. Submarine technology on Atlantis was developed to an astonishing degree and the CEF simply could not compete. With the defeat on Terra Nova, the CEF decided to consolidate its hold on the off-planet system and keep a foothold on the land masses, but stop trying to conquer the seas. The Atlan Corporate Hegemony seems satisfied with the situation — or at least has yet to strike.

Utopia exposed the CEF to weapons of mass destruction and showed the power of political rather than military action. Like Terra Nova, Utopia was divided between disparate factions (three megapowers) locked in a cycle of violence. Instead of unifying these powers as they had on Terra Nova, the invaders wisely chose to seek an alliance with one of them, thus tipping the balance of power and allowing the CEF and its local ally to conquer the planet. This decision was made possible because Utopia was no longer desirable for colonization or resource exploitation.

Following their startling defeat at both Terra Nova and Atlantis, the NEC is developing alternate technology to contend with Gears and Atlantis' defenses. Much of the research is being conducted on Caprice, which is turning into the NEC's war factory.



6.5.1 - Third-Generation Gatedrives

Caprician and Terran engineers had both been at work for years trying to refine and advance the Tannhauser Gatedrive system, hoping to both make Gateships more affordable and render smaller Tannhauser abnormalities usable. The few Caprician corporations focused on these efforts made the most progress. They developed an improved methodology for detecting micro-anomalies along with systems for opening these into very tiny gates (roughly 1 cm wide). Armed with this technology, Capricians catalogued roughly nine hundred micro-anomalies in the Loki system. They then began to open these microgates long enough to determine the location of the arrival point on the other side. This was extremely expensive with their comparatively primitive technology, but a second direct link to the Helios system was eventually discovered in the Blessing asteroid field.

After the CEF invasion and the defeat on Terra Nova, the Caprician corporations began sharing their findings with their Terran counterparts in the hopes of gaining new technology — they were not disappointed. Terran and Caprician research ended up being complementary, and in LC 265 (A.D. 6124) the two research teams created a third-generation Gatedrive not only able to open known anomalies better and faster, but to open micro-anomalies.

The Gate Coffin Program ◆

The CEF and their Caprician "allies" put this technology to work in their new strategy to infiltrate and subvert targets for invasion. They built a "Gatestation" in an abandoned mining camp near the micro-anomaly that could open the gate and then started sending equipment through. In order to minimize chances of discovery, the gate was never opened beyond a five-meter width and the Gatedrive always remained in the Loki system.

A mostly automated space station was constructed on the other side of the gate and was used to receive agents in so-called gate coffins. These one-man transports were designed to slip through a small gate (two to ten-meter width), be redirected to Terra Nova and survive reentry into the planetary atmosphere. From LC 266 on, spies (both Caprician and Terran) were smuggled onto Terra Nova, where they made allies with Earth forces left behind and certain Terranovans.



6.5.2 - The SLEDGE Program

NEC's military expectations were dashed during campaigns against Terra Nova and Atlantis. The military blamed the GREL program for failing to recapture either world — the NEC invested a sizable chunk of their war-coffers into the super-legionnaires program.

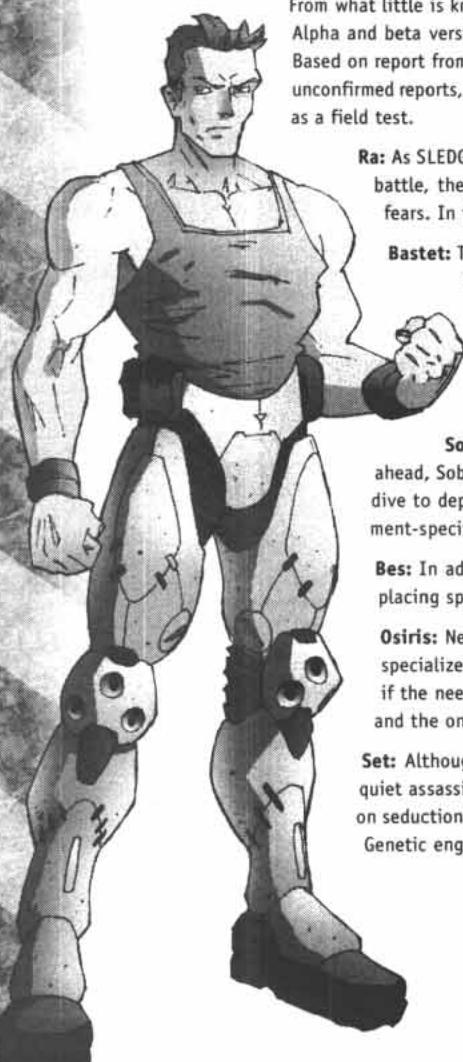
The NEC planned on canceling further genome research, and diverting available funds to "high-kill" projects (anti-matter bombs, denser kinetic rounds for mass-drivers, sonic cannons, etc.). Elite Genome Labs, however, convinced Earth the problem was not with GRELs specifically, it was a problem with this particular generation of GRELs. The idea of using supersoldiers was still viable, but that was not enough. These artificial-humans had to be given the proper tools to contend with Terra Nova's Gears and Atlantis' highly trained sub forces.

In addition, the NEC had raised GRELs to be cannon-fodder, and unfortunately, they were psychologically ingrained with that notion as well. Rather than teaching them how to survive, legionnaires were bred to continue fighting. That created a race of suicidal and, often times, unimaginative soldiers. On the protean battlefield, blind loyalty and hard programming were not enough anymore.

The NEC contracted Elite to build the next generation of super-soldiers through the SLEDGE program (Second-Line Elite Division GREL Experiments). SLEDGEs are smaller, quicker and better trained in their field. They also appear completely human (externally, at least), and are meant to blend in with the populace as potential "sleeper" agents. Unlike GRELs, SLEDGEs of any classification can be either male or female. Elite made a deliberate attempt to randomize their appearance to prevent enemy forces from recognizing a base genome type and function. With second-line GRELs, EGL placed more emphasis on imaginative tactics and survival rather than obeying orders blindly. In addition, they trained SLEDGEs in multiple but related specializations.

◆ SLEDGE Classes

From what little is known of the project, Elite is currently developing the following list of second-line legionnaires. Alpha and beta versions of these classes do exist, though the exact differences between the two is not clear yet. Based on report from corporate insiders, EGL claims the SLEDGEs are still in the embryonic phase. The Liberati have unconfirmed reports, however, that some experimental troopers have already been trained and released into Gommorrah as a field test.



Ra: As SLEDGE unit commanders, Ras are the best-trained second-line GRELs. They not only lead troops into battle, they also understand everything about their enemy. This includes history, culture, reactions and fears. In the hands of a Ra, all knowledge is a weapon.

Bastet: These SLEDGE's can learn and use any type of hand-held weapon — from melee to slugthrowers. Bastet legionnaires are the closest thing Elite has for a grunt. They are adept at mechanical proficiency and can scratch-build or repair most common field weapons.

Isis: In addition to learning different forms of communication — from ancient morse code to state of the art technology — Isis-class legionnaires also handle counter-intelligence and information gathering. They are the quintessential messengers, spies and saboteurs.

Sobk (pronounced 'soob'): This class is still pending final confirmation by the NEC. If given the go ahead, Sobk will be water-environment soldiers. Modifications include gills, eye-sheaths and the ability to dive to depths of over several hundred feet without discomfort. Unfortunately, Sobk may be too environment-specific and unable to survive outside water. This is the cause of the project's delay.

Bes: In addition to their military training, Bes can fix and pilot a variety of vehicles. Currently, Elite is placing special emphasis on training Bes to man Frames, the NEC's answer to Gears.

Osiris: Next to a Ra, Osiris are second-best trained of the SLEDGEs. They are jacks-of-all trades; not as specialized as any one member of their team, but knowledgeable enough to cover another SLEDGE's duties if the need arises. The military refers to them as a wild-card since they are highly adaptive, imaginative and the ones most likely to come up with a non-linear solutions to a problem.

Set: Although well trained, Set-class legionnaires are not field-combat models. They are infiltrators and quiet assassins. They are adept at handling and interacting in most social situations, with strong emphasis on seduction and understanding body-language. Sets are well versed in a wide field of "mundane" knowledge. Genetic engineers at Elite refer to them as masters of interesting small-talk.



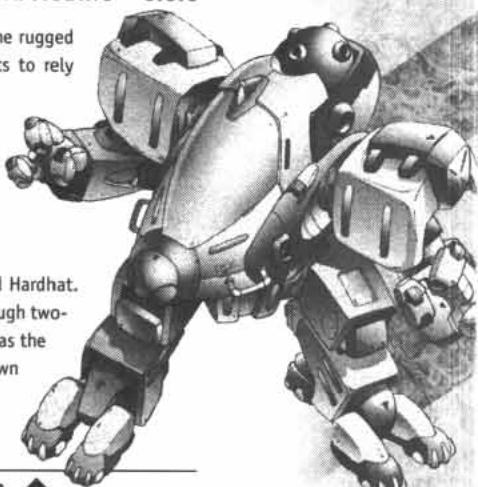


Frames and Mounts - 6.5.3

Just like on Terra Nova, an extensive suite of walker vehicles were used in the development of the planet. The rugged terrain and difficult conditions, as well as the mass limitations of early space flight, forced the colonists to rely extensively on these versatile vehicles for a large variety of duties ranging from exploration to mining.

The harsh nature of the Caprician environment soon made it necessary to evolve new, better adapted designs. The new machines sported armor to resist rock falls and the occasional dust storms, and powerful manipulators to move equipment and tools about. During the post-colonial period, it was a relatively easy matter to attach weapons to them and transform them into full-fledged combat machines, though never to the extent of the Terranovan situation.

Almost all of the early walkers on Caprice were four and six-legged designs, more stable than the humanoid Hardhat. Their enclosed bodies were easier to keep pressurized, a must when working in the highlands of the planet. Though two-legged designs would later appear as vehicle designers gained assurance, the multi-legged platform remained as the preferred vehicle layout since then. Unlike the Terranovans, however, the Capricians never developed their own brand of high performance walkers, and in many ways their current vehicles are very similar to the ones used since the early days of the colony.



Mounts ◆

Mounts were initially used by Caprician corporate police force to patrol their sectors and maintain order to avoid unnecessary casualties and property damage. They differ significantly from Frames in both design and purpose. Where Frames are more humanoid (like Gears), Mounts are closer to capsules with legs, arms and weaponry. They look like squat humanoids without necks. What passes as the head is set directly on the back of the huge shoulders and merges into the chest.

Mounts are designated simply by type numbers, though most also receive a nickname. Type 32, nicknamed "Little Boy" by their pilots, are simple, everyday patrol vehicles with little armor and armament. The "larger" version, the Type 55 "Fatman," is a sturdier general purpose model designed to perform some riot control, or to establish blockades or a defense perimeter. The Type 27 "Big Guy" mostly acts as backup unit for heavy rescues or intensive urban combat situations. A recent addition to the Mounts, the Type 112, was designed to deal with rapid urban intervention. Nicknamed "Bug Monster," it has become a favorite of the police, allowing officers a great deal of flexibility and speed which other Mounts do not offer as efficiently.

Frames ◆

Several corporations accompanied the NEC's occupation forces to Caprice. The main one was Elite, but Kadellie Weapons Systems and Moscow Heavy Industries, the NEC's prime weapon's contractors, also came with them. These two companies have been given exclusive rights to build the NEC's version of Heavy Gears for mass-scale production. Known as Frames, the prototypes are already approved of and the first six types are rolling off the assembly line.

Using captured Gears as a base model, both Kadellie and Moscow have incorporated Earth technology into the NEC's Frames. As such, the design philosophy is different, lending Frames a unique look. Frames are more streamlined than Gears, with emphasis placed on quicker movement and greater agility. The treads have been removed on some machines, making them slower in pure speed but lowering the overall weight and size of the machine. Unlike their counterparts, Frames are not meant for extended sorties, and must rely on transport units to carry them over greater distances.

Frames have simple class designations in the form of numbers. The first four machines coming off the assembly line are the Type 6-16 Frame, a heavy-assault class Frame; Type 11-22, a quick scout and recon vehicle; Type 2-07, a fire-support Frame; and the Type 55, a generic, multi-purpose Frame. Plans are already in the works for the Type 3-23, and 81-12 Frames, although the specific functions of these vehicles are unknown as of yet. A final design, the Type 99, is reputed to be a space-worthy Frame.

Octopus Pack

Kadellie recently made a submission for a new type of unit to be added to their successful Frame program. Known only under the codename of Octopus Pack, it is an automated unit mounted on the back of the Frame which holds an isolated power cell and a set of rudimentary arms. These arms can be equipped with pulse lasers, slug throwers or even tools, allowing the computer to track and fire independently from the pilot.

The Octopus Pack can also disengage from the Frame and fly via recessed turbines that provides it with lift and thrust. In this mode, it acts as a forward spotter and advanced scout by sending sensor readings back to the Frame. If the unit remains attached, the Octopus Pack can also be used as an emergency power supply and redundant sensors. Its turbines are not powerful enough to lift the entire vehicle, but it could provide power for short jumps. The current status of the project is not well known to the Liberati forces, who have placed it on their "to watch" list.



6.5.4 - Daily Technology

Caprice enjoys a high level of technology available for use in daily life, perhaps the most sophisticated tech of all the colony worlds. They are masters of electronic and genetic engineering, and the citizens and scientists resident on the mining world have developed a large number of the industrial processes in use today across the colonized worlds. Only Terra Nova and the NEC have beaten them in the art of military warfare, and this is due more to circumstance and respective priorities than any actual competition.

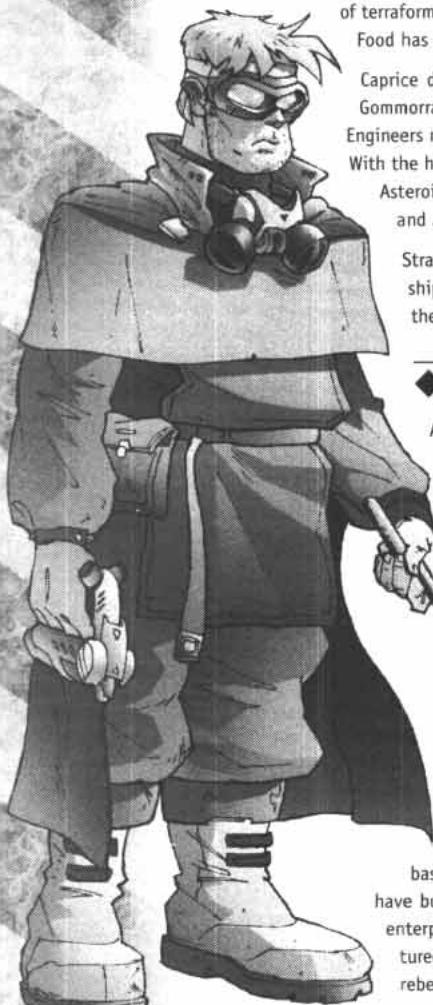
The various Caprician industries are quite aware of their technical prowess, and are especially renowned for their production of consumer technology and disposable goods. Many of the technologies researched by the Caprician laboratories have been applied to mundane, day-to-day pursuits. As much as Gommorans profess the merits of struggle over adversity and the environment, they still enjoy their creature comforts.

Gommorah is a city that is entirely technological. The buildings cover the walls of the trench like creeping vines, growing ever upwards. The power needed to supply the city is immense, and a low electric buzz can always be heard, just at the edge of consciousness. Those who have grown up in Gommorah have never truly heard silence.

Every person is at home with technology, and no-one on Caprice can survive without it. While people from other colonies may find it distasteful to be tagged and monitored, to have everything around them beeping and humming with information and possibility, Capricians honestly cannot imagine any other way. Technology is the only reason that they can survive on the harsh world, and the citizens have grown to depend on it more than they depend on anything else.

◆ Resources

Despite the mineral wealth of the planet, the most valued commodities are food and water. Essentially, Caprice has no indigenous plants or animals. Everything is grown or raised in surface installations surrounding the Cat's Eye Trench, and every seed and ovum originates from Earth, Terra Nova or Atlantis. Genetic modifications have been attempted on both plant and animal DNA to attempt a measure of terraforming æ or at least make it easier to grow non-native foods æ but said experiments have always met with failure. Food has not been a problem for several centuries now, but water is a continual worry.



Caprice does not have enough natural water, regardless of how well it recycles, to sustain the 131 million people in Gommorah alone. After the Colonial Wars, many of the Gateships left in system had to be converted for asteroid ice mining. Engineers removed the particle accelerators in favor of more space, and refitted the ships to store vast quantities of water. With the help of several yachts annexed from private citizens, the mini-fleet was put to work, mining ice from the Blessing Asteroid fields. Only three Gateships were reserved for interstellar travel and continued occasional trade with Terra Nova and Atlantis.

Strangely enough, the arrival of the NEC fleet has given Caprice some relief. Military technicians repaired their ancient ships and even turned over an old supply corvette to help with the mining operations. Water is plentiful enough that the storage facilities on Caprice are full, and new ones are being built to handle upcoming shipments.

◆ Autofacs

Autofacs make up most of the manufacturing capacity of the planet. These small computer-controlled shops are direct descendants from the all-purpose production machinery used by the colonists to supply them with everyday tools and items. Modern autofacs can be anything from a small desktop unit to a workshop-sized assembly bay. They are not molecular assemblers, merely advanced machine tools; autofacs cannot transmute raw material into another substance (though some chemical and medical industry 'fac are equipped to synthesize compounds if supplied with the right base material).

All autofacs can manufacture most simple consumer goods given the proper files, templates and raw material. In general, only the more sophisticated units will deliver a completely finished product, especially when the item being produced is made up of multiple parts. More often than not, the machine will deliver pristine parts or assembly ready to be put together by a skilled worker to create the finished item. Though full assembly machines are certainly possible (and used in the case of complex and fragile electronic devices), most of the time it is far cheaper to train an easily replaceable (and self-maintaining) human worker instead.

Even before the arrival of the CEF forces, all autofacs were licensed and closely supervised by the corporate authorities. With access to the right templates and data files, anyone can become a basement counterfeiter, or worse: all autofacs are well-supervised to avoid illegal manufacture of weapons, and all have built-in blocks to prevent them from making the parts necessary to make another autofac. This did not stop the enterprising underground movement, of course, to set up clandestine workshop where almost anything can be manufactured, no question asked, as long as one brings the proper files and raw material. These shops are a godsend to the rebellion, as they can use them to supply them with the equipment they need.



**Equipment - 6.5.5**

Due to Caprice's status as the premier producer of high technology goods throughout human space, pretty much anything can be found in the city. Weapons and other restricted pieces of equipment might require the help of contacts in the underground, but there is no need that money cannot fix. With the recent clamp-down of the CEF, however (no doubt a result of the highly successful Black Talon raid), it has become increasingly more difficult to operate behind the scenes. Buyers of illegal technology may well expect to pay up to twenty times the listed value of the desired item.

Data-Rig Masks (Illegal)**Cost: 750 Pounds** ◆

The Data-Rig Mask is a one inch wide silver headband. Useful only to people with Data-Rigs, this piece of hardware can hide the signal of a Data-Rig. The user is invisible to Info-nodes and may hide the headband itself by wearing a hat.

Fake Implants (Highly Illegal)**Cost: 5000 Pounds** ◆

This piece of equipment is a falsified Data-Rig that can be implanted into the user through surgery. The process is long because it involves removing the first Data-Rig (if there is one) without alerting the authorities that it is being tampered with, then implanting the second one (one that already has a fake ID, bank accounts and citizen records). This process is not done to simply slip from one identity to another; this procedure is performed to make someone vanish from the records, assume a new identity and begin life somewhere else. The cost depends entirely on where the job is done and under what conditions.

Gas Mask**Cost: 50 Pounds** ◆

The gas mask is a portable, lightweight piece that fits over the mouth and nose. It filters out airborne particles and gases, including airborne poisons and smoke. It provides the user with a fresh supply of air at all times. The unit does not come equipped with an independent air supply unit, though a thirty minute air mini-tank can be included for an additional 50 pounds. The filter has to be cleaned after every 20 hours of consistent use and replaced after every 40 hours of continual use.

Gas Mask, Hooded**Cost: 120 Pounds** ◆

Similar in nature to its independent counterpart, the hooded mask is designed to cover the entire head. This unit filters out all airborne attacks and gases, including eye irritants. This gas mask is also equipped with a one-hour air supply. The frequency with which the filtration unit has to be replaced is the same as the gas mask listed above.

Goggles, Screened**Cost: 100 Pounds** ◆

These stylish goggles use reactive micro-prism technology to protect the wearer's eyes. This allows the user to control the intensity of the light coming through the lenses. The goggles automatically dim if hit with a sudden burst of light. In game terms, the user only suffers a -1 penalty from the effects of a flashbang grenade or other bright lights.

Shock-Stick (Illegal)**Cost: 200 Pounds** ◆

A small, easily concealable weapon, the shock-stick is a current favorite of the Liberati troopers. It is little more than a collapsible baton (AD+6) equipped with a built-in capacitor to shock the target into unconsciousness (holds 20 charges). If the attack succeeds, or if the defender use a non-grounded weapon to parry, the victim is subjected to additional electrical damage, applied separately; the Intensity of the shock can be set from one to ten, draining a corresponding number of charges from the power pack. The setting must be determined before combat; further adjustments cost one action. The Shock-Stick is very light, weighting only 0.5 kg.

Smart-Can**Cost: 5-10 Pounds** ◆

The smart-can is the ultimate tool of individual expression — and it is useful to repaint one's apartment. It is a sophisticated and compact paint gun that can be easily recharged with up to three different colors, plus a propellant tank. The nozzle is adjustable from a wide spray to a pencil-thin line. It is used by ravers, undergrounder and Liberati alike to leave political graffiti on the walls of the city; CEF security personnel tend to be extremely harsh towards those found with a smart-can in their possession with no obvious legitimate reason.

Smart Pack Reader**Cost: 50-75 Pounds** ◆

This small hand-held device is used to read and write information on a standard data-rig. It serves as a mobile bank terminal, allowing transactions between an individual and a vendor. Corp-Serfs also have their own version which includes additional features, such as access to stored criminal dossier files.



A Matter of Size



Rear Admiral John Gresfield, commander of the Colonial Expedition Force's 3rd fleet, yawned and massaged his eyes with his palms. The large holographic display on his desk danced and reformed into a complex representation of the Loki system, with Caprice taking center stage. The young yeoman across the desk examined the checklist on her palm computer.

"The problem we're running into," she said, "is the number of vessels that are inactive."

Gresfield sipped at his coffee, trying to revive his mind. He had been awake for a good twenty-eight hours handling the politics of a disrespectful captain and her crew. He did a mental count of the ships in the display. The yeoman was more right than she realized. Since the defeat at Terra Nova, too many inactive ships, too many sailors, officers and infantry twiddling their thumbs. It explained the drop in morale and the recent problems with careless security. This logistics session couldn't wait but there were ways around it, at least temporarily.

John began to stand up. "Okay," he said, "catalogue all the ships that have been out of rotation for longer than six weeks and whose commanders need the experience." That should take her at least an hour, time enough to catch a short nap.

"Done," said the Yeoman and tapped her computer. The display rearranged itself and a group of ship names, dock numbers and other miscellaneous information appeared. She must have guessed and pre-generated the report.

John glowered at the yeoman and thought of passing a regulation regarding overly efficient aides. Instead he swallowed the last of his coffee and gave up on sleep. Using his desk keypad, John reassigned several ships to another station. It would take weeks of activity to get those ships from their current off-line position and slow-boat them out to the stations John had randomly selected.

Next were the supply problems a few of the Gate stations were having. John used the ships he just assigned as well as a few CEF shuttles to correct the oversights. Eventually, he got to the discrepancies in the personnel rosters. John cursed under his breath and wondered if some of his people had gone native.

Another hour and two more cups of coffee vanished. Gresfield stood up and went to his office window. Outside, the arms of Liberty station stretched out like branches of some alien tree. He mulled over the logistical nightmare of the CEF operation and all the problems he and the other fleet officers would have to face in the years ahead.

Waiting for real combat was killing him and the structure of the CEF. The Capricans had given up easily enough but John felt that they were simply waiting. With ninety percent of them living in a city that had basically evolved from a brothel, how could they be trusted? Neither could the ice miners; CEF ships couldn't watch them all the time. Then there were the Liberati, who struck at random, weakening the foundation of the CEF's supply lines and outposts. And that hideous fortress, Bastille Alpha, was a red-lined reactor with half a million convicts hitching to join the ranks of the opposition.

Lastly, the CEF's own people were beginning to be suspect — there were rumors of bribes or worse, a fifth column. It was as if this war was being fought with whispers instead of cannons, and the Terran forces had never learned to whisper very well.

John turned back to the display and his loyal assistant. Her face was calm and business-like but her eyes were distant with exhaustion.

"Yeoman, in your professional opinion, what would you say is the biggest problem we are facing in this operation?"

"With all due respect sir, I would say size." answered the yeoman with a tired smile. "This operation is so big, I couldn't even begin to imagine how you keep track of it all."





CAMPAGNING ON CAPRICE - 7.1

Like Terra Nova, Caprice is a very diverse game setting. Designing a **Heavy Gear** character born on Caprice is a little different from the usual, but not immensely so. The role of Caprice in the Heavy Gear saga is broad enough that any type of character would be at home in a Caprician campaign. Gear pilots, soldiers, technicians and special forces operatives are all possibilities, as are Corp-Serf constables, Liberati, brigands and spies. Players in a more intrigue based campaign will be particularly interested in political terrorists, covert agents and other subversives acting in the shadow of the corporations and the NEC invaders.

The corporate structure of the planet's main government will have a distinct influence on Caprician characters regardless of their actual occupation. Much like the Terranovian Dominionites, Caprician characters value three things: Duty, Profit and Honor. Likewise success within the league is often determined by the education of an individual and player characters should be prepared to take at least two languages and a smattering of business skills to reflect this. Of course, not everyone is well educated and players should not be discouraged from playing characters drawn from the uneducated masses. The roleplaying possibilities of playing a Liberati or uneducated gun runner could make for a very lively campaign.

Heavy Gear Gamemasters need to decide what elements they want to focus on, what parts of the complex whole will feature heavily in their scenarios. GMs will have to decide where to set their campaign, what general roles the Player Characters will take, who their enemies will be and what their adventures will be about. The following themes run through much of this sourcebook and can drive roleplaying campaigns and scenarios.



Duty ◆

Certain things are expected of Capricians, like loyalty and dedication to both family (or clan) and corporation. An individual who keeps ignoring his duty will soon find himself without support from his peers. With the Earth forces thrown into the mix, Capricians may find themselves drawn into conflicts not of their choosing and faced with difficult, or even impossible, choices. They will be forced to make the best of a bad situation, dealing with the consequences. How they deal with the situation can have major long-term consequences for how others regard them.

Freedom ◆

The Capricians take the concept of freedom very seriously, especially the Liberati. But freedom can mean many different things. Stories centered on freedom can most simply face Players with the threat of dictatorship or imprisonment (perhaps even in the dreaded Bastille Alpha prison city), but could also highlight the contrast between different interpretations of freedom. Within the Liberati resistance movement, for example, complete obedience may be necessary to secure the long-term goal of freedom from the oppressor. It is easy, however, for this to lead to just another dictatorship.

Intrigue & Paranoia ◆

The corporate world is full of espionage and counter-espionage. Players involved in this web of intrigue have entered a world of cutthroat operations and double-dealing, especially now that Terran corporations are part of the greater picture. Characters could begin with clear, even patriotic goals, and slowly discover that nothing is black and white. What if the PCs discover that their corporation is involved in immoral activities? Conversely, characters who start as bitter pragmatists might be forced to finally decide just what they are willing to sacrifice for.

Survival of the Fittest ◆

Many campaigns have survival at their heart, be it against hostile troops, political enemies or the environment. It can be literal survival, as in the case of battles or struggles against the environment, or figurative, as in the case of political or financial ventures. Like Terra Nova and most of the human colony planets, Caprice is a rough world, full of natural and man-made dangers. Stories focused on survival can be traditional wilderness adventures: the PCs enter unknown territory and must overcome the dangers therein. Other stories of survival can feature more personal transformations. What happens to an elite unit stranded in the highlands as their advanced technology slowly fails? Can they adapt, like the Liberati, or do they fight to the last?



GAMEMASTER RESOURCES

7



7.1.1 - Shadow Wars

Since any open conflict would certainly case the CEF to become involved, *covert means of conflict* have are increasingly used for many different purposes. Covert conflict between pro- and anti-NEC corporations is reaching new heights as those with Liberati connections become aware that Terranovan agents are arriving on Caprice.

A common tactic used is getting a mole hired by the targeted company. The aim is to have new employee is placed in a vital project where they can report secret information back to their *real* employer. The most spectacular example of this is when the mole can steal large quantities of important data and then destroy all the information, and sometimes more, so that the targeted company is set back many months and millions of pounds. If the mole has managed to make regular reports, the mole's support may have duplicated the required facilities to continue with a significant head start in time and money.

Of course, these activities are rarely reported since the repercussions against the target company could have some very severe consequences. Retaliations are common and equally secretive, which in turn leads to feuds between companies.

◆ Starting Point: Poaching

Thus far Elite Genome Labs have been relatively immune to this kind of activity since they brought most of their staff from Earth and are located at the center of the CEF 'base' in Paladin Lots. They are seeking to expand their operations, and have decided to headhunt the top people from many of the local corporations. EGL hopes that money and surveillance will keep their secrets safe; however, more this still a great chance for the resistance to get inside EGL.

Suggested Player Characters

Character Type	Description
1:	Employee mole sent to discover the competitions secrets
2:	Controller in charge of maintaining contact with moles
3:	Company employee in the same department as a mole
4:	On-site security personnel who discover suspicious activities
5:	Freelance industrial spy that hires out for the quick and dirty jobs
6:	Somebody in the wrong place at the wrong time

7.1.2 - Hidden Powers

When Operation: Feint concluded, for all intents and purposes, resistance to the CEF invasion stopped, or so the CEF believed. In the years since the arrival of the NEC, resistance cells have gradually formed throughout Gommorah and the highlands, slowly and carefully training and preparing their weapons for the day they will strike against the invader. There is no definite measure of the total size of the resistance, for there are few overt signs of its existence or strength, even for those aware of it. The cell system, intended for the protection of all members, likewise makes it difficult to assert the size of the underground.

◆ Starting Point: Vive la Resistance

New resistance cells are being formed all the time as the strength of the movement grows. Starting a new cell is dangerous and highly stressful work: despite the Capricians' dislike of the Terrans, it takes only one careless word dropped in the wrong ear to bring down a squad of CID personnel. Likewise, cell activities, such as meetings and "acquisition ventures," must be carefully planned and plotted well in advance to avoid suspicion and discovery. In general, Liberati cells include a wide variety of people who bring highly diversified skills and talents to the organization — one never knows what might come in handy.

Suggested Player Characters

Character Type	Description
1:	Liberati Amir in charge of several yazak within Gommorah
2:	Liberati Qaids in charge of a yazak within Gommorah
3:	Liberati Ghazis operating within Gommorah
4:	Liberati Muttawah that aids a local yazak
5:	Corp-Serf officer in the Special Investigations squad
6:	Terranovan agent





The Highlands of Caprice - 7.1.3

After centuries of mining activities, the majority of mining operations are dispersed across — and under — the Caprician highlands. As the mining opportunities in the Cat's Eye Trench have been long since exhausted, or the expansion of the city of Gommorrah has precluded safe mining operations, the corporations have widened their search for mineral wealth to the harsh surface of the planet itself. Mining and heavy industry are the most common commercial activities on Caprice, a relic of the colonial period where the planet served as a waypoint, service station and jumping point for new expeditions into the unknown.

In such large scale industrial operations, it is almost inevitable that accidents will occur. Whether caused by careless errors, mechanical failure or human intervention, the loss of life, time, equipment, and especially money, are a constant source of worry to all who earn their living extracting riches from the ground.

Starting Point: Mechanical Failures ◆

When a vital and expensive part in the process plant fails repeatedly, suspicions of sabotage are the first reaction. On Caprice, no one lets trouble pass without tackling it head-on, and those suspicions are quickly looked into. When the failures at one site stop, they begin again at another site, but on a different piece of equipment. Engineers are at a loss to explain what the problem is, though due to the nature of the damage, they are quite sure it is not sabotage. Depending on how the characters are willing to explore this problem, this can be the jump-off point for a resistance campaign (the plant supplies raw material to the CEF), a detective story (who is selling shoddy equipment?) or even a more mundane survival campaign.

□ Suggested Player Characters

Character Type	Description
1:	Saboteur causing 'industrial accidents' at corporate facilities
2:	Mine operator supervising robotic mining machinery
3:	Security personnel that monitor the facility security system
4:	Combat Mount pilot stationed at a processing facility
5:	Technician responsible for the upkeep of the facility machinery
6:	Administrator assigned to ensure production quotas are met

The Underbelly of Gommorrah - 7.1.4

Bigger thrills mean bigger risks, and short of making fights to the death a regular event, many of Gommorrah's biggest thrill seekers choose to cruise the convoluted passages of Alpha level. The dark passages that lies under the city are a breeding ground for shady characters of all types, and only the armored cargo transports regularly dare to use the Alpha streets (and even then, the trucks stay on the monitored paths). The atmosphere down there is cold and eerie; so far from the light of the sun, only artificial light provides illumination to the surroundings.

Starting Point: Alpha Challenge ◆

The latest trend in thrills is the Alpha Challenge, a game show produced and broadcasted live through pirate channels to bars and nightclubs. If the CEF could find the studio, they would shut it down, but they have been unable to do so. The contestants (usually six to start) begin at one side of the Central Plaines Trench and must make their way to the other side. They start with a small knife and thin cloth body suit, and are only allowed to travel through Alpha level. Tracking the contestants via their data rigs, the game show producers follow the contestants with small trideo drones. The first contestant to make it to the finishing area wins 1,000,000 pounds. The producers don't always fight fair though, sometimes setting up ambushes and other lethal obstacles to "spice up" the broadcast.

□ Suggested Player Characters

Character Type	Description
1:	First-time contestant out to win some cash
2:	Veteran contestant who does it for the challenge
3:	Member of the Alpha Challenge production crew
4:	Gang member out to ambush a contestant
5:	Private security thug hired to shadow and protect a contestant
6:	A squatter living on Alpha Level



7.2 - STOCK PERSONALITIES

The most unique aspect of **Heavy Gear** is its underlying storyline. Over the course of the next years, readers, Gamemasters and Players will see the world of the game change and grow as the story threads scattered throughout our sourcebooks are woven together. While the storyline is intended to serve as an interesting background to individual Gamemasters' campaigns (which are the foreground), it does mean that not every character in the game can be used freely without worrying about the consequences. To give Gamemasters some indications of how to use these introduced characters, every **Heavy Gear** product since *Life on Terra Nova, first edition* has featured the chesspiece system and included a brief description of it.

New characters are given one of five chess pieces as an indication of their importance in the storyline. This permits Gamemasters to understand how best to use these NPCs without worrying about disrupting the setting and having to retrofit upcoming source material. Of course, roleplaying is about creating one's own stories, so Gamemasters should feel free to disregard the limitations of the chesspiece system, as long as they understand that their campaign world may no longer mesh with Dream Pod 9's.

The principal use of the chesspiece system is to indicate each character's importance to the overall storyline of **Heavy Gear**. These pieces, however, also give some indication of how to use the characters as NPCs in roleplaying sessions, even if one is not concerned with remaining consistent with the background storyline.

◆ Historical Figures

Kings and Queens are characters who have died before the date featured on the Timewatch™ display. Their inclusion indicates that they have had some importance for **Heavy Gear**, either by setting events in motion that have influenced the **Heavy Gear** storyline or by leaving a legacy still felt. These characters have usually played some role which is important to the storyline, but may also have simply been a prime example of the spirit of their times. Often their legacy will play a role in the development of the **Heavy Gear** storyline, and their descendants, old allies and enemies might as well. Gamemasters running historical scenarios should treat these Historical Figures as Restricted Characters so as not to alter the main line of the storyline.

◆ Restricted Characters

Rooks are characters who are key to the **Heavy Gear** storyline and are to be used with care. Although they can still be useful in a roleplaying campaign — both as background elements and motivating forces — their survival is critical to the storyline until they can leave their mark. Although many Rooks hold powerful positions, others seem utterly powerless or even insignificant. Small actions may have larger consequences later in the storyline. Gamemasters should tread carefully when using these characters in roleplaying scenarios, but they can become contacts, allies or even adversaries of Player Characters. Using them in purely confrontational scenarios, however, may prove unwise due to the chance for fatalities.

◆ Very Important People

Not everyone of note is central to the **Heavy Gear** storyline. Very Important People are those characters who have a significant impact, but are not critical to the storyline itself. This does not mean they have no influence on it, however. Knights may not play a central role in the **Heavy Gear** storyline, but they may well have some impact. As important people in the game setting, they can influence major players or simply be carried along by the storyline. Gamemasters can feel free to use Knights in their adventures and campaigns, but they should remember that all will be well protected (in one way or another) by underlings and allies.

◆ Social Encounters

Social Encounters are those characters who are included in source material primarily to add flavor. They are rarely critical individuals and do not have a significant impact on the storyline, but they stand as symbols of larger trends. They serve most commonly as contacts and background elements, rather than opponents. Bishops serve as reminders of social forces beyond the central plot of the storyline. From student movement leaders to fashion designers, these social leaders may have some secondary effect on the storyline but are mostly present to add flavor and reflect current events. Gamemasters may use social encounters as they see fit, although they are rarely designed for combat of any sort. Bishops may return in future products, but for purposes of atmosphere only.

◆ Expendables

In general, Expendables are "average" people. They have no personal impact on the storyline and are included in **Heavy Gear** products primarily to be used by Gamemasters. Although this category is used for faceless stock NPCs and typical citizens, many of the Pawns are anything but everyday. Some pawns are peripherally linked to the storyline, but they have no real effect upon it. Interesting pawns can even be used as Player Characters if the GM and Player wish.



Gomorran

The inhabitants of the world-city of Gomorrah are hardy people, living life in the fast lane. Capricians are driven: they pursue their work, entertainment and life in general with full gusto and little hesitation once a decision has been made. City-dwellers and nomads alike know their ancestors forged their identity through struggle, and they like it that way.

Attributes

AGI	0	APP	0	BLD	0	CRE	0	FIT	0
INF	0	KNO	1	PER	0	PSY	0	WIL	1
STR	0	HEA	0	STA	25	UD	3	AD	3

Skills

Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.
Bureaucracy	1 1	Computer	1 1	Haggling	1 0	Streetwise	1 0
Business	2 1						

+ Between one and three occupational Skills

Equipment and Cost

Typical Equipment:	Data-rig (implanted), mid-class clothes, communication device
Salary:	Varies depending on occupation; typically between 20,000 and 40,000 P.
Basic Character Costs:	16 Character Points and 14 Skill Points



Raver

"Raver" is the most common term for the trendy kids and fashionable club-goers that fill the flesh-pots and nightclubs of the city. Full of energy and always on the party, the ravers live to have fun. Most are fairly young, and many use synthetic boosters to give them the energy required to party all night and work all day. Sleep disorders are common, but frequently ignored. Ravers are usually well-connected and always keep their ears to the ground in search of the "next big thing."

Attributes

AGI	1	APP	1	BLD	0	CRE	0	FIT	1
INF	1	KNO	0	PER	0	PSY	-1	WIL	1
STR	0	HEA	-1	STA	25	UD	3	AD	3

Skills

Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.
Acrobatics	1 1	Computer	1 0	Grooming	1 1	Notice	2 0
Athletics	1 1	Dance	2 1	Human Percept.	2 -1	Streetwise	2 1
Bureaucracy	1 0	Etiquette	1 1				

+ One or two job-related Skills

Equipment and Cost

Typical Equipment:	Data-rig (implanted), mid-class clothes, communication device
Salary:	Varies depending on occupation; between 10,000 and 30,000 P.
Basic Character Costs:	24 Character Points and 21 Skill Points



GAMEMASTER RESOURCES

7



Undergrounder

The competitive and harsh nature of society on Caprice means that, inevitably, some people will fall by the wayside. Whether they were found wanting, or were victims of bad luck or treachery, matters little: they are condemned to haunt the lower levels of the city, scrounging a meager living as best they can. Many supported the CEF at first, but turned against the Terrans when they did not take down the people's corporate oppressors.



Attributes

AGI	0	APP	0	BLD	0	CRE	0	FIT	-1
INF	0	KNO	0	PER	1	PSY	-1	WIL	1
STR	0	HEA	-1	STA	25	UD	3	AD	3

Skills

Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.
Craft (Specific)	1 0	Haggling	1 0	Streetwise	1 0	Tinker	1 0
Dodge	1 0	Notice	1 1	Survival (Urban)	1 0		

+ Between one and three occupational Skills

Equipment and Cost

Typical Equipment:	Data-rig (modified), lower-class clothes
Salary:	No fixed occupation; 3d6 x 100 P.
Basic Character Costs:	14 Character Points and 8 Skill Points

Corporate

A lot of people work for the corporations on Caprice, and all share a very similar outlook on life. They must work hard to gain recognition, and competition for advancement is sometimes fierce. Many are called, but few are usually chosen. Despite this, a sportsmanlike attitude has evolved, and though they must compete, most corporate personnel get along fairly well.



Attributes

AGI	0	APP	0	BLD	0	CRE	1	FIT	0
INF	1	KNO	1	PER	1	PSY	0	WIL	1
STR	0	HEA	0	STA	25	UD	3	AD	3

Skills

Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.
Bureaucracy	1 1	Etiquette (Corp)	2 1	Haggling	1 1	Notice	2 1
Business	2 1	Foreign Language*2	1	Human Perception	1 0	Social Sciences	1 1
Computer	1 1	Grooming	1 0	Leadership	1 1	* (Specific)	

Equipment and Cost

Typical Equipment:	Data-rig (implanted), upper-class clothes, communication devices and personal assistants
Salary:	Varies depending on position; 1d6 x 50,000 P.
Basic Character Costs:	25 Character Points and 28 Skill Points





Liberati Partisan

The Liberati were originally freelance miners and workers, colonists unwilling to compromise their freedom and ideals to work in a company town. The Liberati have long held a sharp disdain for 'Trenchers,' and the Gommorans generally return the feeling, seeing the Liberati as uncivilized anarchist with archaic beliefs. With the return of the Earth forces, however, they are now the quintessential rebels, forming the bulk of the underground resistance against the invader.

Attributes

AGI	1	APP	0	BLD	1	CRE	0	FIT	0
INF	0	KNO	0	PER	1	PSY	-1	WIL	2
STR	0	HEA	0	STA	30	UD	5	AD	4

Skills

Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.
Camouflage	1 0	Drive	1 1	Hand-to-Hand	2 1	Small Arms	2 1
Combat Sense	2 1	First Aid	1 0	Melee	1 1	Survival	2 0
Demolition	1 0	Foreign Lang.**	2 0	Notice	2 1	Tinker	1 0
Dodge	2 1	* (Highlands)		** (Anglic)			

Equipment and Cost

Typical Equipment:	Work clothes, pressure suit, tool kit
Salary:	Varies depending on occupation; 5d6 x 1000 P.
Basic Character Costs:	23 Character Points and 36 Skill Points

Corp-Serf

"Corp-Serf" is the derogatory name given to the various corporate security forces that keep the peace, maintain order in the street and provide the last line of defense to the Caprician megapolis. Though they come from different backgrounds and have widely varied affiliations, most receive similar training and equipment. As a result of the corporate accords, each security force bears a different badge, logo or color to show its corporate affiliation.

Attributes

AGI	1	APP	0	BLD	1	CRE	0	FIT	0
INF	0	KNO	0	PER	1	PSY	-1	WIL	1
STR	0	HEA	0	STA	30	UD	4	AD	5

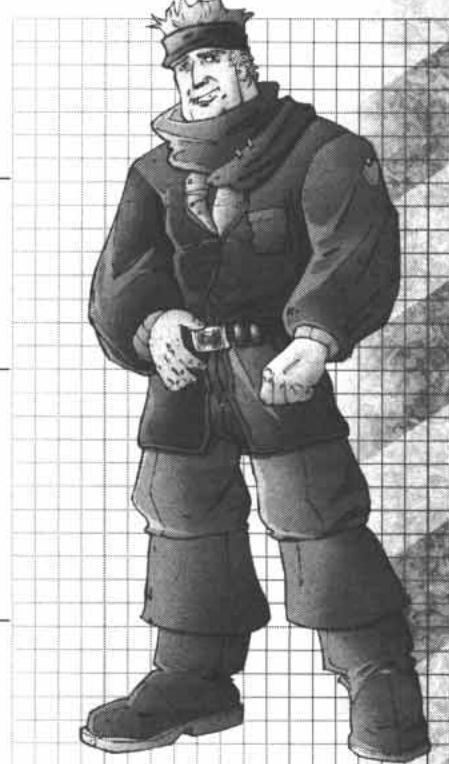
Skills

Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.
Bureaucracy	1 0	Drive	1 1	Human Perception	1 -1	Notice	2 1
Combat Sense	2 1	First Aid	1 0	Interrogation	1 0	Small Arms	2 1
Dodge	1 1	Hand-to-Hand	1 1	Melee	2 1	Streetwise	1 0

Other Possible Skills: Computer, Gunnery, Gear Piloting, Intimidate, Investigation, Law, Leadership

Equipment and Cost

Typical Equipment:	Data-rig (implanted), uniform, communication device, sidearm
Salary:	30,000 to 50,000 P.
Basic Character Costs:	21 Character Points and 25 Skill Points

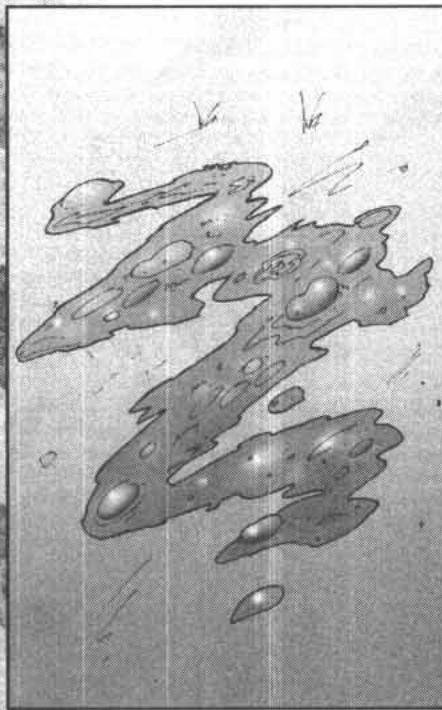


GAMEMASTER RESOURCES

7



Acid Lichen



The acid lichen is one of the few Caprician native lifeforms. Though it is not a true lichen, it does share a similar appearance from afar, and the original name given to it by the planet's explorers as stuck. A curious thing, it exhibits both vegetal and animal characteristics, and is in fact somewhat close to a fungus. It extracts a meager living from the surface soil of the planet, using a number of solvents (depending on the exact species) to dissolve nutrients and ice pockets and absorbs them into their system.

By expanding and contracting sets of muscle-like cells, the lichen can slowly move from one patch of ground to the other, preventing it from starving when it has exhausted the local resources. This process eats up most of the stored energy reserves, and the creature will not usually wander far if it can help it. Symbiotic algae lodged in the recesses of the external cell layers do some basic photosynthesis and allow the main body to survive for extended periods of time when traveling between grazing locations (though at a much reduced metabolic rate).

The creature/plant is rather primitive and simple. Had Caprice been left alone, it might have evolved into something more complex over the millennia, but it is unlikely given the harsh conditions. It does not represent much of a threat to humans, though its eating habits sometimes damage equipment left alone outside.

Attributes

Aggressiveness:	0
Damage/turn:	x1
Threshold:	2
Random Horde Size:	3 x d6
Basic Swarm Size:	30

Cat (Caprician)



Cats were brought over in great numbers during the colonization era. Not only did they make better pets than the companion robots in vogue at the time, they could reproduce and repair themselves, and needed very little maintenance. Many species were genetically modified to reduce their excretions and make them better suited to life in the tiny living quarters of the early settlements. Having a cat was often a status symbol at the time. Later on, as parasites (cats, insects) problems arose, specially-bred cats were used as hunters and modified as such. Many of these turned feral and are now loose in the lower levels of Gommorrah.

Attributes

AGI	2	BLD	-6	FIT	0	INS	2	PER	2
WIL	1	STR	-4	HEA	0	STA	10	UD	1*

*(+natural weapons).

Skills

Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.	Skill	Level Attr.
Athletics	2 2	Combat Sense	2 2	Hand-to-Hand	3 -	Survival	1 +1
Acrobatics	1 0	Dodge	2 -				

Special Abilities

Bite (x1 damage), Claws (x3); Thick, Wiry Fur Coat (Armor 2)





Rat [Caprician]

Wherever Man goes, rats (along with cockroaches) seem to follow. No one is quite sure how the rodents managed to hide aboard the cargo holds of the ships delivering supplies to the new colony, but some evidently did.

Only the hardest and most cunning members of the species survived the trip, living the Capricians with rats that are larger, smarter and more aggressive than the basic Earth species. They have a wiry and thick fur coat that protects them against the extreme conditions in which they live (and, incidentally, giving them a certain amount of protection against physical blows as well).

The Caprician rats share much the same environment and lifecycle as their Earth counterparts. They can be found in the sewer system of the city and the lower levels of the city, building nests in the crags and recesses of abandoned mining installations and factories. They will generally avoid humans and loud machinery, but they have been known to attack regardless if they are hungry (which is often).

□ Attributes

Aggressiveness:	3
Damage/turn:	x3
Threshold:	2
Random Horde Size:	2 x d6
Basic Swarm Size:	10



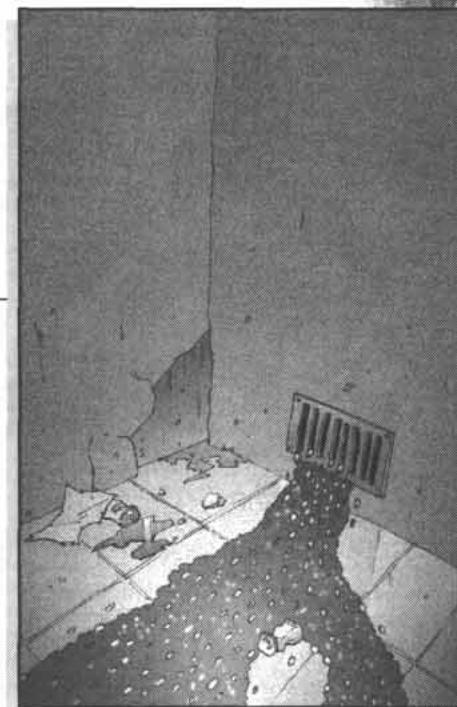
Cockroaches

These hardy insects have been called "God's own survivors." The cockroach can survive a wide variety of difficult conditions, including radiation doses that would be lethal to most living things. Hasty packaging and the occasional poor entry controls during the colonial era allowed a number of insects to establish beachheads on the planet, hiding in supply containers and equipment boxes. Many did not give it a second thought — after all, how would they survive on a world as barren and inhospitable as Caprice?

The cockroaches obviously found a way, living off the refuse of human civilisation just like they used to do on Earth. They can be found in the dark recesses of the city and in the poor neighborhoods, where children sometimes keep especially large individuals as pets and playthings.

□ Attributes

Aggressiveness	0
Damage/turn:	x1
Threshold:	2
Random Horde Size:	3 x d6
Basic Swarm Size:	50



FIELD GUIDE

8



Type 32 "Little Boy"

The Type 32 "Little Boy" is the standard patrol Mount of the Corporate Security Forces. Small and wide-footed, the tiny Mount can easily make its way across both the urban jungle of the Gommoran hubs or the broken ground of the nearby trenches, its two usual operation fields. The Type 32 carries relatively strong armor for its size, to reduce possible damage to the Mount during chases since collisions are quite common. Right of Consent makes collisions or other physical contact with a Corp-Serf Mount very defensible for the pilot: he is authorized to take whatever measures are necessary to prevent harm to bystanders.

Type 32s carry the standard gas canister launcher of all Corp-Serf Mounts. The canisters contain a combination of paralytic agent with CS gas that immobilizes a person while making the entire experience extremely uncomfortable. Experiencing the gas is often the only punishment for rioting, though agent provocateurs and ring leaders still face harsher punishment. The other weapon common to all Corp-Serf Mounts is a vibroblade. This gives the Mount operator the multiple options for uses like rescues and seizures. Additionally, the Type 32 can also carry a Kroker 10mm machine-gun with a choice of lethal or non-lethal ammunition.

Trideo uplinks are common equipment on all Mounts. The Corp-Serf learned long ago that they are not only useful for identifying troublemakers, but also as a valuable propaganda tool. When dissident groups produce footage that someone killed by a Mount, they often conveniently leave out the reason the person was killed. It also provides better real-time intelligence to the officers responsible for coordinating riot control.

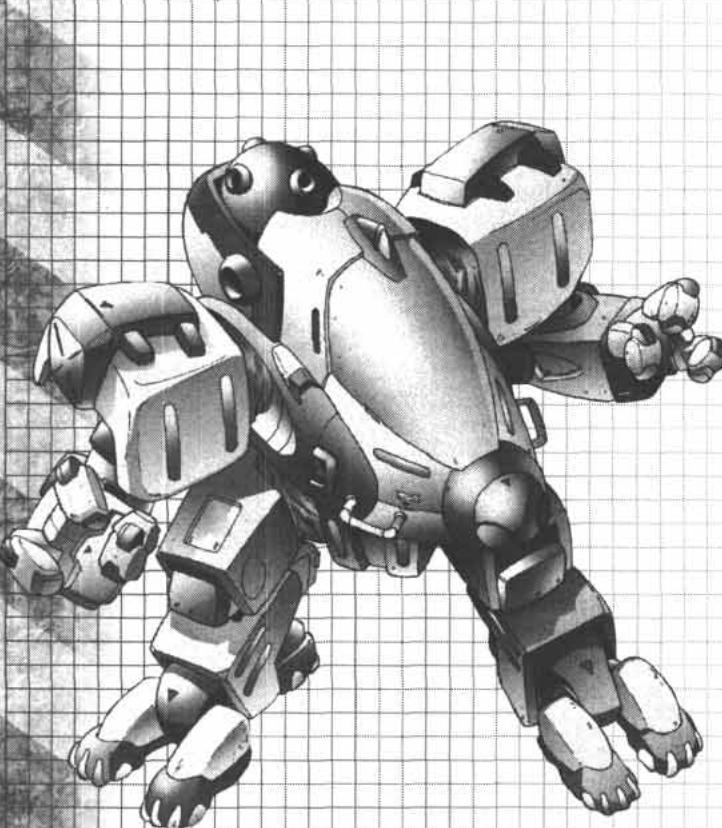
Service Record

The Type 32 has proven to be an effective design, not to mention popular with its pilots. While it lacks both offensive and defensive power, especially when compared to the larger military Mounts, it nonetheless performs admirably against personnel and light vehicles.

Game Statistics

Threat Value:	99	Offensive:	79	Defensive:	37	Miscellaneous:	180	Lemon Dice:	4
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Vehicle Specifications



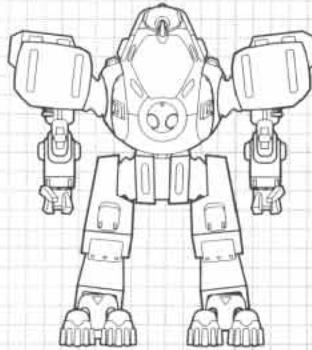
Code Name:	Little Boy (unofficial)
Production Code:	Type 32
Production Type:	Mass Production
Cost:	61,875 pounds
Manufacturer:	Various corporations
Use:	Patrol and crowd control
Height:	3.0 m
Width:	2.8 m
Average Armor Thickness:	7 mm
Armor Material:	Composite
Standard Operational Weight:	2,300 kg
Primary Movement Mode:	Walk (72 kph)
Secondary Movement Mode:	n/a
Deployment Range:	350 km
Sensor Range:	2 km
Communication Range:	10 km
Powerplant:	Electric/gas turbine
Horsepower:	275 hp

Weapon Payload

Name	Ammunition Payload
Gas Canister Launcher	24 rounds
Vibroblade	-



TYPE 32 "LITTLE BOY"



GENERAL SPECIFICATIONS

• THREAT VALUE: 99 • SIZE: 4 • COST: 61,875 pounds

WEAPONS

PERHS

NAME	RATING	GAME EFFECT
HEP: Desert	-	-
HEP: Extreme Cold	-	-
Improved Off-road Ability	-	Wide feet; -1MP cost for hexes with cost greater than one
Life Support	-	Limited
Loudspeakers	-	External sound system
Manipulator Arm x2	4	Can punch
Searchlight	1	Fixed forward, 50 meters
Trideo Link-Up	-	Trideo feed to headquarters
Urban Friendly	-	-

FLAWS

NAME	RATING	GAME EFFECT
Annoyance	-	Cramped cockpit; maximum pilot BLD 0
HEAT Vulnerable	1	Subtract from Base Armor for HEAT attacks
Sensor Dependent	-	Must rely on sensors in combat

NOTES

Armament Upgrade: add LMG, Forward, 200 shots, +20 TV

Equipment Upgrade: add Grapple Launcher (Rating 4, 250m range; winch and cable), +35 TV

CREW INFORMATION

- PILOT NAME:
 - RANK:
 - SQUADRON:
 - AFFILIATION:

PILOT (LV/AT): GUNNERY (LV/AT): ELEC. WAR. (LV/AT):

CREW DATA

VEHICLE CREW

CREW DAMAGE

▼ VEHICLE CREW
CREW •
BONUS ACTIONS •

SYSTEMS DATA

MOVEMENT	
• PRIMARY COMBAT SPD:	W 6
• PRIMARY TOP SPD:	W 12
• SECONDARY COMBAT SPD:	- -
• SECONDARY TOP SPD:	- -
• MANEUVER:	-1
• DEPLOYMENT RANGE:	350
ELECTRONICS	
• SENSORS:	0 2
• COMMUNICATION:	0 10
• FIRE CONTROL:	0
ARMOR	
• LIGHT DAMAGE:	7
• HEAVY DAMAGE:	11

SYSTEMS DAMAGE

▼	MOVEMENT
	COMBAT SPD •
	TOP SPD •
	COMBAT SPD •
	TOP SPD •
	MANEUVER •
	FUEL SPENT •
▼	ELECTRONICS
	SENSORS •
	COMM •
	FIRE CONTROL •
▼	RAMOR
	LIGHT DAMAGE •
	HEAVY DAMAGE •
	OVERKILL •

RMM0

WEAPONS

EAPON 01 •
EAPON 02 •
EAPON 03 •
EAPON 04 •
EAPON 05 •
EAPON 06 •
EAPON 07 •
EAPON 08 •
EAPON 09 •
EAPON 10 •

PEAKS

- PERK 01 •
- PERK 02 •
- PERK 03 •
- PERK 04 •
- PERK 05 •
- PERK 06 •
- PERK 07 •
- PERK 08 •
- PERK 09 •
- PERK 10 •
- PERK 11 •



HEAVY 金属乐



Type 55 "Fatman"

The Type 55 is a larger but similar version of the lighter Type 22 Light Combat Mount. It sports heavier armor and improved electronics, but keeps nearly the same level of mobility as its smaller brethren. The pilot sits within the heavily armored egg-shaped torso, surrounded by banks of trideo monitors fed by a sophisticated sensor network. The same sensor network constantly feed data to the onboard Trideo Link for later playback and analysis.

The "Fatman" is considered a support unit for riot control and blockades and is deployed accordingly. In addition to a standard gas canister launcher (with increased payload) and vibroblade, the basic Type 55 also carries a water cannon for crowd control. The water cannon can easily be used to fight fires, and can be converted to use foam for increased effectiveness.

If heavy trouble is expected, the "Fatman" can carry the Kroker 10mm machine-gun on either forearm hardpoint, but its usual combat load is a Mark XIV 25mm recoilless rifle, a low pressure cannon capable of dealing with lightly armored vehicles. The Mark XIV is issued only for SWAT operation support and other combat situations. Theoretically, the Type 55 could carry heavier weaponry, but since it is not a dedicated combat unit none has been planned so far.

◆ Service Record

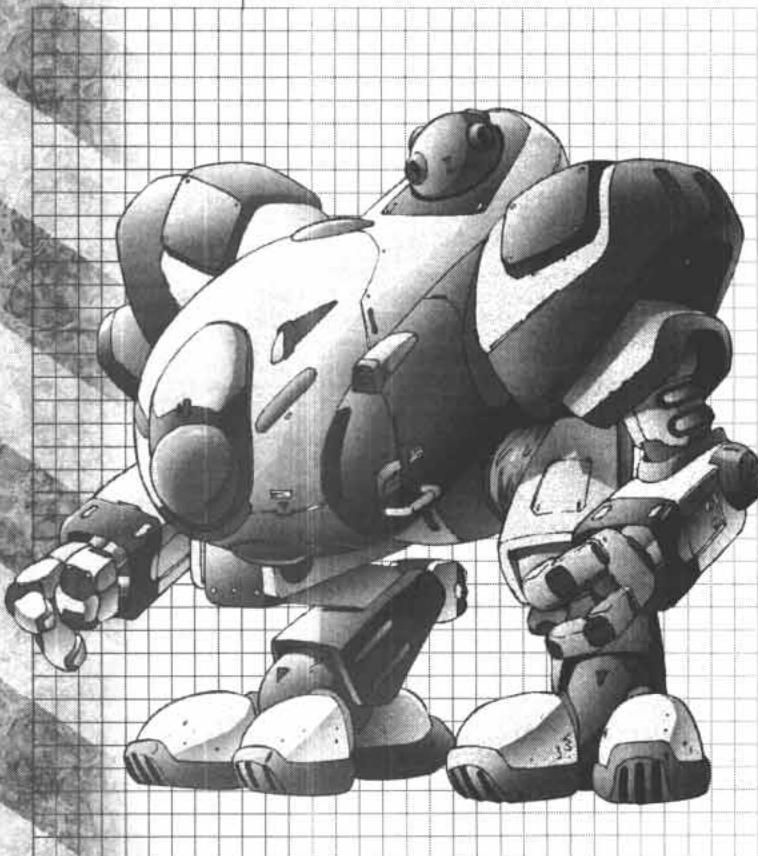
Type 55 Mounts are normally only deployed when the Corp-Serfs expect trouble. With some elements of the population becoming increasingly vocal about CEF occupation, the security forces have taken to discretely deploying Type 55's in problem areas. So far this strategy appears to be working, though how long it continues to work is anybody's guess. The success of the first Black Talon mission has lead to countless rumors and stories, true and false, about an impending attack from Terra Nova. This has many people thinking it is time to show their dissatisfaction with the NEC, violently if need be.

Game Statistics

Threat Value:	109	Offensive:	97	Defensive:	46	Miscellaneous:	183	Lemon Dice:	4
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Vehicle Specifications

Code Name:	Fatman (unofficial)
Production Code:	Type 55
Production Type:	Mass Production
Cost:	54,500 pounds
Manufacturer:	Various corporations
Use:	Riot duty and defense operations
Height:	3.3 m
Width:	3.0 m
Average Armor Thickness:	9 mm
Armor Material:	Composite
Standard Operational Weight:	4,100 kg
Primary Movement Mode:	Walk (66 kph)
Secondary Movement Mode:	n/a
Deployment Range:	350 km
Sensor Range:	3 km
Communication Range:	12 km
Powerplant:	Electric/gas turbine
Horsepower:	325 hp



Weapon Payload

Name	Ammunition Payload
Gas Canister Launcher	36 rounds
Water Cannon	50 bursts
Vibroblade	-





Type 27 "Big Guy"

The Type 27 "Big Guy" is a heavy rescue and combat model that is rarely deployed in Gomorrah. Its bulk and wide shoulder armor blocks make it a tight fit in some of the smaller back alleys, though its squat silhouette helps when crossing some of the older street tunnels. The feet are wide and well-articulated, giving the Mount equally solid purchase on a slippery urban pavement or an uneven rock surface. The feet are covered with a sturdy polymer compound to avoid damaging the city's infrastructure.

In addition to the standard canister launcher and vibroblade, the Type 27 carries a foam cannon attached to its right forearm hardpoint as standard for heavy rescue operations. A combination of special heat resistant armor and heavy duty cooling system allows the "Big Guy" to get inside a fire zone to affect rescues or fight the blaze with minimum discomfort.

The support role means the Type 27 can be very well equipped to deal with most situations it is likely to encounter. For combat operations, the Type 27 carries a Model 2700 chaingun in place of the foam cannon. It is also capable of using the Mark XIV 25mm recoilless rifle or Kroker 10mm machine-gun as dictated by the situation. Twin hardpoints, placed on either side of the powerplant on the back of the machine, can accept a number of weapons ranging from unguided rocket pods to light energy weaponry.

◆ Service Record

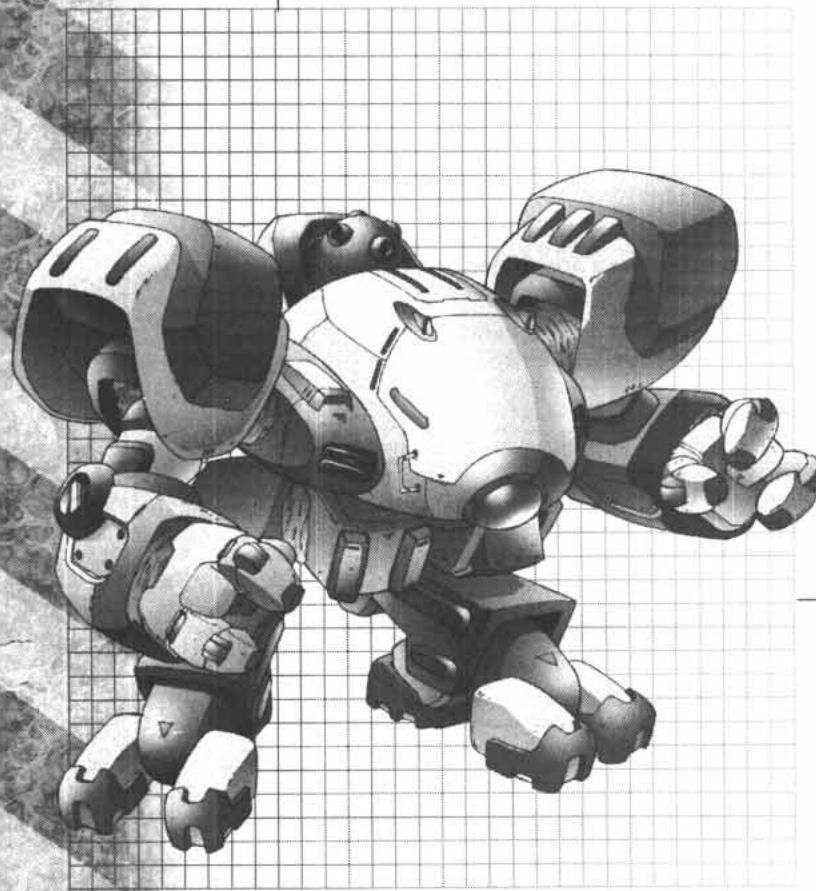
The only situations Type 27 Mounts are dispatched to with any frequency are to fight large fires. Most combat situations that would have seen the "Big Guy" deployed to in the past are now the responsibility of the CEF troops. While the CEF response is usually excessive, they are too concerned about security and insurrection to let mere Corp-Serfs deal with the situation, no matter what they are riding.

Game Statistics

Threat Value:	332	Offensive:	161	Defensive:	57	Miscellaneous:	777	Lemon Dice:	4
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Vehicle Specifications

Code Name:	Big Guy (unofficial)
Production Code:	Type 27
Production Type:	Mass Production
Cost:	232,400 pounds
Manufacturer:	Various corporations
Use:	Heavy rescue and urban combat
Height:	4.0 m
Width:	4.4 m
Average Armor Thickness:	12 mm
Armor Material:	Composite
Standard Operational Weight:	4,400 kg
Primary Movement Mode:	Walk (60 kph)
Secondary Movement Mode:	n/a
Deployment Range:	250 km
Sensor Range:	3 km
Communication Range:	12 km
Powerplant:	Electric/gas turbine
Horsepower:	400 hp



Weapon Payload

Name	Ammunition Payload
Gas Canister Launcher	24 rounds
Foam Cannon	75 bursts
Vibroblade	-





Type 112 "Bug Monster"

The Type 112, known under the monicker of "Bug Monster" for its odd appearance, is a new improved patrol Mount model that has recently begun deployment with the Corporate Security forces. In essence, the Type 112 is an improved Type 55 that may eventually replace the Type 32 as a fast deployment unit. Like the other Mounts, the Type 112 is powered by a vertically-mounted gas turbine located in a rectangular housing on the machine's back.

The biggest change to the basic Type 55 frame is the addition of another pair of legs. All four legs are tipped with a wheeled secondary movement system that provides increased speed and mobility on pavement and other plane surfaces. Though the machine's walker mode is not as mobile as its claw-tipped cousin, the extra speed provided by the wheels more than make up for it. The hull also has increased armor thickness on selected forward locations, though there are little external signs of this.

The vehicle retains the standard gas canister launcher and vibroblade used by Corp-Serf walker vehicles. The Type 112 is also capable of using the Model 2700 chaingun and Mark XIII 25mm recoilless rifle (which are not available to the smaller Type 32), in addition to the Kroker 10mm machine-gun.

◆ Service Record

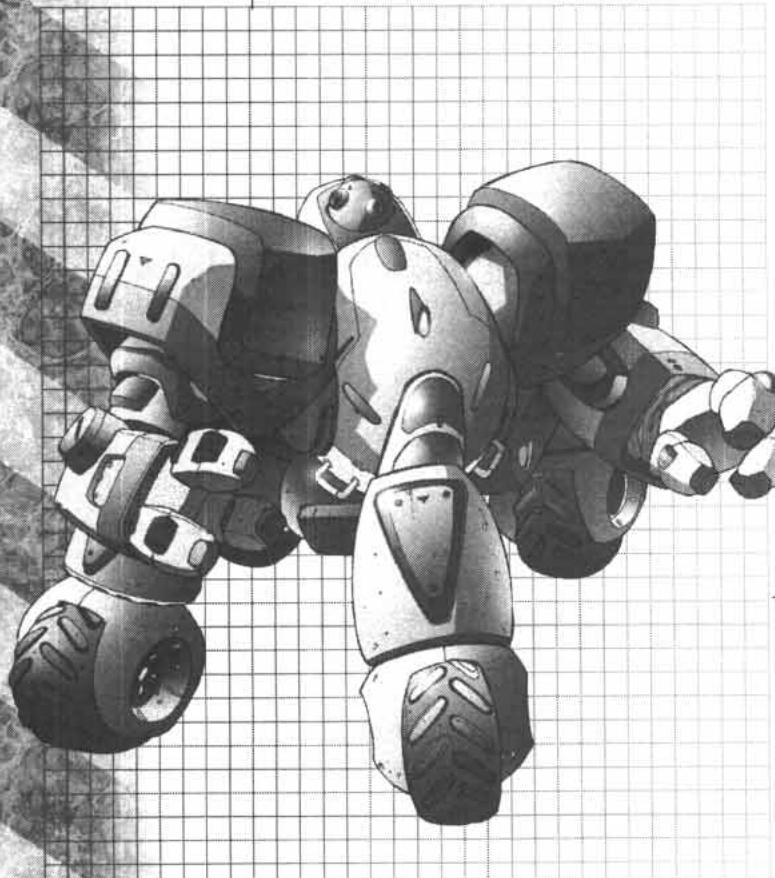
Corp-Serf units had been demanding a more mobile vehicle for decades. The "Bug Monster" entered production only five years ago, after being stalled for a long time by the red tape of the CEF management board. It is likely that the certification efforts were hampered by the CID or other internal CEF agency, who likely wished to restrict the equipment of a rival (and potentially hostile) armed corps. The Type 112 is just beginning its deployment, but it is already being highly praised by Mount pilots who used to pilot Type 32s.

Game Statistics

Threat Value:	117	Offensive:	80	Defensive:	131	Miscellaneous:	139	Lemon Dice:	4
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Vehicle Specifications

Code Name:	Bug Monster (unofficial)
Production Code:	Type 112
Production Type:	Mass Production
Cost:	58,500 pounds
Manufacturer:	Various corporations
Use:	Rapid deployment rescue and urban combat
Height:	3.8 m
Width:	3.5 m
Average Armor Thickness:	9 mm
Armor Material:	Composite
Standard Operational Weight:	4,000 kg
Primary Movement Mode:	Walk (60 kph)
Secondary Movement Mode:	Ground (90 kph)
Deployment Range:	350 km
Sensor Range:	2 km
Communication Range:	10 km
Powerplant:	Electric/gas turbine
Horsepower:	345 hp



Weapon Payload

Name	Ammunition Payload
Gas Canister Launcher	36 rounds
Vibroblade	-





Rapid Response Transport VTOL

The Rapid Response Transport VTOL, or RRT, is a large vectored thrust aerodyne used to rapidly deploy additional Mounts to trouble spots anywhere in the city. Its six large lift fan units allow it to land vertically in almost any location (provided it is mostly free of obstruction), often making it the only means of bringing reinforcement to isolated neighborhoods.

Most of the flight systems are placed in front and around the hull, with the main cargo bay occupying most of the body of the vehicle. The large service bay has room to carry three Type 55 or 27 Mounts, or four Type 32 Mounts. Though it was designed primarily as a transport for Mounts, the flyer is also capable of moving any vehicle that will fit into its bay and not exceed its transport capacity (about fifteen tons). The bay is equipped to rearm and refuel Mounts when landed, though this only happens if the area is secure.

The RRT is equipped with a gas canister launcher, though it will also deploy with canisters of fire fighting foam. Standard procedure dictates that the RRT launch several canisters of gas into the landing area to prevent and deter people from attacking the flyer while it unloads. If a landing area is not accessible, the RRT has an airlift winch positioned at the bay door to lower or lift Mounts. This feature is especially useful for rescues and fighting fires.

◆ Service Record

The RRT is used extensively for ferrying Mounts and other emergency response equipment to locations throughout Gommorah. The Corp-Serf usually has a single RRT loaded with two Type 55 and one Type 32 flying a circuit above problem areas. At least two more loaded RRTs are generally kept on ready-five (can be airborne in five minutes or less) status at each hub. If need be, up to four more RRTs can be loaded and airborne in under an hour.

Game Statistics

Threat Value:	866	Offensive:	55	Defensive:	2373	Miscellaneous:	169	Lemon Dice:	4
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Vehicle Specifications

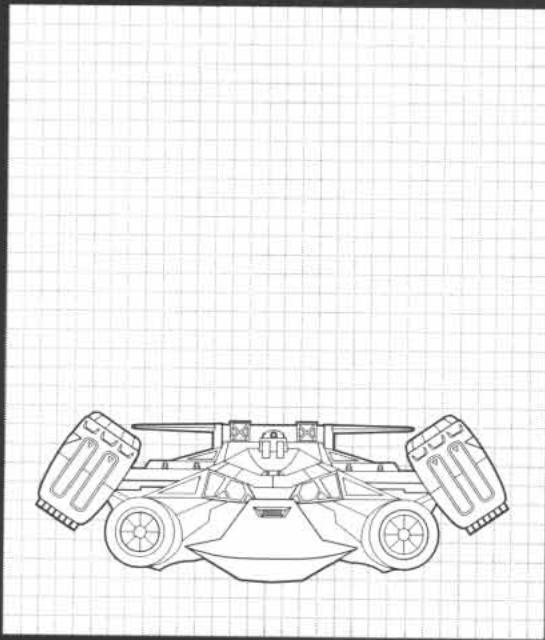
Code Name:	None
Production Code:	RRT-23
Production Type:	Mass Production
Cost:	433,000 pounds
Manufacturer:	Various corporations
Use:	Rapid Response Transport
Height:	7.4 m
Width:	9.2 m
Average Armor Thickness:	18 mm
Armor Material:	Composites
Standard Operational Weight:	31,000 kg
Primary Movement Mode:	VTOL (450 kph)
Secondary Movement Mode:	n/a
Deployment Range:	500 km
Sensor Range:	2 km
Communication Range:	15 km
Powerplant:	6 enclosed turbofans
Horsepower:	6 x 2000 hp

Weapon Payload

Name	Ammunition Payload
Gas Canister Launcher	24 rounds



RAPID RESPONSE TRANSPORT VTOL



GENERAL SPECIFICATIONS

• THREAT VALUE: 866 • SIZE: 10 • COST: 433,000 credits

WEAPONS

PERHS

NAME	RATING	GAME EFFECT
Airlift Winch	5	For lifting troops and cargo w/o landing
Autopilot	-	Acts as Level 1 Pilot
Fuel Efficient	-	1.5 x Deployment Range at Combat Speed
HEP: Desert	-	-
HEP: Extreme Cold	-	-
Life Support	-	Limited
Searchlight	2	Swivel, 100 meters
Trideo Link-Up	-	Trideo feed to headquarters
Urban Friendly	-	-
Vehicle Bay	8	Up to fifteen tons of walker vehicles

FLAWS

NAME	RATING	GAME EFFECT
Cannot Glide	-	Cannot gain lift without thrust
Large Sensor Profile	2	Subtract 2 from Concealment
Maximum Ceiling	6	6000 meters maximum ceiling

DEFECTS

NAME	RATING	GAME EFFECT
None		

CREW INFORMATION

- | | | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|------------------|----------------------|
| • PILOT NAME: | <input type="text"/> | | |
| • RANK: | <input type="text"/> | | |
| • SQUADRON: | <input type="text"/> | | |
| • AFFILIATION: | <input type="text"/> | | |
| PILOT (LV/AT): | <input type="text"/> | GUNNERY (LV/AT): | <input type="text"/> |
| ELEC. WAR. (LV/AT): | <input type="text"/> | COMBAT (LV/AT): | <input type="text"/> |

CREW DATA

VEHICLE CREW

CREW DAMAGE

▼ VEHICLE CREW
CREW •
BONUS ACTIONS •

SYSTEMS DATA

MOVEMENT	
• PRIMARY COMBAT SPD:	F 8
• PRIMARY TOP SPD:	F 15
• SECONDARY COMBAT SPD:	G 0
• SECONDARY TOP SPD:	G 0
• MANEUVER:	-3
• DEPLOYMENT RANGE:	500
ELECTRONICS	
• SENSORS:	0 2
• COMMUNICATION:	1 15
• FIRE CONTROL:	0
ARMOR	
• LIGHT DAMAGE:	10
• HEAVY DAMAGE:	20
• OVERKILL:	30

SYSTEMS DAMAGE

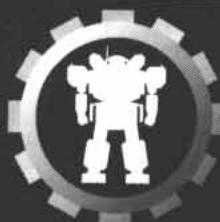
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	COMBAT SPD •
	TOP SPD •
	COMBAT SPD •
	TOP SPD •
	MANEUVER •
	FUEL SPENT •
▼	ELECTRONICS
	SENSORS •
	COMM •
	FIRE CONTROL •
▼	ARMOR
	LIGHT DAMAGE •
	HEAVY DAMAGE •
	OVERKILL •

WEAPONS

- WEAPON 01 •
WEAPON 02 •
WEAPON 03 •
WEAPON 04 •
WEAPON 05 •
WEAPON 06 •
WEAPON 07 •
WEAPON 08 •
WEAPON 09 •
WEAPON 10 •

PEAKS

- PERK 01 •
 - PERK 02 •
 - PERK 03 •
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 - PERK 10 •
 - PERK 11 •



HEAVY GEAR

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