

★ **JOVIAN**
CHRONICLES

CHAOS PRINCIPLE

ORIGINAL CINEMATIC ADVENTURE



FROM DREAM POD 9

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★ JOVIAN CHRONICLES

The Jovian Confederation has survived in the far reaches of the solar system for nearly a century, abandoning and abandoned by the strife of the inner planets. Supporting a population of over half a billion people, it is one of the most populated, wealthiest and most advanced societies in history. Under the shining facade and cheerful atmosphere lurk dark secrets, however. Conflicting ideologies and viewpoints are slowly eating away at the Confederation from the inside, even as it struggles to maintain its outward calm together.

This year, the Jovian Confederation celebrates its hundredth birthday.

In 2213, chaos will reign.

The Chaos Principle is the first Jovian Chronicles Campaign Sourcebook. Containing all the vehicle designs, source material and information necessary to play an extended campaign in the Jovian Confederation, it marks the beginning of a new stage in the Jovian Chronicles universe. Included are:

- A complete action-packed roleplaying campaign for four to six characters of any origin;
- Comprehensive background information that allows GMs greater freedom to better fulfill the needs of his playing group;
- Extensive source material on the Jovian Confederation to supplement the information given in the Jovian Chronicles Rulebook and the Jovian Companion;
- Three tactical scenarios depicting the Battle of Kurtzenheim on Mars;
- Over twelve new vehicle designs: exo-armors, exo-suits, Martian hovertanks, drones and a civilian VTOL.

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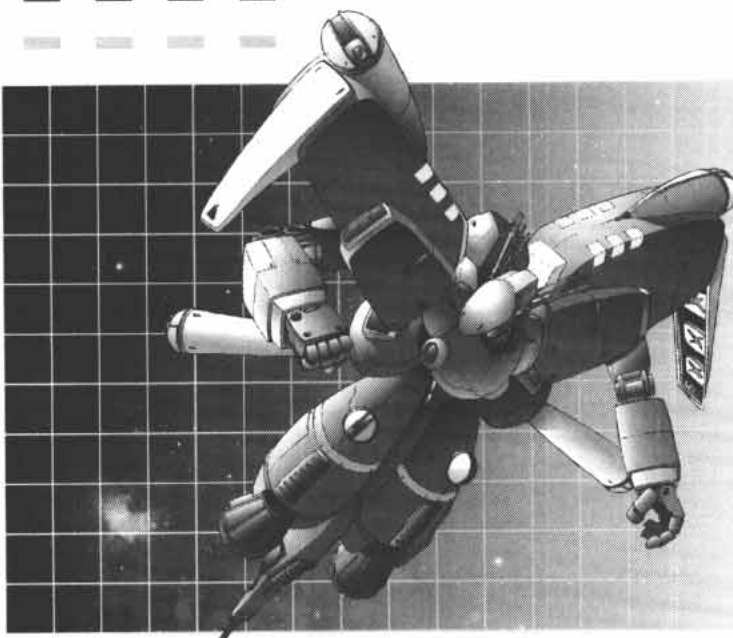
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DEDICATION

Special thanks to Wendy. By her will, order is brought from chaos, and vice versa — Wunji.



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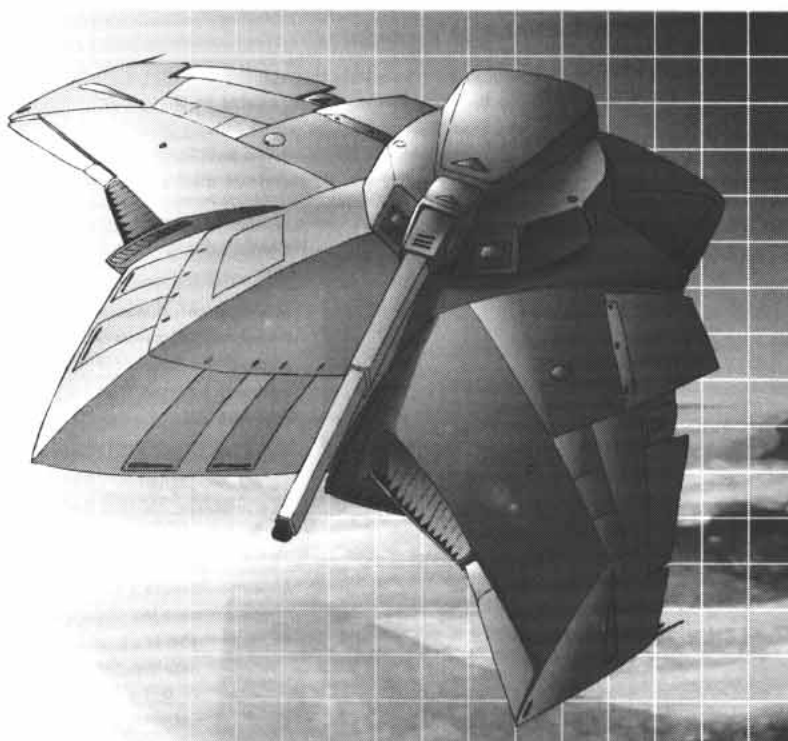
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The crew of the Jovian Chronicles
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forgot (sorry!)

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► NO GREATER DUTY

Even though he couldn't see them, Samuel knew they were coming, rumbling above the sandy Martian ground like some malicious peal of thunder. Nervously, he huddled his Sand Stalker deeper into the alleyway and double-checked the panzerfaust clutched in the 'suit's manipulators. Across the street, hidden in the blasted remains of a vehicle garage, he could see DeCarlo's exo-suit, similarly armed. DeCarlo flashed him a thumbs up.

Samuel didn't feel that confident. He didn't return DeCarlo's signal. He was too scared of dropping his weapon. DeCarlo was a veteran, a ranger for twelve years. Samuel had been given this 'suit yesterday, after they'd dragged out what was left of its previous occupant. The ranger platoon had asked for volunteers, young men and women who would help to cover the escape of the inhabitants of Porter Dome, holding off the advancing Federation forces until the promised aid from the Jovians arrived.

"Will the Jovians help in the fight?" he'd asked. The marshal had shrugged, and said something that was supposed to be reassuring, but Samuel could see the sad "no" in the woman's eyes. He'd volunteered anyway. His friends, school-mates in Porter, had all wished him good luck as they'd boarded the trucks and buses. Every one of them had said they wished they could be the ones to fight the Federation, lying in their eyes. Every one but Kara. Kara had smiled, and reached up to hold his hand and said "Thank you, Sammy."

DeCarlo had shown him how to use the bulbous rocket grenades. "Just point and shoot," he'd said. The first time Samuel had climbed into the military exo-suit, the inside still smelling of another human's sweat, blood and fear, and held the deadly explosive in the armored gauntlets, he'd felt sick. He'd wanted to quit right then, to tell them to find someone else. DeCarlo had grabbed him by the shoulders, shaken him roughly and, smiling, had told Samuel what the Federation soldiers liked to do to girls from the Free Republic. "Girls like Kara, kid."

Samuel didn't hate DeCarlo. He didn't even really hate the Federation soldiers in the hovertanks approaching his hiding place. All he wanted was to know that he had, somehow, helped Kara be safe from soldiers everywhere, from whatever side. When the Jovians came, to stand in the way or carry the trucks away to safety, he would be ready to quit.

The hovertanks were close now, entering the streets of the city. Samuel had been told the tanks would have to split up as they moved through the wreckage of the buildings and streets, allowing the small Republic force to bog them down with ambushes. The residual heat from the destruction of the buildings would provide excellent hiding places, they said.

A massive explosion knocked Samuel to the ground. When he looked up, the building where DeCarlo had been was gone. DeCarlo himself was nowhere to be seen.

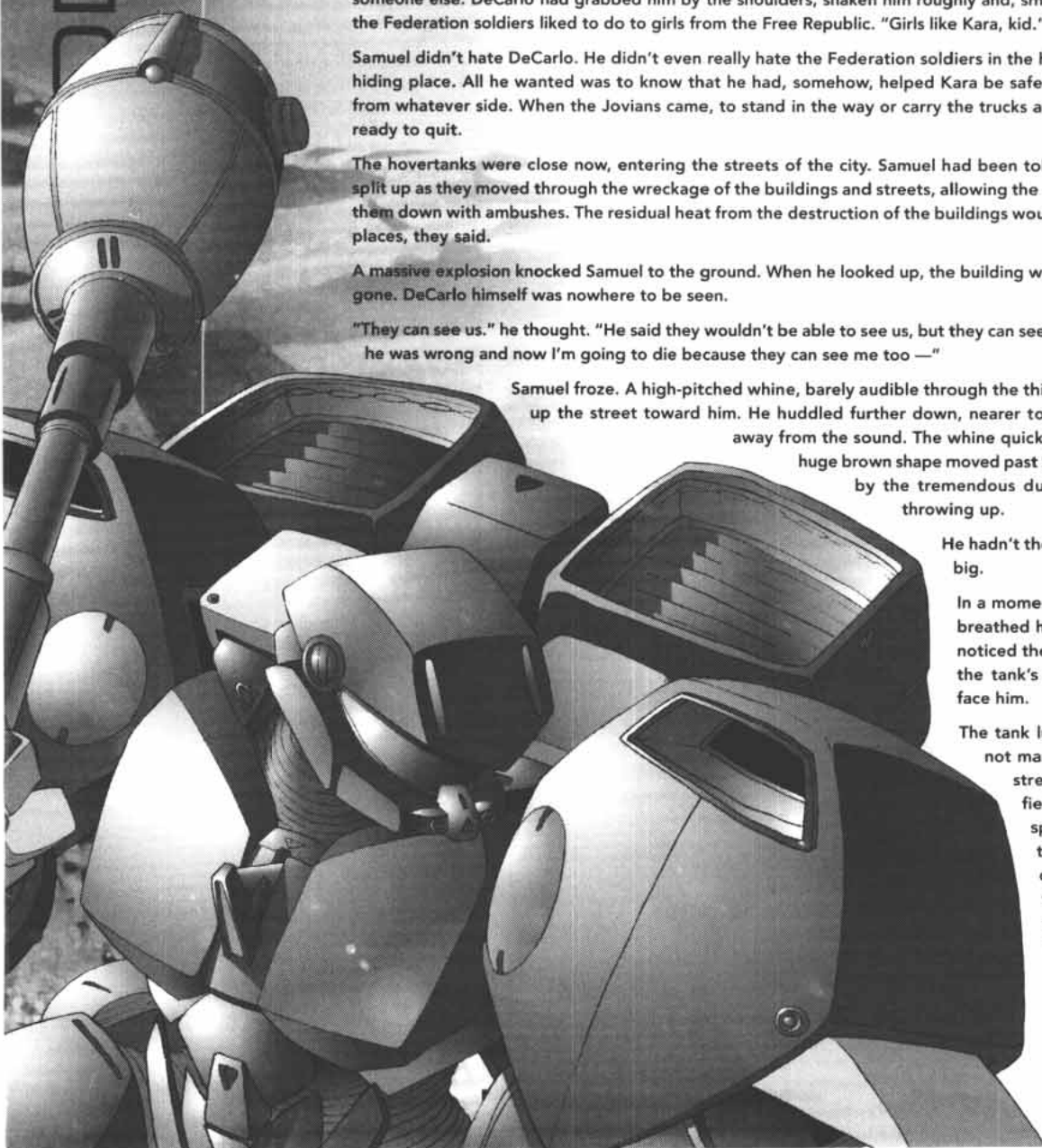
"They can see us," he thought. "He said they wouldn't be able to see us, but they can see us! He's dead now because he was wrong and now I'm going to die because they can see me too —"

Samuel froze. A high-pitched whine, barely audible through the thin atmosphere, was moving up the street toward him. He huddled further down, nearer to the ground, trying to get away from the sound. The whine quickly increased in pitch, and a huge brown shape moved past Samuel, its details obscured by the tremendous dust cloud its engines were throwing up.

He hadn't thought the tank would be so big.

In a moment, it was past him. Samuel breathed half a sigh of relief. Then he noticed the little rotating sensor atop the tank's turret that had turned to face him.

The tank lurched violently, but could not maneuver at all in the narrow street. Samuel watched, horrified, as a machine gun turret spun around toward him. Not thinking for a moment, he crawled desperately out of the alley, scrabbling wildly against the loose soil, trying to outdistance the stubby black gun barrel.



NO GREATER DUTY

He looked up. The gun was still tracking him. "I don't want to die," he thought. On the heels of that came another, louder mental shout. "I don't want Kara to die." Samuel stopped crawling and began to fumble with the panzerfaust, still clutched in his right hand.

"Simple, simple," he thought. "Point and shoot." He looked behind. The tank was only a dozen meters away, its rear presenting a vast target. Samuel stopped, spun around and braced himself. He aimed carefully, ignoring the machine gun just coming to bear on him.

He stared determinedly down the barrel of the gun and pulled the panzerfaust's trigger.

The world spun around crazily in Samuel's eyes. When everything became still, he found himself looking at a glittering tracery of gentle sparkles. He tried to reach out, to touch it, to find a place to hold on to, but nothing seemed to work anymore. Instead, Samuel felt a distant throbbing somewhere far away, a sensation he dimly remembered as pain. The sparkles vanished, evaporated away.

His vision widened. He recognized the dusty Martian soil. That helped. He was looking at the ground, lying on it, supported by it, embraced. The beautiful luminescence appeared before him again, making him want to smile. It was a gentle pink color, he saw, and caught the sun like a prism. To his right, a movement caught his eye.

Samuel focused. He was on his side. He knew this because the sky filled the right side of his vision. Between the sky and the ground was the face of Death.

The man was screaming. Samuel couldn't hear him, but still he knew the man was screaming. Something about the muscles, he thought in a haze. The man was close to Samuel. He didn't know how he could have missed him. He couldn't move, so he watched. Every few seconds, the man, who was wearing the burned remnants of a Federation uniform, heaved and coughed, and the delicate tracery would appear on the ground again, before evaporating away. The sparkle was much dimmer, much redder, now, he noted.

The pain, still far away, not quite insistent, was coming closer. Further across the ground, behind the dying man, was a smoldering hulk with a great gaping hole blasted out of it. Samuel remembered it. He felt glad that he could still remember. He also felt the pain creep a little closer. Idly, he wondered if he would be screaming, too.

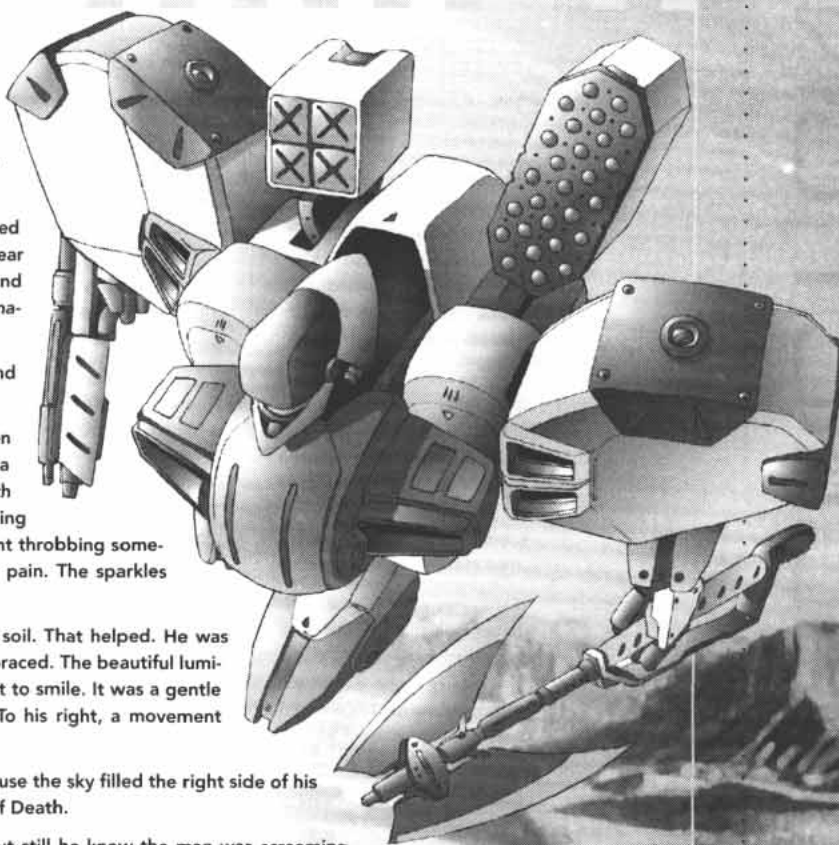
He felt very tired, but his vision kept getting better.

The Federation crewman was winding down, slowly giving in to the inevitable. The wreckage of the tank still smoked, but only a little. There were flashes of light and puffs of smoke coming from nearby, telling him that his comrades were still alive, still struggling. It was not until Samuel looked toward the sky that he truly began to care again.

There, silhouetted against the blue sky, were nearly a dozen vast parachutes, each one bearing a figure human only at first glance. Dropping down toward the far side of the city, they glowed like angels' halos in the light of the distant sun. Away from Samuel. Toward Kara.

He could see, at the edge of sight, the multitudes of warning lights, and feel, somewhere in his mind, the buzzing of alarms, telling him that everything was going wrong, that the power was dead, the 'suit was dead, that he was dead. He ignored them, and focused all his strength on watching the dropping exos. At last, one of the machines released its parachute and lit its thrusters for landing. The huge meshwork sheet billowed away from the exo and slowly spun in the air, turning gently toward him. There was an insignia on the top of the parachute. On the insignia, there were thunderbolts. Jovian forces.

By the time the pain finally arrived, Samuel was too happy to feel anything.



► WELCOME

1.1

"Peoples and governments have never learned anything from history, or acted on principles deduced from it."

— G.W.F. Hegel

When the pioneers of the twenty-first century colonized the hostile worlds of the solar system to build a better future for their descendants, braving radiation, airless wastes and limited resources, they truly expected their children's children to be able to coexist peacefully in the vastness of the solar system. In particular, the founders of the now-mighty Jovian Confederation envisioned a nation far from human conflict, where an abundance of energy and technology would turn humankind's minds to higher pursuits. Following in the footsteps of the Earth-based mining consortiums, these visionaries sank every ounce of their wealth into ships and construction equipment that would carry them to Jupiter's distant orbit in the hope that a lifetime or two of hard work and skilled thinking would eventually produce a safe home for humans at the very doorstep of a radioactive inferno.

Were historical Jovian figures such as Elisabeth Bisset and Alfred Decker still alive in 2213, they could not but view the result of their lifelong toil with mixed feelings. While the century-old Jovian Confederation has indeed become the solar system's premier center of education and social freedom, this young nation has also used the vast resources of Father Jupiter to build for itself the mightiest military in history. While a modern Jovian would cheerfully argue that the Jovian Armed Forces are purely a defensive measure against probable aggression from in-system and offer assurances based on the Confederation's exemplary behavior up until now, one can hardly miss the occasional glint of resentment and arrogance that peeks through when mention is made of Earth, CEGA, or the Battle of Ellysée.

History has shown that any peace between nations is merely a brief respite between wars. Distance or inconvenience is no matter, only the instinctive need for humans to vie with one another for superiority. The fact that the Solar System has gone more than a century without a conflict between nations (barring the constant brushfire conflicts on Earth) is a testament to the hostility of space; humanity has been too busy trying to survive to waste time waging wars. By the early twenty-third century, however, the solar nations have achieved a measure of stability and internal security. Comfortable and secure in their new homes away from the mother planet, the inhabitants of the Solar System can now afford to turn their attention to their neighbors, searching for friendships to build or weaknesses to exploit.

The war that is currently devastating the Martian Free Republic is a perfect example of this dawning age of aggression. Unable to make the Republic provide amends and reparations for its destruction of the orbital elevator prototype (an act which the Republic has loudly attributed to independently operating radicals), the Federation has carried out a bloody but effective campaign against the Republic in an effort to reclaim territory signed away a century ago. Before the resumption of international trade in the solar system, such an attack would have been unthinkable. Indeed, the relatively small-scale civil war which resulted in the original formation of both Martian nations ended as a result of both sides' realization that the resources they were expending fighting each other would be necessary to survive in a future where aid from Earth was uncertain at best. Now that a strong network of trade has been built up with the other solar nations, the Martian Federation is secure in the knowledge that food, medicine, and other supplies will be available throughout the duration of its war of reclamation.

The ante is about to be upped again. The curtain rises on the arrival of a large Jovian battlefleet in Martian orbit, laden with powerful new exo-armors and eager to protect the Confederation's sometime ally, the Martian Free Republic. A similar fleet from Earth, with orders to the same effect regarding the Martian Federation, is already in place, watching idly as Federation forces conquer city after city. With strict admonitions not to directly interfere in combat, Jovian exo-armors are dropping onto Mars to offer escort and aid to fleeing noncombatants. Uncomfortable with such an arrangement, CEGA has issued a scramble order to its pilots.

Hidden away somewhere in the Jovian Confederation, someone watches the tragedy unfold and pulls all the strings, smiling.

▼ 1.1.1 WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

1.1.1

The Campaign Sourcebook is intended as a catch-all gaming supplement. Containing vehicle designs, source material and campaign settings, it is as close as one can get to a truly self-contained gaming book, requiring only the basic Jovian Chronicles core books (Rulebook, Mechanical Catalog and Companion) to fully enjoy.

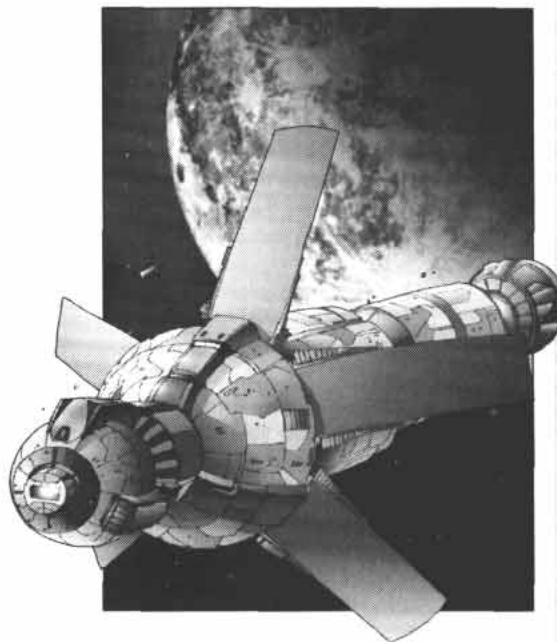
The Chaos Principle is divided into several parts. Chapter One provides a short introduction and outline of the characters, events and locations that will feature prominently in the book. Chapters Two and Three consist of gaming information about the events surrounding the Jovian Confederation's Centennial Celebration in 2213; Chapter Three in particular contains source material about the Confederation and some of its more important locales and organizations (this material is, of course, supplemental to the overview provided in the Jovian Chronicles Rulebook). Chapters Four is made up of many suggestions and adventure seeds, along with several tactical scenarios for the non-roleplaying gamers. Chapter Five is a technical guide containing several new exo-armor and vehicle designs for use in the Silhouette system. The book closes with a timeline update that summarizes the various changes and shifts in power in the Solar System resulting from the events described herein.

THE SOLAR SYSTEM OF 2213 ◀

Much has happened in the thirty-two months since the *Odyssey* Affair shook the secure state of the nations of humankind. This section will quickly summarize the situation in the Solar System, and touch on the events that led it to its current state of conflict in July of 2213. Later Adventure Sourcebooks may act as "prequels" to **The Chaos Principle**, filling in the details that are only quickly mentioned in passing here.

Beyond a doubt, most of the attention in the solar system is currently focused on Mars, where open warfare has raged since February. Angered by the discovery of the Free Republic's involvement in the destruction of the prototype orbital elevator, the Martian Federation has seized large portions of the Republic's territory in Syrtis Major Planitia, Utopia Planitia and Isidis Planitia (see map, page XX). The beleaguered Free Republic Rangers can do little more than retreat in the face of the far more numerous Federation forces, leaving dozens of cities to fend for themselves. It is hoped by many that the arrival of the fleets from the Jovian Confederation and CEGA will help to control the conflict and keep civilian casualties to a minimum.

Despite the massive news coverage the Martian War is receiving, there are still excited eyes turning further outward to Jupiter's orbit, where the ponderous Jovian Confederation is preparing to celebrate its Centennial Anniversary. Guests from across the solar system have been invited to attend the lavish nationwide festival, which is expected to be the biggest party in history.



VENUS ◊

The Venusians are busy recovering from a recent (mid-2212) covert assault upon the Venusian Bank's upper echelons. Reports from Venus are sketchy, but it seems that several zaibatsu are using the current confusion to vie for greater power. The Venusians are also under USN investigation for possible misuse of Edict-restricted technology. Eager to present a friendly face to the Solar System in the wake of the *Odyssey*, Venus is cooperating with the USN (and, incidentally, tying up SolaPol resources that Director O'Grady would prefer to use elsewhere) and staying quiet unless otherwise called upon.



The Venusian Bank itself is still recovering from the *Odyssey* debacle and the undisclosed damage to their Board of Directors, and will require some time to regroup, provided it is left undisturbed. The rest of Venus relishes the opportunity to take the Bank down a notch, and is thus willing to ignore external affairs for a while. Forced to display rather more of its military capability than it desired in its recent bout of internal strife, Venus is understandably leery of sending any kind of aid to Mars and revealing more of its closely guarded exo-armor designs to public scrutiny. In addition, Venus' desire to retain the appearance of a neutral trading partner precludes any major intervention in the conflicts of 2213. Aside from maintaining normal diplomatic and trade activity, the second planet has, for now, retreated behind its veil. They are not missed.

CEGA ◊

CEGA has spent the past two years quietly striving to regain control of the unaligned states on Earth while simultaneously developing new weapons and tactics against the other solar nations. While many of CEGA's councilors and business concerns are financially indebted to the Venusian Bank, few of these beneficiaries harbor any illusions as to the eventual fate Venus has in mind for CEGA. As a result, the anti-exo tactics being developed by the CEGA armed forces are as much for use against Venus as a vengeful Jovian Confederation, in preparation for the day when the Venusian Bank outlives its usefulness. For now, however, CEGA wishes to promote peaceful relations with the rest of the Solar System. This is partly due to a faint hope that the other nations will be successfully wooed into CEGA membership through kind words, but mostly it is to buy CEGA the time necessary to use its massive manpower and resource surplus to pass the Jovians and Venusians in the space arms race. Even the peace-promoting faction of the CEGA council is beginning to look toward the outer Solar System with worry; if CEGA does not initiate military action, the mountain may, so to speak, come to Mohammed.



This increasing concern and paranoia regarding the Jovian Confederation has resulted in CEGA's perhaps overreactionary response to the dispatching of the Jovian Third Fleet to Mars. Although the commanders of the CEGA task force have been given strict orders not to engage in any military activity against the Jovians unless directly provoked, the fleet is equipped with the latest in exo-armors and battlefield devices designed specifically to counter known Jovian tactics. If this turns out to be a Jovian attempt to gain a foothold in the inner Solar System over the ashes of the Martian Federation, then CEGA intends to be prepared. The other members of CEGA are watching the conflict on Mars with increasing agitation. They are quite aware that should war break out in the Earth system, they will be the first and most vulnerable targets, easy to destroy but idiotic for any enemy to leave in CEGA hands. There is little to be done, however, beyond agreeing in principle with the composition of the CEGA task force sent to Mars.



◇ MARS

In October 2212, Jennifer Mathur, an independent reporter then working for ZONet, uncovered shocking video records implicating the Martian Free Republic government in the sabotage and destruction of the Martian Federation's orbital elevator, an act which resulted in the single largest manmade terrain feature in the solar system: the 'Vator Crater, a vast canyon circling Mars' equator. Her subsequent quest for the truth against cover-up efforts by multiple factions has become the stuff of legend in journalistic circles, and culminated in the system-wide broadcast of every bit of evidence uncovered regarding the disaster.

The response from the Martian Federation was immediate. Already at the point of frustration with the Free Republic because of the latter's constant testing of Federation borders, the Federation issued a formal statement to the USN demanding retribution for the economic and human losses incurred by the elevator's destruction. The Republic responded by denying responsibility for the disaster, producing several "culprits" for public vilification and bewailing its own losses in the elevator's fall. The next few months bore no progress whatsoever, and on February 2, 2213, the Martian Federation informed the USN Assembly that the elevator's destruction had been an act of war, and expelled all Republic citizens from within its borders. The next day, the 9th and 17th Panzerobergruppen attacked and seized the mining outpost of Myers Dome in the Free Republic.

The past few months have seen a staggering loss of territory on the Free Republic's west side. The war remains restricted to a single front; Federation garrisons on the Republic's other borders are holding steady, and the Republic's outnumbered and overtaxed military is in no position to begin a counteroffensive. Large numbers of refugees are fleeing the front, heading deeper into the Republic or out to the orbital platforms, where an uneasy peace still holds sway. They bring reports of lightning-quick Federation strikes that do not distinguish between military and civilian targets, and poor conditions for prisoners and citizens in the seized cities.



◇ JUPITER

An incident near Europa in late 2212 involving a hostile CEGA incursion and a terror weapon of unknown type or origin has added greatly to the anger directed insystem by the Jovians. Multiple face-offs and outright firefights between Jovian patrols and CEGA escort squadrons have also resulted in both Trojan States being as furious with Earth as the inhabitants of Olympus near Jupiter. Along with memory of the Battle of Elysée, the Jovians have accumulated a long list of grievances to send with their troops to Mars.

While most of the Jovians' ire has been directed toward CEGA, the past few years have seen no small amount of internal discord. A short-lived terrorist group known as the Seraphim caused a significant amount of trouble in late 2211, indirectly causing the provisional declaration of independence of Titan from the Jovian Confederation in early 2212. Titan's independence has been well received in the Confederation, where most citizens regard the little settlement as a younger sibling acting alone for the first time. Relations between Jupiter and Titan are close and friendly; of more concern to the Jovians is the rooting out of the remaining Seraphim resources.

Large spaceborne constructions for fireworks displays are nearing completion, and the first groups of guests from the inner solar system are arriving. Despite worries about the situation of the JAF peacekeeping force, morale in the Confederation is steadily improving. Indeed, many of the JAF ships orbiting Mars are making do with what they have to prepare for the celebration, when time and operational schedules permit.

◇ NEUTRAL POWERS

Despite an official protest against the Martian Federation recorded at a recent USN session, the Mercurian Merchant Guild continues to conduct trade with both Martian nations, maintaining its official position of neutrality. Merchant Guild ships bound for Mars are completely unarmed, and as of late July, no Mercurian vessels have caused or been subjected to any trouble on or around Mars. The Belt, in keeping with the isolationism of its inhabitants, remains totally disinterested in the Martian conflict. The 2210 proposal from Ceres to explore alliances with Jupiter or Earth has quietly fallen by the wayside, much to the relief of many of the smaller Nomad settlements.

United Space Nations Chairwoman Johari's request for aid from the other solar nations was a direct result of the USN's inability to use traditional methods to mediate the war. Johari felt certain that all of the solar nations would be willing to commit small forces to protect their interests on Mars. Instead, the idea went horribly wrong, from her perspective. The only nations to respond were CEGA and the Jovian Confederation, who both apparently saw the situation as an opportunity to fight a war by proxy.

Chairwoman Johari continues to work closely with the Solar Police in a desperate effort to remedy the problem, with little success. The other solar nations, while verbally protesting the Martian Federation's aggression, have unilaterally opposed economic sanctions, except for a token embargo on military equipment that is unlikely to have any noticeable effect in the near future. Coupled with a conflict in Asia that is tying up much of the UN Guards, the situation has effectively been removed from the USN's control.

1.3 MAJOR PLAYERS ◀

Unlike the *Odyssey Affair* (see Rulebook, p. 14), the events taking place in 2213 cannot readily be reduced to a single, simplified label. This book focuses only on the situation from Jovian eyes, leaving the background stories on Earth, Venus and other worlds for later books. While some mention of the changes occurring throughout the realms of humanity is made (such as the tactical section depicting a portion of the Martian conflict), the Player Character-based activity presented herein is confined strictly to the Jovian Confederation, one of the pulse-points in the coming time of storm and stress in the solar system.

One of the main themes of this book is the disorder that invariably arises when too many people try to do the same thing in different ways. Realizing a single goal in the complex political and social environment of the twenty-third century is difficult enough; when one must deal simultaneously with enemy opposition and unwanted "help," the problem often becomes insoluble and unfortunately painful to innocent bystanders. It is this concept, along with the moniker of the newly active Jovian pro-war faction, that gives **The Chaos Principle** its title.



LIEUTENANT ARIANA "ULULA" MORGENSTERN ◇

Lieutenant Morgenstern is a CEGA exo-armor pilot assigned to the Lunar Aerospace Consortium's Exo-Research Division as a test pilot. Her skills as an engineer and pilot helped put the Typhon project nearly a month ahead of schedule, and she is highly regarded by her peers. Her dislike of CEGA's policies, however, has made her dissatisfied with her current way of life. Sheltered by the military for most of her existence, Ariana is intensely curious about the other solar nations and is willing to take extreme risks to satisfy that curiosity. At once naive and cynical, she is almost certain that life in the Jovian Confederation would be infinitely better than the constant drudgery of inescapable military duty to CEGA. It took a lot of time for Ariana to pluck up the courage to consider defection, but now her choice is made. She carefully crafted her escape, planning for as many contingencies as possible. When the window of opportunity came, she bolted off into the distance with her experimental exo-armor. She hit something of a snag, however: much to her surprise, the Jovian crew that picked her up made her a captive, just like CEGA. She quickly regained her composure, though. It's just another obstacle on her quest for freedom for her to methodically figure a way around. The answer will come to her soon, she is certain.



LIEUTENANT JARED "LIGHTFOOT" ST. JOHN ◇

Born and raised in Olympus, Jared believed that his homeland was an idyllic paradise threatened from without by CEGA and the other solar nations. He grew up quickly, helping his mother run her enterprise. Sadly, the business later collapsed and she suffered a deep mental breakdown as a result; following standard Jovian social practices, she was interned for treatments. Jared had already joined the JAF to become a pilot and help defend his nation when this happened. Upon his return, he found he could not see his mother. Even this callous treatment by the Jovian medical establishment, however, did not dim his patriotism, at least not at first. The months passed, with no change or improvement. Now a high-security-clearance test pilot for Jovian Armor Works, St. John is privy to a great deal of classified information and equipment. He has recently begun delivering some of this information to a man he believes to be a Jovian Intelligence Service operative, but who in fact work for a group with deeper, more sinister motives: the Principii. Jared is worried by the criminal, even treasonous, nature of his activities, but the exchange for his aid has proven irresistible. Indeed, he was promised full access to his ill mother in exchange for the data. Jared is now at a critical decision point, and must decide how best to carry out his duty to a nation whose beauty is starting to show cracks.



SPECIAL AGENT JOSEPH ZAHID ◇

Joseph Zahid spends most of his time looking up, wishing he was flying, chasing criminals back and forth across Olympus. His former job as a police officer was fun enough, but then he made the mistake of thinking that being a spy would be even better. After two years as a Clotho agent, Joseph is almost ready to explode from the sheer boredom of it all. His situation is only exacerbated by his partner Khoi, who is infamous for his slow, detailed approach to security and espionage. Joseph likes Khoi as a person, but is continually frustrated by his requests to "slow down and think for a minute." Khoi want to ease him slowly into being a representative of the entire Confederation; he has assured the higher-ups that Joseph's field skills are more than worth the effort and risk involved in trying to change the new agent's perspectives and goals. The current spate of security arrangements for the Centennial is proving to be an especially trying time for Joseph. His paperwork load is nearly tripled, and he is constantly taunted by the sight of exo-suited police officers patrolling the "sky" above him. There hasn't been a decent chase to speak of since last year, and Joseph is worried that if the boredom goes on any longer, he'll forget how to pilot an exo-suit entirely.





◇ SPECIAL AGENT KHOI SCHLICHTING

Mr. Schlichting is an agent of the Jovian Intelligence Service's Clotho Division, which is also known as the Information Manipulation Division: Clotho is in charge of investigating the possible security problems of the Confederation. Khoi has been assigned to help implement internal security matters on Joshua's Station during the upcoming Centennial Celebration. A refugee from Earth, he has lived almost all of his life in the Confederation and has developed a strong sense of duty to the nation that received him with open arms. He is a respected and trusted agent within the Clotho organization, and while he longs to see the land of his birth once more, his loyalties lie entirely with the Jovian Confederation (even if he does not approve of all of its foreign policies). An effective field agent, Schlichting is uncomfortable as a manager and prefers to get "down and dirty" with his subordinates, leaving organizational work to his assistants. While this mode of operation tends to make him unpopular with his aides, his superiors must grudgingly admit that Schlichting's success rate (or rather, lack of failure) has earned him a fair amount of leeway in terms of task distribution.



◇ ALEXANDRA ITANGRE

The President of the Jovian Confederation has been under a lot of stress lately. In addition to a near-constant barrage of scandalous accusations relating to her reelection in 2211 (which made her the first Jovian President to serve more than one term), Itangre is also faced with the dilemma of maintaining her nation's economic security while engaging in a major military mobilization. She is constantly juggling with many convoluted plans which are designed to make the Confederation the most powerful state ever seen in the history of Mankind — with her at the top, naturally. Adding to her professional problems are her difficult relations with her family; her husband Bernard, who has long known that he is little more than a trophy, is finally growing dissatisfied with Alexandra's power-hunger and may be considering leaving her. Her only son, Gavin, has not spoken to her for months, preferring instead to spend all of his leave time as far away from Elysée as possible with his Venusian wife. Itangre is hoping that the upcoming Centennial Celebration will help solve some of her problems, both foreign and domestic, or at least take some of their weight from her shoulders.



◇ COUNCILOR IGNATIUS CHANG

Uncomfortable with the chilly relations between the Jovian Confederation and CEGA, Ignatius Chang has journeyed out to Jupiter to attend the celebrations of the Jovian Centennial. It is his hope that this gesture of peace and good will will help open the door to more friendly relations between the two powerful nations. He is nearly alone in this opinion; a total of less than five percent of the CEGA Councilors share his views, and of those, only he was willing to expend the time and effort to make the trip.

Although the death of his friend Ranho Garand near Jupiter in 2210 and the operation that caused it still weighs heavily on his shoulders, he is willing to put aside bitter memories in order to better deal face to face with President Itangre. Having never met her in person, Chang fervently hopes that she is as dedicated to a peaceful resolution to their nations' differences as he is.



◇ COLONEL KARL LOTJONEN

Colonel Lotjonen (callsign "Fafnir") is the *de facto* leader of the Principii, a secret organization dedicated to protecting the Jovian Confederation from its own ignorance and folly. A student of General Avram Thorsen, Lotjonen always believed that the General had been forced into his actions, blaming CEGA and the Venusians for his mentor's downfall. Upon witnessing Thorsen's death on Venus, Lotjonen returned to Jupiter in secret to gather allies and reform Thorsen's Principii into a battle-worthy unit. Taking the example of General Thorsen, Lotjonen believes that independent action by clear-minded individuals is the best way to eliminate hidden threats to the Confederation before more lives are lost.

Lotjonen runs his group from Joshua's Station, where he hides in plain sight as a restaurateur and merchant. In attempting to emulate General Thorsen, he has tried to make himself into an efficient, calculating thinker and a patient and even-handed leader. In this, he sometimes lapses, but his efforts to achieve what he perceives as a noble goal are unflinching.



◇ REBECCA FANEUIL

A former associate of Lotjonen in joint intelligence-military operations, Rebecca has risen over the years to become a sub-director in the Jovian Intelligence Service's Lachesis Information Analysis Division. When Lotjonen contacted her, asking her to join the Principii, she was already aware of his activities and had been actively concealing them from the rest of Lachesis. She has proven to be an invaluable ally to the Principii, providing them with vast amounts of useful information, not the least of which was the location of what was to become Umbra Station. In truth, however, Faneuil is a Venusian Bank plant, thoroughly reconditioned during a teenage trip to Venus. She sees the Principii as a useful tool to satisfy her occasional mysterious urges to disrupt life in the Jovian Confederation, and is helping them only for this reason; she has military resources of her own that she is prepared to use when the time comes. Rebecca doesn't know where her urges and feelings come from, but they are subtle and have never come up in her regular psych evaluations. She is a virtual time bomb, slowly ticking away, and no one knows how dangerous she really is.

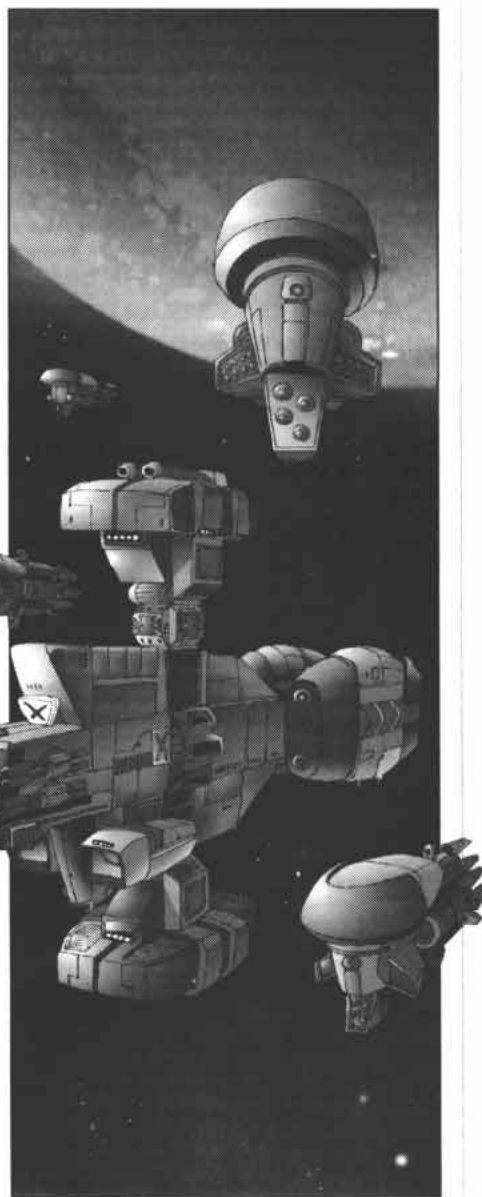
A LARGER TAPESTRY ◀

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1.4

UNALTERED TIMELINE OF EVENTS ★

•	February 2, 2213: Martian Federation declares war on Martian Free Republic
•	April 14, 2213: JAF peacekeeping force leaves for Mars
•	May 17, 2213: CEGA fleet leaves for Mars
•	May 23, 2213: JAF reinforcement fleet leaves Newhome for Mars
•	June 2, 2213: Ignatius Chang leaves Earth on a priority ship for Jupiter
•	June 27, 2213: CEGA fleet arrives at Mars
•	July 24, 2213: JAF peacekeeping force arrives at Mars
•	August 14, 2213: JAF reinforcement fleet arrives at Mars
•	August 15, 2213: Ignatius Chang arrives at Olympus
•	August 30, 2213: Battle of Kurtzenheim, Jovian Centennial Celebration

HISTORICAL FACTS
end of section 1.4 a larger tapestry

0011

► KARMA

This stinks.

Ariana meant it literally. The Typhon's cockpit smelled of a month's worth of sweat, survival rations and life-support malfunctions. She'd managed to make her resources last, as expected, all the way out to Mars' orbit, but it hadn't been pleasant. She hoped her rescuers wouldn't throw up after opening the cockpit. Lord knew, it was taking all she had to keep it down herself, and she was *used* to it.

The distress beacon had been on for about five hours now, turned down low to avoid broadcasting her position over the entire inner solar system. She'd had to shut down most of the computer's higher functions to spare the power, and she was starting to miss the conversation, lame as it had been. All she wanted was for a non-CEGA ship to pick up her signal and attempt a rescue. With the Typhon as a bargaining chip, she doubted she'd have much trouble getting passage to the Jovian Confederation. There was enough power and water left for another few weeks, if she was careful, but she was already tired of waiting.

As if summoned by her turn of mind, a beep in her ear reported a signal directed along the emergency channel.

Excitedly, Ariana shut the beacon off and turned one of her cockpit screens back on. She played with the camera controls until, in the distance, the shape of an Inari-class cargo ship resolved itself. Over her speakers came a concerned male voice.

"Distress beacon, do you copy? This is independent cargo vessel *Niebelung* out of Olympus, responding to your call. Please respond if able."

The message was followed by a stream of rapid taps, repeating the hail in Spacer's Runic in time with the flashing searchlight on the Inari's hull. Ariana watched the ship closely on the screen, trying to decide whether or not to answer. If she didn't, the Typhon's holofield would keep her hidden. She'd actually expected to have to let a few ships pass by before a suitable one came along. This was almost too good to be true.

The message repeated, and the ship got closer. If Ariana didn't do something, it would go right past her, leaving her to wait for the next chance. She made her choice halfway through her next inhale. Exhaling quickly, she reached over and switched her comm on, simultaneously dropping the Typhon's holofield. She smiled as she spoke into her headset, imagining the chaos that had to be taking place on the Inari's bridge at that moment.

"*Niebelung*. This is Lieutenant Morgenstern of the CEGA Armed Forces. I'm fifteen by minus twenty-seven by ten kay off you. Hi."

"What the hell!" The voice was backed up by loud chatter from the background. "Look, CEGA exo-armor, we are a commercial vessel. We are unarmed and —"

"Oh, give me a break. I'm not going to pirate you. I sent a distress beacon, remember? I have no fuel, and I'm running out of air. Oh, and by the way, I'm trying to defect from CEGA. Jeez, you sure are a cautious bunch."

"That invisibility trick surprised us. Very impressive. If you're really defecting, though, then power down your generator, Lieutenant. After that, we'll take you aboard. Sorry, but we won't close with you while you're powered up."

Wordlessly, Ariana complied. She didn't blame them for being wary. Out here, a mysterious exo-armor was more likely foe than friend. If she'd wanted to she could have simply masked the reactor's emissions, but she'd already taken the first step; no use in subterfuge now. Moments after she put her reactor into cooling cycle, the Inari began a deceleration turn. The captain's voice came again, static-laden through the comm's auxiliary power.

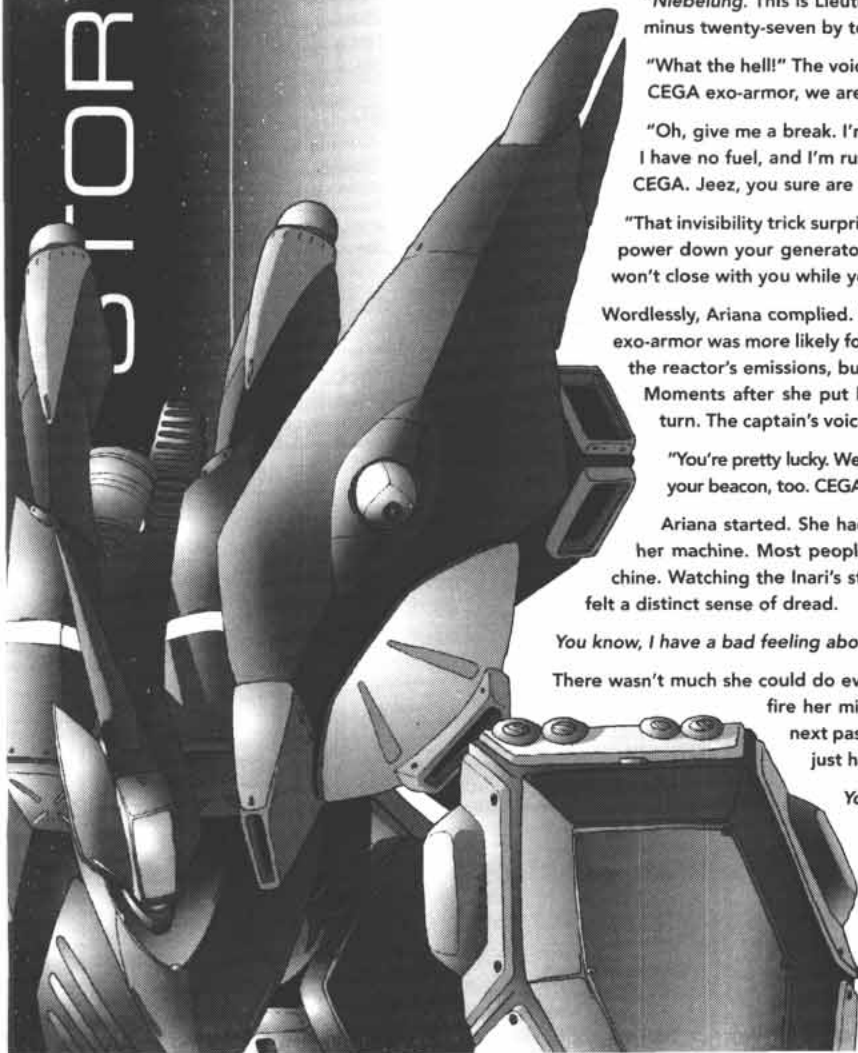
"You're pretty lucky. We're headed back home to Olympus. Other ships probably picked up your beacon, too. CEGA could have found you. I'm sure they'd want that prototype back."

Ariana started. She hadn't expected a civilian ship captain to be so quick in tagging her machine. Most people would have just assumed CEGA had a new production machine. Watching the Inari's starboard cargo hatch open up, gaping and dark, she suddenly felt a distinct sense of dread.

You know, I have a bad feeling about these guys.

There wasn't much she could do even if she wanted, short of ejecting. She had enough power to fire her missiles, but wouldn't that just leave a beautiful tableau for the next passing ship to find? Anyway, it was all a hunch. The captain might just have been guessing.

You're just jittery, Ana. You're about to meet a Jovian. Yeah, must be it. Come on, smile. This is the best thing that could have happened. Yep. I'm getting a really positive attitude about this whole thing.



MAJOR PLOTLINES ◀

The Chaos Principle action occurs on two primary stages: Joshua's Station in the Olympian State, and Mars and its vicinity. These two locales are the main focuses of the book, and the events that will take place there in the late summer of 2213 will likely affect people across human-habited space, regardless of their nationality or occupation. They are the events which uninvolved Players in other parts of the solar system will hear about via news or eyewitness reports.

The locales and scale of these plotlines are quite large and public, which means that it will be impossible for characters located on Joshua's Station or near Mars in late 2213 not to be at least aware of what is happening around them. Whether or not they choose to do anything about it all is, of course, up to them, but in these cases, it will be hard for the situation not to do something to them first. Indeed, the scope of the Principii's plan is such that very few people will be able to stand on the sidelines while History passes them by.



HOME OF DRAGONS AND OWLS ◇

Taking place in Olympus, this plotline is the focus of the roleplaying adventure, and details the efforts of a small group of desperate individuals to foil the plans-within-plans of the Principii. The story revolves around the actions of six primary characters, each of whom has his or her own agendas or motivations. While players are generally expected to end up working against the Principii, one should note that the four "good guy" characters (Ariana Morgenstern, Jared St. John, Khoi Schlichting and Joseph Zahid) are all complex people who are only a step away from giving their loyalty to the Principii.

WELLSPRING OF HATRED ◇

Not covered in a roleplaying context (at least in this book), the events taking place in Mars' orbit are of great importance to the balance of power in the solar system. As the situation escalates, it will become virtually impossible for Players anywhere in the solar system not to become affected by the expanding shockwaves of the confrontation. The tactical scenarios included in this book touch only briefly on the battle, just enough to lend relevance and purpose to the situation in Olympus.

2.1.2 SUBPLOTS ▼

These are minor side events that are related to but have little effect on the primary plotlines. They exist to provide GMs either with useful things give the Players to do to fill boredom or red herrings to lead them away from the main plot until the time is right. These subplots are designed to be reasonably modular, able to be "plugged in" to the main plotline with little difficulty. They are also meant to be accessible to a wide variety of character types, although there are obvious limits to this. The sole requirement is that the Players be in the right place at the right time; unlike the Major Plotlines, the Subplots can occur and pass the Players right by if they happen to be looking in the wrong direction.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO AXIS PARK ◇

Hundreds of VIPs are converging on Joshua's Station for the Centennial celebration. Principii activities aside, Joshua's Station is still a dangerous place for the unprepared or overconfident. The Players may be assigned to watch over one dignitary in particular, charged with keeping him or her out of trouble in the station. This can be an adventure in itself, especially if the VIP does not want Jovian bodyguards and tries to lose the Players in, say, the Cluster.

As the Centennial Celebration nears, the VIPs will also be put in danger by the Principii's staged disruptions. Although designed to be non-lethal, the damage distraught dignitaries might do to themselves or others in the wake of such a disruption is worthy of some concern. If the Players are in hiding at this point, they may witness a VIP in danger and will have to decide whether to ignore the problem and stay concealed, or lend help and possibly be discovered.

THE ENEMY OF THE ENEMY OF MY ENEMY ◇

The Principii exist in an extremely precarious situation. They must maintain very tight security indeed, lest they be found out by any of the organizations in which they exist. To this end, Karl Lotjonen has instituted several conventions to limit contact between members and keep up their shroud of secrecy. Unfortunately, one of the Principii Shrouds has reconsidered his decision to join, has gone into hiding, and is planning to attempt to help the Players.

Lotjonen orders Rebecca Faneuil to take the man into custody without harming him. She, in turn, draws up an order which directs agents to locate and apprehend the individual in question, but makes no mention of not harming him. The Players must establish to their satisfaction that the man is not a false defector, and also decide whether or not to work in concert with him.

► 2.2 CHARACTERS

This section begins with several templates for several of the generic "thug" or "red shirt" NPCs who are part of every rousing adventure. While most intelligence agents and pilots can be represented using the templates in the **Jovian Chronicles Rulebook** and the **Companion**, members of the Principii deserve some special attention. Since most Principii are already well trained in a particular career specialty, these troops and agents tend to be older, smarter and better informed than most people in their professions. The average stats provided also reflect the distinct personality type sought out by the Principii, i.e. strong-willed, trustworthy, and not prone to unnecessary displays of anger, violence or megalomania. It's a small wonder their ranks are so sparse and such a well-kept secret.

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► PRAETOR



High officials of the Jovian Confederation Judicia, Praetors wield great power in the course of deciding the fates of those accused of crimes against the state or other citizens. Trained to be both deductive and intuitive, they must carefully balance logic and empathy in an effort to preserve justice. Praetors are public figures of some note, looked upon with awe and fear by their fellow citizens. Their practiced sternness hides deep concerns, however. Every Praetor must live with the constant fear of making a wrong judgment and thus failing in his or her duty.

▣ ATTRIBUTES

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

▣ SKILLS

Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.
Bureaucracy	1	1	Hum. Perception	2	1	Law	2	1	Psychology	2	1
Etiquette	1	1	Interrogation	2	1	Notice	1	1			

Other possible Skills: Computer, Foreign Languages, Investigation, Social Sciences, Theatrics

◇ EQUIPMENT

Robes of office, dataglove with portable computer and law library datalink, 1d6x500 credits

◇ SIMILAR ARCHETYPES

Judge, diplomat, lawyer, psychiatrist.





GARDIEN D'HONNEUR ◀

The Honor Guards are the personal bodyguards of the Agora and President, and also serve as protectors (and observers) of visiting foreign dignitaries. Trained both in personal and exo-suit combat, these men and women are willing to interpose themselves between their charge and any form of danger. Their grim-faced, businesslike attitude gains them few admirers save for those whose lives they preserve. The Gardiens d'Honneur are often seen in plain clothes around Jovian officials, and are also something of a tourist attraction when guarding the Agora building and other national monuments in their ceremonially decked-out exo-suits (similar in equipment to military Deckers, but heavily decorated and painted pure white).

ATTRIBUTES ▢

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

SKILLS ▢

Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.
Dodge	1	1	Exo-Suit	2	1	Melee	1	1	Security	2	0
Etiquette	1	1	Hand-to-Hand	2	1	Notice	2	1	Small Arms	2	1

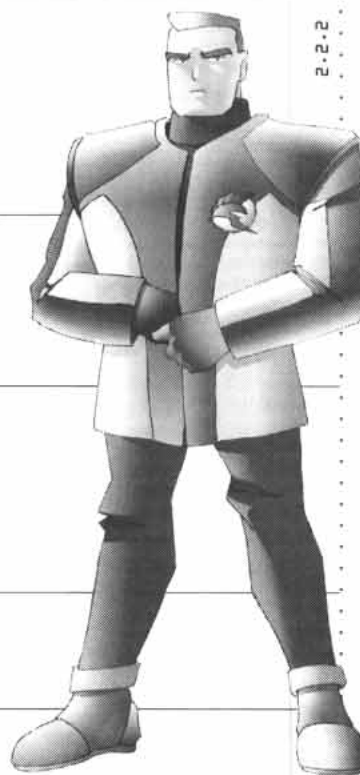
Other possible Skills: Combat Sense, Law, First Aid, Bureaucracy, Psychology, Intimidate, Zero-gee Movement and Combat.

EQUIPMENT ◇

Sidearm, plain clothes outfit, light body armor, communicator, 1d6x100 credits, access to ceremonial Decker exo-suit.

SIMILAR ARCHETYPES ◇

Bodyguard, Commando, Secret Service agent (any nationality), ESWAT Officer.



2.2.2



ATROPOS OPERATIVE ◀

Their existence is denied, but the agents of the JIS' Information Disposal Division are both real and deadly. Atropos comprises two separate but related units. One deals with internal affairs in the JIS, handling the quiet removal of traitors and moles. The other unit, split into numbered teams, is called upon whenever JIS operations outside of Jovian law must be executed. These missions (assassinations, kidnappings and torture) are seldom recorded in process, only in result. Being an Atropos agent does not require one to be a mindless killer, but it does call for a strong stomach and unquestioned loyalty.

ATTRIBUTES ▢

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

SKILLS ▢

Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.
Combat Sense	1	1	Exo-Suit Pilot	2	1	Melee	2	1	Small Arms	2	1
Dodge	1	1	Hand-to-Hand	2	1	Security	1	1	Stealth	2	1
Electronics	1	1									

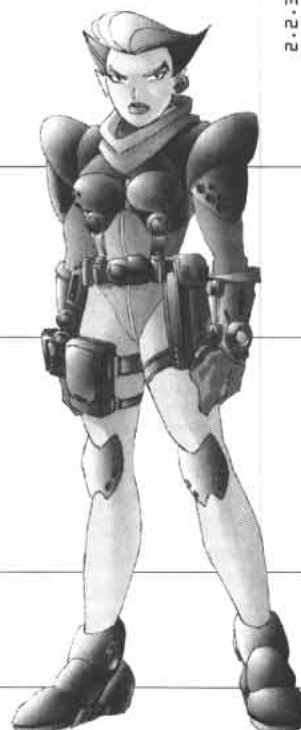
Other possible Skills: Parachuting, Survival, Zero-Gee Movement/Combat, Heavy Weapons, Law, Demolitions, Throwing.

EQUIPMENT ◇

Sidearm, light armor, communicator, 1d6x100 credits, anything suitable to mission at hand, including military-grade armor.

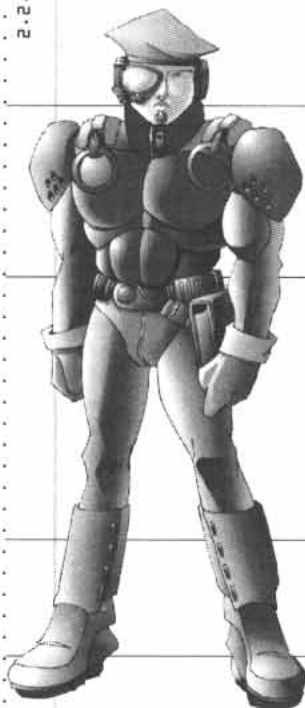
SIMILAR ARCHETYPES ◇

Assassin, SWAT/ESWAT Trooper.



2.2.2

4.2.2



► PRINCIPII SENTINEL



Sentinels operate and maintain Umbra Station. Drawn mostly from the Jovian soldiery, their official work as employees of one of Lotjonen's businesses and reside permanently on Umbra. Several also operate undercover on various colonies in Olympus. Their low numbers mean that they must perform multiple duties; their financial compensation is commensurate.

▣ ATTRIBUTES

AGI	1	APP	0	BLD	1	CRE	0	FIT	1
INF	0	KNO	1	PER	1	PSY	0	WIL	0
STR	1	HEA	0	STA	30	UD	7	AD	6

▣ SKILLS

Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.
Communications	1	1	Exo-Pilot	1	1	Mechanics	1	1	Small Arms	2	1
Computer	2	1	Gunnery (Exo)	1	1	Melee	1	1	Zero-G Combat	2	1
Electronics	1	1	Hand-to-Hand	2	1	Security	1	1	Zero-G Mvmt.	1	1
Elect. Warfare	1	0									

Other possible Skills: Physical Sciences, Electronic Design, Mechanical Design.

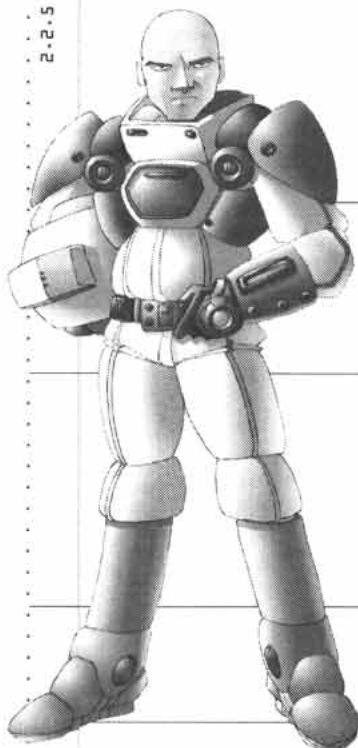
◇ EQUIPMENT

Sidearm, light armor, rifle, communicator, 1d6x100 credits.

◇ SIMILAR ARCHETYPES

Marine, High-Security Base Personnel.

5.2.2



► PRINCIPII VANGUARDS



The most numerous members of the Principii are also the most visible. Vanguards are pilots in the JAF who have committed to Lotjonen's seemingly noble cause. No financial compensation is asked for nor received. The pilots abhor the thought of mercenary behavior and are more than willing to serve their nation voluntarily. Lest one be surprised by this, it should be mentioned that Jovian pilots are specifically trained to think for themselves and act in accordance with the greater good of the Confederation; many Vanguards see the Principii as some kind of "test" by the JAF high command. Lotjonen's skillful manipulation of this illusion is a testament to his life-earned understanding of the Jovian military mentality.

▣ ATTRIBUTES

AGI	2	APP	0	BLD	0	CRE	1	FIT	0
INF	0	KNO	0	PER	1	PSY	0	WIL	0
STR	0	HEA	0	STA	25	UD	4	AD	3

▣ SKILLS

Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.
Combat Sense	2	1	Exo-Pilot	2	2	Navigation (Space)	1	0	Zero-G Combat	1	2
Communication	1	0	Gunnery (exo)	2	1	Small Arms	1	2	Zero-G Mvmt.	1	2
Elect. Warfare	2	1	Hand-to-Hand	1	2	Tactics	1	1			

Other possible Skills: Leadership, Computer, Electronics, Mechanics, Melee, Space Pilot.

◇ EQUIPMENT

Flight suit, helmet, sidearm, 1d6x100 credits.

◇ SIMILAR ARCHETYPES

Elite pilot.



PRINCIPII SILENCERS ◀

Few individuals make it past the JIS' stringent mental and psychological analyses; those who do are dangerously corruptible. Rebecca Faneuil has come upon a large number of such agents from all three JIS divisions, and has carefully hidden any telltale psych evaluation files while simultaneously persuading these men and women as to the worthiness and correctness of the Principii's cause. Most Silencers are actually loyal to Rebecca Faneuil; if pressed, they will follow her directives over Lotjonen's. Lotjonen is aware of this, and is careful not to use them excessively.

ATTRIBUTES ▢

AGI	0	APP	0	BLD	0	CRE	1	FIT	0
INF	1	KND	1	PER	1	PSY	0	WIL	1
STR	0	HEA	0	STA	25	UD	4	AD	3

SKILLS ▢

Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.
Bureaucracy	2	1	Electronics	1	1	Hum. Perception	1	0	Psychology	1	1
Communications	1	1	Etiquette	1	1	Investigation	2	1	Security	2	1
Computer	2	1	Hand-to-Hand	1	0	Notice	1	1	Tactics	1	1

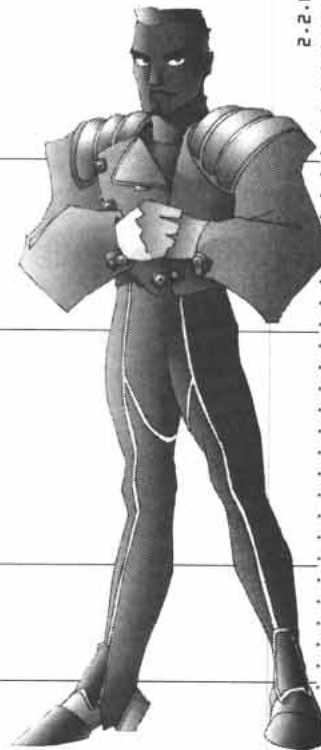
Other possible Skills: Forgery, Business, Small Arms, History, Social Sciences.

EQUIPMENT ◇

Casual clothing, hold-out weapon, surveillance devices, portable computer, scrambled communicator, 1d6x1000 credits.

SIMILAR ARCHETYPES ◇

Professional assassin.



P. 2.2



PRINCIPII SHROUDS ◀

Named both for their ability to hide Principii activity from prying eyes and their tendency to be introverted recluses, the Shrouds are perhaps the most valuable of the Principii. Without their discreet alteration of files and information-gathering skills, none of the other Principii would go undiscovered for very long. In the self-supporting circle of sub-groups Karl Lotjonen has created, one group is, despite its seeming innocuousness, the true base upon which the structure of the Principii is built. The Shrouds are the least numerous of the Principii subclasses, with only twenty or so members. This is due both to the difficulty of acquiring the services of computer experts not already closely watched by Clotho and to the fact that most such specialists are nonmilitary personnel with few strong convictions regarding the Confederation's conflict with CEGA.

ATTRIBUTES ▢

AGI	-1	APP	0	BLD	0	CRE	1	FIT	-1
INF	0	KND	2	PER	1	PSY	0	WIL	0
STR	0	HEA	0	STA	25	UD	3	AD	3

SKILLS ▢

Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.
Communications	1	2	Electronics	2	2	Elect. Warfare	2	1	Security	1	2
Computer	3	2	Electronic Design	1	2	Investigation	1	1	Tinker	1	1

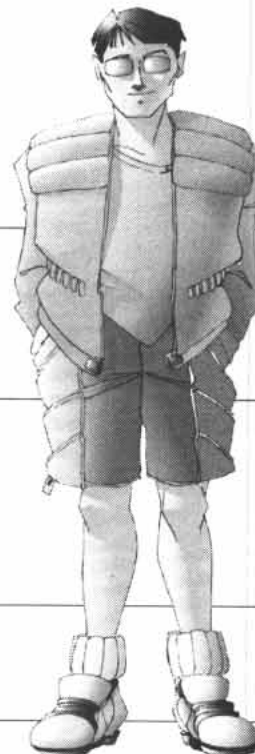
Other possible Skills: Notice, Bureaucracy, Business, Forgery, increased Computer..

EQUIPMENT ◇

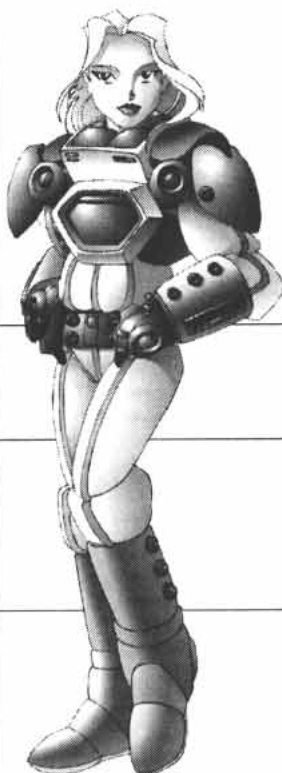
Computer deck, fast-food credit card, electronics toolkit, communications equipment, 1d6x10 credits.

SIMILAR ARCHETYPES ◇

Security analyst, professional hacker.



P. 2.7



▶ ARIANA MORGENSTERN

Born on May 8, 2183 to a family of European refugees living on the isle of Cuba, Ariana Morgenstern experienced starvation, disease and crime from the moment she opened her eyes. In a land where technology was still a commodity worth more than life, she grew up fighting tooth and nail alongside (and sometimes against) her family and township for goods, education and outright survival. When Ariana was ten, her parents decided that freedom from CEGA was not so wonderful a possession after all, took a boat to the Florida peninsula and requested a home in CEGA as entry-level citizens.

The cleanliness and orderliness of Gaia City was a welcome change, for a time. As her teen years dwindled, however, Ariana found herself becoming less satisfied with the enforced utopia in which she lived. She wanted to get outside, look around the world and, most of all, find a place that wasn't so *stifling*. To this end, she joined the CAF in 2202, accepting the distasteful portions of military training in exchange for a military officer's ability to leave the City, and even Earth itself.

▣ VITAL STATISTICS

Age:	30	Height:	182 cm	Weight:	70.4 kg	Hair Color:	Blond	Eye Color:	Green-Hazel
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▣ ATTRIBUTES

AGI	2	APP	1	BLD	0	CRE	1	FIT	0
INF	1	KNO	1	PER	1	PSY	0	WIL	0
STR	0	HEA	0	STA	25	UD	5	AD	3

▣ SKILLS

Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.
Combat Sense	1	1	Elect. Warfare	2	1	Hand-to-Hand	2	2	Navigation (Space)	1	1
Communications	1	1	Exo-Pilot	2	2	Mechanics	2	1	Zero-G Combat	2	2
Computer	1	1	Gunnery (Exo)	2	2	Mech. Design	1	1	Zero-G Mvmt	1	2

◇ PROFESSION



After spending several years as a Syreen pilot, patrolling the Orbitals and Luna, Ariana grew bored again. Looking down from above, she was also becoming increasingly disgusted with CEGA's cattle-herder attitude toward its people and military personnel. While understanding that her nation needed to rule through force in order to survive, Ariana felt that such an environment was absolutely not the place for her. Though her feelings only intensified with time, she hid them well, and earned a test pilot/engineer position at the Lunar Aerospace Corporation's XO Research Division. Her introduction to the secret Typhon prototype in 2209 provided her the means with which to fulfill her desires, and her plan to escape with the machine began to take shape.

◇ ATTITUDES

Ariana has always looked for something new and exciting to do with her time. Intelligent and prone to meticulous reasoning, Ariana has come to the conclusion that she is merely in the process of exploring her universe, in search of a single place where she will remain happy and occupied enough to settle down. In her eyes, CEGA has become an obstacle to her wishes; having chosen a career as a military officer in her teens, Ariana is now restricted from ever rejecting her CEGA citizenship, meaning that she is stuck near Earth in a rigid career for the rest of her life... unless she takes her destiny into her own hands.

◇ COMBAT REACTIONS

Ariana has hated physical combat since she was a teenager living a new life in the safety of Gaia City. She learned just enough about weapons to squeak by on her military qualification exams, and then promptly forgot most of it, save for enough kung fu to stay fit as a pilot. Her reaction to violence is always level headed. Realizing that combat is a part of her world, she accepts its existence, permitting people to work out their differences as they choose without complaint. She is neither willing nor able to be an effective combatant, however, and will leave the safety of cover only if cornered or required to help a comrade who is injured or in danger.

JARED ST. JOHN ◀

Constance St. John lost her husband in a mining accident in 2186, two months before the birth of their first child on Joshua's Station. Unwilling to trouble her neighbors for assistance, she split her time as best she could between her small local-space transit business and her son. Jared became independent at an early age, soon taking it upon himself to help out his mother and her business, which was starting to lose money due to competing horizontal expansion of a large local corporation. Asked by his mother to pursue his own career, Jared followed the example of many of his friends and applied for military service. He proved to be a fine soldier; several minor AWOL offenses, however, kept him from promotion past Lieutenant.

The family business collapsed in 2210, after President Itangre's company gained even more power following the Battle of Elysée. Constance snapped, violently. By the time Jared was able to return from deep patrol, his mother was imprisoned in a rehabilitation facility and his family's heritage was gone. The six-month sentence dragged into a year, then two; Jared was not permitted to see his mother once.

VITAL STATISTICS ▢

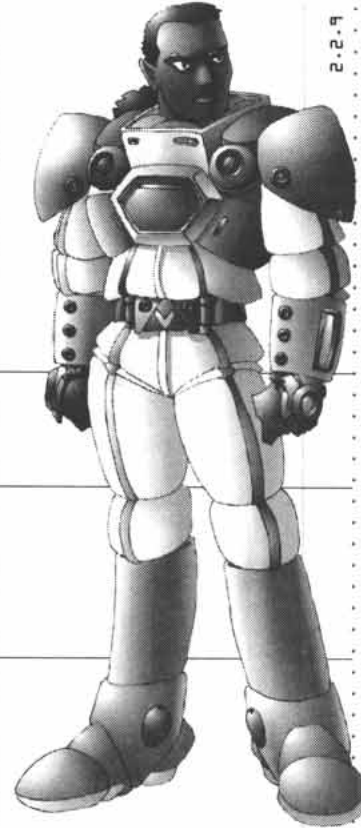
Age:	27	Height:	186 cm	Weight:	87 kg	Hair Color:	Black	Eye Color:	Brown
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ATTRIBUTES ▢

AGI	2	APP	1	BLD	0	CRE	0	FIT	1
INF	0	KNO	0	PER	2	PSY	0	WIL	-1
STR	0	HEA	0	STA	25	UD	5	AD	3

SKILLS ▢

Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.
Athletics	1	1	Drive	2	2	Hand-to-Hand	2	2	Security	1	0
Combat Sense	1	2	Elect. Warfare	1	0	Heavy Weapons	1	2	Small Arms	2	2
Communications	1	0	Exo-Pilot	2	2	Music (Guitar)	2	0	Zero-G Combat	1	2
Computer	1	0	Gunnery (Exo)	2	2	Navigation (Space)	1	0	Zero-G Mvmt	1	2



22-9

PROFESSION ◇

In 2211, Jared applied for a transfer to a location closer to his mother. The response, based on his experience and skill in previous years, was a test-pilot assignment at the Masamune Forge. Jared enjoyed his new job, which permitted him to indulge the showoff mentality he'd picked up from comrades. During his time as JAW, Jared became increasingly furious with Jovian society, which prevented him from seeing his mother and which had caused her to snap in the first place. This anger did not go unnoticed. Late in 2212, Jared was approached by a JIS operative and asked to provide minor information and favors to a group known as the Principii. In exchange, they would see to it that he could visit his mother.

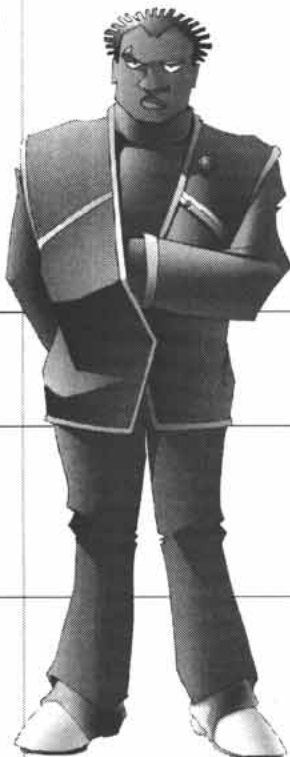


ATTITUDES ◇

Influenced by Constance, Jared is highly respectful of human life and freedom of choice. He deeply loves the people he has grown up around and feels very betrayed by his society's treatment of his mother. He helps the Principii only because he believes (mistakenly) that they are dedicated to peace, and also because they have confirmed that his mother is alive. Jared is becoming suspicious of his mysterious allies, however. Although he has seen videotapes and messages from his mother, he has not seen her in person since the first clandestine visit in January 2213. Jared is starting to think that there is no truth to be found in the Confederation, only an endless series of self-serving lies.

COMBAT REACTIONS ◇

Jared's pent-up frustration and anger often make him unbalanced or irrational in tense situations. He is easily set off by comments about his mother. Jared will, in many such cases, throw the first punch, but he usually runs out of steam before doing any serious harm. Jared is most courageous when presented with a situation where friends or innocents are at stake. He has never been in a real firefight, though. His performance in exercises have shown him to be excessively cautious with firearms, but only when he's not distracted by anger. Jared is well aware of his tendencies, and does not carry a weapon of any kind, even though he is permitted to do so as a military officer.



► KHOI SCHLICHTING

Khoi has no memory of his parents. He knows that they carried him to safety aboard a refugee transport leaving Africa in 2183, and that they never followed him out system to Jupiter, but their faces are blanked in his memory. He adapted easily to life in the Jovian Confederation, growing up with foster parents and excelling in school. Upon graduation from Fukunaga University on Joshua's Station in 2201, Khoi applied for national service in the Jovian Intelligence Service. Despite his foreign birth, Khoi became a trusted and respected Clotho agent, carrying out several highly sensitive operations over the next ten years.

All is not well with Khoi, however. Although his psychiatric exams clear him for work, he is and always has been haunted by recurring nightmares, always beginning under warm, natural sunlight on the savannahs of Africa, and always ending in fire, pain and destruction. His parents are in these dreams, faceless, silhouetted figures that both comfort and terrify him. Khoi desperately wants to confront these phantasms at their source, but in his line of work, with his salary, that is a sad impossibility.

▣ VITAL STATISTICS

Age:	34	Height:	168 cm	Weight:	58 kg	Hair Color:	Black	Eye Color:	Black
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▣ ATTRIBUTES

AGI	1	APP	0	BLD	0	CRE	1	FIT	0
INF	1	KND	1	PER	1	PSY	-1	WIL	2
STR	0	HEA	0	STA	25	UD	5	AD	4

▣ SKILLS

Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.
Combat Sense	1	1	Hand-to-Hand	2	1	Psychology	1	1	Stealth	1	1
Computer	1	1	Investigation	2	1	Security	2	1	Theatrics	2	1
Dodge	2	1	Law	1	1	Small Arms	2	1	Zero-G Combat	1	1
Exo-Suit	1	1	Leadership	1	1	Space Pilot	1	1	Zero-G Mvmt	1	1
First Aid	1	1	Notice	1	1						

◇ PROFESSION

Khoi is a senior field agent in Clotho, the Jovian Intelligence Service's Information Manipulation Division. While most of his activities have involved covert surveillance and investigation of foreign influences in and around his home colony of Joshua's Station, he has occasionally been called upon to deal with high-profile internal matters as well, as in the case of a Seraphim attack on Axis Park in 2211. His current assignment is to assist in overseeing security measures for the incoming dignitaries during the Centennial celebration.

◇ ATTITUDES

Khoi is dedicated and loyal to the Jovian Confederation, regardless of his personal disagreement regarding the current administration's half-on, half-off approach to dealing with CEGA and other potential menaces. Although he still wishes to one day feel the sun on his face again on Earth, he is totally unwilling to betray his adopted nation in any way. Unfortunately, Khoi's personal life is quite lonely. Although he is quite charming when he tries, his work schedule (overloaded even for a Jovian) coupled with his seemingly incurable night terrors have ended every relationship he has begun. He finds solace in his friends, however, who offer him sympathy without pity, and give him a constant reminder of what it is exactly that he is serving the Confederation for.

◇ COMBAT REACTIONS

Khoi always carries his standard-issue sidearm with him, cleaned and loaded. He has used it in the line of duty four times in the course of twelve years — which, to him, is four times that he made a mistake somewhere in his investigations. Khoi is quite aware of the great power he wields, and is studiously careful to avoid even the possibility of abusing that power. When faced with a potentially violent situation, Khoi will always attempt to defuse the matter with various negotiating techniques. If sorely pressed, he will draw his weapon. Only if forced to by a threat to innocent lives will he open fire, but when he does, he does not miss.

JOSEPH ZAHID ◀

Joseph grew up in the predator-infested blocks of the Cluster, a child of two small-time mechanics who always claimed to be too busy to care. Always curious, he used his free time wandering the streets, exploring one seedy locale after another. Over the years, he found himself spending more time following police officers on their rounds than with his parents.

Many patrol troopers grew fond of the inquisitive boy and were happy to converse with him and, eventually, to allow him to observe low-priority operations. From these excursions, young Joseph learned a great deal about the exercise of authority and the meaning of duty to one's society. Upon graduation from Carthage College on Tianguang Station in 2206, Joseph applied for law enforcement training on Elysée, influenced by his experiences as a child in the Cluster. Joseph is quite brave and is willing to put himself in danger in order to protect or aid those who aren't as "cool" as he is.

VITAL STATISTICS ▢

Age:	27	Height:	188 cm	Weight:	81 kg	Hair Color:	Black	Eye Color:	Black
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ATTRIBUTES ▢

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

SKILLS ▢

Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.
Combat Sense	1	1	First Aid	1	1	Melee	1	2	Streetwise	2	1
Computer	1	1	Hand-to-Hand	2	2	Notice	1	1	Tinker	1	0
Demolitions	1	1	Interrogation	1	0	Small Arms	2	2	Zero-G Combat	1	2
Dodge	1	2	Investigation	2	1	Stealth	1	2	Zero-G Mvmt	1	2
Exo-Suit	2	2	Law	1	1						

PROFESSION ◇

As a police officer, Joseph found life fun and exciting. Over the next five years, as both a street cop and an ESWAT trooper, Joseph repeatedly demonstrated excellent investigative and combat abilities, earning an equal number of commendations and complaints of excessive property damage. In 2211, his name came up in a JIS review of potential candidates, and he was recruited into Clotho in July of that year. Joseph has mixed feelings about his new job. On one hand, his high security clearance gives him plenty of juicy information to learn about, but on the other, the discretion required of him is a serious crimp on his love of action.



ATTITUDES ◇

The "big picture" is beyond Joseph, and he is perfectly happy that way. He does what he does because of the individual people whose lives he protects and not so much for any unified national goal, and has been known to bend or even break rules on occasion in order to help out those he feels are needy. Having grown up among the least governmentally oriented people in the Confederation, Joseph is disdainful of authority figures who speak from on high, responding far better to missives delivered from a person who is part of his world. While such traits make for an excellent police officer, they are less desirable for a government agent expected to deal with international threats. As a result, all of Joseph's assignments for the JIS to date have kept him on Joshua's Station dealing with domestic issues.

COMBAT REACTIONS ◇

Joseph loves his gun. He also loves his knives, garrotes and brass knuckles. Unfortunately, he's not very good with them — he just likes to think that he is. Being armed to the teeth does have advantages, though, especially in situations where looking tough is more important than actually being demonstrably so. The demands of Joseph's job force him to carry all of his weapons concealed, a source of continual amusement to his partner Khoi, since the lengths Joseph must go to in order to hide an item means that it will be almost impossible to draw when needed. He is somewhat prone to going overboard in terms of ammunition consumption and hand-to-hand showboating, but he actually is at least half as good as he thinks he is.

2-2.11



▶ REBECCA FANEUIL

Born in 2173 to a wealthy financier/politician, Rebecca was spoiled thoroughly as a child. Her parents tried and failed to re-mold Rebecca in her teen years. Always assuring themselves that they would put their foot down "next time," they continued to give in to their daughter's whims, culminating in her taking a tour of the solar system with her then-boyfriend in 2189.

Upon her return from the inner solar system, Rebecca tearfully told of the sad sights she had seen on Earth and Mars, and vowed to change her ways and try to be a better person. Her grades went up, and her behavior gradually became more mature and confident. Too happy with the change to be truly suspicious, her parents simply gave thanks for their daughter's sudden improvement. When Rebecca entered the JIS' Lachesis division in 2195, no one wondered for a moment what had become of the young man who had accompanied her on her journey.

▣ VITAL STATISTICS

Age:	40	Height:	178 cm	Weight:	62 kg	Hair Color:	Chestnut	Eye Color:	Walnut
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▣ ATTRIBUTES

AGI	1	APP	1	BLD	-1	CRE	1	FIT	0
INF	2	KND	1	PER	1	PSY	-1	WIL	1
STR	0	HEA	0	STA	20	UD	4	AD	2

SKILLS

Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.
Bureaucracy	2	1	Elect. Warfare	2	1	Psychology	2	1	Tactics	1	1
Combat Sense	1	1	Etiquette	2	2	Security	2	1	Theatrics	2	2
Communications	1	1	Hand-to-Hand	2	1	Seduction	1	1	Zero-G Combat	2	1
Computer	2	1	History	1	1	Small Arms	2	1	Zero-G Mvmt	1	1
Electronics	1	1	Notice	2	1	Stealth	1	1			

◇ PROFESSION

Handed over by her "boyfriend" to the Venusian Bank for a large sum of money, Rebecca was subjected to a vast array of tortures, interrogations and treatments, all in an effort to produce changes in loyalty that would be undetectable by Jovian psychologists and analysts. The experiment was only partially successful; while Rebecca gained a subconscious desire to destroy powerful authority figures, like her parents, her personality was also drastically altered. Thus changed, Rebecca was sent on her way with virtually no memory of her real experiences on Venus. The Bank never expected to reap much from their experiment; much to their surprise, Rebecca has become an wildcard for promoting chaos in the Confederation, rising to the position of sub-director of Lachesis through perseverance and influence. While useless as an agent in the traditional sense, the erratic warping of Rebecca's thoughts has caused many as-yet untraced problems and failures in the JIS.

◇ ATTITUDES

Rebecca's dreams and occasional urges to harm Jovian figures of high authority are never mentioned by her during her regular psych evaluations, and have yet to manifest during any medical observation. Rebecca is herself uncomfortable with her "voices," but chooses to deal with them on her own, having automatically regarded outsiders as suspicious and potentially harmful since her teen years. Rebecca is calm, intelligent and assertive, well-accustomed to the use and abuse of power. Her work for the JIS is based on (she believes) her desire to help the suffering masses in the rest of the solar system. While she is unwilling to consciously aid any nation or group hostile to the Jovian Confederation itself, she is ready and able to assist those who wish to improve the position of the Confederation at the expense of those who currently give her orders.

◇ COMBAT REACTIONS

Faneuil is seldom unprotected, often accompanied by one or two field agent aides. Should a violent situation arise, Faneuil will make a token effort to intimidate or bribe the opposition before allowing her bodyguards to intervene. At that point, she will dive for cover and attempt to summon more help. If caught alone, Faneuil will under no circumstances engage in a stand-up fight, preferring instead to run, hide or ambush.

KARL LOTJONEN ◀

Karl Lotjonen was born on Joshua's Station in 2158. Exceptionally bright and curious, young Karl had no trouble gaining admission to the Jovian Naval Academy in 2175 and subsequently graduating with honors. During his years in the JAF, Lotjonen became close friends with Avram Thorsen as well as many of the other soldiers who were part of the Principii, an innocuous officers' club.

Lotjonen earned the rank of Colonel before retiring in 2196 to pursue business and pleasure. Over the years, CEGA grew steadily in power and aggression and the JAF made no response other than to defend its borders — inadequately. Frustrated by periodic news of former comrades killed in action, Lotjonen reached his breaking point with the Battle of Elysée. He enlisted the aid of several old friends and reformed the Principii as a secret society dedicated to a swift Jovian dominion over CEGA. To him, the Jovian Confederation is a sleeping beast that may never awaken without his help.

VITAL STATISTICS ▢

Age:	55	Height:	190 cm	Weight:	92 kg	Hair Color:	Blond	Eye Color:	Blue
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ATTRIBUTES ▢

AGI	1	APP	1	BLD	1	CRE	2	FIT	1
INF	2	KNO	1	PER	1	PSY	1	WIL	2
STR	1	HEA	1	STA	35	UD	7	AD	5

SKILLS ▢

Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.	Skill	Level	Attr.
Anim. Hand.	1	2	Dodge	2	1	Hum. Perception	2	1	Security	2	1
Bureaucracy	1	1	Elect. Warfare	2	2	Investigation	1	1	Small Arms	2	1
Business	3	1	Etiquette	2	2	Leadership	2	2	Tactics	2	2
Combat Sense	2	1	Exo-Pilot	2	1	Lit. (European)	1	2	Theatrics	1	2
Communications	1	1	Gunnery (Exo)	2	1	Nav. (Space)	2	1	Zero-G Combat	2	1
Computer	1	1	Hand-to-Hand	2	1	Psychology	1	1	Zero-G Mvmt	1	1

PROFESSION ◇

Lotjonen has made himself a very wealthy man. He is the CEO of Five Rings Shipping, a trading company specializing in rare and expensive goods from Earth. He also holds stock in multiple Jovian corporations and owns several businesses in Olympus, most notable of which is his beloved Leviathan restaurant, in which he once hoped to spend his last days. The restaurant now conceals a hidden shuttle bay and arms cache. Before 2210, Lotjonen also took occasional jobs around the solar system as an investigator/mercenary. It was during this time that his impressive network of system-wide contacts was established. Over the past few years, however, he has cashed in most of the favors owed him in order to travel quickly, evade customs and gain access to military equipment. His remaining resources are mostly centered in the Confederation, although there remain a few individuals on Earth and Mars who might be willing to help him again, if asked.

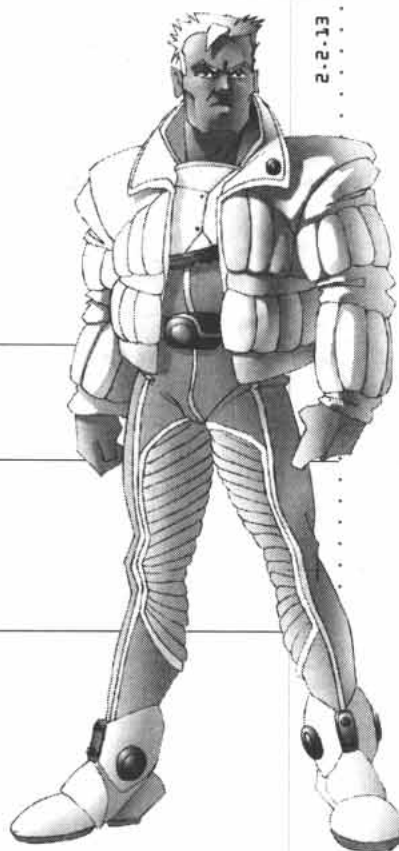


ATTITUDES ◇

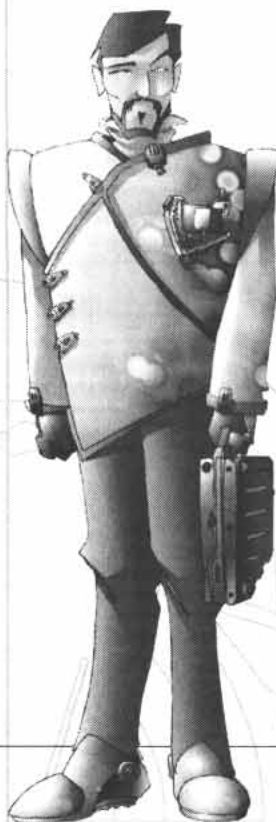
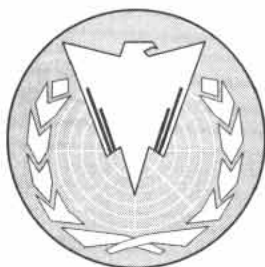
In Lotjonen's eyes, General Thorsen's fate was a result of a series of misunderstandings and breakdowns common to convoluted bureaucracies and underhanded intrigues. He believes that in order to preserve the Confederation, his Principii must arrange matters so that the military will bear the brunt of CEGA's fury while destroying that enemy for the sake of the Jovian citizens. Although he is aware of Alexandra Itangre's role in history's recording of General Thorsen as a traitorous villain, he bears her (nor any other human) no real hatred, accepting her actions as natural for a politician in a peaceful society.

COMBAT REACTIONS ◇

Lotjonen dislikes wasting time. If peaceful negotiation (his first choice) appears to be pointless, he will attempt to subdue his opponent without causing physical harm. Armed opponents are a different matter; Lotjonen will attempt to even the odds if possible, and will be much more likely to strike first. Lotjonen has something of a "god complex," in that he believes himself to be gifted with extraordinary luck (this is, to a certain extent, true). He is, as a result, quite willing to throw himself in front of attacks in order to protect his less "blessed" comrades.



2-2-13



► IGNATIUS CHANG

Ignatius Chang has never really gotten used to Gaia City. The vast, bustling arcology, with its hundreds of levels and tens of millions of inhabitants, reminds him uncomfortably of a beehive. Whenever he gets a break in his schedule, he obtains a pass to go wander the local wilderness and watch the slow regrowth of the forests and rivers. Although his wife and daughters are not permitted to leave the City, Chang has been known to spend upwards of a week out in the open, sealed in an environment suit and accompanied by foot soldiers.

This has caused frictions in his personal life, however. His daughter Fei-Yen understands her father's need to get as far from the Council Chambers as possible, but Chie, his wife, is beginning to feel used and discarded. Chang is aware of his wife's misery, but is unwilling to properly face her until he is free of the constant frustration and stress that he must constantly keep under control, lest he hurt those who are most dear to him.

Councilor Chang has been extremely busy on Earth for the past two and a half years. After a lengthy hospital stay resulting from injuries sustained in an airplane crash, Chang went on a tour of the planet, trying to gather support for CEGA among the Non-Aligned States while simultaneously keeping an eye on CEGA military activity on their borders. Additional problems with STRIKE activity in the Orbitals and the continued encroachment of the Venusian Bank on CEGA corporations have left Chang with little time to enjoy his pastimes of poetry and baseball.

Being the most visible member of the CEGA Council faction advocating nonmilitary doctrines in all arenas, Chang has made few friends in his adopted nation. A few individuals in the CEGA Army still correspond with Chang, remembering him from his days as a military officer. He is also on good terms with Director Janus O'Grady of the Solar Police, and enjoys conversing with him whenever time and security strictures allow. Otherwise, Chang is something of a pariah in both his homeland in Asia and CEGA.

The dispatching of battlefleets by both CEGA and the Jovian Confederation to Mars has deeply concerned Chang, who worries that too much saber rattling might result in sliced thumbs. Relations between the two nations remain cool, and communication is sparse and couched in the uncertain diplomatic language of the USN Chamber. As a result, Chang fears that an unfortunate shooting match may develop between the two fleets. The CEGA Navy is apparently of the same opinion, having prepared its vessels and exo-armors with the latest equipment specifically designed to counter Jovian tactics; unlike Chang, many CEGA admirals seem almost eager for a rehash of the Battle of Elysée.

Chang is the only CEGA councilor to respond to the Jovian Confederation's invitation to the Centennial celebration of Inception Day. Feeling that a face-to-face conversation with President Itangre would do much to soothe the wounds opened by alleged CEGA involvement in the recent Titan crisis and incident on Europa, Chang has wrapped up his business on Earth as best he could and settled into a well-deserved if guilty vacation on the long trip out to Jupiter. He hopes that he will arrive in time to work closely with Itangre to avoid any misunderstandings which might lead to conflict in the tension-charged space around Mars. Beyond that, he hopes that his wife will still be there when he returns home.

▣ VITAL STATISTICS

Age:	59	Height:	176 cm	Weight:	66 kg	Hair Color:	Black	Eye Color:	Brown
Birthdate:	11/15/53	Birthplace:	Singapore, Earth		Religion:	Roman Catholic (non-practicing)			

◇ QUOTES

"Humans are predators by heart, and herd beasts by choice. Many people seem very proud of this fact, that we are civilized by an act of will. I would note that it is the heart that drives the will."

"Every ruler is a tyrant. The only difference between nations is how gullible its people are."

"While we all scramble to make walking gods to fight with, our history continues to crumble around us, vanishing bit by bit. By the time a winner is declared, Beethoven may have lost another symphony."

"If in the Chambers I strike a Councilor, I am a fool. If at home I strike my wife, I am a monster. Out here, if out of fury I strike a tree, I am only an angry man with bruised knuckles."

For additional information, see **Jovian Chronicles Rulebook**, page 23.



ALEXANDRA ITANGRE ◀

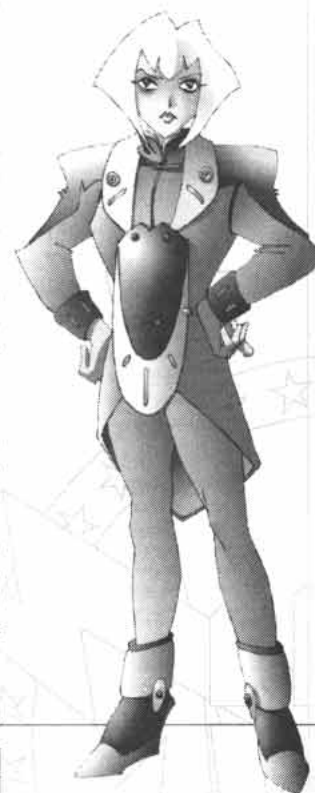
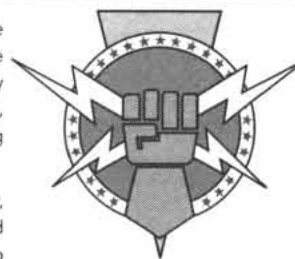
Reelected as President in 2211, Alexandra Itangre has arguably become the most powerful person in the history of the Jovian Confederation. It has even been suggested that in the history of Humanity, Itangre still retains her position at the top; after all, who in the history of the species has ever ruled so vast, wealthy and mighty a nation as is the Confederation? When asked, Itangre readily agrees to this assessment, although she always pads her statements heavily with assurances of her love for her people and unfailing responsibility to her duties as both a citizen and administrator of the Jovian Confederation.

Although the Agora is in theory a voting council upon which the President serves as a mere gavel-banger, the reality has become far different in President Itangre's administration. Over the years, Itangre instituted several small procedural changes and slight reinterpretations of her duties, gradually permitting herself to become more and more vocal in Agora sessions, after which her powerful charisma and persuasive abilities did the rest. Itangre's statements now open and close every Agora session, and no other Representative on the Agora has yet proven to be Itangre's equal in public speaking. It was Itangre who persuaded the Agora to send a fleet to Mars as a show of Jovian concern for the welfare of its neighbors, and it is now also her doing that delegations from Venus and Earth are making their way to Jupiter to attend a combined celebration/summit in August 2213.

Itangre's main desire is to persuade the delegates from the other solar nations, and Ignatius Chang in particular (whom she sees as her one avenue into CEGA's good graces), that the Jovian Confederation intends absolutely no harm to the rest of the solar system. She is planning to offer lucrative business deals to the Venusians and a blanket statement of absolution to Chang regarding the various CEGA/Confederation conflicts of the past few years. It is Itangre's hope that the delegates will return home satisfied as to the Jovian Confederation's complacency and lack of the conviction necessary to use its otherwise formidable military arm.

Of course, Itangre holds no illusions concerning the realities of the solar system's political climate. She has assumed for a long time that the inner solar system's ultimate desire is to exploit or conquer her homeland, a belief confirmed by the Battle of Elysée, in which both Venus and Earth were involved. Itangre fully intends to respond to the continual testing of her nation's limits by CEGA and the Venusian Bank with military force sometime in the next decade.

Right now, though, she is occupied with further increasing her influence and power at home in order to make her second reelection that much more likely. Itangre also has doubts regarding the Confederation's ability to wage a war against CEGA with its current level of technology. She believes that the Confederation, currently a fairly even match for CEGA, will be able to move far ahead in the arms race, given time. Until the researchers at JAW can deliver to her the next generation of superior war machines that will make victory certain, Itangre wants to make sure that Venus and Earth continue to squabble over their various internal problems while regarding the Jovian Confederation as a threat serious enough not to attack head on, giving her and her nation the reprieve needed to take revenge for decades of perceived mistreatment and contempt.



2.2.15

VITAL STATISTICS ▢

Age:	58	Height:	165 cm	Weight:	52 kg	Hair Color:	White	Eye Color:	Blue
Birthdate:	10/12/54	Birthplace:	Elysée, Olympus	Religion:	Jovian Hegira Islam				

QUOTES ◇

"They made their mistakes, and came to me. Now they complain that I saved their skins, preserved their jobs and fattened their accounts. The Agora doesn't need a president; it needs a nursemaid."

"I am short, but others see for me. I am weak, but soldiers stand ready to die in my stead. I am a terrible mother, but my son will carry on my legacy whether he likes me or not. Survival is a varied art indeed."

"Of course there's plenty of room in the solar system! We simply can't breathe in most of it."

"Oh, Avram. Do stop haunting me. History is temporary in its hatred. In time, I will write you back in."

For additional information, see **Jovian Chronicles Rulebook**, pages 35-38.

► HUNGER

The masses outside had been silent for many minutes. The video feeds from Mars, forty minutes old, had been playing on every screen in Axis Park, in Olympus, in the whole Confederation, flashing image after image as fast as the speed of light could bring them. Balloons slowly dropped to the ground, food grew cold and music slowly wound down, but the sights and sounds of their people dying in cold space a billion kilometers away filled everyone's attention. An occasional gasp or sob broke the silence as some people broke down and cried.

In her suite at the top of the Parnassus, Alexandra Itangre laughed through her tears.

"You idiots. I can't believe you'd be willing to do this to yourselves. Pandora's Box indeed."

Across the room, seated in a green easy chair that was becoming less comfortable by the moment and flanked by his bodyguard, Ignatius Chang stared coldly at her. They'd watched each other go through the same degrees of emotion in the past hours, hearing the news from Mars, feeling helpless knowing that anything they did now would be forty minutes too late, letting the anger and frustration spill out at the other. Chang had stopped short of venting his anger verbally, though. Alexandra didn't care. At this moment, away from cameras and other recording devices, watching her decade-long efforts crumbling to dust under particle beams and guided missiles, she felt the need to drop all masks and scream at something. Something from Earth.

She was forestalled by a sudden beeping from the message printer on the wall. Motionless, she watched a thin sheet of plastic emerge from the device. The printout bore the seal of the Agora at the bottom.

"You know what that's going to be, don't you?" she asked.

"Only if your Agora is as easily driven to fury," he said quietly.

Alexandra pulled the document free and, hand steady by force of will, read the short message. She read it again. She looked over the top of the plastic sheet and right into Chang's eyes. He was either concerned or frightened — most likely the latter, she thought. She raised her voice slightly, as if giving a speech. Or an eulogy.

"It's war, Chang, if I want it."

Chang nodded, his face unreadable.

"So, President Itangre. War. What will you do?"

"You haven't got the guts for a war, Chang. I know at least that much about you. It takes two to start a war, and CEGA won't want to." She tossed the sheet down on a nearby table and stepped closer to Chang. "The Jovian Confederation and CEGA are at war as of now, Councilor. It's up to you to get your nation out of this before it's too late for you."

Chang shook his head slowly, and very sadly. "Actually, Madam President, the situation is out of my hands." He reached into a pocket and removed a plastic message fax, opened it, and laid it next to Alexandra's on the table.

"This arrived before I came up here. The CEGA Council got the news long before we did, and voted without me. As far as Earth is concerned, we've been at war for the past four hours. You're right, President Itangre. It does take two to start a war. I had nothing to do with it, though."

Alexandra felt a sudden warmth in her belly, an almost sexual sensation, coming unbidden at the realization that her battle with CEGA could be finished now, decisively. She started to calculate acceptable costs and troop mobilization times in the back of her head. As she did so, the warmth spread throughout her body, filling her with desire for many things. For fame. For power. For Earth.

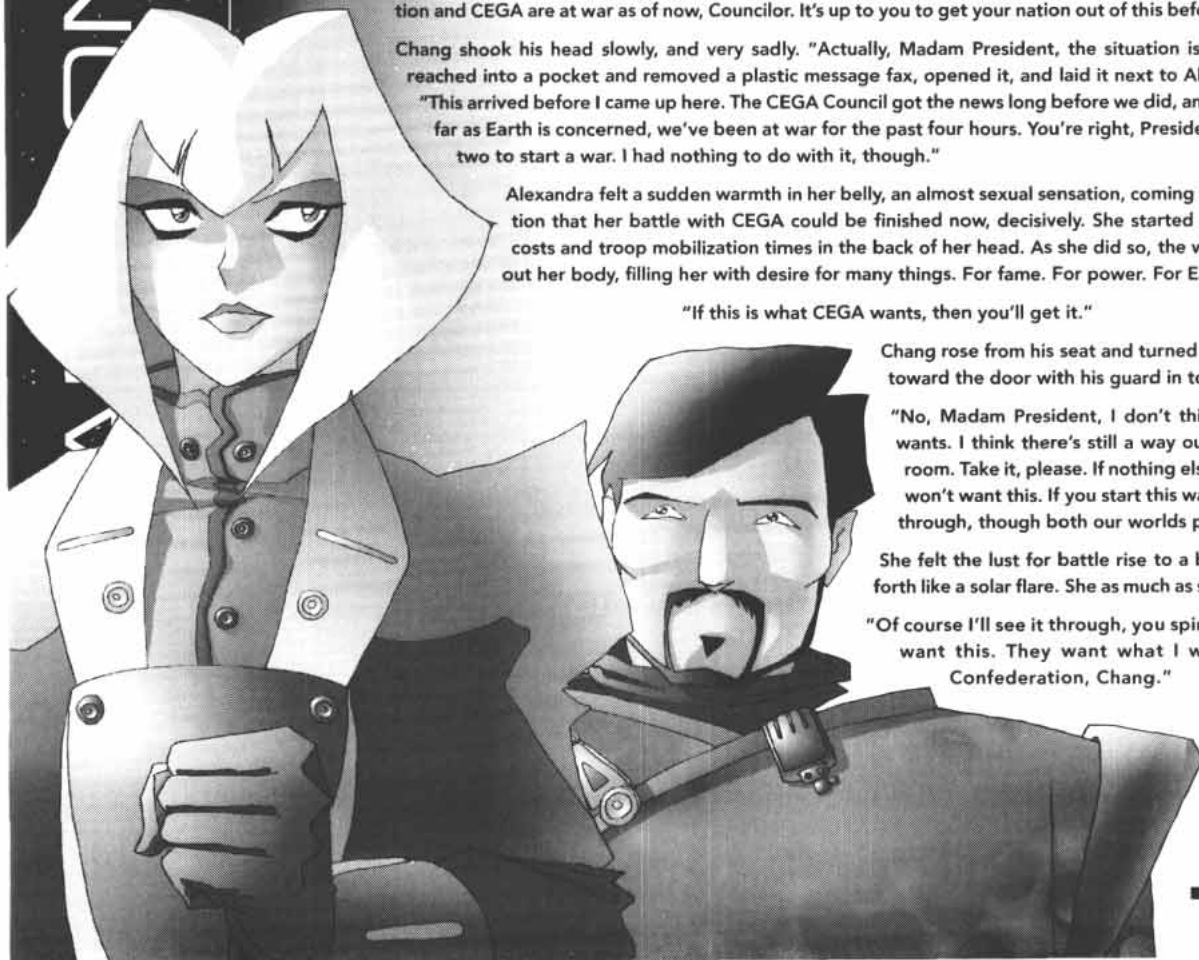
"If this is what CEGA wants, then you'll get it."

Chang rose from his seat and turned his back to her, moving toward the door with his guard in tow.

"No, Madam President, I don't think it's what my nation wants. I think there's still a way out, before we leave this room. Take it, please. If nothing else, because your people won't want this. If you start this war, be prepared to see it through, though both our worlds pay the price."

She felt the lust for battle rise to a boil within her, bursting forth like a solar flare. She as much as snarled at Chang's back.

"Of course I'll see it through, you spineless fool. The people want this. They want what I want. I am the Jovian Confederation, Chang."



OLYMPUS, HOME OF GODS AND MEN ◀

Ironwheel Station, the very first Jovian outpost, was built in 2038 by an Earth-based mining interest. Located just outside the orbit of Io, Ironwheel consisted more of armor and protective measures against Jupiter's blistering radiation than it did habitation zones, and could support only a few hundred people. Ironwheel was followed over the next ten years by a succession of near-Jovian-orbit stations whose sole purpose was to supervise the gas mining operations in Jupiter's atmosphere.

Just before the Fall of Earth, a new principle of colony-building was applied to Jovian construction, after a rapidly increasing number of personnel and families made building more Ironwheel-style stations impractical. The new colonies were much larger, able to support populations of millions, if necessary, and used newer, more powerful screen generators for protection. To facilitate communications, transport and aid between these cities in space, Ganymede was chosen as a common site for the location of all the new colonies. By the time contact with Earth was cut off, over four million people lived in Ganymede's orbit, self-sufficient and energy-rich.

In the intervening years, the human presence around Jupiter's largest moon has grown fifty-fold and has become the centerpoint of one of the most technologically advanced nations in the solar system. Nearly 250 million people occupy Olympus' sixty-eight Vivarium-style colony cylinders. Although nearly all the colonies (with the exception of the few still-operating Ironwheel stations) are technically satellites of Ganymede, the people who have survived a century of solitude in the deadly glow of the system's largest planet have grown to think of themselves not as Ganymedians, but rather as Jovians.



3.1

SELECTED OLYMPIAN COLONIES ◇

Jovian colonies in each state are both named and numbered. The numbers refer to the order in which the colonies were built, and never change, unlike the colony names themselves, which can be changed by vote of the populace. The Ironwheel stations do not have numbers, being considered factories rather than colonies.

2 ELYSÉE □

Population:	5.2 million
Council Chair:	Jeffrey Sykes

The largest of Olympian colonies, Elysée is both the state capital for Olympus and the national capital of the Confederation. Many government agencies are headquartered here, giving the city a distinctly cold and dry personality to match its spotless white buildings.

6 JOSHUA'S STATION □

Population:	4.9 million
Board Chair:	Catherine DeMille

Olympus' primary center of trade is both the richest and poorest station in the Confederation, a situation perpetuated by the necessity of having at least one place where cutthroat business is a way of life. Only here does one find financiers and beggars doing business hand-in-hand.

18 KHANNAN □

Population:	4.1 million
Military Governor:	Konrad Koudriopoulos, Commander, JAF

The headquarters of the JAF's Gamma Division is also home to a thriving city that helps support the military base. General security here is much tighter than in the rest of the Confederation, but life is safer, too.

33 ZAGADKA □

Population:	1.1 million
Council Chair:	Gerald Freeman

One of the smaller colonies, Zagadka is primarily an agricultural station, specializing in a variety of plants and vegetables that are economically unviable elsewhere. It is the source of the popular "Monolith" chocolate bar and houses the respected Bisset School of the Arts.

68 FORTITUDE □

Population:	2.5 million
Council Chair:	Efram Giovanni

The newest Olympian Vivarium colony was completed in November 2211. A government-organized population drive has filled the colony rapidly. The next group of colonies should come on-line in 2216.

end of section 3.1 olympus, home of gods and men



► THE TROJAN STATES



The first mining outpost in Jupiter's Trojan Asteroids was built in 2082 by a Jovian company on Elysée. Dubbed Newhome Station after its intended purpose, the colony served both as a mining center and a refuge for those who found life around Jupiter too hectic and risky. The Exodus from Earth later caused a massive influx of new immigrants to the Trojan Camp. Although colony-construction operations and water-mining efforts proceeded at maximum speed, by 2091 overcrowding and virtual starvation were causing many to reconsider their hasty flight outsystem. The arrival of Captain Alfred Decker and his supplies from Olympus in 2092 was hailed as a miracle. Decker left Newhome with a promise to return with more much-needed aid. The bond he established between Jupiter and the Trojan States grew in strength with each passing year, and the signing of the Articles of Confederation that created the Jovian state in 2113 was almost a formality.

Vanguard Mountain Station started out as a tiny prospecting outpost established by the Earth-based Wunderlich Consortium in 2042. Conceived with independent operation in mind, the outpost was constructed with huge reservoirs for water storage and recycling, and other life support redundancies. Slowly expanded into a full-fledged mining and manufacturing facility over the years, Vanguard Mountain grew in size and population, even after the destruction of its parent consortium. The first wave of refugees from Earth who reached Vanguard Mountain found several partially built colony frameworks waiting for them, and thus Vanguard Mountain had a somewhat easier time through the late twenty-first century than its sister state of Newhome. Vanguard Mountain met Alfred Decker's diplomatic ship as equals, offering as much to Olympus as they asked for. Today, Vanguard Mountain continues to be a bit more hard-nosed towards Olympus than Newhome, which still feels indebted to the Jovian capital for its timely aid after the Fall of Earth.

◆ SELECTED TROJAN COLONIES

The Trojan colonies in each state are often named after the asteroid(s) that supplied the material to build them. The numbers refer to the order in which the colonies were built, and never change.

▣ 3 HEOROT

Population:	4 million
Council Chair:	Yanosz Smirnoff

The government of Newhome was transferred here from Newhome Station in 2101. Newhome Station, overcrowded and decrepit, is now something of a ghost town. Heorot, on the other hand, is home to ornate edifices and landscaped terrain to rival those of Elysée.

▣ 7 PRIAM

Population:	3.5 million
Council Chair:	Leo Sputz

Named for the asteroid which provided much of the material used in its construction, Priam is one of Newhome's largest industrial manufacturing centers. It is home to Dzechek Cosmovers as well as branch offices of Maelstrom Electronics and Jovian Optics.

▣ 28 GAP

Population:	2 million
Council Chair:	Wylla Forrest

Located within view of the spectacular Hektor Gap between the two Hektor asteroids, Gap has managed to make itself Newhome's only tourism-driven colony cylinder. A variety of entertainment and sports are available here, such as skiing (on two artificial mountains) and scuba diving.

▣ 1 VANGUARD MOUNTAIN

Population:	4.4 million
Council Chair:	Ataqua Gaguan

Vanguard Mountain continues to thrive as both a city and government center. The multiple additions and expansions that the station has undergone over the years make it something of a sprawl, however. It is very easy to get lost in its backtracking and convoluted corridors.

▣ 34 GEIERSBURG

Population:	3.1 million
Military Governor:	Adm. Lucretia Leung

The JAF's main naval fortress in Vanguard Mountain consists of a standard rotating colony cylinder (the administrative offices and barracks) tethered to a forty-kilometer-diameter asteroid, which has been hollowed out and is used as a vast "indoor" spacedock for Alpha Division's ships.

E. E.

3.3.1

The consumption of meat is considered a waste of resources in most of the Confederation. The amount of plant material required to raise a single food animal is enough to feed several humans; thus, even though there is no law proscribing meat-eating, there are few cattle farms in the Jovian Confederation. One example of the gap between rich and working-class Jovians is the ability of wealthy individuals to pay exorbitant sums of money to have steaks and other meats shipped from the inner system for their consumption. This is mostly a gesture of wealth; few people raised in Jovian society find red meat to be digestible, much less tasty.



▼ HOBBIES

The Jovian Confederation produces a vast amount of art, poetry, literature and other forms of creative media. This is mostly due to the large proportion of the population that, despite being well educated and motivated, are often left without productive work for extended periods of time as a result of shifting priorities and limited funding. A good example is that of repair crews for the booster sleds of the Hanson Circuit; on the occasions when a sled comes in with virtually no need of repair, these crews effectively have nothing to do for a month, since every other conceivable task already has someone assigned to it.

The Confederation's already cumbersome bureaucracy has been, and will in all likelihood continue to be, unable to expend the time and resources to provide a constant stream of reassignments and side projects for such people, and has found it more convenient, if not necessarily cheaper, to simply put them on paid leave. While these individuals continue to receive salaries for their enforced time off, they often find themselves bored out of their minds. Some take the time to travel, others do volunteer work or research, and a large number of them do something creative.

Most of these creative efforts are either of mediocre quality or amateurish execution, but every so often a gifted first-timer turns out a gem. These burgeoning stars sometimes quit their old jobs altogether in order to pursue this new career full-time and become famous. The rest of the works generally disappears into the vast information networks of the solar system; even the worst writer can self-publish over the electronic waves.

All Jovian hobbies, regardless of their nature, share a common trait: they all take very little space and equipment, a side effect of the environment most Jovians live in (see sidebar below). In general, all Jovian hobbies are portable as well, and can be practised anywhere. There are no monumental sculptor, nor are artists working on canvases the size of a house. Instead, writing, poetry, mental puzzles, iconography and crystal induction shaping (see page 32) are popular.

■ TOO MUCH SPACE, TOO LITTLE ROOM

It is impossible to adequately convey with words and small pictures the unbelievably crowded nature of life in the Jovian Confederation. Despite its size, Joshua's Station has a population density of over 7,500 persons per square kilometer. This is, by colony standards, very spacious; Orbitals around Earth, with populations exceeding fifteen million people, can have population densities in excess of 20,000 persons per square kilometer! By comparison, late 20th century Hong Kong, one of the most crowded cities on Earth, had a population density of just over 5,000 persons/km², although some heavily populated districts had densities of about ten times that ratio.

The average living space for a Jovian citizen works out to a room roughly five meters by three meters. While this is larger than many modern college dormitory room, one should keep in mind that in the Jovian Confederation, such a space restriction is imposed for one's entire life. A good way to get players into the "mood" of life in the Confederation is to measure out a five-by-three-meter area and ask players how their living quarters are arranged, reminding them not to forget such details as sanitary requirements and the necessity of purchasing separate parking facilities. Even allowing for folding beds, multi-purpose tables and various innovative storage locations, most players will find themselves rapidly running out of space for all their equipment, prized possessions and basic needs (such as clothing). This happens to be a good way to deal with powergamers who insist on owning one of every available heavy weapon; if they want them, they'll have to sleep on them.

Jovian characters should not be overly stingy or private individuals. The limited space means that resources which one takes for granted on Earth may be owned by one person in twenty, or less. It should be customary for players to visit their neighbors (and be visited in return) in order to borrow a cup of sugar or a specific music chip. One can expect to find more than a few such requests left on one's message device whenever coming home from work or play.

Jovian characters should forget about are bathtubs, large musical instruments, gourmet home cooking and big collections of just about anything. The average Jovian is too busy trying to find a place to stick his or her shoes without bothering with a piano or fondue pot. Of course, possession of such a space-inefficient item suggests an extreme fondness with its associated art or science, and is thus an excellent way to define one's character.

Consideration and politeness are paramount in this society. At any given moment, about a third of the people on the station are asleep and would prefer not to be disturbed by loud noises or parties. On the street, careful navigation is necessary to steer a clear path through the crowds. Waiting one's turn is a fact of life; on occasions, there are even lines of lovers waiting patiently for use of park clearings in which to propose marriage.

Owning a vehicle on a colony cylinder is usually more trouble than it is worth. Public transportation, while not always on time, is plentiful, organized and safe. If a Player insists on owning a personal conveyance, he should consider purchasing a small scooter or bicycle. Even then, the monthly cost for a vehicle storage space in an automated parking garage is several hundred credits. Cars are unmitigated luxuries; most players will encounter such vehicles in the course of business or military service, but almost never as possessions. Pedestrians have the right-of-way on all streets, so having a car is no guarantee of getting anywhere fast anyway. Emergency transport is usually carried out by VTDL flyers owned by the government or corporations.

At work, even high-ranking officials must share office space with off-shift personnel. Recreation and rest facilities are always available, though, and the quality of these benefits is often the most widely used measure of a company's worth as a workplace. It is a small wonder that Ganymede's surface is a popular vacation spot; it is the only space in the vicinity where one can really stretch out!

3.3.3

WORKING HARD/HARDLY WORKING ▼

References

end of section 3.3 life in the jovian confederation

0031

3.4



► ARTS AND MEDIA

Although the Jovian Confederation is subject to the same passing fads as every society and many excellent works of art or literature are buried under the constant deluge of new material, records and copies of every registered work in the history of the Confederation are carefully kept. Archived in multiple libraries around the Confederation, this vast collection is a far better window into the minds and souls of the Jovian citizenry than any of the tourist brochures or even faces on the street. Although the sheer volume of material renders any literary value virtually nonexistent (it is supremely unlikely for any piece of work to have been seen or read by more than a few thousand individuals), the archive's worth lies in its unabridged presentation of the hearts of the Jovian Confederation.

Most Jovian stations have space set aside for use as museums and art galleries. Despite the importance of the arts to most Jovians, the eternal problem of available space demands that these buildings be small and their collections compactly displayed. This characteristic is distinctly unpleasant to Jovian artists and museum workers, and is regarded with some contempt by other art communities in the solar system. Jovian art has attempted to compensate over the years, however, growing more appreciative of the beauty of small size and conciseness.

Recently gaining popularity is crystal-growth-induction art, by which increasingly tiny, complex and delicate structures are coaxed out of a single growing crystal using a molecular manipulation technique imported from Mars. Such pieces are often displayed alongside time-lapse videos of the growth process, showing the creation of the work from seeming nothingness. Jillan Greenwood's 2209 miniature of a whale skeleton is widely regarded as both a masterful technical achievement as well as an emotionally charged work of art.

3.4.1

▼ VISUAL MEDIA

The average Jovian spends several hours a week watching the video screen for one reason or another. Live news shows are very popular, with each station having its own collection of programs and crews. Fiction and nonfiction presentations share equal ground with Jovian viewers. Travelogues about the wonders of the solar system are perennial favorites, as are adaptations of historical events. The Inter-settlement Geographic Society's weekly show, *Observations*, is beamed across the solar system from Phoenix Station near Earth. It focuses primarily on natural wonders and cultural uniqueness, moving from one locale to another. Recorded episodes of *Observations* are popular requests from video archives.

The Confederation's most widely watched drama is *Heavenward*, a long-running epic set in the early twentieth century and tracing the struggle of humanity to reach space. The show is more of a soap opera than a documentary, as noted by those who find fault with the story's many historical inaccuracies, but its directors and writers feel that the depiction of human interaction and misunderstandings is far more important to the show's message than a few minor gaffes. This doctrine is apparently successful; over ninety millions in the system follow the show loyally, making time in their schedules to sit quietly in front of the screen for two hours each week.

While lacking the overwhelming following of *Heavenward*, other shows also claim a goodly portion of the Jovian populace's time. *Forever Minus One* is a comedy set in a fictitious experimental colony out past the orbit of Pluto. The cast's squabbles, as well as their encounters and interactions with visitors, aliens and their superiors, have been the seeds for hundreds of episodes, with no sign of slowing creativity or humor on the part of the show's writer, Telemachus Springfield. Although the Confederation produces little in the way of science fiction, old sci-fi shows and movies are often regarded as classics of scientific forethought and are widely watched and studied.

◇ REPORTERS

There is a lot of airtime to be filled on the multiple channels available through any communication devices in the solar system. Many people travel the system in search of the next big story, the one that will hold the attention of the bored channel surfer just long enough for the broadcaster's needs. The major news services maintain offices in most planetary systems, employing staffs that range from a few independent freelancers on half-time contracts to full professional teams of reporters, video technicians and editing specialists.

Modern video equipment is so compact and lightweight that the reporter often don't have to bring a team along (though many bring a technician along to avoid having to concentrate on taking good pictures while interviewing their quarry). The current public image of the reporter is a somewhat romantic one, the adventurer, defender of truth.

AUDIO MEDIA ▼

Music in the Jovian Confederation is rather limited in scope compared to the rest of the solar system. Whereas the planet-based nations have explored new heights of sound and fury, the Confederation has, largely out of social consideration, developed a national taste for quiet, understated works of music. The crowded conditions and closely packed living quarters have put natural restrictions on both loudness and tonal quality of certain instruments. Even the youth of the Confederation shun loud music, preferring to express rebellion in seemingly random arrangements of barely audible taps, moans and whistles. Amplified music is virtually unheard of in the modern Confederation, and percussion instruments are regarded as both primitive and uncultured devices.

This is not to say, however, that music is in any way unpopular. Each colony cylinder supports dozens of bands, ensembles and choirs, and usually at least one professional symphonic orchestra. Many Jovians are at least familiar with a musical instrument, and ownership of instruments is fairly common. While large instruments — such as pianos — are still popular in concert settings, their practitioners must go to music halls to practice, or settle for the often inadequate analog of a portable computer-driven keyboard in the home. Those who use their voices as instruments have the easiest time as far as space restrictions are concerned, but operatic performers must still find sound-shielded enclosures in which to practice. Musical efforts in the Confederation, however, seem to be a microcosm of the nation as a whole; the struggle to survive overcomes all inconveniences.

WITH ONE VOICE ◇

The national anthem of the Confederation is known as the Unity Hymn. Written in 2114 by an anonymous citizen (presumably from pre-Fall Earth), the Hymn was officially adopted by popular vote in 2115, after a long series of arguments. The lyrics, originally composed in English, have been translated into French in an attempt to satisfy the sensibilities of an extremely vocal group of artists who demanded adherence to the arts in the national anthem. Both versions are usually sung in succession at public functions.

The music for the hymn is adapted from a twentieth-century piece once used to commemorate the Olympic Games (which have been on indefinite hold since 2088). Possessing uncommonly loud (in Jovian terms) trumpet fanfares and long instrumental segments, the music is viewed as a perfect expression of Jovian audacity and nobility. The arrangement of the basic theme into its modern form was accomplished by Sun-Ming Feng, who reportedly worked from a poorly hummed sample to generate the current well-known musical piece.

The Unity Hymn is not without its detractors. In addition to those who complain that the piece's final note is too high for the average person to hit, or that the piece is just too loud to enjoy, there are many who question a perceived arrogance in the lyrics themselves. No serious proposal to change the anthem has yet come before the Agora, however.

There are actually seven verses to the Unity Hymn, but only the first one is commonly sung. The second, third and fourth stanzas relate to Olympus, Vanguard Mountain and Newhome respectively, while the last three concern the natural beauty of Jupiter's orbit. Much friendly quibbling has occurred over the proper ordering of the verses after the first one, with no clear decision ever having been made. Thus, performances of the entire hymn are almost always regarded as statements of favor by the singer or director, making such events rare.

SYSINSTRUUM ▼

Other Jovians are not as sedentary about their video entertainment, however. Millions of Jovians dive each day into the solar-system-wide informational network known as the SysInstruum (pronounced "sys-sin-strum"). The SysInstruum is the modern descendant of the computer communication networks that were established in the late twentieth century on Earth. Unlike these primitive systems, which were based around huge networks of dedicated servers, the SysInstruum is more of a mosaic of small computers and communication devices which continually "talk" to one another. Any device which can be hooked up to a comm port can become part of the system; vidcalling a friend, downloading and listening to the latest song sample from Titan, or televisiting a museum, all can be done within the network.

While communication between the Jovian States or the inner and outer solar system is very rare due to long distance charges and time lag, intra-state network activity is relatively easy to implement and allows users to exchange information via sight, sound and touch (through the use of virtual-reality suits and headsets). Interactive discussions, lectures, research projects and games are all everyday uses of the Confederation's three local SysInstruum areas, which are called Personal Access Networks (PANs). Communications within the local PANs can be done in real time, but messages and downloads from other locations involve a waiting period that can stretch anywhere from twenty minutes to several hours. The actual wait depends on where the information is coming from and the load on the long distance communication stations which are used to relay the messages in large compressed "packets" or bursts of information launched between the settlements.

Much of the subculture that has sprung up over the last two decades in the SysInstruum is related (as one might expect) to the life-filled oceans of Earth, which have no true analog in the rest of the solar system, and with which most computer users find easy to associate submerging oneself in a world of altered perceptions and rules. The terms and language associated with extensive SysInstruum "rapture" are multinational, used by every user who plugs into the system.

3.4.2

3.4.3

end of section 3.4 arts and media



► RELIGION

In the close confines of the Confederation's colonies, there is little room for religious ostentation. On the other hand, religion is encouraged, both as a social activity and a much-needed source of psychological comfort. Many different faiths are represented and practiced, although many Jovians are often too busy to regularly attend religious services. Few citizens are faithless, however. The proximity of Jupiter and the grand sights it offers are, even after generations of colonization, a strong impetus for human soul-searching. Most Jovians possess one or two holy texts or artifacts, stored at home for use whenever the desire takes them; strictly regimented religious activity in the Jovian Confederation has largely given way to the practical realities of living in a radioactive death zone 800 million kilometers from the sun.

There is no official state religion in the Confederation. Christmas and the Western New Year are both national holidays, but are so more for commercial and community reasons than as acknowledgments of faith. Other religious holidays are celebrated openly by their adherents, and work releases for faith purposes are fairly easy to obtain.

▼ MAJOR FAITHS

Several major faiths make up the vast majority of Jovian religious beliefs. Added to these are some less widely practiced ones, mostly descended from minority religions present in the exodus from Earth. These include Shinto, Hinduism, Orthodox Christianity and other faiths which have been poorly transplanted. Finally, countless small sects, cults and reformations are always springing up or dying out in various parts of the Confederation.

The Allied Church Jupiteris is a coalition of various Christian denominations brought to Jupiter by the colonists. Formed out of compromise and necessity in 2100, upon loss of contact with Earth, the Church provides a central administration and organization which binds together the disparate denominations. Although the conception of the Alliance was one of all Christians, Archbishop Barbara Cassini elected to keep the Roman Catholic Church out of the organization in the hope that contact with Rome would soon be reestablished. Nonetheless, generalized nondenominational services and rituals were performed so that all Christians regardless of specifics might worship together. For instance, the Alliance's basic guidelines allowed clergy to marry and permitted baptism by aspersion, but one was free to impose a vow of celibacy on oneself, or pay the government-mandated water-waste fee for baptism by immersion.

Roman Catholicism, while widespread in the early days of colonization, gradually lessened in popularity over the course of the twenty-second century with the loss of contact with Earth and the Pope. The hoped-for papal authority failed to materialize for nearly a century, during which successive generations of Jovian turned away from Catholicism. With CEGA's reconstruction of Vatican City has come a concerted effort by the new Pope to regain lost ground. This has, however, proven rather difficult: a century of isolation has made most Jovians unwilling to swear loyalty to a church halfway across the system.

Judaism has been the faith of a steady proportion of the Confederation's population since the Fall of Earth, neither gaining nor losing many adherents and successfully passing on traditions within family lines. The pressures of survival have rendered the differences between the various forms of Judaism present on Earth largely academic in the Confederation. Jovian Judaism is not very congregationalist anyway, focusing on small gatherings of family and close friends, and specific practices and observances tend to be a matter of family preference. The Jovian Jewry numbers some nine million.

The tenets of Buddhism have proven extremely popular to Jovian society. Both the denial of needless materialism and the belief in self-improvement by way of clear thought and good work are much in keeping with the rigors and style of Jovian life. While the exact belief and ritual of Buddhism varies from individual to individual, the majority of Jovian Buddhists belong to or hold similar views to a twenty-first-century sect that encompasses technology and scientific growth as both necessary to one's fulfillment of duty to society and a useful tool on the path to enlightenment. Due to the nature of life in the Confederation, there are neither dedicated monks nor monasteries; all of the Confederation's sixty-one million Buddhists hold paying jobs of one sort or another.

Islam in the Jovian Confederation very popular, but bears little resemblance to its old Earth progenitor. While faith, prayer, almsgiving and fasting remain important rituals in Jovian Hegira Islam, the concept of the pilgrimage has been (for obvious reasons) discarded altogether. Several reforms regarding the faith's outlook on sexuality, other religions, interpretation of the Qu'ran and the intrinsic value of the Holy Land (or even Earth as a homeworld) make JHI's existence rather unpalatable to the old-school Muslims back on Earth.

▼ PLACES OF WORSHIP

Much of the ostentation of old Earth religions has died out in the face of life around Jupiter. Temples and other dedicated places of faith are rare, requiring a great deal of money and political clout to construct. Most religions that center around large gatherings have adapted to the cramped life in the Jovian colonies by holding services and meetings in parks or other large general-purpose public spaces. Most colonies also have a number of undecorated rooms set aside for use as chapels or temples by any registered faith. Some of the most popular "chapels" are located in Olympus, where services are often held in observation decks on the ends of colony cylinders. Attendees can relax in microgravity and gaze upon the vast sphere of Father Jupiter (a common moniker used by most Jovians regardless of individual faith) floating in the darkness. There are perpetual scheduling conflicts between officials from various faiths who wish to use the observatories.

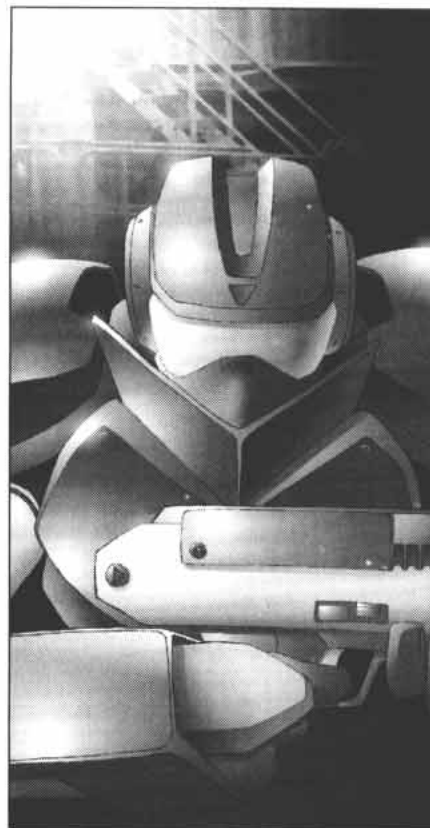
LAW AND SOCIETY ◀

The Jovian Confederation is a peaceful society, dedicated to law and order. At least, that's the general opinion of its inhabitants. Like all human societies before it, the Confederation suffers from its share of criminal activities (though most Jovians don't like to admit it). An efficient law enforcement system has been put in place by the founders to ensure the survival of good order within the cramped settlements of Jupiter, and it does the job — for the most part.

Each Jovian station maintains and equips its own police force. The bulk of the police department is made up of patrol officers who simply wander the station, keeping an eye on things. They have priority access to all form of public transportation and are in constant communication with a dedicated police server programmed to recognise emergency codes. The Jovian police departments are also well equipped to deal with violent crimes: while most patrol officers are equipped with non lethal weapons such as tasers and tranq guns, Jovian SWAT teams are heavily armed with military-issue automatic weapons.

At the extreme, on very large and/or industrialized stations, special ESWAT (Enhanced Special Weapons and Tactics) teams use customized combat exo-suits to quell incidents involving rogue heavy machinery or exo-vehicles, or to repel boarding actions (should the unthinkable occurs and the Confederation finds itself invaded). They are issued netguns and other non-lethal weaponry, but are fully authorized to use deadly forces should the situation get out of hand and the safety of all Jovian citizens aboard the station be put in danger.

Emergency response teams (both ESWAT and ambulances) are based along a colony's axis, from where they can respond to an alert from any part of the cylinder within minutes. Help can be summoned from any public communication device or station. In addition, many Jovians carry personal communicators that are designed to transmit an emergency signal when broken in half.



P.E.

THE COURT SYSTEM ▼

The Jovian civil and criminal court system is geared toward quick resolution of difficulties. Although legions of lawyers exist and thrive in the Confederation, most of these are business related in profession, and deal with the Jovian Economic Court system, which rivals some Venusian companies in complexity, underhandedness and cold-bloodedness. While lawyers have roles in both civil and criminal cases, it is the Praetors who hold the most power in these courts.

Jovian Praetors are trained for nearly ten years past their college education, and go through a mental and psychological screening process as stringent as those of the JIS and Agora. It is a small wonder, though, considering the power Praetors hold over life and death. Praetors set down the final word in criminal trials, deciding alone what evidence or witnesses are to be permitted. While a jury of citizens makes final decisions, the Praetor is permitted to truncate presentations and speeches in order to expedite the process. Few Jovian trials last more than a month, and even that is a rarity. Jovian criminal lawyers are, as a result, a fast-speaking and concise lot.

A Praetor's influence over civil cases is even greater, since there is no jury and the Praetor is the sole arbiter. Jovian society encourages individuals to work out their differences between themselves, without involving others. If a plaintiff chooses to bring a case before a Praetor, there had better be a very good reason for it. Not only are Praetors allowed to throw out cases without trying them, they are also able and willing to impose fines and other punishments on individuals who are considered to be "wasting the court's time."

While this system may sound draconian, the reality is somewhat less harsh. Much of a Praetor's training is geared toward empathy and human perception, with the result that most Praetors are extremely humanitarian individuals who are ready to listen to any plea not motivated by greed or malice. There have been several widely decried instances where innocent citizens have been convicted of serious crimes (especially rape, which can be quite difficult to determine with any certainty) because of a Praetor's misjudgment, but these have done nothing to change the system, whose primary advantage of keeping the Confederation moving forward is held up as the overriding reason for its existence. Occasional rumors arise, suggesting that the number of innocents convicted as scapegoats is far larger than the media has been permitted to report; these are generally dismissed as wild conspiracy theories, although most Jovians admit to having some discomfort regarding the possibility of being mistaken for a criminal.

T.P.E.



▼ NOTES IN THE PUBLIC EYE

The Jovian Confederation has no death penalty. Even the Jovian Armed Forces, which are technically permitted to execute traitors and cowards, has never carried out an execution. The necessity of removing violent offenders from the public eye has, however, resulted in a graded series of holding facilities.

Jovian philosophy and psychology treat all crimes as being related to improper, incomplete or lapsed socialization. Thus, most punishments in the Confederation are conceived with the object of making the convict accept the error of his or her ways. For lesser crimes, community service and additional classes at universities or schools are usually considered to be enough. More serious or recalcitrant offenders, however, require more drastic means.

Each Jovian colony has at least one rehabilitation center, where serious offenders and snaps (see *Under the Jovial Mask*, page 40) are incarcerated. The center is placed apart from the inhabited areas, and in fact is often put out of sight within the structure of the colony itself. Life in a rehabilitation center is intentionally uncomfortable; the idea is to demonstrate to the individual the discomfort of life outside normal human society. Daily therapy sessions are combined with forced-attendance reeducation classes.

Deeply disturbed or sociopathic persons are moved into a "special" wing of the center, where it is rumored that drug treatments and torture are used to bring such cases into line. Sometimes, people with no outside family, friends or connections disappear into these wings and never come out; the Confederation has no official death penalty, but neither is it willing to have monsters in its ranks.

The rehabilitation process has been likened to brainwashing by foreign critics of the Jovian Confederation. These comments are ignored, save for occasional reminders of the "easy way out" taken by nations which either kill their unwanted citizens (like CEGA or the Martian Federation) or set them free at the drop of a hat (a common barb directed at the Martian Free Republic).

Any Jovian is permitted to take the option of exile rather than face rehabilitation. The only catch is that the individual must pay their own way out of the Confederation. Thus, working-class citizens are often left without recourse, while richer Jovians can simply move away, albeit forever.

▣ COMMON CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS

Civil Offenses	Usual Punishment
Damage or destruction of minor private property	promise to keep the peace, repayment of damages
Public disturbance	promise to keep the peace, 1d6 hours community service
Slander	public apology; may be forced to pay damages
Threats/Obscenities	promise to keep the peace, 1d6 hours community service
Minor Offenses*	Usual Punishment
Gross negligence (no injury)	1d6 weeks community service, therapy with personal psychiatrist, repayment of damages
Minor assault (no hospitalization)	same as above
Petty theft (1000 cr or less)	same as above
Public disturbance (less than 1000 cr damage)	same as above
Smuggling (contraband not exceeding 1000 cr value)	same as above, contraband confiscated
*Each repeat offense adds a cumulative 20% chance of being treated as a Major Offense	
Major Offenses*	Usual Punishment
Assault with deadly weapon	1d3 months incarceration in rehabilitation center, 2d6 x 1000 cr fine
Degradation (non-rape)	1d6 months community service, extensive therapy with psychiatrist, 2d6 x 1000 cr fine
Grand theft (more than 1000 cr)	same as above
Gross negligence (hospitalization)	same as above
Kidnapping	same as above
Major assault (no permanent maiming or damage)	same as above
Major smuggling (non-Edict violating, large amounts of contraband)	same as above, contraband confiscated
*Each repeat offense adds a cumulative 20% chance of being treated as a High Offense	
High Offenses*	Usual Punishment
Edict violation	Permanent incarceration in rehabilitation center: until judged "cured" by psychiatrists
Murder	same as above
Rape	same as above
Resource destruction (e.g. large public areas rendered unlivable)	same as above
Treason	same as above
*Each repeat offense or every four years of unsuccessful rehabilitation adds a cumulative 30% chance of being sent to the "special" wing, where incarceration is permanent until drastic personality alterations are displayed.	

MORALITY ▼

The discovery of genetically based cures for venereal diseases and the gradual relaxation of moral codes pertaining to sexual activity has made the twenty-third century rather open minded about sexual activity. Although many religions still retain centuries-old traditional injunctions against premarital sex, homosexuality and other "crimes," society at large is more inclined toward acceptance and tolerance. In the dangerous environment of space, sexual frustration is a completely unacceptable excuse for any kind of mistake. This does not mean that "free love" abounds, merely that sexuality as an urge is understood as unavoidable and hence not to be feared or dissuaded. Indeed, in such an environment where consensual relations are openly discussed and dealt with, rape is considered one of the most cruel personal violations possible, a murder of personality and treason against the Jovian way of life, and is punished as such.

The Jovian Confederation, like every nation before it, has its share of sexual workers of both genders. While prostitution (i.e. the granting of sexual favors for economic gain) is legal in the Confederation and most other nations, few Jovian citizens actually patronize them, preferring instead to engage in casual activity with coworkers or acquaintances. In addition, few prostitutes are actually "career" sex workers. More often they are otherwise-employed or working individuals who discreetly apply for the prostitution license as a way to either earn extra money or enjoy themselves. Although prostitution in the Confederation does not carry a strong stigma, there are not many individuals who wish to or are able to do such work.

Each Jovian colony has one or more brothels and contact services, which are registered and operated as local businesses. More than ninety percent of the clients are visiting businesspeople and officials, providing a constant demand. Discretion is always an element; despite the Confederation's permissiveness regarding its own citizenry (who are often advised to satisfy their urges as efficiently as possible in order to get back to doing productive work), it is deemed polite to aid foreign clients in concealing their activities from whatever objections may arise back home.

INCEPTION DAY ▣

August 30, 2113 is the most important date in Jovian history. On that day, multiple signing delegations, one in each soon-to-be Jovian State, cemented the Articles of Confederation that created the Jovian Confederation out of three remotely separated enclaves of humanity. The pace of business and the necessities of survival kept post-signing partying to a minimum, and the first Inception Day celebration is humorously regarded by modern Jovians as something of a flop.

The gradual increase of quality of life in the Confederation permitted increasingly elaborate observances of Inception Day, which was becoming the Jovians' primary holiday, and one of the few government-sanctioned holidays. Today, Inception Day celebrations are week-long events that begin on August 30 and end seven days later. Although work is expected to continue during this time, many regulations and schedules are relaxed or done away with, allowing even the busiest individuals to take an extra few breaks to do a little partying.

Unfortunately, the time surrounding Inception Day is also the most crime- and accident-ridden portion of the year, causing no end of headaches for security and police forces. "Inception Day Syndrome" is a deep depression or anger that manifests itself in association with the celebration, sometimes resulting in snaps, violence or suicide. The Jovian psychiatric establishment has made every effort to try to curtail the effects of Inception Day Syndrome, but have thus far met with little success; few Syndrome sufferers bother to seek psychiatric aid.

A surprising decrease in Inception Day crime and depression occurred in 2210. Two weeks before Inception Day, the Battle of Elysée had taken place, shocking and angering the entire Jovian Confederation. The next three weeks showed a drastic reduction in civil stress and strife from previous years. Citizens were calm and collected, people suffering from depression showed up obediently to therapy sessions, and the celebration overall was a much more peaceful and joyful occasion than normal. Most people are fairly certain that anger toward CEGA and an increased sense of national solidarity contributed to the trouble-free celebration. If being attacked by a foreign power is the price for a lowered crime rate, though, most Jovians would rather just live with the rather small risk of being mugged on Inception Day.

THE BAD PART OF TOWN ▣

"Well, you can't very well just see the good parts, right? Here in Joshua's Station's Cluster, it's said that money can buy anything, and your soul can buy even more. It's best not to ask too deeply about how *much* more one can buy.

"Don't get too alarmed, now. These streets are quite safe for everybody from traders to children, thanks to the ever-efficient Jovian police. The open storefronts are excellent places to shop around for good deals on electronics, fashions and other goods. You'll pay less than what you would in another colony, or even in a shopping center in another part of Joshua's Station. Don't ask too many questions about where the items you're buying came from, though. Customs won't make a big deal, because it's all a part of life here, but nosiness is not a virtue in this part of town.

"And, lest you get forget my earlier descriptions, please keep in mind to stay in a group and keep to well-lit areas. If possible, try to stay within view of a police call-box. While I may have qualified the open areas of the Cluster as relatively safe, there are goings-on in the deep dark parts of the Cluster that even the local authorities prefer to avoid dealing with."

— Tour Guide, Joshua's Station

3.6.3

HISTORICAL FACTS

HOOKS & TIPS
end of section 4.6 Law and Society



► THE HANSON CIRCUIT

When the Jovian Confederation was formed, one of the most important questions for the fledgling nation was how to maintain a strong link of trade between the three states, one that would be useful for generations to come. Yvonne Hanson, a scientist on Elysée, presented a proposal to the newly convened Agora in 2115. A month of heated arguments followed. The most vocal of the opposing points focused on the fact that the massive amount of resources and manpower necessary for the project would virtually halt colony construction for a decade, making future life in the Confederation exceptionally cramped. The proponents of interstate travel won out, however, and the Jovian Confederation Inter-State Transit Project was begun on April 15, 2215. The project did indeed take a decade to complete and required the almost-complete attention of the entire Confederation. The finished work, though, remains in perfect working condition today, and is widely regarded as one of the most awesome manmade constructs in history.

Called the Hanson Circuit after its creator, the transit system is comprised of nearly two hundred computer-controlled booster sleds, each over two kilometers long. Starting from colossal space-based booster stables near Callisto, the boosters sled make their way in two continuous circles, one in each direction, around the orbit of Jupiter, taking over six years to complete each circuit. At each Trojan State, specialized sled-liners latch on to the boosters and ride them to the neighboring state. The entire process of the Hanson Circuit is almost entirely automated, requiring only periodic checkups and maintenance.

▼ RIDING THE CIRCUIT

The cycle begins in Jupiter's atmosphere, where dozens of gas-mining factories are dedicated solely to providing fuel for the two booster stables near Callisto. The stables are the only point in the Hanson Circuit where the booster sleds come to a complete stop relative to the Confederation. It is in the framework spacedocks of these gigantic facilities that the booster sleds are refueled, repaired and refurbished after each trip around Jupiter's orbit. The fuel barges from Jupiter transfer their payloads to the booster sleds by an automatic docking process; dozens of barge-loads are needed to fill one sled.

After preparation, a sled is moved into place at one end of a two-hundred-kilometer-long massdriver. Called "the Hammers of Zeus," these huge structures are designed specifically for use by the 200-meter-wide sleds. Before each sled launches, a Hammer's entire length must be checked multiple times for any sign of structural warping or degradation that might have occurred in the intervening month between launches. The checks require a huge amount of manpower and meticulous effort, but the payoff is that there has been not a single launch accident in over two thousand launches.

Each sled has multiple docking points for passenger-bearing sled-liners, which are small ships equipped with their own thrusters and fuel supplies. Most passengers aboard sled-liners chose to be placed in suspended animation, greatly reducing space and oxygen requirements. Those that chose to remain awake are assigned a small coffin-like sleeping pod; despite the cramped conditions, the pods are equipped with exercise, communication and virtual-reality entertainment devices, which help to relieve boredom. Small community areas where passengers can freely wander about and stretch their limbs are also available; however, a steep hourly rate is charged for their use. Many Jovians joke that traveling on the Hanson Circuit is a good way to catch up on reading and studying.

A booster sled can carry between two to five thousand hibernating passengers at maximum capacity. Beyond this number, even more fuel and thruster power must be added to the sled to allow it to maintain its long-term acceleration. Acceleration by the Hammers of Zeus is actually rather leisurely, maxing out at around 3 gees. The booster sled, once launched, will not return to Olympus for over six years. Booster sleds are launched from Olympus in two directions, one toward Newhome, the other toward Vanguard Mountain.

For the first part of its journey, a sled will use a portion of its fuel to accelerate steadily toward its target Trojan State. The acceleration is only a small fraction of a gee, but it is maintained for a long period of time because of the booster's massive fuel supply. Approximately two months later, the booster arrives at its destination, still moving at high relative velocity. The sled-liners drop off and use their own propellant to decelerate at a comfortable 1 gee, allowing the booster itself to continue on without slowing. Empty of passengers, the booster sled then drops into a lower orbit around the sun, nearer to the Belt, and spends the next several years slowly making its way around to the opposite Trojan State. During this time, the booster's course is monitored by telemetry, and control is maintained by powerful navigation computers.

By the time the booster sled reaches the opposite Trojan State, it has slowed itself somewhat, enough to allow a new batch of sled-liners to match velocities with it and latch on for the final leg of the trip back to Olympus. At this point, a repair and control ship also attaches to the sled, bearing an expert crew who perform multiple checks on the sled and make sure that it has survived its long trip intact and in working condition. Only after the crew has cleared the sled are passenger-bearing sled-liners allowed to dock. Occasional cancellations have occurred when the crews deemed the booster's condition doubtful; in these cases, the crews have always managed to bring the booster sleds safely back to Olympus.

On the last part of its journey, the booster sled re-ignites its primary engines to slowly and steadily accelerate toward Olympus. When the sled is most of the way home, reverse thrust is applied, slightly slowing the booster sled. On the outskirts of Olympus, a small control ship docks with the booster. The tug's crew guides the booster sled through a final decelerating slingshot around Jupiter's gargantuan mass, bringing it neatly almost to a stop relative to Olympus. The sled-liners detach and carry their passengers to a reorientation/customs station, and the booster sled uses the last of its fuel to dock in one of the two booster stables, where repair crews will prepare it for its next trip around the Confederation.

3.7.1 RIDING THE CIRCUIT

The Hanson Circuit's Newhome and Vanguard Mountain routes are called the Trojan and Greek Trails, respectively, after the old Earth names for the Trojan Asteroids. While it is possible for ships to latch onto the boosters on their "slow leg" between the two Trojan States and thus "jump" the Circuit, the benefits of such an action are dubious at best. It is often more economical for a standard vessel to simply commission a single-vessel booster pod and make the journey on its own. The high relative velocity and low proportion of high-value goods transported by the Hanson Circuit make the booster sleds a poor target for pirates. What's more, the Circuit is the Confederation's main link between its people, and is thus the one resource the Jovians are most willing to defend. Luckily, there have been no instances of attack on the sleds, although the same cannot be said of the slower-moving ore and gas barges that ply the open space between the Jovian States.

Traveling on the Hanson Circuit is much cheaper than using conventional ships for the entire journey. A single-person trip to a neighboring state in a hibernation module runs, on average, about 1000 cr, a small fraction of the cost of the same trip on a conventional ship. Passengers who desire waking accommodations pay much more, the maximum cost of about 40,000 cr being comparable to the cost of other means of travel.

Diplomatic or military personnel use the Hanson circuit, but are allowed other options depending on urgency or convenience. Most ships can be equipped with extra fuel tanks and boosters that permit them to maintain a comfortable acceleration for much longer periods of time, and allow more flexible travel throughout the solar system. Such additions to a ship can add more than half a kilometer to its length, and often cost hundreds of thousands of credits to implement, after fuel costs and human effort are factored in. As a result, very few private individuals can afford to use such extravagant means of travel often. Even national finances can feel the sting of chartered travel; the recent mobilization of a Jovian Armed Forces battlefleet from Olympus had a cost reaching into the hundreds of millions in fuel cos alone.

TRADE ◇

The Hanson Circuit is the fastest emplaced link between the Jovian States, but dozens of slower, more economical routes are followed by the massive cargo barges that bear each state's primary exports to its neighbor. Their duration measured in tens of years, these long paths are cheap in terms of fuel, and are always unmanned for the major part of their journeys. The investors in the cargoes carried on these routes are required to be exceptionally patient, waiting for long portions of their lives to see the actual payoffs from their original payments, but the final wealth gained is almost always worth it; for the owners of these valuable resources, it's a seller's market unlike any other. Trade with the inner solar system is also common, but is mostly mediated by the Mercurian Merchants' Guild, whose ships travel similar slow routes to reach their destinations. A few privately owned trading firms thrive in the Confederation, making money by shipping at high speed and bringing exotic or difficult-to-acquire items such as flora, fauna and artifacts from Earth.

FAIT ACCOMPLI ★

The young Jovian Confederation had the benefit of some of the best scientific minds Earth had to offer. Unwilling to be idle in their new home far from the sun, these researchers soon received adequate resources and space with which to continue the research started on Earth. Long before the international version of the Edicts, the Jovian Confederation maintained careful checks on the work being done by its scientists. The lure of technology, however, was difficult to resist, especially when properly applied innovations could speed up Jovian self-sufficiency by centuries.

The same work that had been done on Earth regarding fusion-powered automated self-replicating factories and robots was continued and refined in Jupiter's orbit, under heavy security and supervision. In early 2116, the first Autofac construction facility was placed into Near-Jupiter-Orbit and activated. The system was expanded rapidly, so that by 2119, the entire operation from mining to skyhook construction was automated, producing a near-exponential increase in the number of skyhooks floating over Jupiter's atmosphere. By 2127, there were over two thousand automatic gas-mining facilities working to supply the Hanson Project with fuel. Once the Circuit was operational, automatic production of the skyhooks was scaled back, but not stopped. Soon, ore barges from the Trojan States began arriving, and the ease of using these materials compared with mining and launching ore from Ganymede began a whole new cycle of construction.

The Confederation decided in 2170 that an adequate number of gas miners, fuel shuttles and construction robots had been built, and shut down all self-replicating factory complexes, much to the relief of those who feared, somewhat irrationally, that a malfunction in the self-replicating factories could end up producing an endless army of rogue robots. Such fears were considered to be beyond ludicrous; the self-replication chain from Ganymede to Jupiter and back was extremely fragile, shut down simply by the elimination of a few supply shuttle flights. Nevertheless, increasing ennui and joblessness prompted the Jovian government to abandon its effort toward a Confederation built entirely through automation.

The Confederation's decision was borne out with the resumption of contact with Earth, when it was learned that a malfunctioning autofac system on Earth had, in fact gone wild during the Fall and produced a vast supply of nerve toxin for a dozen warring factions, adding to the chaos. Having gotten all it needed out of its own autofacs, the Confederation happily signed the international covenant of the Edicts. At that point, in 2189, there were over twenty thousand gas mining skyhooks over Jupiter, providing the Jovian Confederation with a practically infinite supply of fuel and making it immediately the most powerful nation in the solar system. The other solar nations could only regret their failure to do the same.

HISTORICAL FACTS

end of section 3.7 the hanson circuit



► HEALTH AND DEATH



The average Jovian life span is eighty standard years for males and eighty-two years for females. Despite great advances in medical technology and knowledge, the hostile environment of Jupiter often causes deadly radiation sickness, especially in older, weaker individuals, resulting in an upper limit of age. Accidents in one's prime are also unfortunately common, bringing down the average even further.

Life spans in the Trojan States are somewhat higher (eighty-four years for males, eighty-seven for females) due to their relatively low radiation levels. Life is still harsh, however, so the increase is not a drastic one. By comparison, life spans on the Orbitals around Earth average out at approximately one hundred four years, according to a recent study (only made possible by the dying off of the second large generation of Orbital-born humans).

The typical Jovian retirement age is sixty, although many individuals choose to work longer. Retired citizens are generally treated with respect by their fellow Jovians, and are eligible for multiple perks and discounts from many businesses and facilities. Most individuals stay in their assigned quarters for their entire lives, cared for by their neighbors, family and friends. Specialized homes for the elderly are unheard of in the Confederation and would be deemed an unnecessary waste of space.

The retired elderly of the Jovian Confederation are well regarded by society out of respect for their hard work in the past, but they are also expected to stay out of the way of younger, more capable citizens. As a result of this treatment, many Jovian senior citizens feel like they are useless to society, obsolete and rejected. A thriving subclass of the Jovians' massive psychiatric establishment is dedicated to finding occupations and pastimes for the elderly while simultaneously counseling them. Nonetheless, the suicide rate among Jovians above the age of seventy has been steadily rising for the past century, concurrent with increases in total population. The figure is not publicized, nor do family members often choose to discuss such incidents with outsiders.

▼ UNDER THE JOVIAL MASK

There is a small but significant percentage of the Jovian population that is unable to provide any useful work whatsoever, as far as society is concerned. Some are deliberately rebellious, while others suffer from debilitating mental deficiencies. The result is the same in either case: an individual who is unwilling or unable to become educated in any way accepted by Jovian society. Called "Remedials," after the last-resort education courses they are put into, they are the Jovian Confederation's true outcasts, a convenient and defenseless repository for the average Jovian's frustration and opinions about "what is wrong with the world today."

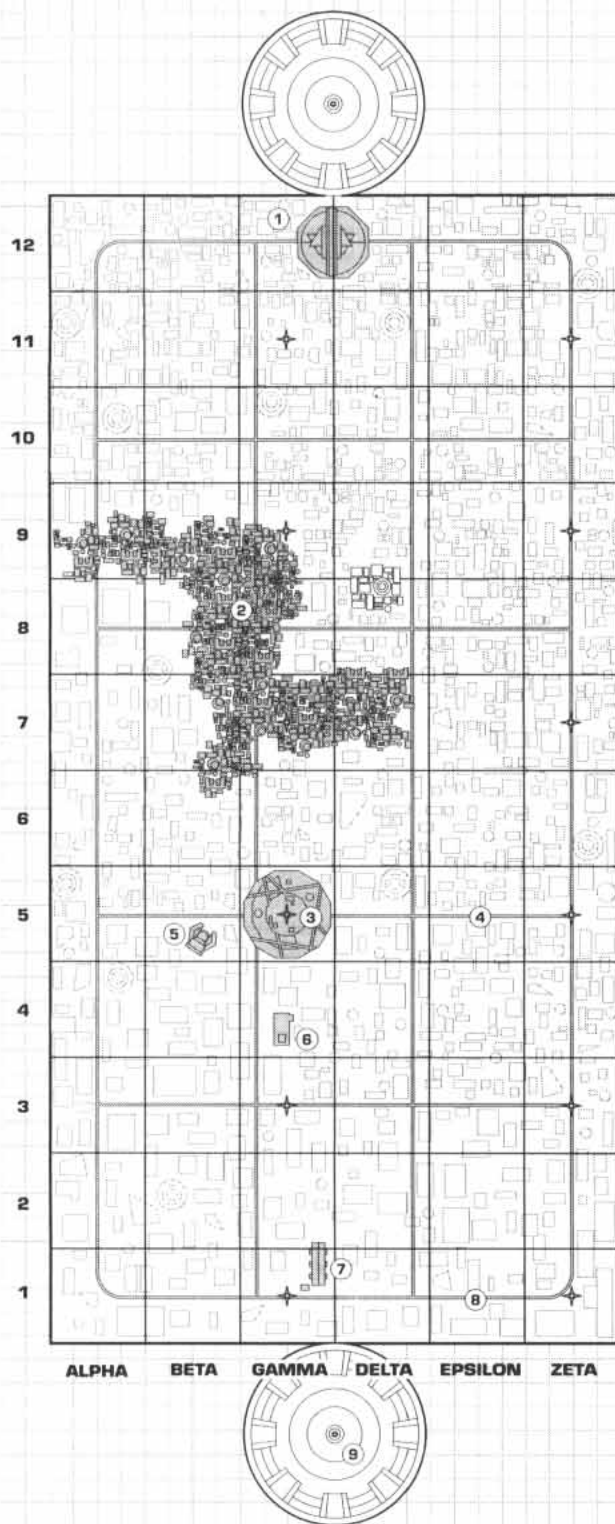
Far more numerous and less publicized, many Jovian citizens attempt to live within the rigors of life around Jupiter and end up breaking under the stress. Both the pace of work and the stigma in Jovian culture of bringing personal problems to the court system cause many Jovians to have a great deal of pent-up anger which sometimes manifests itself most unhealthily. Most such "snaps" are non-violent in nature, generally resulting in generous extended vacations and heavy therapy. A worrisome number of incidents do turn violent, however, often resulting in the injury or death of bystanders. While Jovian justice is sympathetic to such cases, the nature of the crimes committed under such circumstances cannot be ignored. Violent snaps are often remanded to long-term custody in rehabilitation clinics, where they are often quickly forgotten.

Every Jovian station supports a multitude of psychiatric and mental health facilities, all responding to a constant demand for help and understanding from worried spouses, friends and parents. Most employers require workers at all levels to undergo regular psychiatric evaluations in an effort to avoid potentially violent snaps. These centers are made known to Jovian citizens in the workplace and are otherwise subjected to a total media blackout. Many Jovians are hesitant to speak of snaps, psychiatry and other related subjects, considering them to be a matter of shame and weakness.

The Jovian Confederation has the largest proportion of psychiatrists, psychologists and philosophers in the entire solar system. Even the stress-filled stations of the Mercurians do not have so many people devoted to the task of making other people feel happy and content. Those outside the Confederation that are aware of this fact find it at once humorous and frightening: humorous because of the lengths the Jovians go to in order to hide their inadequacies, and frightening because, as far as outsiders are concerned, the mightiest military fist ever to exist in human history is in the hands of a nation full of psychopaths.

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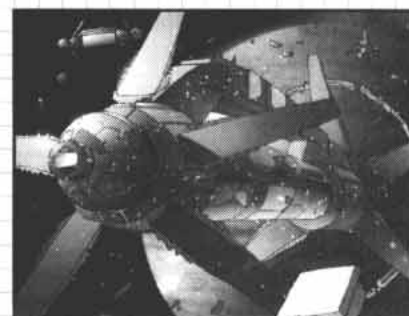
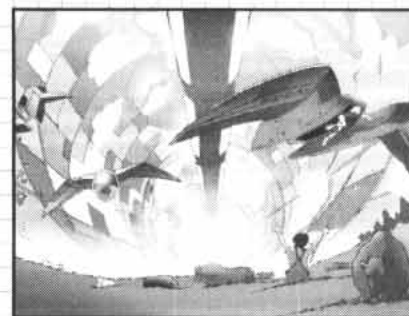
STATION DIAGRAM



LEGEND

1. The Pressure Chamber
2. The Cluster
3. Axis Park
4. JIS Branch Office Building
5. The Parnassus Hotel
6. The Leviathan
7. JAW Main Offices
8. Main Access Road
9. Kelekuk Memorial Spaceport Entrance

This diagram represents the interior of Joshua's Station's habitable core. The cylinder has been "unwrapped" for clarity, so the "western" and "eastern" edges are actually touching. The twelve star-like buildings are the core's support towers, arrayed in Gamma and Zeta sectors. Although it is not possible to properly represents on this flat page, both end caps are actually half-sphere; monorail transport cars are used to transfer cargo and people to and from the microgravity section's airlocks for access to the factory spine or the spaceport.



THE CLUSTER ◇

The Cluster is a large swath of Joshua's Station characterized by massive overbuilding and restructuring. Large open bazaars are linked by claustrophobic alleys and twisting tunnels, and a state of dull twilight exists for every hour of the day. The open areas serve as the trading houses for most of the legitimate business that goes through Joshua's Station. Almost any commodity can be found in one office or another, and these areas are often crowded with an interesting mix of civilians, traders, shopkeepers and mercenaries. In these public spots, business is fair (mostly) and danger to one's person is low.

Deeper inside the Cluster, though, where twilight becomes permanent night, one can get involved in all manner of life-threatening situations. Despite increased observation by police, the multi-level sprawl of the Cluster, with its dark, twisting corridors and enclosed bazaars, is rife with dealers in trades illegal even on Joshua's Station. If one is rich enough and looks hard enough, trade in illegal drugs, Edict-violating agents and human flesh can be found here. Most people avoid these areas since aid is long in coming and likely to find no traces when it arrives.

The deep areas of the Cluster are also the generally accepted locations for staging areas and "vacation homes" of the various mercenary groups used (in a *highly* unofficial capacity) by the Jovian government. Unwelcome in any other Jovian station unless under contract, these highly trained and heavily armed individuals are a force for both order and chaos in the deep Cluster. In areas where patrol officers are few and frightened, many mercenaries take it upon themselves to limit (or encourage) the activities of slave-traders and drug runners, enforcing a strange sort of law and order.

Interestingly, the Cluster is generally considered as safe a place as any other in Joshua's Station for children to wander around in, provided they stay in public areas and strenuously avoid empty or enclosed parts. Since children are generally harmless and not particularly rich, the entrepreneurs of the Cluster have no reason to take time out of their busy schedules to pay attention to them. The Cluster supports twice the number of patrolling police officers and emergency call boxes of any other part of Joshua's Station. As a result, Jovian children can often be seen wandering the streets in the Cluster, looking for deals on music chips and imported foodstuffs, lending a curiously cheerful overlay to the undertone of life and death.

JOSHUA'S HOUNDS ◇

Being what it is, Joshua's Station has the highest crime rate in the Confederation, mostly a product of the large number of foreign individuals temporarily inhabiting the station. In addition to the typical complement of snaps, there is a large amount of greed-related crime on the station, stemming from the ever-present need to stay ahead of the competition. A temporary resident who goes broke on Joshua's Station is effectively stuck there forever (or until they find someone willing to take them away for a price not measured in credits), so many foreigners go to extraordinary lengths to protect their investments.

Beatings and property destruction abound all over Joshua's Station. Sometimes, people even disappear — something almost unheard of in the Jovian colonies. The crimes are not localized in any one spot of the station, unfortunately. In fact, the heavy police presence in the Cluster makes that area one of the worst places to actually commit a violent crime in the open, hence the relative safety afforded to children wandering the Cluster's open areas. Rather, most violent crimes on Joshua's Station are the result of business deals gone bad or a deliberate targeting of a rich or influential individual and are thus generally planned in advance to take place in a location poorly monitored by the police.

It is legal for citizens of Joshua's Station to carry a concealed pistol-class weapon on their person for self-defense, and most inhabitants on the station (even children, who are allowed stun guns and chemical sprays) exercise that right. Licenses to carry larger weapons are not particularly difficult to obtain, especially if one is well heeled or well connected. The result is that there are some four million wandering firearms in Joshua's Station, making for an exceedingly polite society that can get exceedingly violent under certain circumstances.

It is this razor's-edge society that Joshua's Station's large police department must try to keep under control. Thousands of patrol officers regularly sweep the station on bicycles, making their presence known and responding to calls for help. These officers, however, are poorly equipped to deal with long chases or heavy firefights, which are not uncommon in the technology-filled station.

Responding to these more serious threats to public safety are the exo-suits of the Joshua's Station ESWAT division, known to all as Joshua's Hounds. Joshua's Station has no normal SWAT teams, the logic being that any incident important enough to summon a SWAT team would likely be dealt with even more effectively by ESWAT troopers, who are trained in commando tactics both in and out of their suits. A dozen ESWAT teams operate from bases near the axis of the station, one station per segment. From these near-microgravity office/hangars, ESWAT troopers can deploy using jump packs to any part of their assigned segment in about two minutes.

The current commander of Joshua's Hounds is Section Chief Thau Nguyen, a JAF veteran who continues to be unofficially known by her old callsign "Nitpick." Chief Nguyen is popular among her subordinates but has drawn criticism from civilian authorities regarding her tendency to ignore certain complaints of excessive force or property destruction. In recent months, she has also crossed political swords with Board Chair Catherine DeMille over the station administrator's permissiveness regarding the storage of heavy weapons.

◇ THE LEVIATHAN

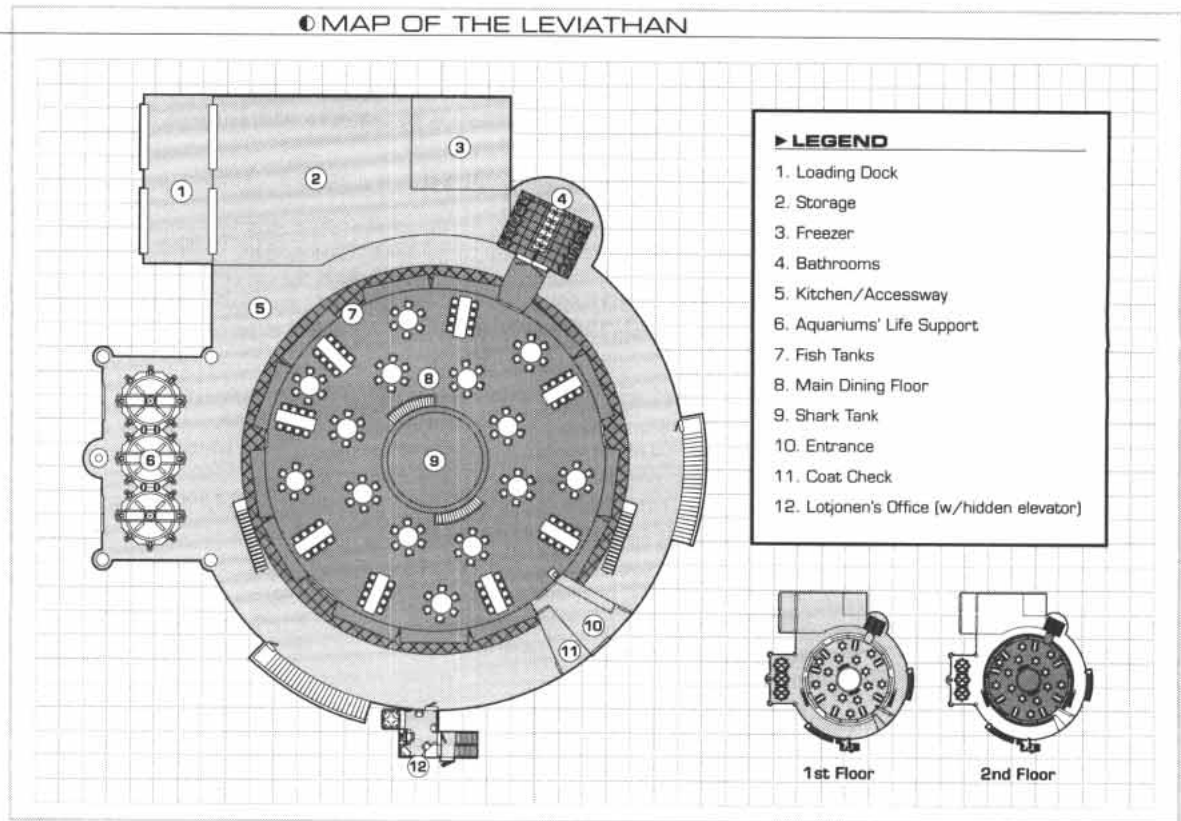
Opened in 2201 by trader/entrepreneur Karl Lotjonen, the Leviathan is one of the most popular restaurants in Olympus. Occupying half of the first two levels of the Hugo Office Plaza in Area Gamma Four, and less than fifty meters from Lotjonen's company office and home, the Leviathan is known for its hefty prices and rapidly filling reservation schedule. According to diners, though, the experience is well worth the price — repeatedly.

The dining room is double tiered, circular and dimly lit. Around the circumference of the room are a continuous series of large windows arranged with just enough extra space between them for six doors. The windows look into a dozen huge tanks of water, each one filled with native underwater fauna transplanted at great expense from Earth. The stars of the dining room, occupying a vast multi-story cylindrical tank in the restaurant's center, are two three-meter-long Mako sharks.

Although Lotjonen has received many inquiries, consumption of the animals is strictly forbidden. Indeed, the cuisine served at the Leviathan is almost entirely vegetarian. The chefs have been hired specifically for their skill in preparing both synthetic and natural foods in highly appetizing combinations.

The restaurant is enormously expensive to run; not only must Lotjonen pay for the increased water use and weight allowance of his business, he must also make sure that every one of the Leviathan's creatures are well cared for by expert medical personnel. That Lotjonen manages to not only maintain the restaurant but also make a significant profit is a tribute to the effectiveness of the ambiance he has engineered.

◇ MAP OF THE LEVIATHAN



◇ THE PARNASSUS HOTEL

Arguably the finest hotel in the entire Confederation, the Parnassus is known for its unfailingly courteous staff, made up entirely of human employees. Even room-cleaning duties are performed by a human maid, resulting in an atmosphere reminiscent of the extravagances of past centuries. The rates are, of course, appropriately high, with basic rooms starting at 2000 credits a night.

The Parnassus is located in area Beta 5, part of the diplomatic/business district, and is mostly patronized by foreign dignitaries and wealthy businesspeople. Security is tight, both from police patrols and the large number of personal bodyguards accompanying their charges. Nevertheless, several daring attacks against individual rooms and people leaving the hotel have taken place since the hotel's construction in 2182.

AXIS PARK ◇

Taking up all of area Gamma 5, Axis Park spends most of its time as a huge public gathering space, complete with fountains, fish ponds and flower gardens. At least once a year, though, Axis Park is home to one or another trade show or exposition, taking advantage of the park's multiple domed amphitheaters and larger open spaces. These shows generate a great deal of interest and news coverage since they often host the rollouts of multiple new products, inventions and technologies.

Axis Park is named for its central spire, which is one of the support spars for the entire colony cylinder, stretching all the way to the cylinder's axis. The spire is laden with restaurants, observation decks and low-gee playgrounds. On the ground, the grandest of the structures in Axis Park is the Opal Pavilion, a fifty-thousand seat shell-top amphitheater in which many keynote addresses and popular ceremonies are held. The Opal Pavilion was heavily damaged in a terrorist attack in 2211, and is still under repair and renovation in 2213.

EXO-BALL ◇

In Area Gamma Twelve is a huge entrance gate barred by ticket offices, leading to a series of cable elevators going up to the station's axis. Every week on Sunday, the gate is crammed with people waiting to get into the elevators, which take them up to a capacious spectator gallery overlooking, through armored windows, a spherical zero-gee arena. Called the Pressure Chamber, this new-age stadium is the original site of the now Confederation-wide sport of exo-ball.

Exo-ball was invented in 2190 by Jason McDougal, a wealthy real-estate investor. Realizing that the Confederation had entered an age where time for spectator sports and other day-to-day entertainment was available, McDougal purchased the zero-gee park at the far end of Joshua's Station at a great loss, and renovated it into an enormous public arena. He then hired several daredevil pilots, provided them with modified Decker exo-suits, and began to advertise his new attraction.

Attendance was slow at first, as with any new concept, but interest quickly increased as news of the spectacular aerobatics and displays of piloting skills spread around the station. Within five years, McDougal had recouped his investment and was raking in money hand over fist. By the turn of the twenty-third century, the sport had spread around Olympus, with ten arenas in steady operation.

The rules of exo-ball are quite complex in execution, but simple in principle. The game is played between two teams of four to eight players each, using a heavy but highly elastic ball. The object is for the ball to be passed to each player on the team before being thrown into a common goal at the "bottom" of the spherical playing field. Body contact is strictly prohibited; it is this rule that produces some of the most awe-inspiring dodge and weave maneuvers seen in the game. Out of respect for busy Jovian schedules, the game is played on a strict two-hour time limit, no more, no less.

An entire volume of rules exists pertaining to team starting positions, randomization of ball insertion into the arena, penalties for offenses and a myriad of other situations arising in exo-ball, and has been completely memorized by some of the more rabid fans of the sport. While enforcement of the rules differs between colonies, the play is similar enough to permit cross-colony competitions, which are extremely popular and likened by many to friendly wars.

Joshua's Station supports twelve exo-ball teams, including the one most generally agreed upon as the best of the lot. Named Solomon, the team is made up entirely of ex-ESWAT troopers and JAF pilots, who are all now making at least ten times their previous salaries. Other stations tend to support fewer teams, with the exception of Khannan, where the popularity of military-league exo-ball has produced over thirty teams.

JOVIAN ARMOR WORKS ▼

Founded in 2155 by retired Major Jefferson Hower, Jovian Armor Works was created to research, develop and build the Jovian Armed Forces' next generation of combat exo-suits. Starting out in cheaply bought offices and old hangar bays on Joshua's Station, JAW began a sharp rise in power and wealth in 2162, when Hower's handbuilt Hoplite exo-armor dazzled military observers with its combination of speed, agility and firepower. Since then, the orders for more and better exo-armors have never stopped coming.

Jefferson Hower retired permanently in 2204, bequeathing his company to his son Robert who had, since his graduation from the Jovian Institute of Science, risen steadily in influence in JAW's Skunk Works company. The younger Hower proved to be a poor businessman, although this was largely compensated by constant advice from his father and advisors. Robert tended to spend as much time as possible in the Skunk Work labs and hangars, helping to solve problems hands-on, and was chronically late to meetings and appointments.

Jefferson Hower died on November 15, 2210, three months after he watched his company's exo-armors soundly defeat a CEGA attack fleet. While Hower may have died happy in the knowledge that his work had borne fine fruit indeed, he has left behind an uncertain legacy. Without his father's advice, Robert Hower is now forced to rely completely on his board of advisors for business decisions, making him less and less in control of his company. In the past six months, however, reports have depicted Robert Hower as suddenly confident and in control, perhaps at last wanting to take full responsibility for his deceased father's beloved company. Then again, JAW employees note that Hower still tends to attend meetings with a greasy rag stuffed in one pocket and an engineer's helmet on his head.



JOVIAN ARMOR WORKS

The Skunk Works is Jovian Armor Works' Advanced Development Company, a separate company with its own finances, facilities and personnel. Charged with preserving JAW's preeminent status as the producer of the most powerful and advanced military vehicles in the solar system, the Skunk Works is both a well-known trademark in the Confederation as well as a top-secret research organization. While the department employs a large number of people, few of these are actually engineers or scientists. Rather, much of the company's structure is filled with financial and organizational personnel whose job it is to keep the paperwork done by the small design teams to a minimum. This allows the intentionally low-manpower work groups to concentrate fully on their current project, without requiring large teams that tend to generate conflict and poor design results.

The Skunk Works derives its name from the advanced development division of the pre-Fall Lockheed aerospace company. One of the many corporations wiped out during the Fall, Lockheed and other aerospace manufacturers were later resurrected outsystem as their fleeing staffs of engineers and scientists built homes and new companies in Jupiter's orbit. Although no more than a passing tribute to a past age, the Skunk Works name represents for its employees a centuries-old tradition of innovation and timeliness.

◇ BAY 8.5

Jovian Armor Works has done a great deal of rebuilding and rearranging of their section of Joshua's Station over the course of their residency. Most of these modifications are known to and approved by the station's administration. A few areas, though, have been secretly altered, and no longer appear on any public maps of Joshua's Station. Bay 8.5 is one such "invisible" section, where JAW, in cooperation with the JAF, stores and inspects captured, crashed or otherwise underhandedly obtained vehicles.

Cunningly nestled near the zero-g spine between Bays 8 and 9 (two of JAW's more remote storage bays), Bay 8.5 was constructed by order of Jefferson Hewer in 2202 shortly before his retirement. The area is small but efficiently furnished, consisting of a large hangar and a smaller personnel section with an office and a tiny lounge. There is room in the main bay for up to eight exo-armors or a small ship. The bay can be opened to vacuum through the use of a set of large doors (disguised to look like unbroken hull to outside observers) but is kept pressurized most of the time to ease working conditions for the engineers and technicians.

Entry to Bay 8.5 is strictly regulated; there is no direct entrance into the bay from any main corridor on Joshua's Station. Authorized personnel enter Bay 8.5 via a concealed elevator a few levels above, in a security checkpoint noted on guide maps as a "marketing office." Cargo too large for the elevator is left in Bay 8 or 9 until such time as the Bay 8.5 crew can transfer it unseen via the main bay doors. The Bay's rather impressive power draw is attributed in monthly records to a nearby environment-control facility, and other life-support records are similarly "fudged" to account for any discrepancy that might occur.

The secrecy is necessary because of the nature of the Bay's occupants. The remains of CEGA's Dragonstriker experimental exo-armor are stored here, along with debris collected from the mysterious automated vehicle destroyed on Europa in 2212. Other vehicles "acquired" from the Martians and Venusians also have homes in Bay 8.5, making the place an international outcry waiting to happen.

Several other unmarked areas exist in other parts of the JAW complex. Most notable is the Cemetery, where the remains of previous JAW secret projects are collated, catalogued and stored away for later study in nondescript packing crates. The Cemetery contains dozens of these "urns," each one affectionately decorated with plastic flowers and a styroplast gravestone marking the content.

◇ THE MASAMUNE FORGE

While Bay 8.5 is where JAW looks at the work of others, the Masamune Forge, named for the legendary Japanese swordsmith, is where the Skunk Works build each of their carefully crafted masterpieces. Much larger and more public than Bay 8.5, the Masamune Forge is quite clearly marked on tourist maps as being in area Gamma One, which is in fact where it really is. Security around the Forge's facilities and hangars is amazingly tight, however, with detachments of JAF exo-suits on constant patrol.

The Skunk Works' main offices are right next door to the Forge. The two complexes are connected by tunnels and corridors to each other and to nearby residential complexes, where most Skunk Works employees make their homes. The Forge is also equipped with bays that lead outside the station for launching shuttles, cargo ships and, as in the case of the Prometheus during the Battle of Elysée, exo-armors.

The Masamune Forge is directed by Jerome Hughes, a former classmate of Robert Hewer. The two men remain good friends and Robert Hewer often makes detours in his daily routine to go stick his head into whatever new project Hughes has to show off. Although JAW manufactures many products besides military exo-armors, all of the Skunk Works' resources are geared toward military research.

THE PRINCIPII ◀

Very few Jovian citizens are aware of the existence of the Principii. They are a secret society born of the Jovian Confederation's love of freedom and privacy, as well as its constantly repressed anger at its near-warlike treatment by CEGA. The tensions caused by the formation of the Earth world government and their subsequent actions have crystallized into a fierce organization dedicated to the protection of the Jovian Confederation and its allies.

The Principii has its roots in the groups that have dealt with the ambitions of the inner system powers for all those years. Consisting of Jovian citizens from the military, government and civilian sectors, the Principii's goal is to reawaken the slumbering giant that showed itself during the Battle of Elysée and end the threat of CEGA and the Venusian Bank forever. To this end, the Principii follow the dreams and plans of one man, Karl Lotjonen, whose honor and respect for human life is secondary only to his desire to see his nation live in peace.

The stated ideals of the Principii are appealing to many of its members. Violence is not advocated, nor is direct opposition of the spirit of the Jovian Confederation. To the members of the group, the enemy is a foreign power that has repeatedly demonstrated its contempt for the Jovian way of life and its hostility towards the confederation; CEGA's actions require an immediate and firm response, lest that way of life be compromised or even destroyed. As a result, most Principii perceive themselves as being more loyal to the Confederation than the average citizen, rather than as traitors, mercenaries or worse, terrorists. They are the guardians of the realm, the last true defenders of Jupiter, forced to keep their work secret and unsung only for the greater good of the people.

Ideas and courage alone do not win war. To this end, Lotjonen and his followers have amassed a vast quantity of material from a variety of sympathizers within the Confederation, from ex-JAF officers to worried businessmen. Though impressive by any standard, they are only token forces compared to the military might of Earth, forcing the Principii to use them only to put vastly more complex plans into action. By using deception and espionage in conjunction with whatever force they can bring to bear, the Principii hope to be able to force the Agora and the Jovian Armed Forces into a war that will end the threat once and for all; a war only the powerful Jovian army can win, but whose necessity is apparent only to the Principii themselves.



3.10

HISTORY ▼

The name "Principii" is derived from an ancient Latin term meaning "the foundations" or "the front ranks." Every Principii is well aware of the origin of the name, as well as its underlying meaning: the Principii have chosen to be at the forefront of the effort to end CEGA's threat to the Confederation and, like most troops who lead others, are not expected to survive the coming conflict. Few Principii dwell on such morbid thoughts, however. Most of them already have hazardous occupations, so death has always been a day away.

The Principii started out in 2176 as a private club among exo-armor pilots. Dedicated to a combination of vigilant oaths to defend the Confederation and off-hours drunken parties, the Principii were never taken seriously by anyone, including themselves. An important side effect, however, were the multiple deep friendships based on similar political views that developed in the club. The Principii died out in the 2190's when its core members either retired or were promoted into administrative or flag positions. New pilots found the whole thing rather ridiculous and promptly went off to find different ways to get drunk and show off.

When Karl Lotjonen began to gather around him the people who would help him redeem General Thorsen and strike a blow at the Venusians and CEGA, he turned to the name and underlying oaths of the Principii for a title with which to grace his new group. Many of the first members of this resurrected Principii were, in fact, members of the original Principii from long ago. Some of these old pilots were still serving in the military and began to quietly assemble from the current young ranks a new generation of Principii, a quieter, grimmer lot who were less interested in making oaths than holding to them. The addition of JIS personnel and painstakingly found computer experts by Rebecca Faneuil finished out the complement of the reborn Principii.

3.10.1

▼ ORGANIZATION

The Principii are a very loose association by most standards. No regular meetings are held, for obvious reasons, and there has never been a complete gathering of all the Principii at once. It is possible (and even frequent) for members of the Principii to pass each other on the street without a hint of recognition. When contact must be made between members, memorized code-phrases and secret gestures are used, as are more traditional means of identification such as retina scans and fingerprinting.

The Principii are organized into cells, which, like the Principii as a whole, do not gather in any one place. Rather, the concept of the cell is task based, and members are assigned to cells by Lotjonen and Faneuil according to their necessity for the completion of a particular goal rather than physical proximity. For instance, a cell whose goal was to monitor JIS Clotho activities in a certain area of a colony would likely have one or two computer experts for surveillance purposes, a few JIS Principii to provide access codes and work schedules, and a JIS officer who would coordinate the effort and relay information to Lotjonen through the use of another computer expert. Thus, few "grunts" ever contact Lotjonen personally, or even know of his position as leader of the Principii, with the exception of the military pilots, whom Lotjonen recruited personally based on past friendships.

Lotjonen and Faneuil are the only ones with a full listing of every Principii member; their cell leaders are generally aware only of the Principii under their direct supervision and of the leaders of other cells. The personnel aboard Umbra Station are considered a single cell, as are the crews of each ship. Although it is not always so, cells in the military are kept within squadron lines; when abroad, as in the Mars operation, cells shift to be focused around Principii assigned to the same task force of ships.

Occasionally, Lotjonen will call for a meeting of cell leaders, whose ranks change over time as old tasks are completed and their associated cells are dissolved and reformed into new cells with new tasks. These meetings are always high-risk affairs and must be meticulously planned. The Principii in the JIS are invaluable at these times (even more than usual) because of the information they can provide about possible observation of any particular member's movements.

□ THE PRINCIPII

Founder/Leader: Karl Lotjonen	
Operations Director: Rebecca Faneuil	
Vanguards (pilots)	
	12 Umbra Station pilots
	32 pilots in the Jovian peacekeeping fleet near Mars
	44 pilots based on Khannan
	83 pilots in Vanguard Mountain
	77 pilots in Newhome
Sentinels (station guards and ship crews)	
	34 guards/crew on Umbra Station
	72 crew, divided between the Principii's three modified Inari-class liners
Silencers (JIS personnel)	
	10 agents in Clotho
	15 agents in Lachesis
	12 Atropos agents (the entire complement of Atropos Team 21)
Shrouds (independent computer experts)	
	8 computer experts on Joshua's Station
	6 computer experts assigned to Jovian peacekeeping fleet near Mars
	2 computer experts assigned to serve as liaison between Free Republic splinter group and Principii
	5 computer experts on Khannan
Hardware and Resources	
	Umbra Station
	2 Retaliators Alpha berthed on Umbra Station
	5 Pathfinders Alpha berthed on Umbra Station
	24 Mjolnir exo-suits stored on Umbra Station (functionally equivalent to Deckers)
	9 Decker exo-suits stored on Joshua's Station
	3 Inari-class Liners, the <i>Lohengrin</i> , <i>Niebelung</i> and <i>Flying Dutchman</i>
	Each ship has added: Stealth (Rating 4), 400 cubic meters of concealed cargo space
	Economic Aid: available from 22 retired former Principii in various parts of the Confederation.

GOALS ▼

Before the Martian War, the Principii's goal was to arouse Jovian anger against CEGA and the Venusian Bank by actively exposing the crimes and misdeeds of these powers in the solar system. The eventual hope was that the Confederation would realize that peace with CEGA and Venus was impossible and use its current technological advantage to force changes in the administration of the inner solar system. Most of the members of the Principii joined up because of the seeming nobility of this effort.

The original plan was to proceed in several stages. First, contacts and support would be firmed up in Olympus, providing a variety of personnel willing to give aid to the Principii. Once this was done, contacts would be explored in the Trojan States (where Principii membership was limited to the military) and the inner solar system. STRIKE was regarded as a possible source of assistance against the Venusian Bank, and Earth-based rebels were considered as allies against CEGA. Ship and exo-armor refits on Umbra Station would be completed with covert operations and stealth in mind. Using intelligence from Principii infiltrators in the JIS, Lotjonen and Faneuil would plan a variety of operations whose purpose would be to covertly support JIS and JAF efforts against CEGA. Insystem operations would also be executed, similar to General Thorsen's and Lotjonen's daring raid on Venus in 2211. If the Principii had been ready at the time, they would have aided Jovian forces against the Seraphim attacks in 2211, as well as sending forces to help in the investigation of the Europa incident of 2212.

The mobilization of a fleet to go to Mars and the news of a similar CEGA buildup caused a drastic alteration to this plan. Now, the object was to provoke a fight with CEGA as soon as possible; Lotjonen and the Principii were more than certain that the Jovian fleet could easily defeat the Earth forces if given sufficient reason. Several new efforts were set into motion: Principii pilots and crew in the Jovian peacekeeping fleet would be prepared to take the first legitimate opportunity to open fire on CEGA units. Discussions with a Free Republic splinter group resulted in a promise to attempt to use the crowded space around Mars to cause a confused situation of fire combat. Although ordered not to fire unless fired upon, the Jovian pilots were instructed (and inclined) to return fire with no hesitation. A series of staged "terrorist" attacks in the vicinity of the upcoming Centennial celebration would raise tensions in the Confederation, and a staged assassination attempt would play on Alexandra Itangre's well-known temper. Lastly, a CEGA diplomat would be kidnapped or (if necessary) assassinated, resulting in CEGA anger directed at the Confederation and making an armed conflict almost certain.

THE TYPHON AFFAIR ◇



Although the Principii could do no more than hope that these efforts would combine fortuitously to start a full-fledged conflict, a perfect tool to achieve that goal virtually fell into their laps in mid-2213. One of Lotjonen's ships, returning from Mars, answered a distress call outside Mars' orbit. Upon reaching the source of the beacon, it encountered a huge exo-vehicle bearing CEGA markings. The vehicle's pilot sent a directional message requesting asylum and passage to Jupiter, stating an intention to defect with her machine. The ship's crew quickly agreed and took the exo-armor into their cargo bay, discarding their other cargo to make room. They then activated their Principii-installed stealth devices and moved off. Hours after, when Jovian patrols and Solar Cross Shuttles arrived to investigate, all they found was floating debris.

The Typhon prototype was transported quickly and quietly to Umbra Station. The defecting pilot, Ariana Morgenstein, was well treated and placed under house arrest for lack of anything better to do with her. Using the copious technical data that the pilot had been kind enough to bring with her (an obvious additional bargaining chip for her to use in the Confederation), the Umbra Station crew learned in surprisingly short order the basics of maintaining the machine's complex systems. They expected to be able to continue to do so, with their limited resources, for about a month.

This single lucky break in the Principii's history of methodical and careful belief in Murphy's Law made it possible for Lotjonen to firmly define the specifics of the Olympus-based operations. According to reports received by Faneuil, CEGA was extremely distressed about its lost prototype and was beginning to level quiet accusations at the Jovian Confederation for taking both their pilot and the machine she used to get there. These accusations had reached the ear of President Itangre who, of course, knew absolutely nothing of what CEGA was yammering about.

Lotjonen's plan was to use the Typhon unit to sow suspicion and anger in the Jovian Confederation, much as CEGA had almost certainly tried to do during the incident on Europa, with one exception: in this case, there would be proof. Lotjonen volunteered to personally pilot the Typhon, placing his own life in danger. The staged assassination attempt on President Itangre would be the last step in an increasing number of incidents around Olympus, during which the President would be "saved" by quick-responding Principii troops and the Typhon destroyed. At the last minute, it was decided that Ignatius Chang would have to be killed in the attack; because of the man's love for peace, Lotjonen felt he had no choice but to remove him to free the way for other, more aggressive members of the CEGA Council. Lotjonen, having planned the timing of the event down to the second, would eject at precisely the right time and be picked up by Principii exo-suits.

President Itangre would be presented with solid proof that CEGA's accusations of a Jovian theft of their prototype was merely smokescreen to shield the covert activity of the stealth-equipped Typhon in Jovian space. The attack would be an undeniable act of war. The entire Jovian public would rise in anger and Alexandra Itangre would either declare war on the spot or be that much closer to doing so within a year or two. CEGA would be equally infuriated, perceiving the whole affair as an excuse for the Jovians to legitimize their possession of the Typhon, and might take more drastic steps in their intimidation campaign against the Confederation, also helping to spark an open fight between the nations.



▼ UMBRA STATION

In 2118, shortly after the signing of the Articles of Confederation, a small-time entrepreneur named David Jackson gathered together a small group of middle-class investors, purchased a large amount of mining and colonization equipment, and moved his family and anyone who would come out to a small "transient" asteroid drifting in an elliptical orbit around Jupiter. His plan was to begin an independent mining operation on the asteroid, christened Jackson's Pride, using the modest profits to establish a peaceful, self-sustaining commune away from the industrialized frenzy of Olympus. Jackson's Pride's orbit kept it far away from Jupiter's Galilean moons most of the time. Every so often, the asteroid's path would bring it reasonably close (a few hundred thousand kilometers) to one of the moons, allowing ore to be offloaded and supplies taken on. Small stationkeeping thrusters were installed to move the asteroid over a period of years to a more stable trajectory around Jupiter; without them, the tiny rock would soon be ejected away from Jupiter or crushed by the periodic gravitational tug-of-war it was subjected to in its unusual orbit.

The settlement did reasonably well as a mining operation, earning enough money from the surprisingly rich deep ores to build permanent colony facilities, complete with two joined gravity wheels tethered to the asteroid's surface. In 2131, Jackson's Pride completed its journey and ended up in a distant orbit around Ganymede, where mining operations on other nearby asteroids would be easier but still removed from Olympus at large. Jackson's Pride was well on its way toward its founder's dream when disaster struck.

Ore barges from the Trojan States, bearing vast quantities of raw materials mined from the thousands of Trojan Asteroids, had been slowly working their way to Olympus for the past twenty years, dispatched before the formation of the Confederation, when inter-state aid was still mostly one-way from Olympus to the Trojans. Their arrival signaled the end of any demand for ore from Jackson's Pride and the hundreds of other family-run operations like it. Within months, Jackson's Pride was a ghost town, abandoned by its populace, most of whom elected to return to Olympus and deal with the bustle in return for a steady salary. The only remaining inhabitant was David Jackson himself, insane and depressed, living off of recycled goods and hydroponics. The former inhabitants of Jackson's Pride renamed the place Jackson's Folly, mirroring a similar renaming of dozens of other small mining asteroids around Ganymede. By the 2150's, even the name had been forgotten, buried under a mountain of more important government records.

◇ THE PHANTOM ROCK

Most of the old mining asteroids still remain in their orbits around Ganymede in 2213. A steady stream of ore barges from the Trojan States provides all the raw materials necessary for Olympus' construction projects, and since the asteroids don't generally get in the way, it has been deemed too much of an effort and expense to dispose of them. About half of the rocks bear navigational warning beacons, but most Jovian ship crews know how to detect and avoid the large number of "unlisted" flying mountains. They are seldom inspected by JAF patrols, and when they are, the inspections are usually cursory and incomplete. As a result, these asteroids, most of which are no larger than three kilometers in diameter, have become an occasional refuge of smugglers and pirates. Venusian Bank operatives used one during Operation Methuselah as an observation and relay post, and it is rumored that the JAF's elite Weapons and Combat Training School makes use of several of the more remote asteroids as training bases.

Jackson's Folly was quietly resurrected in 2209 by the STRIKE splinter group known as the Seraphim. Cleaned out and refurbished (the Seraphim found David Jackson's dessicated body in his quarters), the asteroid was to serve as a secondary staging area for the Seraphim's exo-suit and exo-armor arsenal, supplementary to their other base in the Belt. The new base was never used, however, and once again abandoned when its new owners evacuated to Saturn space.

◇ THE PRINCIPII COME

When Karl Lotjonen commenced his search for a suitable location in which to store his group's ships, exo-armors and supplies, he was already looking toward the mining asteroids. Rebecca Faneuil helped him narrow the search, choosing the least-remembered such settlement she could find: Jackson's Folly, nee Jackson's Pride. It proved to be an inconsequential matter for Rebecca to further delete the asteroid's history and position. Lotjonen went to there to oversee initial construction in late 2211, and was pleasantly surprised to discover that a mysterious recent occupant had been kind enough to do most of the work for him. He promptly renamed the asteroid Umbra, thinking of the rock's vast, silent bulk floating, almost invisible, at the doorstep of Olympus.

After the defeat of the Seraphim and capture of their main base in the Belt, Faneuil saw to it that a significant amount of supplies and electronic equipment were diverted into Lotjonen's possession. These were used to fully equip the portion of the asteroid used by the Principii as well as to add further security and stealth measures. A permanent staff of guards and operators was placed on Umbra, charged with maintaining the base's secrecy.

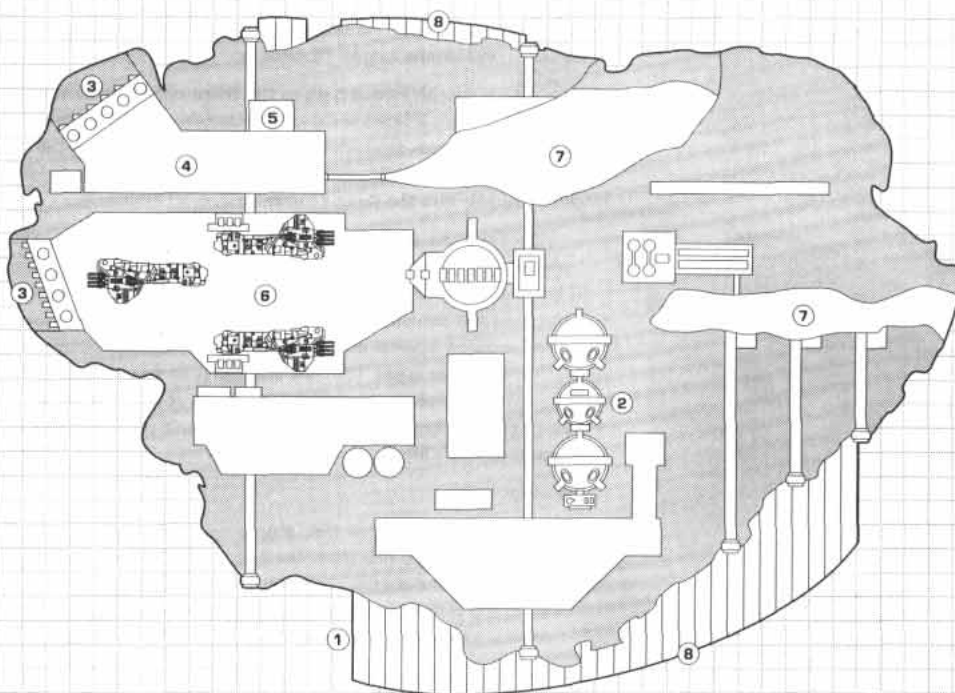
Lotjonen's plans involved maintaining a small fleet of ships fitted with covert-operations equipment and commando exo-suits at Umbra. These would be used to carry out missions all over the solar system in an effort to expose CEGA and Venusian Bank misdeeds. The start of the Martian War, however, coupled with the Principii's fortuitous interception of defector Ariana Morgenstein and her Typhon prototype, permitted Lotjonen to drastically alter and reduce the time frame of his scheme.

UMBRA STATION MAP ◇

Umbra Station still shows its ancestry as a mining settlement. Large caverns and deep shafts have been carved into the rock of the asteroid and are still littered with the waste and remains from the old operation. The two deepest caverns are unused, remaining in total darkness and strewn with floating bits of machinery. The two outer caverns have been converted into hangars, complete with concealed gates. While unpressurized, the hangars are well lit and large enough to support several ships and exo-armors. As of July 12, 2213, a portion of Hangar One is occupied by the commandeered Typhon prototype. The Principii's other exo-armors (Pathfinders and Retaliators reported "missing") are stored and maintained in berths in the same bay. Hangar Two is usually the ship/shuttle dock, and is where most traffic into and out of Umbra passes.

The outer gravity wheel remains shut down, locked and deprived of power or life support. The smaller, inner wheel contains the crew quarters and workstations. One section has been converted into a comfortable but secure brig in which the defecting pilot of the Typhon is being "housed" until Lotjonen can decide what to do with her.

UMBRA STATION MAP ①

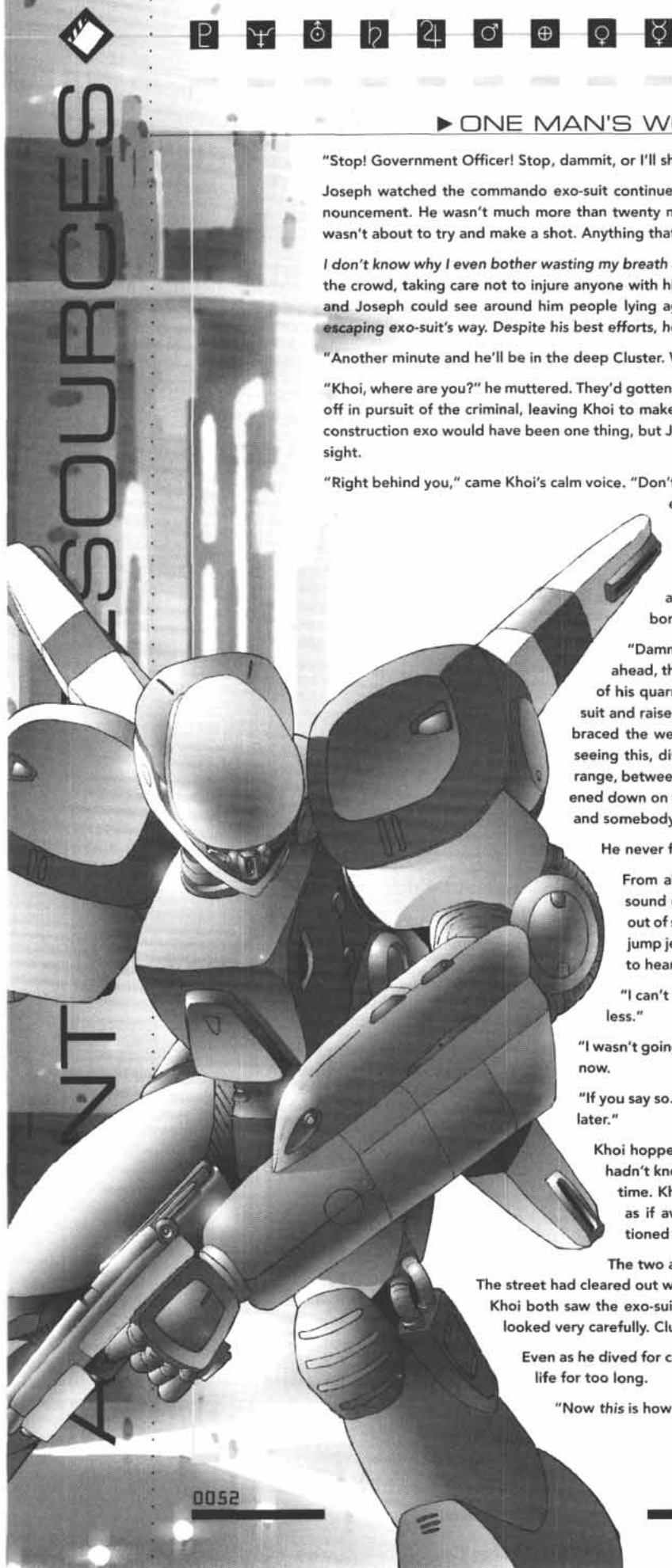


► LEGEND

1. Habitat Ring* (not shown)
2. Life Support Systems
3. Hangar Entrances
4. Exo-Armor Bays
5. Typhon Storage Area
6. Inari-Class ships
7. Unused Caverns
8. Lift-Line Transport Cables

*The outer ring has no air or power. The inner ring consists of a single level which has been converted into living quarters and training areas for the Principii. The make-shift brig is located on this level.





► ONE MAN'S WORK

"Stop! Government Officer! Stop, dammit, or I'll shoot!"

Joseph watched the commando exo-suit continue on its headlong flight through the crowd, heedless of his pronouncement. He wasn't much more than twenty meters behind his quarry in his own Decker, but in this mess, he wasn't about to try and make a shot. Anything that could bring down an exo-suit would pulp an unarmored human.

I don't know why I even bother wasting my breath anymore, he thought, carefully but firmly jostling his way through the crowd, taking care not to injure anyone with his exo-suit's overmuscled limbs. The suspect had no such qualms, and Joseph could see around him people lying against walls and doors where they had been thrown out of the escaping exo-suit's way. Despite his best efforts, he knew the criminal was gaining distance.

"Another minute and he'll be in the deep Cluster. We'll lose him for good. Where the hell is ESWAT?"

"Khoi, where are you?" he muttered. They'd gotten separated after Joseph had powered up his 'suit first and sprinted off in pursuit of the criminal, leaving Khoi to make sure no accomplices were hanging around the Park. A runaway construction exo would have been one thing, but Joseph wasn't about to let a stealth commando 'suit get out of his sight.

"Right behind you," came Khoi's calm voice. "Don't look back," he said, interrupting Joseph in mid-turn. "Keep your eye on the target. I'll catch up."

Joseph turned back to the chase in time to clumsily avoid trampling a teenager wearing headphones. When he'd regained his balance, the commando 'suit had gained even more distance. Up ahead, Joseph could see the dark, steamy air that delineated the border into the Deep Cluster.

"Dammit!" he shouted into his helmet. He had no choice. Thirty meters ahead, through a shifting mass of civilian heads, he could make out the top of his quarry's head, ducking and weaving as it moved. Joseph stopped his suit and raised its assault rifle. Thumbing the selector switch to single shot, he braced the weapon against one shoulder and aimed. The people around him, seeing this, dived for cover. That left only thirty or so oblivious civilians down-range, between Joseph and the still-running perp. Joseph gritted his teeth, tightened down on the trigger and prayed that he wasn't about to screw up both his and somebody else's life.

He never fired.

From ahead and above him, atop a two-story antique store, came the sound of a single rifle shot. The head of the criminal's exo-suit dropped out of sight and did not rise again. Looking up, Joseph saw Khoi's Decker, jump jets steaming and gun smoking. Joseph activated his comm, in time to hear Khoi's eternally bored voice starting in on him again.

"I can't leave you alone for a second before you're doing something reckless."

"I wasn't going to shoot." Perhaps he would have, perhaps not; it was irrelevant now.

"If you say so." Joseph recognized that statement. It meant "we'll continue this later."

Khoi hopped down to join Joseph at street level. Joseph was impressed; he hadn't known Khoi could be so nimble in a 'suit. He was so stiff most of the time. Khoi swivelled his helmet around to glance back at Joseph, almost as if aware of the younger man's thoughts. Saying nothing, Khoi motioned for Joseph to advance on the opposite side of the street.

The two agents moved carefully toward the downed exo-suit, guns raised. The street had cleared out within seconds of Khoi's shot. At five meters' distance, Joseph and Khoi both saw the exo-suit move its arms, very slightly. Instead of shooting again, Joseph looked very carefully. Clutched in the exo-suit's hand was a grenade.

Even as he dived for cover, Joseph felt a sense of exultation that had been absent in his life for too long.

"Now this is how a good day is supposed to start!"

THE CHAOS PRINCIPLE CAMPAIGN ◀

This chapter provides adventure and background information for **The Chaos Principle**. It is meant both for use as a roleplaying adventure guideline (with suggestions for GMs on how to keep the story moving and avoid an "adventure on rails" feel) and as a set of "timing points" for playing groups who wish to play their own agendas with the events of **Chaos Principle** serving as background decoration.

The story can be played as a traditional roleplaying adventure: each scene is divided into two parts, with the first one being the unaffected storyline (a continuous story) and the second a set of treads for the Players to follow. The various scenes do not have to be played sequentially, nor is it necessary to play them all in order to go through the complete story. Each scene is directly connected to at least two others, giving the Gamemaster a modular adventure they can mold to suit the playing group.

If the Players choose to use the four pre-generated characters provided in Chapter 2, **Chaos Principle** is structured so that the characters can be paired off (Khoi with Joseph and Ariana with Jared), allowing smaller playing groups to have a complete "team" without forcing the GM to stick to a pre-defined number of group members. If playing these characters, the events described in the first section of each scene may unfold differently; Players should not be forced to replay exactly the story shown here.

In the event that the Players wish to play their own characters or do not wish to be directly involved in the events of the OVA, the following adventure can also be treated simply as a background element whose repercussions may or may not affect the Player Characters. Whether they learn of all the plots and subplots depends on the nature and actions of the party (for example, a group playing Principii characters will learn of Lotjonen's plans, but not the events unfolding between Chang and Itangre).



GETTING INVOLVED ▼

Now that the setting and events of the Sourcebook are apparent, Gamemasters may be left with the problem of figuring out how to arrange for their Players to be in the right place at the right time. This section answers questions like "What if my Player Characters are primitive hunter-gatherers living in the basement of Gaia City — with their fingers in their ears?" (although that particular problem may be beyond the scope of this section's abilities). Suggestions on how to "pull in" PCs of differing occupations from various locations will be presented, along with some ideas on simply dropping the PCs into the midst of the action. This is all assuming that the Players *will not* be using the four Lead Characters on pages 18-21. These characters have their lead-ins to the storyline built-in, allowing GMs to dive right into the adventure proper.

The first sub-section, Character Hooks, provides ways into the narrative via personal events in the characters' lives. Best for small groups where Players are likely to stick together at each other's behest, these hooks can also be used to start off long-term changes in a character's personal life. The nature of these hooks makes them adaptable to a wide variety of character types, and are easily modified to suit similar background elements in the character's conception.

Adventure Hooks, on the other hand, are more specific suggestions for groups of characters of a particular profession or vocation. These are good for larger groups of Players, which tend to be less concerned over each other's personal lives and more focused on the good of the whole team. These hooks do little to flesh out the characters' backgrounds, however, necessarily being geared toward the appearance of just another everyday job.

The final set of hooks are for GMs who want to let the wheels get rolling before dumping the Player Characters into the machine. Called "In Media Res," this section provides information and tips on good "entry points" into the ever-increasing tempo of conflict around Joshua's Station. Characters can be inserted into the storyline at these points (or other ones of the GM's own creation), but the further into the storyline they start out, the less chance they have to affect the outcome.

A warning to the uninitiated: the old adage that no plan ever survives contact with the enemy holds no truer than in gaming. No matter how foolproof any given method for dragging the Players into a scenario may be, there will always be that obnoxious, overly perceptive or just plain unlucky individual who will manage to neatly circumvent every one of the Gamemaster's contingency plans. When this happens, a good Gamemaster should be prepared to throw the book out the window and play the whole thing by ear. Attempting to force the issue and railroad the Players into the planned path removes most if not all of the fun, relegating the Players to the task of effectively reading from a prewritten script. Remember: no roleplaying adventure is so good that a tight-knit group of Players led by an effective GM cannot come up with something more fun on the spur of the moment.



◇ CHARACTER HOOK: DOUBLE LIFE

One of the characters' loved one or family member (the closer the better) is behaving very strangely of late, missing appointments, vanishing at odd hours of day and returning in a sneaky and surreptitious manner. When questioned, he or she is uncommonly secretive or brusque, avoiding the question without actually saying "none of your business." If the character decides to follow along on one of these excursions, he'll notice a series of strange precautions against tailing — which may or may not work, depending on the person's abilities. If the character gets too persistent, he may even be accosted by a stranger telling him to "let go." It seems that the loved one is leading a double life, and some people do not want you to know.

The person is, in fact, working for the Principii in one capacity or another, having been recruited recently by one of their field agents. Knowledge of the truth behind the Principii or their goals is not even necessary; the loved one could easily have been talked into believing that he or she was working for a legitimate Jovian government organization like the JIS. Even if the loved one in question has a seemingly innocuous occupation, they are not necessarily going to be ignored by the Principii. A simple flower seller, for instance, might be asked to observe and report on the activities of a government official who frequents the store.

The Player might catch a report being made (regardless of whether he or she understand its significance) or, in the case of important Principii resources, be accosted by a Principii Silencer sent to keep an eye on things. Is the loved one's loyalty to the Principii greater than his or her loyalty to the character? The discovery of something decidedly clandestine going on in the Confederation involving someone very important to the character is a good way to present a tough choice to the Player. Which loyalty wins?

◇ CHARACTER HOOK: NOT YOUR USUAL REUNION

An old military friend or teacher bumps into the Player one day (note that the *friend* is military; the Player could have befriended him or her anywhere). The buddy invites the character for a drink. After some conversation, the character is asked to drop by at an upcoming club meeting.

Should the Player agree and show up, the meeting will turn out to be something of a question-and-answer session. The Player will be asked about his or her attitudes and beliefs by several friendly people. The actual content of the Player's answers are irrelevant; the questioners already know what sort of person the Player is. All that really matters is whether the Player tells the truth.

If judged "worthy" (note that telling the truth may be judged for or against the Player at the GM's whim), the Player will be asked to join a group of vital importance to the Jovian Confederation. Depending on the GM's needs, the Principii (for that is, of course, what the "group" is) may not actually reveal their real purpose. They may claim to be the JIS, JAF military intelligence or even foreign spies, depending on the Player's viewpoints. Whether or not the Player agrees to join, he or she will soon read news reports and witness strange events (perhaps an explosion at a site the Player was asked to provide information about) that should prompt suspicious thoughts regarding the "group."

This hook is good for Players with potential anti-government or anti-Jovian tendencies, or who are easily talked into underhanded jobs. The moral question to kick off the adventure is whether the Player is in too deep to start feeling remorse or, if the Player chose to reject membership, whether the matter is something that should be meddled in. The Player's friends may have opinions of their own, too.

◇ CHARACTER HOOK: HAVE YOU SEEN THIS PERSON?

No matter where the Players are or what they are doing, they may be willing to pack everything up and rush off to Joshua's Station once news arrives, reporting that a loved one or family member has gone missing on the Station. The report (delivered by computer, courier, media or whatever means the GM feels most suitable) goes further to state that the Jovian police have no idea of where the person has gone. Properly suspicious Players will smell a cover-up and want to go to Joshua's Station to see for themselves the proof of their loved one's disappearance.

The actuality of what happened to the missing person should be tailored to the loved one in question. Did he or she have any business being on Joshua's Station? If not, how might they have arrived there? What were his or her political or military views? Regardless of whether the missing person has joined the Principii, has been kidnapped or imprisoned by them or has been detained by the legitimate Jovian authorities under suspicion of espionage or sedition, the Player Characters will have to sort through a wall of red tape when they arrive. If they make enough noise, they may draw enough attention to make targets of themselves.

This hook can be linked with the other two character hooks, allowing for very complex interactions between characters. If the Players don't mind being split up for a while, all three hooks may be combined, although sorting through the resultant confusion may take some doing. One Player may elect to join the Principii, another may be "erased" by the JIS (either by Rebecca Faneuil's order or as a result of Jovian government suspicion), and yet a third Player or group thereof may be stuck with the job of figuring out where everyone's gotten to.

ADVENTURE HOOK: HONOR AMONG SPIES ◇

The Player Characters are Jovian Intelligence Service, either new recruits or from off-station depending on their level of experience. They can be part of either the Clotho or Lachesis departments — Clotho is the investigating arm of the JIS, while Lachesis analyses intelligence data and helps coordinate the JIS' efforts. Which department exactly does not matter much: depending on their posting, the agents will have field tasks or access to the JIS' databanks, but both services have offices in the same building.

Freshly transferred to Joshua's Station, they will notice strange goings-on inside the local JIS Branch Office. For instance, Players will see agents around and about the station on stakeouts or strange errands, but will not be able to find any records of these activities regardless of their clearance. Documents and files are censored, locked away, or even (in the worst case) mysteriously deleted. They will feel unduly watched and scrutinized, more so than normal even for intelligence workers. This surveillance will only intensify if they follow their suspicions and begin to investigate. Also, why is their boss/employer, sub-director Rebecca Faneuil, never in her office?

All these could simply be standard operating procedure for a large intelligence agency, especially on a chaotic interplanetary trade center such as Joshua's Station. On the other hand, something may be wrong — very wrong. If the Players choose to investigate more deeply, the Principii's web of contacts will slowly be revealed, possibly putting the Players in extreme danger if they are deemed "unsuitable" for recruitment by the Principii. If the Players choose to ignore their suspicions, they may eventually be asked for help in uncovering the truth by a fellow agent or Principii defector, who will then promptly disappear under mysterious circumstances. Once that happens, the Principii personnel in the JIS may well target the Players simply out of association, leaving them to decide whether to fight or flee.

ADVENTURE HOOK: THE CARGO YOU DON'T SEE ◇

The Player Characters, all of them members of Joshua's Hounds ESWAT, are called in to inspect a ship suspected of transporting illegal military exo-suits. The vessel, a Mule-class ship, is registered as the *Elektra*, owned by Five Rings Shipping. An observant technician, discovering a broken-off tile of radar-absorbent material (RAM), has reported her find to her superiors, who have in turn impounded the vessel and summoned ESWAT.

Going over the ship, the Players may discover other suggestive clues, such as a hidden cargo area and a heavily modified communications and sensor suite. The ship's owner, Karl Lotjonen, happens to be on the station, and shows up to assist the Players. He produces records and shipping manifests, explaining that the vessel was recently contracted to ferry unidentified cargo between Earth and Mars, and arrived in Olympus completely empty. He admits freely to the hidden cargo hold, citing it as a useful thing for an independent trader to hide things in should pirates show up. He says the comm/sensor suite was purchased legally from CEGA and is registered with the JIS. If the Players attempt to verify this with a call to the JIS building, they will be assured of the *Elektra's* legitimacy.

All this seems plausible, but it may be too much coincidence for the Players to take. If they choose to investigate further, however, Lotjonen will be aware of it and take measures to curb the Players' curiosity. At first, peaceful subterfuge will be used, but eventually, Rebecca Faneuil will take the matter into her own hands. If the Players are duped by Lotjonen and walk away satisfied of his truthfulness, they will have cause to reconsider a few weeks later when a stealthed commando exo-suit raids Axis Park.

ADVENTURE HOOK: I'M WRITING ALL THIS DOWN ◇

The Player Characters are pilots or ship crew. While out in a secluded part of Olympus space, they catch a fleeting glimpse of a very large and strange-looking vehicle moving at high speed. When the Players look closer, the machine vanishes. Perceptive characters (or those in reconnaissance vehicles such as Pathfinder RCs) should have a decent chance of following the mysterious object and keeping occasional sight of it. The chances of seeing through the Typhon's holofield increase dramatically with the number of observers involved. If the Players manage to stick with the Typhon for an hour or more, it will reveal itself and open fire, attempting to disable rather than destroy. The Typhon (piloted by Karl Lotjonen) will not fire more than three or four shots, which should be more than enough to either put the Players out of commission or distract them with a comrade's peril long enough to get away.

When the Players arrive on Joshua's Station and report the sighting, they are, predictably enough, ridiculed and queried about little green men and the quality of the whiskey. The damage (if any) to the Players' vehicles will give some people pause, however, and the Players may be asked to give their report to the JAF and JIS. Neither organization seems particularly concerned, however, politely listening to the Players but putting the incident down as "pirate activity."

The Players should be angry about the damages and/or the fact that they were attacked without provocation by what is starting to appear to be some kind of Jovian secret project. They will be accosted later in the day in a restaurant, bar or hotel by an independent trader who says he believes the Players, having had exactly the same experience himself. He asks if the Players want to form a "posse" and try to find the mysterious exo again. He claims to have seen the machine in the vicinity of one of the old mining asteroids around Olympus.



◇ IN MEDIA RES: PHASE 1

The Player Characters notice a commotion in the customs office in Joshua's Station's Spaceport. The argument includes Jared and Ariana (or the characters playing equivalent roles), who are engaged in a loud dispute with customs officials and police officers. The cops seem about ready to resort to the use of force to hold the two pilots, who seem to be trying to explain something to the officials.

Depending on who the Players are, they may choose to intervene, offering either aid or mediation. If they do so, then they will eventually hear Ariana's and Jared's story regarding a hidden asteroid base and the complicity of the owner of the Inari-class ship *Lohengrin*. Soon, Khoi and Joseph (or policemen, if the two are otherwise occupied) show up and take the pilots into custody.

At this point, the Players may either offer their services or be asked to provide them by Khoi. If the Players choose to ignore the commotion, they may be directly asked for assistance by Jared or Ariana. This is all heavily dependent on who the characters are; if they are simple tourists with no combat, espionage or bureaucratic experience, they will be next to useless in this situation.

◇ IN MEDIA RES: PHASE 2

The Player Characters are contacted by a friend or family member, asking if they are willing to help out or provide temporary shelter to four people who are on the run from Joshua's Station authorities. They are free to refuse, of course. If they accept, however, then the requested aid will be suited to the Players' abilities and resources.

Mercenaries or soldiers will be asked to provide escort or distractions, merchants may be asked for supplies or transport, and even common citizens can contribute a temporary hiding place or two. Of course, any aid the Players render will draw the attention of both the Principii and the legitimate Joshua's Station authorities, drawing them into the conflict between order and chaos.

This lead-in works especially well for characters with some combat abilities since they are likely to be asked to accompany the team into the Cluster or on a raid. The Players will get a chance to build trust with Khoi and the others, making future interactions likelier and more pleasant. Eventually, the Players may, at the behest of the protagonists or the legitimate Jovian authorities, be able to work independently against the Principii, creating a side narrative parallel to the main Chaos Principle storyline.

Wandering peacefully in the Cluster or some other part of Joshua's Station, the Players witness a quick firefight between either commando-type soldiers or men-in-black and four disheveled people. The four scruffs are, of course, Ariana, Jared, Khoi and Joseph. If the Players choose to get involved, they will be thanked by the four refugees or arrested by the authorities, depending on which side they choose.

If the Players simply dive for cover, one of the soldiers will move so as to inadvertently put one of the Players in his line of fire, and one of the four runners will have to put him- or herself at risk to tackle the Player to safety. If the Players are not suitably grateful for this assistance, then the option to offer aid to the authorities is always open (although certain to be refused). Grateful Players or ones who elect to aid Khoi's side will have a chance to join up with them and learn about the Principii and their plan.

◇ IN MEDIA RES: PHASE 3

The Players are out for a night on the town when one of them catches sight of some armed individuals sneaking through the bushes. If they choose to follow the shadowy group, they will have to take care not to be discovered. The company could be either Khoi and his allies, or a mercenary team sent to kill Lotjonen. Depending on who they are, discovery could have variable consequences.

The group's destination is the Leviathan restaurant. If the Players do not follow the them, then they will hear gunfire later on when their path takes them by the Leviathan. No one else seems to be around, and there are no approaching sirens to be heard. The fight sound rather sizable, and appears to involve automatic weapons. If the Players get involved, they will have an opportunity to fall in with Khoi and the gang, and help out in the final battle.

If the Players are combat oriented, they may be recruited (either by contract, order or request) to join in on a raid on a nearby asteroid base. If they go, they will meet at least some of the four major characters of the storyline. If the Players can be talked into it, they are free to offer continued assistance in the story's climax. Exo-armor pilots should be given an opportunity to commandeer one of the Principii vehicles or, if the Gamemaster is feeling magnanimous, even the mighty Typhon prototype itself.

This is the last point at which the Players will really have much of a chance of affecting the outcome of the narrative. After this, the battles will be mostly closed affairs requiring too much foreknowledge for newcomers to participate effectively in. This part is also the flashiest part of the story, however, and the only one that truly involves mechanized action, so it may be just the thing for firepower-hungry Players with short attention spans.

THE ADVENTURE PROPER ◀

The campaign is organized into four "phases," each representing an escalation in the storyline. Each of these phases is further divided into scenes, which summarize a single group or sequence of events in the story. Each scene includes a list of possible connections to other scenes in the same phase, or ways for the adventure to move to the next phase. Phase 1 consists of introductory scenes, where the characters are just starting to get the idea that something is wrong. At this point, Jared and Ariana operate separately from Khoi and Joseph, although they may meet later on and decide either to team up or continue to work independently, depending on how the Players decide.

Phases 2 and 3 (Emergence and Action) progressively deepen the intrigue and conflict, as the massive resources and ambition of the Principii become apparent. At this point, Players will either be irrevocably drawn into the story (if they are playing the pregenerated characters) or will have found a way to watch from the sidelines (if their characters have their own agendas to follow). The Climax (Phase 4) is the stage where the action come to a head, when heroes are made and courage is sorely tested. The outcome of the climax depends greatly upon the actions of the characters; if they have made it this far, then they cannot help but be involved. Following the adventure are several sections on the possible endings and continuations of the story.

Each Scene bears a code number to show its relation to the others. They are all noted by their phase first (ex.: "1"), followed by a letter (ex.: "D"). The letters are intended for identification purposes only and do not imply a rigid order. For example, Scene 1F might be played out before Scene 1B, or it might be omitted all together. This occurs often during the adventure and is subject to the Gamemaster's common sense.



GENERAL ADVENTURE SEQUENCE □

Phase 1: Introduction	Page	Can Lead to Scene(s):
Scene A: Ariana escapes Umbra Station w/Jared	59	1E, 1F, 3G
Scene B: Khoi & Joseph pursue an terrorist exo-suit in Axis Park	59	1C, 1D, 1E, 1F
Scene C: A robot tries to kill Itangre during a meeting with Chang	60	1D, 1E, 1F
Scene D: Khoi & Joseph learn more about the dead terrorist	60	1C, 1E, 1F, 2A, 2B
Scene E: Ariana & Jared arrive on Umbra, meet Khoi & Joseph	61	1F, 2A, 2B
Scene F: Lotjonen, cornered, sets up Khoi & Joseph for murder	61	2A, 2B
Phase 2: Emergence	Page	Can Lead to Scene(s):
Scene A: Faneuil plots to have Khoi & Joseph arrested	62	2B, 2C, 2F
Scene B: Ariana, Jared, Khoi & Joseph are being hunted down	62	2C, 2D, 2F, 3A
Scene C: Khoi & friends confront their Principii informant	63	2D, 2E
Scene D: Lotjonen has Faneuil hire the Rockers to kill Khoi & al.	63	2E, 2F, 3A
Scene E: Confrontation between Khoi & al. and the Rockers	64	2F, 3A
Scene F: The heroes put the pieces of the puzzle together	64	3A, 3B, 3D
Phase 3: Action	Page	Can Lead to Scene(s):
Scene A: Lotjonen prepares his own death; Battle of Kurtz. begins	65	3B, 3D, 3E
Scene B: Khoi & al. search and sabotage Lotjonen's ship	65	3C, 3D
Scene C: Lockdown on the station prevents Chang's assassination	66	3D, 3E, 3F
Scene D: Police Officer Manabe decides to help Joseph and al.	66	3E
Scene E: The heroes confront Lotjonen, then flee his guards	67	3E, 3F, 3G
Scene F: Lotjonen wants to turn himself in; Faneuil wants him dead	67	3E, 4A
Scene G: Khoi & al. arrive on Umbra, and get involved in a fight	68	4A, 4B
Scene H: Lotjonen defends himself against Faneuil's Silencers	68	3G, 4A, 4B
Phase 4: Climax	Page	Can Lead to Scene(s):
Scene A: Ariana & Jared use the Typhon against Lotjonen	69	4B, 4C
Scene B: Khoi & Joseph foil Faneuil's attempts to kill them	70	4C
Scene C: Wrap-Up; Lotjonen is dead, Faneuil is captured	71	-

▼ PROLOGUE: JOURNAL ENTRIES

The following texts are excerpts from the personal log entries of one of the prime motivators behind the events of the Chaos Principle campaign, Colonel Karl Lotjonen. They are included here mostly for the benefit of the Gamemaster, to show him how Karl Lotjonen thinks, what his motivations are and what inner plans he prepares. At the GM's option, the Players may somehow stumble upon this (probably at Lotjonen's restaurant and private property, the Leviathan), or they can simply be allowed to read the information once the campaign is over.

◇ AUGUST 15, 2213

I have taken advantage of my possession of this remarkable Typhon machine to plant suspicion in the minds of both CEGA and the Confederation. Earlier today, I piloted the Typhon out to meet the incoming CEGA delegation.

Rebecca informs me that CEGA has already been making quiet inquiries regarding the disappearance and possible defection of one of their prototype exo-armors. Although not intended for Jovian ears, this news has nonetheless reached the Jovian Intelligence Service, where it is generating a great deal of curiosity. No doubt our ever-vigilant President is also aware of these inquiries.

Making full use of the Typhon's stealth abilities (which I have found remarkably easy to use despite the instruments being labeled in Dutch), I shadowed the CEGA vessel and its Jovian escort for some time. As expected, a lucky (or skillful, perhaps — let me not forget or underestimate the abilities of my own people) Pathfinder-A Recon got a lucky ghost signature on its sensors. Of course, when it came to investigate, I gave only a quick glimpse before taking my leave. Gods, what acceleration this monster dragon has!

Rebecca will inform me of the outcry, if any, this sighting has caused.

◇ AUGUST 23, 2213

Rebecca has brought me a report and video record of the Clotho agent most closely associated with security around the celebration and President over the next several days. In many ways, he and I will be enemies, even though we bear the same nationality and allegiance.

I wish it were otherwise. This Khoi Schlichting has suffered greatly in his life, but holds no enmity toward humanity because of it. He serves the Jovian cause without fail or question, yet remains open to new suggestions and non-regulation solutions to problems. Were there time, I might try to recruit him personally; as a contact in Clotho, he would be invaluable. His compassion for human life is strongly evident, a quality Rebecca unfortunately lacks. I question her loyalty as I would never question this man's. I feel that even if he and I were to become the bitterest of foes, he would always do me the honor of truth and respect.

◇ AUGUST 24, 2213

I am taking Jared St. John to Umbra Station. I believe it to be worth my while to show him the full extent of the Principii's resources. He is a man of strong passions, and is justifiably angry at Jovian society. Although I have done my best to provide him with good news and cheer regarding his mother, I fear that I am now forced to do a monstrous thing.

Constance St. John is dead. Rebecca delivered the notice last week, detailing a heart attack resulting from "complications" in the woman's treatment regimen. It is my responsibility to tell Jared, as no one else likely will, but I need his help. His access codes to the Masamune Forge may be the only way I can get the materials and equipment needed to maintain the Typhon. Even beyond the current operation, that machine may have further uses. Also, Jared's association with the Prometheus project may also prove of some worth, provided I can gain access.

Time is short. I must lie baldfacedly to a loyal, idealistic young officer, about one of the most tragic events in his life. Continued hope, along with a display of the Principii's purpose, should influence him sufficiently. If not, there is a cell next to that of the delightful (if understandably irritated) Lieutenant Morgenstern that will have another occupant. May God forgive me for this, and everything that I do for my people.

◇ AUGUST 25, 2213

My old friend Georges Esterhaas has kindly volunteered to participate in tomorrow's data retrieval operation in Axis Park. While I expect there to be no problems, it is reassuring to have a skilled soldier watching over the situation. If our team is discovered, Georges will do as he did so well when we served together, and create a diversion to draw the police's attention. He has come to know the Cluster well over the years; he should lead them a merry chase, if it comes to that.

Reports from Mars are good. CEGA is weak and unprepared for the size of our fleet. Any reinforcements will be several weeks away; by then, we will have crushed the entire CEGA force around Mars. I hope that the people of the Confederation have not become such lambs that they will be unwilling to continue the challenge I have laid down. For all of our sakes, it must be so. For our future survival, CEGA must fall.

SCENE 1A: STAR OF MORNING, STAR OF NIGHT ▼

Time:	August 26, Morning
Location:	Umbra Station
Props:	Inari-class Liner (SS Lohengrin)
This scene leads to scenes:	1E, 1F, 3G

When Ariana defected from CEGA, she didn't expect to fall into the hands of a Jovian ultra-nationalist group. She sure didn't expect to be locked up on a derelict asteroid, even if it's "for her own good." She has waited a month for her chance to escape. Using a makeshift weapon she has constructed using some wire, insulation and a wall outlet, she attacks her "caretaker" at feeding time. Jared, wandering the halls of Umbra Station, has decided to face the consequences of refusing Lotjonen's offer, when he stumbles onto a disheveled woman in combat with a guard, just inside an open door. Jared runs to offer assistance (to whom, he is not certain), and arrives just as the guard is subdued by a well-placed knee.

Ariana hurriedly explains to Jared (who is obviously too clueless to be part of the outfit who imprisoned her) the circumstances of her captivity. Jared is incredulous, but is persuaded when several Principii guards begin to shoot at both of them. Escaping to the hangar, Jared and Ariana pause for a moment to gaze in awe across the vast bay, where Ariana's stolen Typhon is berthed alongside several Jovian exo-armors. Then the two crawl into the hold of one of the Inari-class ships in the bay, put on emergency pressure suits, and settle in for a trip to who knows where.



ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS ◇

Players should be given ample opportunity to escape. Once that happens, meeting the others should be no problem. If, for some reason, they refuse to escape, a fire or life support failure could speed things along. Jovian characters starts out having received an offer of trust and friendship from Lotjonen. If they decide to accept, they may try to talk others into working with the Principii as well. Alternatively, a group not interested in joining the Principii might try to escape.

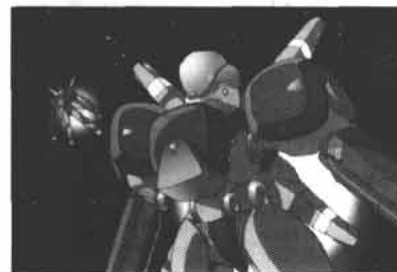
Lotjonen has decided to leave the recruits on Umbra for a day or so to let them think. His ship is leaving very soon (the exact time of departure is whenever any escapees arrive at the hangar). Umbra personnel should try to stop them, but should avoid breaking radio silence. If the Players are caught, their fate is up to the GM. One possibility: they can wait until scene 3G before making another escape attempt, working their way into the storyline at that point.

SCENE 1B: DOG DAY AFTERNOON ▼

Time:	August 26, Morning
Location:	Axis Park, near the Spire, outer Cluster
Props:	two ESWAT-type Deckers, one terrorist exo-suit (see stats below)
This scene leads to scenes:	1C, 1D, 1E, 1F

Khoi and Joseph are resting in their Decker exo-suits after spending the morning helping to install additional security cameras on the Spire. Joseph is just beginning a new tirade about the boredom of his current task, when an explosion rocks the Spire high above them. Out of the corner of his eye, Joseph catches sight of a small exo-suit running "south" toward the Cluster. The 'suit is wearing a photo-mimetic camouflage covering that helps the machine blend into its surroundings just enough to go unnoticed amidst the confusion. With a perfunctory nudge to Khoi's Decker, Joseph leaps into pursuit.

Khoi, occupied with the seeming pointlessness of the attack, is startled by Joseph's jostling and follows his partner awkwardly. He calls for backup, but notes despairingly that the nearest exo-suit support is at least a minute away; by then, the suspect will be deep inside the Cluster. Realizing that his quarry will be almost impossible to catch should that happen, Khoi opens fire, wounding the exo-suit's pilot in the leg. Before he can apprehend the pilot, though, a self-destruct grenade blows the 'suit to bits.



ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS ◇

The attack on the Spire is both a distraction and set-up for the real crime: a computer expert infiltrates the other side of the Spire and modifies the programming of the security cameras facing the Parnassus hotel to something more suited to the Principii's purposes.

If Joseph and Khoi are NPCs, then they should be kept in the background, to allow the Players to do something heroic. This scene is not terribly important to the overall scheme of things; as long as the exo-suit is brought down and its pilot incapacitated, anything can happen. The commando exo-suit used by the terrorist is mostly window-dressing, but combat-loving GMs will need some stats. Use a Decker (page 100), but add Stealth: Rating 2 and Holofield: Rating 1 to the Perks. The armament is an assault rifle and vibroknife (use Decker weapon stats).

▼ SCENE 1C: KINGS AND QUEENS AND...

4.2.4



Time:	August 26, Evening
Location:	Kelekek Memorial Spaceport, Thrush transport, Parnassus hotel
Props:	Thrush VIP Transport, 15mm sniper rifle with computer-controlled aiming and firing system
This scene leads to scenes:	1D, 1E, 1F

Ignatius Chang arrives at last on Joshua's Station, with Itangre alongside. The two diplomats have spent the time since their first meeting on Elysee cautiously feeling each other out, and both are beginning to feel somewhat pleased by what the other has turned out to be. Security is extremely tight, but even so, there is a minor alert when a robotic sniper rifle in a distant building is spotted by Itangre's Gardiens as the entourage exits the spaceport. The rifle fires one round, apparently aimed at Itangre, but the shot is harmlessly intercepted by an exo-suited Gardien; moments later, Chang and Itangre have been whisked to safety and a sniper response team has disabled the robot with a laser.

Although no harm is done, Itangre is livid. Chang, while unnerved, is strangely calm, at least as far as Jovian observers are concerned. Rebecca Faneuil soon arrives with a Thrush VIP transport and escorts. At Itangre's behest, she takes over the investigation of the mysteriously haphazard shooting attempt.

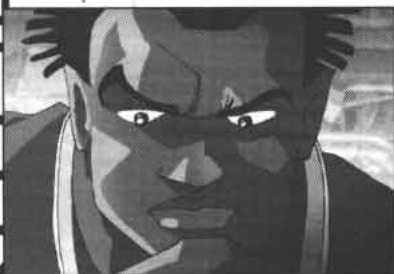
◇ ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS

The "attack" was a setup by Lotjonen, to arouse fear and anger in the Jovian populace. Fully aware of the efficiency of the Gardiens d'Honneur, Lotjonen knew that the bullet would miss Itangre. Dozens of news cameras saw the momentary panic caused by the robot's discovery, however. As for blame, the weapon is now in Rebecca Faneuil's hands, and a suitable scapegoat can be found at leisure.

If the Players somehow managed to weasel out of Scene 1B, then they can be on hand as part of the contingent sent either to escort Itangre or check out the remains of the robot assassin. Many of the agents in both areas will be handpicked by Faneuil (i.e. Principii Silencers) assigned either to watch Itangre or to quietly take possession of the sniper system in preparation for "identification." If anyone decide to make an issue of Rebecca's rather fishy handling of the investigation, she may mark them as potential troublemakers before Scene 1F rolls around.

▼ 4.2.5 SCENE 1D: THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING DEAD

4.2.5



Time:	August 27, Morning
Location:	JIS Branch Office Building
Props:	corpse
This scene leads to scenes:	1C, 1E, 1F, 2A, 2B.

Analysis of the terrorist pilot's remains has revealed some intriguing information. The man was fairly old, and identified as a former JAF pilot, Georges Esterhaas. Esterhaas' records show him to have retired at the turn of the century. Although he retained his Jovian citizenship, he apparently became something of a wanderer. His records are very sparse, and he is not registered as being on the station or, indeed, in the Confederation at all. How he came aboard remains a mystery — there is no official record of him entering the station, and certainly no record of him owning a military infiltration exo-suit.

Khoi and Joseph are busy filling out after-action reports at the JIS Branch Office when a call from forensics brings them this interesting news. Suspecting that Esterhaas is a recent arrival on the station, due to lack of any kind of activity data on the man, they head for the spaceport in search of answers. Perhaps one of their underground contacts knows something.

◇ ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS

Located in Area Epsilon Six, the JIS Branch Office Building is three stories tall, with reflective windows and gunmetal walls. Outside security is virtually nonexistent in order to promote a pleasant outward appearance, but the inner sections are both guarded and code locked. Sub-Director Rebecca Faneuil of the Lachesis division is the highest-ranking JIS administrator on Joshua's Station, and is section chief of the agents of all three JIS divisions on the station.

The Players should be allowed to work out post-forensics details for themselves (e.g. finding Esterhaas' identity via military databases, or thinking of the spaceport as the logical entry point). If they went through Scene 1C, then they'll have some time to investigate Faneuil and the fact that the assassination weapon is suddenly so highly classified that they can't even get a look at it. If the Players end up going in completely the wrong direction (e.g. deciding that Esterhaas is an alien and booking tickets to Proxima), let them. They can get back on track later.

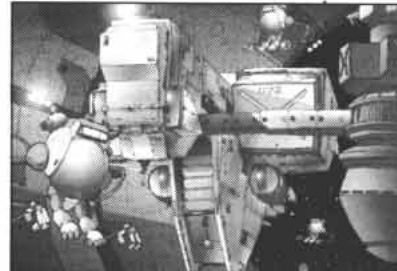
Eventually, Faneuil will look for Esterhaas' body and the people who brought him down. Her agents will have to find a way to cover up the information gleaned from Esterhaas and redirect the Players' curiosity.

SCENE 1E: POSITIVELY DICKENSIAN ▼

Time: August	26 to August 27, Morning
Location:	Kelekuk Memorial Spaceport, Customs office
Props:	none
This scene leads to scenes:	1F, 2A, 2B

The ship docks about seven hours after leaving Umbra Station. Ariana and Joseph sneak off the ship and are pleased to find they are on Joshua's Station. Deciding upon the straight path of approaching customs (over Ariana's objections), Jared gets them detained while their identity is verified by the JAF... and the JIS.

Khoi and Joseph are almost ready to give up on their search for possible ways Esterhaas might have gotten his 'suit onto the station when they notice Ariana and Joseph, surrounded by security personnel and apparently very distressed. After several minutes of discussion with the two fugitives and a short computer search, it is discovered that several seconds of surveillance camera footage is missing from four days ago. The camera in question was, at the time, observing the *Flying Dutchman*, a ship owned by the same company as the vessel Ariana and Jared claim they stowed away on. Elated, Khoi calls the office to get permission to impound and search the ships owned by Karl Lotjonen. The reply is long in coming, but arrives along with JIS-granted authority for Ariana to enter Joshua's Station. Khoi is ordered to bring the entire group to the JIS Branch Office where, he is assured, everything will be taken care of.



ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS ◇

The security at the spaceport is reasonably tight: there are regular patrols, and every exit is monitored and guarded. It is thus best for the two escapees to take the straight path to customs, where they can draw the attention of a high-ranking security officer, who will promptly contact the appropriate authorities. Any effort to keep these calls from being made will simply arouse more suspicion.

Other Players, faced with the outlandish story the pilots have to offer, may elect to fly in the face of all procedure and simply let the two waltz right through customs. Should this or a similar outcome occur, Khoi will soon come by to have some angry words with the Players regarding security measures. Their aid may then be commandeered in the ensuing manhunt.

SCENE 1F: DARK AUTHORITIES ▼

Time:	August 27, Afternoon
Location:	Leviathan restaurant, JIS Branch Office Building, any other locations as needed
Props:	as needed
This scene leads to scenes:	2A, 2B

Lotjonen arrives on Joshua's Station and proceeds to the Leviathan, from which he will direct the next stage of his plans. He hears about Georges Esterhaas' death, and is deeply saddened. Rebecca provides him with files on both Khoi and Joseph. Lotjonen learns about Khoi with great interest.

Shortly after, Lotjonen is informed about the escape of Ariana and Jared. Almost simultaneously, news from his ship's crew about an open airlock door and a commotion at customs leads him to believe that the two are on Joshua's Station. His suspicions are confirmed when Rebecca calls to inform him that Khoi and Joseph have traded information with the two pilots, and that the entire group has implicated his company, if not himself. Seeing little choice, Lotjonen orders Rebecca to plant evidence on the robot assassin (see Scene 1C) that will point to Khoi and Joseph as the culprits, and tells his crew to "discover" sabotage aboard their vessel. Thus does Lotjonen plan to obscure the truth with a shield of lies; the deception will not hold up under scrutiny, but by then, he hopes that confusion and the four's own actions will provide ample opportunity for him to cover his tracks.



ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS ◇

This scene (and several which follow) will vary greatly in complexity depending on whether the PCs have stuck together, or whether they are wandering Joshua's Station on their own. Players involved with the Principii may find themselves called upon to help out with Lotjonen's web of lies. JIS agents could be asked to verify the "findings" of Faneuil's investigation team, while those near the spaceport will be assigned to help out with the planting of convincing sabotage evidence.

The police and non-Principii JIS will not be notified of the hunt for the characters; rather, a widespread warrant will be delayed in paperwork for as long as possible, so that Faneuil and Lotjonen have the best chance of catching their quarry and covering the whole thing up with little fuss; remaining inconsistencies and deceptions will have to wait until after war is declared to be quietly shuffled under the carpet.

▼ SCENE 2A: FALLEN ANGEL

Time:	August 27, Evening
Location:	JIS Branch Office Building, Outer Cluster
Props:	stunners and other non-lethal weapons; deadly weapons only if the Players can be trusted not to kill anyone
This scene leads to scenes:	2B, 2C, 2F



Rebecca Faneuil is not happy. She is against Lotjonen's idea of spreading fear and confusion around Joshua's Station, believing that the only truly necessary step is the death of either President Itangre or Ignatius Chang (or both). While she feels vindicated by the fact that Lotjonen's machinations have indeed put their organization's secrecy at risk, she is less pleased by the prospect of being the one to clean up the mess she feels he has made of their opportunity. She really doesn't want to have to frame and possibly murder two perfectly capable agents, but there seems to be little choice; Khoi and Joseph are too close to discovering Rebecca's involvement with Lotjonen.

Rebecca plans to arrest the lot of them at the JIS building. Khoi, however, is tipped off by a communication from inside. While uncertain at first, the group quickly becomes convinced of Rebecca's intentions when she orders them confined for the next forty-eight hours. Already on their guard, the four attempt to subdue Rebecca, but succeed only in buying sufficient breathing room to escape into the city, leaving a distinctly incriminating scene behind them.

◇ ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS

This is the first look the Players will get of Rebecca in action. GMs should remember that she is very intelligent and analytical, not prone at all to Lotjonen's egotistical posturing, and play her accordingly. She will be polite and gentle, trying to get her victims to cooperate without fuss. Only after displays of anger or outright refusal will she order stunners to be drawn.

Rebecca is not stupid, only insane. She will not ruin her career, life or true loyalties by engaging in a gunfight in the middle of the JIS building. Regardless of how troublesome her targets may be, some of them are still JIS agents in good standing and other are military officers. Her troops will thus be loathe to use deadly force unless first fired upon. The Silencers, knowing that Khoi is endangering their cause (however unwittingly), will immediately assist in capturing the group, while other agents may remain indecisive or protest this seemingly unfair treatment of one of their own.

▼ SCENE 2B: MISPLACED LOYALTIES

Time:	August 28, Early Morning
Location:	JIS Branch Office and vicinity
Props:	none
This scene leads to scenes:	2D, 2D, 2F, 3A



As far as most witnesses can tell, Khoi, Joseph and two unidentified persons entered Rebecca Faneuil's office and came out several minutes later, holding Sub-Director Faneuil at gunpoint and making wild statements about traitorous behavior. Faneuil's bodyguards were unconscious in her office, but several other agents selflessly attacked the assailants and drove them off. No shots were fired, and Faneuil was unhurt. The mystery regarding Khoi and Joseph's seemingly sudden traitorous turn was complete.

While Sub-Director Faneuil is not forthcoming about details (the nature of the case is apparently classified at a very high level), she orders a general lookout for the group to be posted, with a curious and conversation-sparking addendum requesting the agents and officers to be as gentle and understanding as possible, since the four "aren't quite themselves, and can't be held responsible for what they say or do."

While many of the agents hunting Khoi, Joseph, Ariana and Jared are Silencers, most are non-Principii JIS agents who believe that one of their own has snapped and needs help. No mention outside of Principii circles has been made of the planted assassination evidence; thus, the fugitives are considered potentially dangerous but not terrorists.

◇ ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS

Rebecca will order Silencers to stay in the forefront of the pursuit in order to forestall any incriminating statements that may be made. After all, the "mental illness" shtick won't hold up for long; best for all people to be unconscious for the next day or two. Non-Principii characters (such as passers-by on the streets) will receive an explanation of the earlier commotion that will either rouse their suspicions or put them at ease, depending on how the GM decides to present it. A stray raised eyebrow, sarcastic tone of voice or a sincere expression of concern while describing the scene is all that is really necessary to redirect the attentions of the playing group. GMs should not force anyone to help the escapees; this situation is both confusing and suspicious, and demands further investigation. Other opportunities will arise.

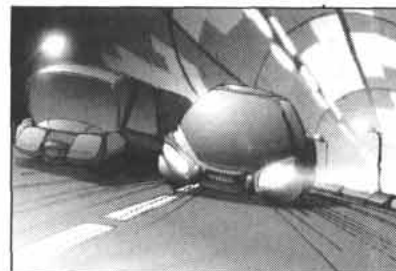
SCENE 2C: UNEXPECTED QUARTER ▼

Time:	August 28
Location:	Cris DeMers' safe house (Alpha 9)
Props:	apartment, Khoi and Joseph's wrist communicators (with tracking bugs hidden inside)
This scene leads to scenes:	2D, 2E

4.2.10

Cris DeMers joined the Principii because he wanted revenge for his brother's death in the Battle of Elysée. In doing so, he realized that a certain amount of deception would be required. He never imagined, however, that the group would go so far as to ruin the careers of two good men without even trying to recruit them. It was Cris who called Khoi and warned him of the imminent arrest. He wanted to talk to the group and attempt to work out a less destructive course, but his communication was discovered and he was forced to flee.

After escaping, Khoi and the others are warily confronted by DeMers, who has been hiding out, waiting. The four fugitives need all the help they can get, and following DeMers to his safe house (a one-person first-floor apartment) cannot possibly be worse than letting themselves get caught. At the safe house, DeMers pleads with them to help the Principii voluntarily, both for their sakes and those of the people around them.



ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS ◇

This is an "escape" scene; its purpose is to get the Players out of whatever jam they're in and give them some time to think things over and make some important choices. DeMers' purpose is as Deus ex Machina, to be used as a savior if need be. If, for instance, the Players have decided to start a gunfight with JIS agents, DeMers can attack from behind and knock the JIS agents unconscious, thus ensuring that the Players don't end up committing murder. On the other hand, if the Players are running circles around their pursuers, a fleeing DeMers could appear in their path, asking for help and slowing them down a bit.

If the Players were captured and confined in scene 2A, DeMers will free them. The Players do not have to associate with DeMers; if they leave him behind, he will judge them as having made their choice and return to face Faneuil, and the Players will have to deal with the Rockers alone in scene 2E.

SCENE 2D: SECRETS AND LIES ▼

Time:	August 28, evening
Location:	DeMers' safe house, The Cluster
Props:	pistols, knives, tasers
This scene leads to scenes:	2E, 2F, 3A

4.2.11

Khoi and Joseph wrestle with their consciences, trying to decide between continued blind faith to their current masters and the pursuit of their own personal dreams of home and excitement. Ariana and Jared look on in silence, having already made their choice in the hold of Lotjonen's ship. DeMers is also silent, refusing to give even a hint of information about the Principii. He badly wants the situation to be resolved without any bloodshed.

In order to keep DeMers, Khoi and the others quiet, Lotjonen sees no choice but to authorize Rebecca to call upon discreet outside assistance, namely Rogers' Rockers, a mercenary outfit occasionally used by the JIS for black ops. The Rockers are currently on "vacation" in the Cluster. Rebecca offers them a vast sum of Lotjonen's money (prepaid) and unobstructed exit from Joshua's Station in return for either the deaths or kidnapping of DeMers, Khoi and the others.



ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS ◇

DeMers is still loyal to the Principii's cause, and fully intends to return to Faneuil once he's either convinced the Players to cooperate or subdued them himself. Each character should be given the opportunity to make his or her own choice, although a consensus is obviously desirable for group roleplaying purposes. Whatever decision the group comes to may end up being reversed by the attack of the Rockers in scene 2E, which may persuade uncertain characters that the Principii definitely do not have their best interests in mind. DeMers' death may also have this effect. If the GM wants the Players to feel good toward the Principii (or if he just wants a combat-light scenario), then scene 2E should be skipped over.

Mercenary Player groups or associated people (arms dealers, for instance) may be called in to eliminate Khoi and DeMers in place of the Rockers. If the Players prove willing to kill for money, by all means, let them. Others will rise to take the place of the dead, while the Players' paths will likely lead out of the Confederation entirely (a murder rap is a bad thing). On the other hand, Khoi and company might be able to make allies out of the Players.

4.2.12

▼ SCENE 2E: THE CITY OF THE WARY AND THE DEAD

Time:	August 29
Location:	the Cluster
Props:	assault rifles, submachine guns, etc.
This scene leads to scenes:	2F, 3A



The group has rested and cleaned up over the past several hours. They have also decided to deny DeMers' request, and are just about to tell him so when the Rockers come barreling in, knives and stunners at the ready. Thinking quickly, DeMers shrouds the room in smoke and opens an emergency exit into the next-door apartment. Muttering quick apologies to the apartment's shocked occupant, the group dashes out of the building, leaving the Rockers confused and blinded. By the time the Rockers have reacquired the group, Khoi and the others have already made it into a public space, where murder is not an option.

The Rockers herd their prey into the Cluster. Both groups have contacts and allies there, and soon the silent and nonlethal weapons are replaced with pistols, submachine guns and worse. Over the next twelve hours, a violent game of hide-and-seek is played. The final confrontation takes place in an unused engineering tunnel beneath the Deep Cluster in Beta 8, with no witnesses and lit only by the flashes of gunfire. The refugees manage to kill all of the Rockers, but lose DeMers to a final desperate assault by the mercenary leader. DeMers' dying words are an admonition to the group to follow their hearts.

◇ ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS

The Players do not have to have made a choice regarding the Principii by the time the Rockers show up. Even if they elect to refuse, DeMers will still help them escape once it's apparent that the Rockers are here to kill everybody. The GM can remind Joseph's Player that the Cluster is nearby, and that he knows the area and its people well. Weapons are easy to come by, and getting witnesses to look the other way is seldom a problem.

There are seven Rockers altogether, all with stats similar to the Bounty Hunter archetype (*Jovian Chronicles Rulebook*, page 101). Their leader, "Mother" Guggin, is unwilling to kill civilians or other innocents for money. Khoi and company, however, may not fall under this category, although the impressive payoff for this job might have something to do with this categorizing sleight-of-hand.

▼ SCENE 2F: APPEALS TO BETTER NATURE

Time:	August 29-30
Location:	Anywhere on Joshua's Station
Props:	various equipment, weapons, fake I.D.s
This scene leads to scenes:	3A, 3B, 3D



The four fugitives quickly hide the bodies. Realizing that more aid will be required, Joseph contacts Lao Chung-Tzu, a weapons dealer in Beta 9. He asks the old businessman for equipment and fake IDs that will allow the group to use the station transit systems without betraying their presence. The group then travels to the Epsilon 9 residence of Junko Manabe, an old police buddy of Joseph's. Manabe takes some convincing, but eventually agrees to not turn them in and wait until they present further evidence with which to clear themselves. Until then, she suggests that the group hide out for a few hours at her home since there are few safer places if they have been followed.

The group takes some time to put information together. They are aware of both the extent of Principii operations and of Lotjonen's leadership of the group, but do not know what his exact goals are. Based on the extreme measures taken against them and Ariana's evaluation of the Typhon's remaining operational capacity, they are fairly sure that whatever Lotjonen has planned is meant to occur within the next few days. Unfortunately, they have no way of warning anyone; anybody could be a Principii member, right up to the President's bodyguards. As a result, they decide to gather solid, physical evidence that will both clear their own names and incriminate Lotjonen and Faneuil. They can trust no one, so it's them against the Confederation.

◇ ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS

The characters are now free to go wherever they want on the station, keeping in mind, of course, that there is still a general warrant for their apprehension. GMs should generate allies only as needed, based on the Players' preferences. Friends in the Cluster are the most readily accessible, but just about anyone on Joshua's Station could be called upon for assistance. The need for help is not merely combat related; the Players will need a conduit for pointers from the GM, and may require other game-world information that only an NPC can provide.

SCENE 3A: NERVOUS SYMPATHETIC ▼

Time:	August 30, Morning
Location:	Joshua's Station
Props:	as needed
This scene leads to scenes:	3B, 3D, 3E

4-2-14

Lotjonen supervises the final briefings necessary for the perfect choreography that makes up the final element of the Principii's deception. In particular, Lotjonen gives precise timing instructions to the exo-suit team that spirit his ejection pod to safety once the Typhon is destroyed. He also oversees the remainder of the security sabotage to the area around the Parnassus. Although it may not be necessary, the sabotage is a good precaution in case a change in plan is required; this is an especially good idea considering that Khoi and his companions remain at large.

Forty minutes after the actual start of hostilities, news of the battle between CEGA and Jovian forces reaches Olympus. Shock grips the entire state, and the celebration, which is just starting up, dies down. Only Lotjonen is pleased, realizing that the timing of the battle is perfect and will make the impact of his attack all the more powerful. Security around Itangre and Chang is impressive, but will still have holes which Lotjonen can exploit.



ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS ◇

The news of the battle around Mars should come as a big surprise to the Players, and should be presented accordingly. GMs should let them know that this is no minor border skirmish, but an all-out fleet action. While they may not be in any position to do anything about it, the Players will certainly have a bit more to think about, in addition to having to maneuver through the celebration crowds turned still and silent in front of the news vids.

Principii characters will be busy carefully modifying the programming of the other cameras around the Parnassus in a manner similar to that in scene 1B. Although none of these remaining operations are as flashy as the first, they are important nonetheless. Station security and other such authorities will have their hands full as well. In addition to the general panic in the populace, investigations regarding a fire involving automatic weapons in the Cluster are also taking place, and could possibly involve people from multiple law enforcement and related agencies.

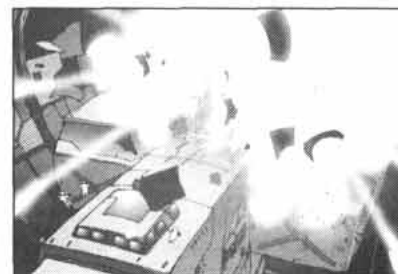
SCENE 3B: EVEN ODDS ▼

Time:	August 30, Morning-Afternoon
Location:	Kelekuk Memorial Spaceport, or anywhere in Joshua's Station
Props:	SS <i>Lohengrin</i> , explosives, more as needed
This scene leads to scenes:	3C and 3D

4-2-15

The group takes its leave of Manabe, and decides to try to get back to Lotjonen's ship and search it thoroughly. The *Lohengrin* sits silent and undisturbed in a low-gee area of the docks. The team sneaks aboard, avoiding the notice of the few bored guards. They find explosives and weapons, but nothing truly illegal. They overhear, however, a message from Lotjonen telling the crew to prep the ship for departure, and that he will leave the *Leviathan* for the spaceport in two hours.

Thinking quickly, Khoi realizes that they can kill two birds with one stone if they sabotage the *Lohengrin*. The others agree (some more enthusiastically than others). They rig a makeshift bomb in the aft fuel tank, and then set a large fire in the port cargo hold to serve as a distraction and warning to the crew to evacuate. The bay is cleared of personnel, the team slips out unnoticed, and the spaceport's fire safety crew begins to drain the bay's atmosphere in order to safely put out the blaze. Halfway through the process, the aft end of the *Lohengrin* blows up, damaging the bay and setting off even more alarms.



ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS ◇

The Players don't really have to go to the spaceport to create their distraction. At this point, any fairly large act of destruction will prompt a full security lockdown for the entire station. The spaceport is a sensible location, though, since it is the logical point of both entry and exit for Lotjonen, and the *Lohengrin* may well contain the coordinates of Umbra station (it does, but the files are heavily encrypted).

Spaceport security is no joke; however, the idea is for the Players to win, so bad luck should be "fudged" away by the GM. Only acts of incredible stupidity (such as trying to jitterbug in through the front gate) should get the Players discovered and caught. Otherwise, any reasonable plan for sneaking undetected past security should be given a decent chance of success by the GM.

4-2-16

▼ SCENE 3C: QUARANTINE

Time:	August 30, Morning-Afternoon
Location:	Joshua's Station
Props:	none
This scene leads to scenes:	3D, 3E, 3F



Joshua's Station is more used to random street violence than Elysée, and by far more capable of handling threats of terrorism, especially since the spate of such attacks in the past few years. Lotjonen carefully gauged the limit to which the station's authorities could be pushed by his pseudo-terrorist setpieces, and stopped them just short. Khoi's stunt, however, has far crossed that barrier, and a full security lockdown has been declared. All entries and exits are prohibited, and all individuals not expected to be at a place of critical employment (up to and including the President) are required to stay in their homes until the situation is resolved.

Lotjonen's original plan was for Chang to die "accidentally" in the course of a surprise attack on the Presidential yacht, victim to a laser beam seemingly meant for Itangre (who would undoubtedly be shielded by her ever-efficient Gardiens). This is all impossible now that the lockdown is in place. Itangre has been forced to cancel the yacht tour and Lotjonen is now just as trapped on Joshua's Station as Khoi is. Lotjonen is surprised by the agent's resourcefulness, but is undaunted; contingency plans are already in motion.

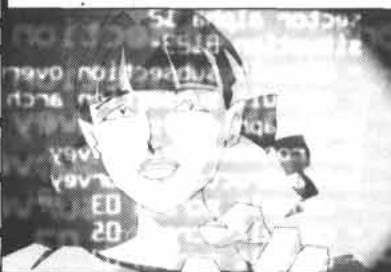
◇ ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS

With the lockdown in force, travel around the station will be much more difficult for the Players (or anyone). The transit systems and streets will be carefully monitored, and near constant ESWAT patrols will be watching from above for any sign of lockdown violations.

Lotjonen and the Principii will, for the first time, be playing catch-up with Khoi. Alternative methods to get Lotjonen off the station may have to be found (the shuttle under the Leviathan is a last resort option), but not before Khoi is confirmed dead. Other problems will involve bureaucratic red tape surrounding subtle efforts to get the lockdown reversed and changing assignments as the plan changes from a spaceborne attack on Itangre and Chang to a ground-based one.

▼ SCENE 3D: SEARCHING FOR SHADOWS

Time:	August 30, Afternoon
Location:	Joshua's Station
Props:	as needed
This scene leads to scene:	3E



Junko Manabe has spent the last few hours making several calls and checking up on station security records, trying to figure out what is going on. She comes away still confused, but certain of at least one thing: Joseph and his friends are neither insane nor the instigators of the false assassination attempt on Itangre. She decides to throw in her lot with Joseph and help him as needed. Anyway, if Joseph turns out to be the bad guy after all, she wants to be there to catch him red handed. As a street cop with a reputation for insubordination, her own contacts are rather sparse, but she does have enough old ESWAT friends to persuade a group of four ESWAT troopers to come to her aid.

Khoi and the others are relieved to find that Junko is willing to help them to such an extent, and immediately plan a raid in force on the Leviathan in order to apprehend Lotjonen and find his secret asteroid base. Khoi knows this raid is very important; if Lotjonen is somehow prepared and manages to convince Manabe of his innocence, the ESWAT officers will almost certainly decide to take the all four of them into custody, effectively ending any real resistance to Lotjonen's plan.

◇ ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS

Junko Manabe is a short, stout woman of Japanese ancestry. Her family has been Jovian for over a century and her love for her nation is unconditional. She is well aware of the divisive forces present in the Confederation, however, and thus keeps a mental list of the few people she feels she can truly trust. Joseph, whom she met shortly after her graduation from the police academy, is one of those people. If required, the Gamemaster can assign her appropriate stats based on the Gardien d'Honneur template.

ESWAT is not the only group Junko can summon for help. At the GM's discretion, normal police officers, JAF soldiers or even mercenaries could be the help that Junko brings with her. This is a good spot for Players in these occupations to finally figure out what is going on and work their way into the storyline.

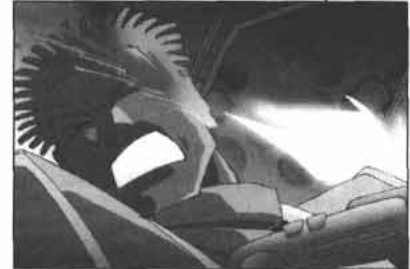
SCENE 3E: THE MOST VALUABLE COMMODITY ▼

Time:	August 30
Location:	The Leviathan, Lotjonen's home (next door to the Leviathan)
Props:	guns
This scene leads to scenes:	3F, 3G, 3H

4.2.16

The team is armed only with light weapons for concealment's sake. A cursory search of the deserted Leviathan turns up nothing, until Joseph notices a false wall in Lotjonen's office that conceals a hidden elevator shaft.

Khoi, Jared, Ariana, Manabe and the troopers have split off from the main group in order to search Lotjonen's home. He is inside, protected by several armed guards. A long verbal confrontation ends with Lotjonen ordering his men to open fire. In the resulting firefight, Khoi receives a glancing shot to his head, forcing a retreat. The two groups meet up and barricade themselves in Lotjonen's office while Lotjonen's bodyguards attempt to storm the building. All nine people take the elevator down to the bottom, where a twisting passage through pipes and shielding leads to a concealed shuttle bay right under the skin of the station. Not wishing to look a gift horse in the mouth, the team piles aboard and powers the shuttle up. They blast out of the hidden bay at high acceleration, but are unable to crack the entry code for the manual controls. The shuttle is on autopilot, taking them to some unknown destination.



ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS ◇

The Players should bump into Lotjonen somewhere in this scene, just so they can speak with the man. Unless the Players are very convincing, however, Lotjonen will continue on his course and order them captured or killed. The fight should not be a duck shoot, however. There's plenty of cover in both Lotjonen's two-bedroom apartment and the Leviathan (although if a firefight occurs in the Leviathan's dining room, Lotjonen won't be able to pull off his little trick in scene 3H). No matter who gets shot, Lotjonen will escape unharmed, and will find a place of safety from which he can call for assistance.

The Players don't have to get on the shuttle. They don't even have to find the elevator. The siege of the Leviathan can last for a long time, until Rebecca turns against Lotjonen in scene 3H.

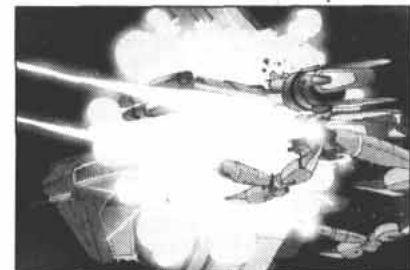
SCENE 3F: A HOUSE DIVIDED ▼

Time:	August 31, Morning
Location:	The Leviathan, Lotjonen's home
Props:	guns, a short letter to Khoi
This scene leads to scenes:	3H, 4A

4.2.15

Sending his bodyguards after Khoi, Lotjonen goes to call for assistance. His eye is drawn to his vid-screen, however, where the newsfeed from Mars is showing horrific damage to the Jovian fleet alongside mounting casualty reports. Shocked at the magnitude of his error and devastated by the deaths of so many of his men, Lotjonen resolves to turn himself in. War has been declared, the nation's fury is awakened, and he must now face the consequences of his actions, just as his mentor Avram Thorsen did.

Realizing that his foreign assets will likely be seized by CEGA or the Venusians upon his capture or death, Lotjonen pens a quick letter and a message to his brokers before contacting Rebecca to deliver his grim decision. Rebecca is remarkably calm, however, and demands that he escape in order to preserve her cover. Lotjonen flatly refuses. Rebecca, unwilling to go down with Lotjonen, mobilizes her portion of the Principii and summons Atropos Team 12. She has no desire to leave her position of power and if Karl is going to leave the Principii under her command, then she will use them to do everything she can to stay right where she is.



ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS ◇

The news that the Jovian fleet is losing should be an even greater jolt than the news of the battle itself. After all, doesn't everybody expect the Jovians to win? Station security will have to be ready for anything, from looting to suicides. If Lotjonen is occupied with besieging Khoi, the letter-writing can be postponed until later, either in scene 3H or 4A. Only a minute or two near a data terminal is necessary for the appropriate transactions to be made.

Principii Players will have to decide whose side they are on, Lotjonen's or Faneuil's. It's rapidly becoming obvious that the whole thing is falling apart. Players may try to save the cause or decide to cut and run. Some Players might go so far as to try seize control for themselves; GMs should adapt accordingly.

4.2.20

▼ SCENE 3G: THE HIDDEN FORTRESS

Time:	August 31, Evening
Location:	Umbra Station
Props:	assault weapons, space suits
This scene leads to scenes:	4A, 4B



Khoi is alive. The right side of his face is a mess, however, and his right eye is irreparably damaged. The shuttle's medkit stabilizes him and Khoi stays awake by force of will in order to continue to provide input and leadership to the group. It takes nearly three hours to crack the shuttle's control codes. By then, the shuttle's destination is obvious: Umbra station looms ahead.

Ariana, Jared and the ESWAT team are dropped off far from the main entry bays; Khoi, Joseph and Junko will pilot the shuttle back to Joshua's Station to find Lotjonen. The team's arrival has apparently gone unnoticed, and they begin a long, slow walk along the asteroid's surface toward the nearest elevator shaft. The team gets into the primary exo hangar before an alarm sounds. A pitched zero-gee firefight ensues inside the vast unpressurized cavern. The ESWAT team commandeers four of the Principii's exo-suits (inside a small airlock on one wall of the cavern), destroying the rest and proceeding to wreak havoc among the unarmored Principii troops. Ariana and Jared help out for a while, but their eyes are soon drawn to the vast shadow of the Typhon waiting above them.

◇ ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS

The Players don't have to split up at the shuttle; Junko can pilot the shuttle back alone, allowing the group to assault Umbra together. Also, unless the Players are against the idea, the GM really should find a way for two of the PCs to gain access to the Typhon.

The exo-suited characters will have an easy time of it for a while, until a contingent of similarly-equipped Principii soldiers shows up from the other side of the cavern. Then the fight will heat up considerably (use Decker stats for the Principii 'suits'). The Principii are trained soldiers, and will operate intelligently and professionally. If the Players falter, the Principii should not hesitate to capitalize on it. This is almost the end of the story, and not a time for mistakes!

4.2.21

▼ SCENE 3H: SLEEPING WITH THE FISHES

Time:	August 31, Evening
Location:	The Leviathan, Lotjonen's home
Props:	powerpacks, guns
This scene leads to scenes:	3G, 4A, 4B



Lotjonen is not expecting Rebecca to attack him, and certainly not with the Silencers he thought were loyal to him. He reacts well, however. Retreating to the Leviathan with his remaining bodyguards, he mounts a defense in the main dining room. Millions of credits' worth of rare sea creatures spill onto the floor as Lotjonen empties the wall tanks' contents.

When Rebecca's agents come charging in through every door, they are met by knee-deep water, into which Lotjonen promptly drops several charged electrical powerpacks from his perch inside one of the emptied tanks. The rest is merely a matter of aiming and firing. Realizing that Rebecca is not only refusing to capitulate but also planning on committing further acts of terrorism with which to cover her tracks, Lotjonen dismisses his bodyguards, telling each to do what he or she thinks is right, and heads off alone toward the Skunk Works testing bays.

◇ ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS

If the Players have gotten bogged down in scene 3E, this is a point at which Lotjonen may voluntarily call a cease-fire and turn himself over. If this happens, Rebecca's agents will arrive, breaking up the arrest. Lotjonen will tell the Players about the hidden shuttle, and send them off with a warning about Rebecca's rogue actions.

Players who get on the shuttle will have the option of going anywhere they wish (Lotjonen gives them the access code, and the autopilot is set for Umbra). Players who stay may decide to help Lotjonen, or they may strike out alone to try to stop whatever Faneuil is up to. Lotjonen might also inform the Players that Rebecca's likely objective is the assassination of either the President or Ignatius Chang. Principii characters will be faced with more decisions in this scene; if they were not previously aware of Faneuil's plan to kill the President, this new information may prompt them to reconsider their past actions. Whatever happens, the GM should allow the Players to explore the consequences of their decisions.

SCENE 4A: DRAGON AND DEMIGOD ▼

Time:	September 1, Morning
Location:	Umbra station, space
Props:	Typhon, Prometheus Tetra, five Principii Pathfinder, one Principii Retaliator, assorted JAF exos

12.2.4

Ariana and Jared duck and dodge until they are in the shelter of the Typhon. Climbing inside, Ariana realizes that while Jared may not be an ideal pilot, he will be an even worse weapons officer, and reluctantly asks him to pilot the Typhon. Jared doesn't even think about arguing; he's too busy smiling.

The Typhon blows a hole in the bay doors, and makes its exit. Shortly after its departure, Principii reinforcements arrive, pinning the ESWAT team down long enough for several pilots to get to their exos and power them up. The ESWAT team beats a hasty retreat back into the one of the control rooms around the cavern, but the Principii are more concerned with the Typhon. All six exos rocket out of the cavern through the Typhon's egress.

The Typhon is blindingly fast and has no trouble outdistancing its pursuers for a while. Ariana and Jared, however, quickly discover that the prototype exo is literally falling apart around them. The holofield system is virtually useless and the thrusters are failing one by one. Jared is forced to cut thrust, allowing the pursuit to stay with them, albeit at a respectful distance. Worst of all, the Typhon's ECCM and communications suite breaks down, having apparently overheated during its last use and never been repaired. They decide to head back to Joshua's Station.

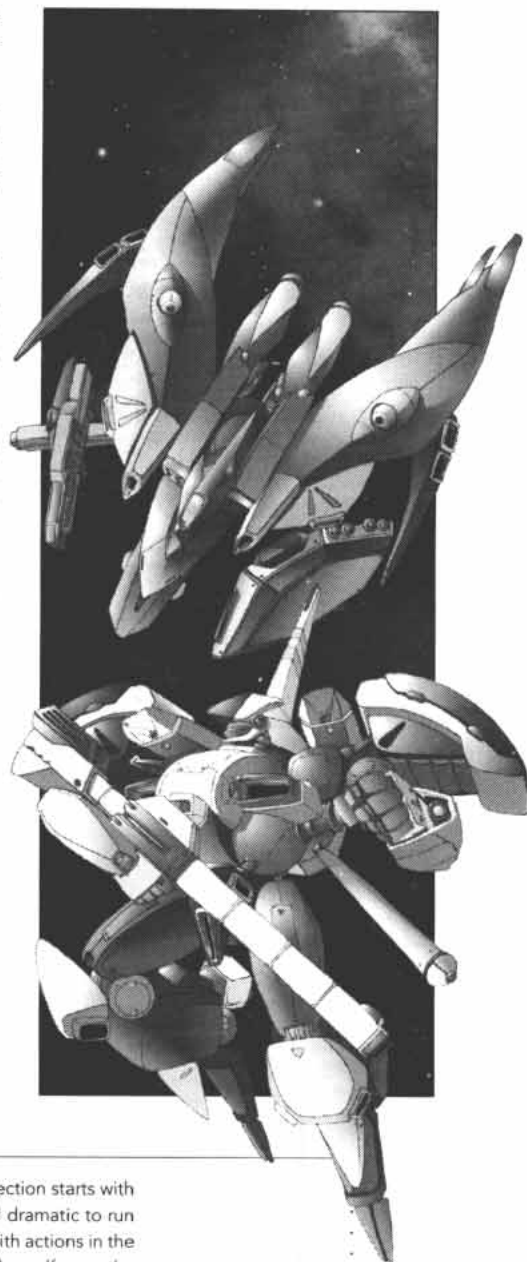
Back on the station, Lotjonen has evaded pursuit and successfully infiltrated the Prometheus Tetra's storage hangar. He sneaks into the bay and enters the Prometheus. Using Jared's access codes, he starts up the mighty machine and blasts open the door in the bay's "floor." He leaps out and speeds toward Joshua's Station's "north pole," intending to gain entry through the spaceport and stop Rebecca's attack on the President by sheer firepower.

Lotjonen is expecting to hear reports of the Tetra's theft over the JAF comm channels, but is instead surprised to hear about an incoming exo with CEGA markings. His comms are ignored, and he suddenly finds his path blocked by a dozen JAF exo-armors that immediately open fire. Lotjonen veers off toward the approaching Typhon.

Ariana and Jared approach Joshua's Station, where they are attacked by the Jovian exos. Unwilling to return fire on his own people, Jared dodges wildly. Ariana catches sight of the Prometheus, and Jared realizes that Lotjonen must have hijacked the prototype. Angry at his own carelessness, Jared fires, blowing off the Tetra's tail pod.

Diving into close combat, Lotjonen fires up a plasma lance, only to have it deflected by the Typhon's shield. The two exos lock arms. Using the physical contact as a transmission medium, Ariana begins to tell Lotjonen to surrender, but is cut off by Lotjonen's own message, telling them that Rebecca has gone off on her own and is likely planning to kill the President. Ariana starts to argue, but just then, a concentrated burst of fire from the JAF exos damages both prototypes and strikes the Prometheus in the cockpit. Stating that he no longer has the time or need to argue, Lotjonen breaks free and charges off toward Joshua's Station, calling the Principii exos for cover.

The Principii engage the JAF units, but both sides fire cautiously, uncomfortable with the idea of shooting at their own people. Such qualms do not apply to the Typhon, however, which now bears the brunt of two attacking forces. Left with no choice, Jared and Ariana shoot down several Principii exos, opening a path through which they follow Lotjonen.



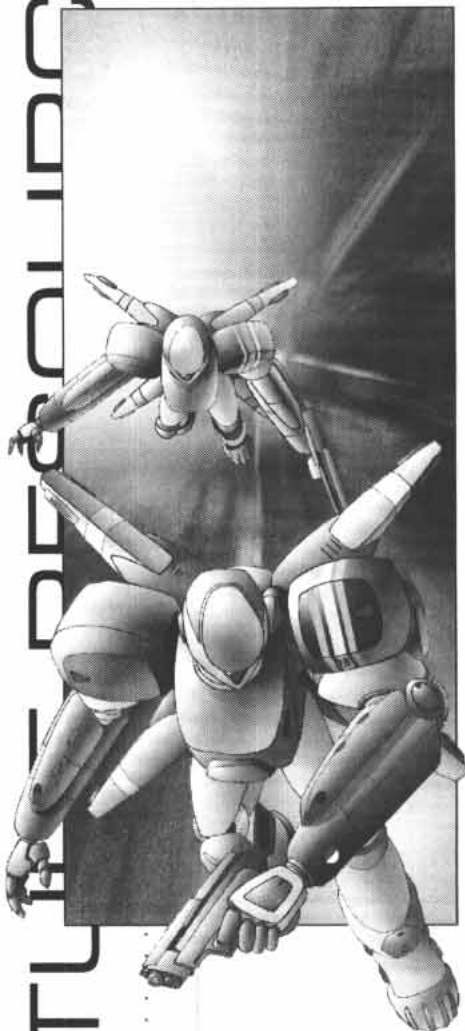
ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS ◇

The Climax details the defeat and capture of the Principii, and the death of Karl Lotjonen. Although the section starts with the characters divided and gradually brings them together, ambitious GMs may find it more exciting and dramatic to run both situations, round by round, simultaneously, with every action in one group being correlated in time with actions in the other group. In this way, the Players can have the sense of working together toward their goal, and can also self-pace the action to arrange a dramatic rendezvous at the final moment.

The Typhon is an extremely powerful machine, even considering the fact that it is in terrible shape. Many of the exo's electronics are on the blink, as is the complex and delicate holofield system. If the pilots choose to turn the machine around and attack the six Principii exos, there is little doubt as to who would come out on top. The Gamemaster may choose to allow this; after all, the Principii exos aren't strictly necessary to the rest of the storyline. While the Principii are of little consequence, however, firing on the JAF exos is a crime that Players will have to face up to later on, extenuating circumstances or no.

▼ SCENE 4B: MAENAD

Time:	September 1, Morning
Location:	Parnassus Hotel and vicinity
Props:	Decker Exo-suits, assorted weapons



Khoi, Joseph and Junko have arrived at Joshua's Station. The patrols are dealing with some other problem around the other side of the station and their spaceport landing is uninterrupted. Once landed, the three manage to fast-talk their way out of getting arrested, and persuade security to put out a general alert and call the Parnassus to make sure the President is safe. They are refused entry, however, until Khoi suggests that they be arrested and taken to the nearest police station. Joseph is incredulous, but Khoi merely allows himself to be led to a waiting Thrush.

Rebecca has not wasted the half-day since Lotjonen's escape. Immediately putting out a warrant for Lotjonen's arrest, she's made sure he is regarded as extremely dangerous and thus likely to be shot or at least knocked out on sight, and his every statement ignored. She has also given specific orders to Atropos Team 12 to kill everybody in the Parnassus' Presidential Suite, presenting them with a false authorization provided by one of her Shrouds.

The team, having planned an escape route out of the Jovian Confederation (a common precaution, given the practice of disavowing agents who are implicated in black ops), is now ready to strike. They will be aided by several loyal Principii, whom Rebecca Faneuil is throwing to the wolves (they will die quietly, one way or another).

Although the death of neither Chang nor Itangre is really necessary anymore, Rebecca requires a suitable distraction to cover her own tracks and possibly set up an escape route. The nationwide grief and confusion caused by the President's death will allow her to obscure much of the truth to her benefit and erase any record of her involvement with the Principii.

Khoi and Joseph have left Junko at the spaceport to explain things, and are now at Beta 2's police station. They are informed that the President and Chang are both safe, when a sudden alert sounds. Apparently, all of the security cameras watching the Parnassus Hotel have suddenly gone down. Realizing suddenly the true nature of the attack on the Spire five days ago, Khoi and Joseph fade into the confusion of the moment and steal a pair of ESWAT Deckers from the motor pool. Pursuit is right behind them, but that's what they want anyway.

With the local cameras shut down, the Principii proceed to secure the area around the hotel. Using ESWAT Deckers supplied by Faneuil, the six Silencers (who still believe that the attack is meant to be fake and that arrangements have been made for their escape) subdue most of the guards in the area with tasers and gas. Atropos Team 12 drops unnoticed from the colony axis using commando jet-packs.

While all this is happening, Rebecca is at the JIS building, coordinating the continuing efforts to find Khoi and his companions and ensuring that her whereabouts for the next several hours are known to all. Everything will work out, as long as the four (and their allies) are found and killed.

The President's bodyguards are moving Itangre and Chang to a safer room, but the attack from above surprises them, especially since it's aimed at the safe room they are heading for. A brutal firefight ensues.

◆ ADVENTURE SUGGESTIONS

This is the last chance most Principii characters will get to question their orders. Principii of all ranks and divisions have good reasons to not follow Rebecca's final directive, assuming they haven't already gotten a bad vibe from her (via the Gamemaster's acting skills, of course) over the past few days. Vanguard and Sentinels will learn of her attempt on Lotjonen's life, prompting an analysis of who exactly holds the loyalty of the military Principii. Silencers can be made suspicious of Rebecca's agenda by perhaps overhearing snippets of the Atropos briefing or catching sight of Rebecca's purchase of a ship ticket out of the Confederation (under a pseudonym, of course). Shrouds and mercs, always wild cards, are the likeliest to jump ship at the first sign of internal breakup.

Even the Atropos agents (or whatever group the GM decides to use for the assassination) can decide not to go along with Rebecca's plan. It is obvious to them that their orders are most likely false, and that they will be committing high treason against their nation, but such things are commonplace to Atropos agents, who regularly conduct black ops against other countries (and occasionally their own) without presidential knowledge or approval.

A good plan would be the preparation of an escape route out of the Confederation via a cargo ship, to be used once the operation is complete. Many covert ops agents abandoned by their countries have found profitable work as hired guns or military advisors for foreign powers. Exile is better than execution.

SCENE 4C: UNSUNG ▼

Time:	September 1, Morning, after Scene C1
Location:	Joshua's Station, space, Parnassus and vicinity
Props:	Decker exo-suits, Typhon, Prometheus Tetra, Thrush, assault rifles, Rebecca's heavy pistol

4.2.24

At the JIS Branch Office, Rebecca finds out that Lotjonen, Khoi and the others are still alive and capable of implicating her. She immediately leaves the building in a government Thrush and heads toward the spaceport. Halfway there, however, she catches sight of the chase in Beta 4 and learns that the runners before the pack are Khoi and Joseph, continuing to dog her plans even as she plans to leave forever. Desperation and fury wash over her like a heat wave and she orders her pilot to let her off.

Khoi and Joseph are heading at top speed toward the Parnassus. Their pursuers are about to shoot when someone catches sight of the Atropos team landing atop the Parnassus. The Principii Deckers open fire on the approaching herd of police exo-suits. The police dive for cover, leaving Khoi and Joseph to brave the hailstorm of bullets.

Lotjonen, bleeding heavily, barrels through the colony's interior, closely followed by Jared and Ariana. The Parnassus is only a few kilometers away and all three pilots can see flashes of automatic fire around the hotel. Lotjonen grits his teeth and commands himself to stay alive for a few moments longer.

The police exo-suits have taken up positions and are covering Khoi and Joseph, who bust into the Parnassus through a third-floor window. They catch sight of Itangre and Chang in a hallway just as the last of the President's Gardiens is gunned down. Joseph proceeds to hose the hallway with suppression fire. Khoi, slowing down noticeably now that the painkillers are wearing off, moves to protect the two VIPs.

As Joseph pins down the remaining Atropos agents in an upstairs hallway, Khoi, weak and stumbling from the renewed pain of his injury, leads Itangre and Chang downstairs toward the outside, where the police have managed to down the Principii exo-suits. A distant, approaching roar halts them in the lobby, however, at the same time a panicked call goes over the channels, reporting two exo-armors inside the colony. Outside, the police spread out and move for cover.

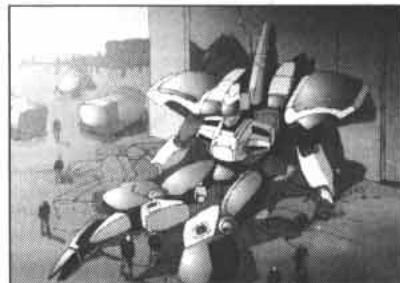
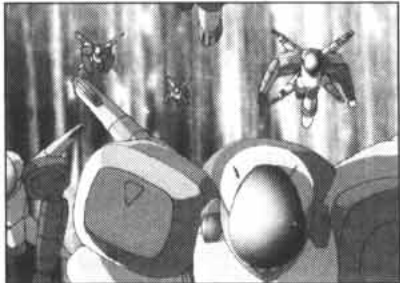
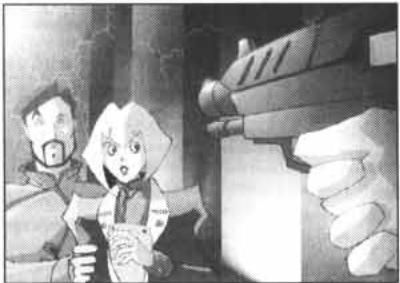
Rebecca has lost all control. All she can think of is how much she hates her parents, hates the things people do to her in her dreams, hates the people who have kept her from revenge against... against something she can't quite remember, and really doesn't care about anymore. Like Maeve of Earth's myths, she strides wrathfully across the plaza fronting the Parnassus, ignoring the milling policemen and looming shadow of the Prometheus. She only has eyes for Khoi, collapsing to his knees in pain, and the two people he futilely shields.

There are eight rounds in the pistol Rebecca is carrying, which is five more than she needs. Itangre and Chang wave excitedly at her, unaware of her intent and thinking only of calling her to safety. Behind her, the roar of thrusters becomes deafening, a vast shadow falls, and the ground shakes under the landing weight of the Prometheus Tetra. Itangre and Chang fall to their knees. Rebecca doesn't even stumble. They are halfway across the lobby from her when Rebecca draws her gun and lines up on Itangre's head.

The front of the lobby disintegrates, crumbling the ceiling and knocking Rebecca off balance. The Prometheus' mechanized hand sweeps in and interposes itself between Rebecca and her intended victims, covering the would-be assassin and dragging her back outside, where the police are rallying and converging. This done, the massive exo-armor seems to slump tiredly, and goes dead. Behind it, the Typhon suddenly loses thruster power and drops to the ground, shaking everything up once again and ending the battle on a thunderous note. Then, it creaks forward and comes to rest against a building near the Prometheus' prone form.

Ariana and Jared crawl out of the Typhon's wreckage, arguing animatedly. They go quiet, however, when they catch sight of Joseph shouldering out of the Parnassus' lobby and past the Prometheus Tetra's manipulator, carrying a comatose Khoi. Ignoring the President and Chang, who are right behind Joseph, the two run to their friend's side.

Policemen open the Tetra's hatch, but its pilot is beyond arrest. If Lotjonen had any words with which to mark his death, only the cockpit of his shattered machine heard them. The alarms are shut down one by one, deactivated by exhausted policemen and soldiers. Rebecca's screamed imprecations fade away as she is carried off by the police, and even Itangre and Chang can do little but gaze mutely at the destruction that surrounds them. For a time, there is nothing but a mournful silence that seems to swallow the entire Confederation.





► THE BATTLE OF KURTZENHEIM

The Battle of Kurtzenheim began with a Martian Free Republic thrust into Federation territory. Banking on surprise and typical Federation sluggishness, the Republic managed to establish a supply line into the middle of the Federation, where a full assault of the capital of Kurtzenheim was initiated. The city was too great of an obstacle to effectively besiege before the Federation could bring reinforcements to bear. The Republic's main objective, however, was to buy time and relieve the pressure on the front lines; the assault on Kurtzenheim was no more than an elaborate and expensive feint.

Up until that point, August 29, 2213, both of the battlefleets overhead had managed to stay out of each others' way, focusing instead on their stated purpose of preserving Martian orbital facilities and limiting the ground war below. This proved difficult, however. Highly needful of orbital observation facilities, both the Federation and Republic were moving forces into space, and fighting in and around colonies and space stations. Multiple deployments of Jovian and CEGA exo-armors put the two fleets in close contact with one another, as they both continued to observe but not interfere in the continuing conflict. A large number of close passes and face-offs increased the brinkmanship between the two fleets, both of which were already frustrated by the seeming uselessness of their presence here around Mars.

Confusion bred chaos. A spaceborne firefight between Federation and Republican exo-armors took an unfortunate turn when the Federation troops attempted to take refuge in the safe zone of a nearby Solar Cross ship. The Republican contingent, for some reason failing to heed the zone, followed the Federation exos in and destroyed them, damaging the Solar Cross vessel in the process. Both the Jovians and CEGA had been observing the mishap, and were quick to enter the area. Amid a flurry of angry accusations and close-range maneuvering, somebody opened fire. Investigation later established the attackers as the Republican exo-armors, but at the time, it appeared to both CEGA and the Jovians that the other side had initiated hostilities. The argument turned into a dogfight.

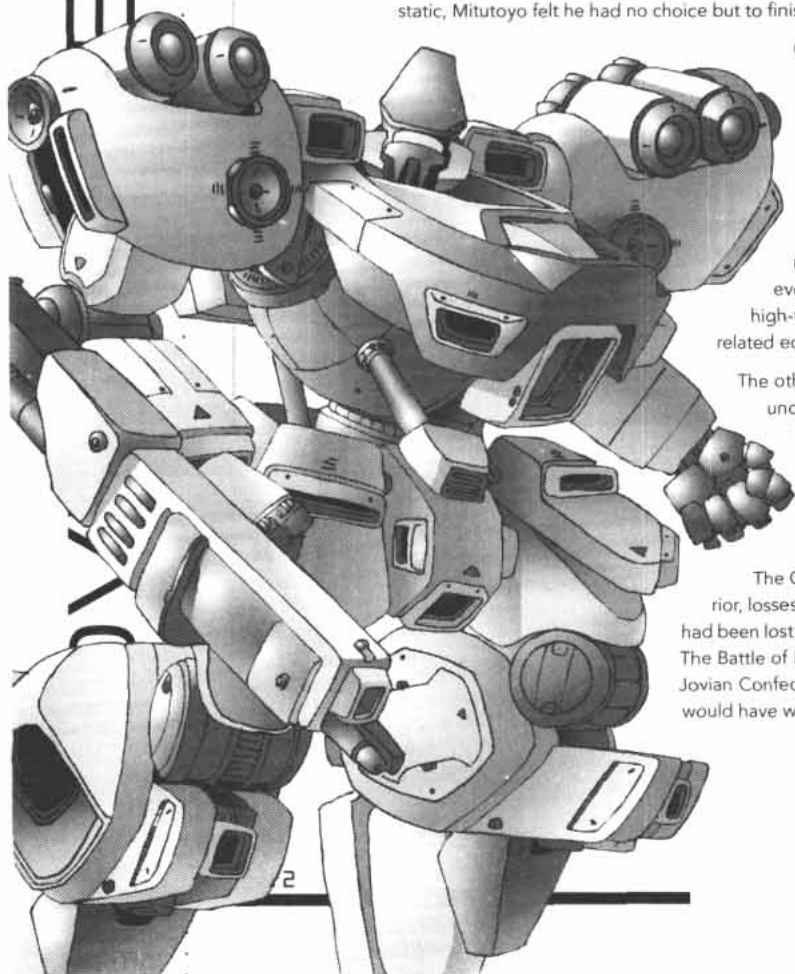
A number of quick-thinking Jovian ship captains ordered their exo-armors to close on nearby CEGA vessels and prevent them from sending reinforcements to the problem area until the situation was resolved. Panicked CEGA captains, faced with incoming Jovian exos and met by silence from fleet command, fired warning shots in an effort to keep the Jovians at a safe distance. Further infuriated by this action, several Jovian exos accelerated to attack speed and began to make attack runs, trying to destroy the CEGA vessels' weapons systems. CEGA exo-armors reacted according to the contingency plan, accelerating rapidly toward the Jovian carrier groups.

At this critical point, a Principii saboteur disabled the communications system on the *Gilgamesh*, Admiral Gordo Sullivan's command ship, thus delegating command to the individual task force leaders, who were already facing an apparent CEGA attack and were unwilling to stop shooting. On the CEGA side, Admiral Bryce Mitutoyo finally overcame minutes-long indecision and responded to the attacks on his ships by calling the Jovians' fleet command. Met by seemingly intentional static, Mitutoyo felt he had no choice but to finish the fight, and ordered his fleet to commence the preplanned attack.

CEGA analysts had correctly predicted that the Jovians would keep their ships at standoff distances and rely on their exo-armors to do the attacking, leaving small detachments of exos to protect their ships. Realizing that overwhelming numbers would be the only way to effectively overcome the superior Jovian exos, the CEGA planners devised a scheme by which more than three quarters of the CEGA exo-force would launch or divert and attack the Jovian ships at lightning-strike speeds. The objective was not to destroy the ships, but rather to cripple the launch bays and repair facilities of the Jovian carriers, a move that analysts predicted would even up the two nations' forces within a few hours of heavy combat, after the high-tech Jovian exos began to suffer ammunition shortages and maintenance-related equipment failures.

The other half of the equation involved a quickly conceived scheme to allow the undefended CEGA fleet to fend for itself against the first, and most powerful, wave of Jovian attacks. New weapons were constructed and distributed to the fleet as it left Earth space. Although their effectiveness was dubious, analysts believed that even if the CEGA fleet was crippled, its simpler and easier-to-maintain exo-armors would be more effective in the resulting battle of attrition.

The CEGA strategy worked well, causing the Jovians to suffer equal, if not superior, losses. By the end of the battle, over a hundred exo-armors and some fifty ships had been lost between the two fleets, with many more being damaged to various extent. The Battle of Kurtzenheim marked the beginning of an official state of war between the Jovian Confederation and CEGA, but it would be the last fighting that the two nations would have with each other for some time.



A COMMANDING VIEW ▼

Mars once had two asteroid-sized moonlets, Phobos (Fear) and Deimos (Terror), both probably captured by the planet's gravity well eons ago. Phobos was shattered in 2190 in order to provide building materials for the ongoing terraformation efforts and to clear the local space for the orbital elevator. Deimos is currently being slowly moved to a higher orbit to serve as the planet's orbital spaceport. It was not an important theater during the battle, though a few vessels used it for gravity boosts, requiring constant minute vector adjustments from the terrified crew of Deimos Base.

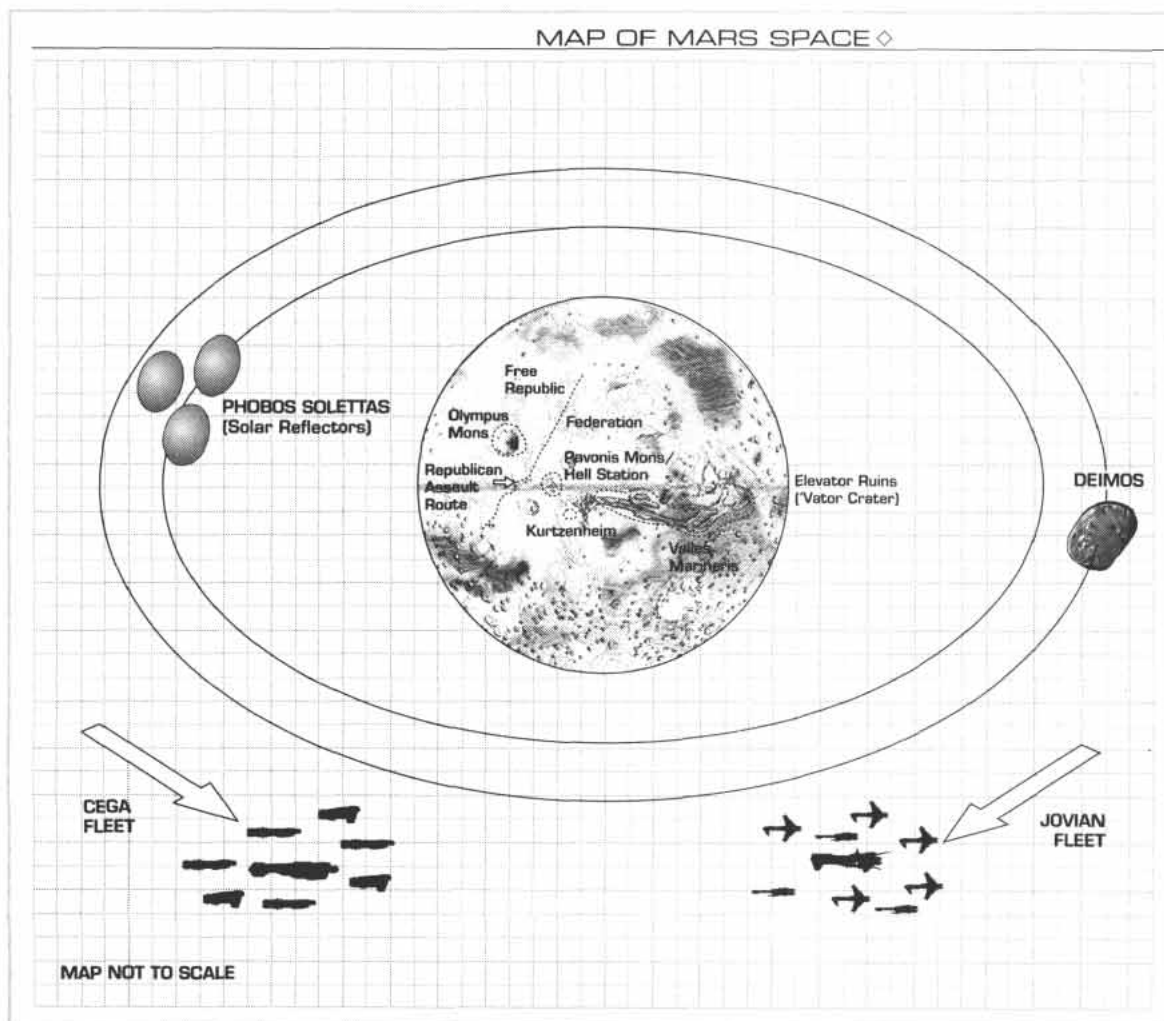
The vast arrays of soletta mirrors built from the remains of Phobos orbit Mars at various heights, but mostly inside Deimos' new orbital radius. Exceedingly fragile and maintenance-hungry, the Phobos solettas are considered neutral ground by both Martian nations, but many arrays were damaged or destroyed in the battle between CEGA and the Jovians. It is a testament to their crew that these worldbuilding devices were not turned into instruments of war. Though there were a few take-over attempts, none were effectively used as weapons, despite the destructive potential of the concentrated sunlight they could reflect.

Kurtzenheim was a large, spread-out city built in the northern part of Syria Planum, less than eight hundred kilometers from Pavonis Mons, the site of the 500-meter-tall ruin of the orbital elevator's Hell Station. Consisting of over a hundred large domes linked by underground tunnels, the unfortunate city was the final casualty in the battle that bears its name, in which four armies fought and no winner was declared.

The map and diagram shown below depict the Mars system and the area surrounding the former Martian Federation capital of Kurtzenheim. Though they are not visible at this scale, there are many surrounding communities connected to the capital by a spiderweb of roadways. The diagram has been simplified for clarity and does not show the many orbiting factories and inhabited stations that ring the planet. Likewise, the Phobos solettas and the warring Jovian and CEGA fleets were represented only by a few icons to avoid cluttering the picture. The Martian orbital forces from both sides were too spread out to be effectively represented here.

W.3.1

end of section 3.3 Tragedy of Errors



► COME INTO MY PARLOR...

4.4



Having sent three-quarters of their exo-armor force to take out the Jovian carriers, the CEGA fleet proceeded to prepare a nasty surprise for the Jovian attackers which were sure to come hunting. Hastily manufactured and distributed proximity mines, armed with massive incendiary warheads, had been issued to each CEGA warship before departure from Earth (see page 121 for stats). To protect from security leaks, only the captain of each vessel was informed as to the cargoes' nature.

Only after it was obvious that a fight could not be avoided were the crews of the ships briefed on the mines' use and permitted to set them up on their ships' hulls. This done, the CEGA crews battened down and waited, wondering which would be the first to arrive, their own returning exo-armors, or a Jovian strike force. There were no illusions about the effectiveness of the mines; they were a one-shot wonder, no more. This was going to be a tough fight. This scenario is typical of the combats taking place at this stage of the Battle of Kurtzenheim.

◆ MISSION CONDITIONS

Type:	Space
Scale:	Tactical
Location:	Near Mars Orbit
Time of Day:	Day

◆ MISSION OBJECTIVES

The primary objective of the Jovians is to destroy as many CEGA warships as possible, while taking as few casualties as possible. The carriers are of highest priority, but no commander would begrudge a dead destroyer or two. A full victory is achieved by destruction of four or more CEGA warships with a concurrent loss of fewer than six exos (the Vindicators count double for this purpose only). Partial victory is possible if fewer warships are destroyed and the exo survival requirements are met. Note that the Jovians are *not* aware of the proximity mines on the CEGA ships. If the Jovian Player is already aware of this trait, then use the *Advance Warning* variation provided on page 75.

The CEGA objective is to survive the attack with at least half of the ships still able to move and carry out vehicle launch and recovery operations. At least three of the Tengus must survive. Note that it is possible for both sides to achieve "victory" in this scenario. Such is war. If it is necessary to establish which side won "more," divide the remaining number of Jovian exos by two and compare this value to the number of remaining CEGA exos. The side with the higher number wins.



◆ JOVIAN FORCES

•	4 x Hector, default configuration, Level 2
•	4 x Retaliator, default configuration, Level 2
•	4 x Pathfinder, default configuration, Level 2
•	2 x Vindicator, default configuration, Level 2

The Jovian force is a mixed-strength assault unit sent out to destroy targets of opportunity. It is commanded by a Level 2 (Qualified) lieutenant in one of the Vindicators. They are expecting a typical CEGA exo-armor screen; the seemingly unprepared state of their target has made them rather overconfident. The attackers may set up in any formation, at any initial velocity, on the bottom edge of the map. The map is looking "down" onto Mars; the planet has no effect on play and all hexes are considered to be clear space.



◆ CEGA FORCES

•	3 x Hachiman, equipped with 2 x proximity mine, Level 2
•	5 x Tengu, equipped with 2 x proximity mine, Level 2
•	2 x Wyvern, Level 2
•	2 x Fury, Megaera configuration, Level 2
•	1 x Cerberus, Level 3
•	4 x Minotaur, Level 2

The carrier group is accelerating away from the main CEGA fleet and is moving toward the Jovian task force. The vastly outnumbered CEGA exos should wait until after the warships have released their proximity mines to launch. The ships may set up anywhere in the top part of the map, and have a starting velocity of 5 (see map). Although all of the ships are valuable, the primary mission of the destroyers is to protect the carriers.

MISSION MAP ◇



COMPLICATIONS AND VARIATIONS ▼

The following options can be used to add variety to the scenario and can be mixed and matched as desired. They may unbalance the fight in favor of one or the other side, however, and should thus be used only by experienced Players.

EARLY HOMECOMING ◇

The Fury strike force has finished its work ahead of schedule and is already coming home. Every turn after the second, one Tisiphone-configuration Fury (Level 3) with no missiles or plasma fans and 2d6x10 burn points remaining enters on either the left or right side of the map (CEGA Player's choice). Victory calculations no longer divide surviving Jovian exos by two.

DUDS ◇

The batch of proximity mines issued to this carrier group is faulty. Whenever one is used, roll 1d6. On a 4, 5, or 6, the mine fails to detonate. The CEGA Player now needs only preserve two ships to achieve a victory.

ADVANCE WARNING ◇

The Jovian exos have received a last-minute alert from their command center advising them about the CEGA ships' defenses. The Jovian exos may target the mines as a separate part of the ships and destroy them (Base Armor 20, destroyed by Light Damage). Number of permissible Jovian exo losses drops to five.

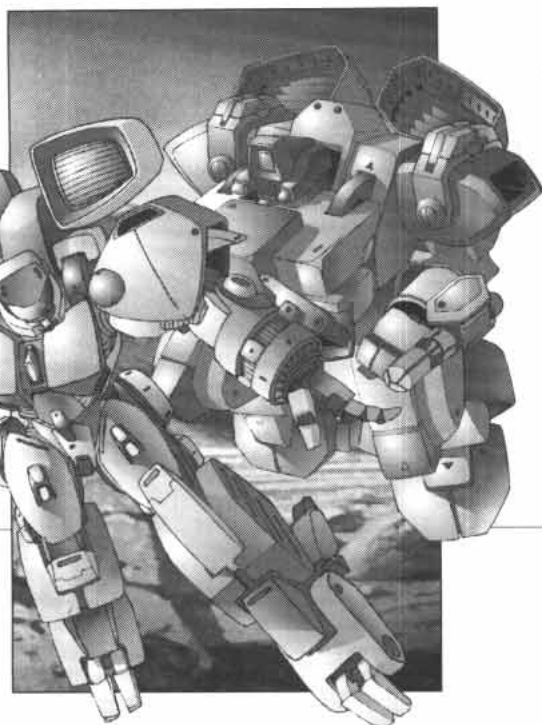
DIVINE WIND ◇

A desperate CEGA crew has strapped additional proximity mines to the exo-armors of volunteer pilots. Three of the exos may carry one proximity mine each, replacing the heaviest set of missiles. They may start the game at any velocity within ten hexes of the nearest CEGA ship. Each exo must make a piloting roll vs a Threshold of 4 (representing morale) to be able to detonate the mine.

HEADHUNTERS ◇

The Jovians have stumbled on quite a prize: a CEGA command group! Remove three Tengus and add two Poseidon battleships with two proximity mines each. Add two more Megaera-configuration Furies (Level 2). The Jovians may lose up to ten exos before being forced to admit failure and retreat.

► CORNERED ANIMALS



In late August of 2213, the Free Republic realized that it was running out of options against the seemingly unstoppable juggernaut. They needed to relieve the pressure long enough to replenish their ranks and field new machines. The answer lay in the Republic's new Hellwind hover tanks, which, it was decided, would spearhead a desperate nighttime assault on the Federation's western border, coming in through the Vator Crater and Noctis Labyrinthus and aiming at the well-defended capital of Kurtzenheim.

With the Federation's space-based observation resources locked off by the two foreign battlefleets, Republican analysts believed that there was a reasonable chance of causing significant damage to the capital and consolidating a defensible position before Federation forces could effectively respond. While opening a second front seemed like lunacy to many in the Republic high command, the sad truth was that the Federation's invasion front was a lost cause with or without the Hellwind divisions; the only way to gain time to build back a defense was to force the Federation to redistribute its resources. Anyway, if it really was lunacy, then maybe the Federation wouldn't be expecting it.

▣ MISSION CONDITIONS

Type:	Ground
Scale:	Tactical
Location:	Pavonis Mons, Mars
Weather:	Dust storm
Time of Day:	Night

◆ MISSION OBJECTIVES

The Free Republic's primary objective is to cut a clear path for the heavy transports following them. They are thus less concerned with the exo-suits, which are low-powered, short-range units, and more intent on taking out the hover tanks and exo-armors. More Federation positions lie ahead, so at least four of the Hellwinds must remain in fighting condition and all of the Abdiels and Defenders must be disabled or destroyed within twelve turns for the Republic to win; the following forces will be able to mop up the support-less Sabertooths.

The Federation defenders are madly radioing for help and orders, but such aid will be long in coming. If they can slow down the Republic vanguard enough so that reinforcements can be brought to bear, then this assault might fizzle before penetrating too deeply into Federation territory. All they have to do is shoot down all of the Republican tanks while still retaining at least two Abdiels or Defenders in fighting condition. No draws are possible. This is the Republic's last-ditch effort; if it fails, their nation is lost.

◆ FREE REPUBLIC FORCES



•	8 x Hellwind (Level 2)
•	24 x Sand Stalker (Level 2)
•	8 x Sand Stalker (Level 3)

Two platoons of Hellwinds with a full load of Sand Stalkers make up the Republican force. They set up within three hexes of the west side of the map. The tanks can drop their exo-suits at any time; if they drop them early, they will be too far off to be effective, but if they wait too long, they may be shot down, exo-suits and all. After dropping the suits, the Hellwind tanks regain their stealth profile, however, and become a significant aerial threat.

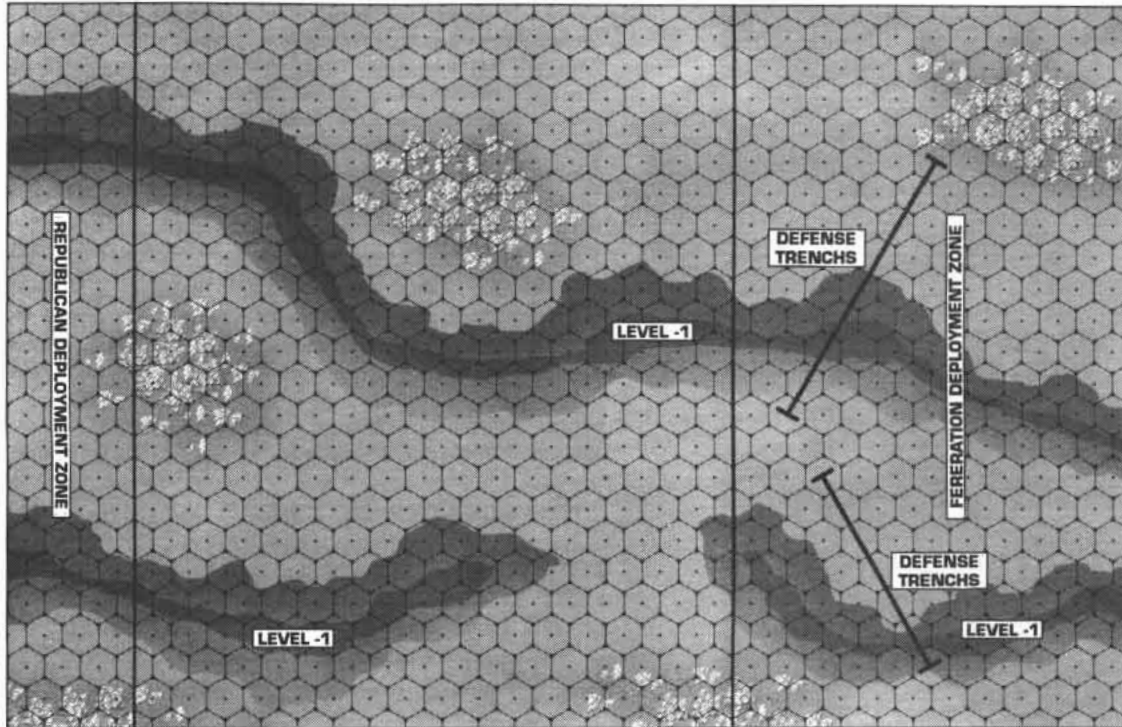
◆ FEDERATION FORCES



•	5 x Abdiel with one Kasper rack and one Arces rack each (Level 2)
•	5 x Defenders (Level 2)
•	10 x Sabertooth (Level 2)

The Federation defenders are made up of the 74th Sturmgruppen, the 23rd Panzergruppen and two grupen of Sabertooth exo-suits. They may start anywhere in the eastern third of the map, and may be in hull-down or concealed positions if desired. Visibility at night in the sandstorm is poor, so the target spotting capabilities of the Sabertooths will be of paramount importance.

MISSION MAP ◇



COMPLICATIONS AND VARIATIONS ▼

The following options can be used to add variety to the scenario and can be mixed and matched as desired. They may unbalance the fight in favor of one or the other side, however, and should thus be used only by experienced Players.

READY AND WAITING ◇

Republican intelligence is unusually faulty, and this section of the border is well protected against hostile incursions. The two trenches on the board are mined. Every turn a non-Federation unit spends in a hex located within one of the trenches, roll a die. On a 1-4, the unit is safe. On a 5, the unit suffers Light Damage. On a 6, the unit suffers Heavy Damage, and on anything higher, the unit is Overkilled and taken out. Add +1 to the die roll if the unit is moving at Top Speed, and another +1 if the unit has no sensors.

REICHSWACHTER TOGA PARTY ◇

Luck is just not with the Republicans today: the defenders, instead of being average line units as expected, are actually veteran Reichswachter units! All the Abdiel hover tanks and Defender exo-armors are piloted by Level 3 crews. Regardless of Hellwind losses, if the Republican forces can eliminate the Abdiels and Defenders against this kind of opposition, they deserve to claim victory.

DEUS EX MACHINA ◇

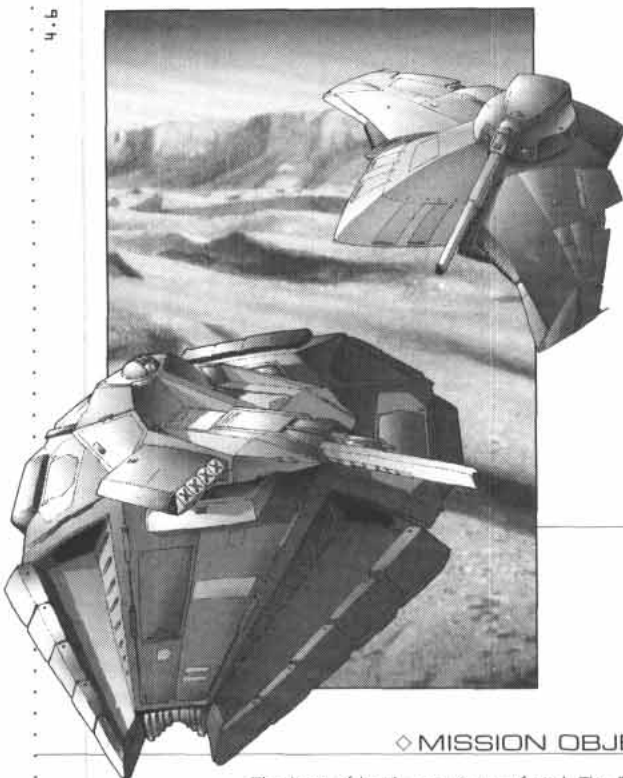
Help arrives from an unexpected direction! A Jovian unit has experienced "communication difficulties" and is dropping from orbit to help the Republican invasion. On the fourth turn, six Deliverers (Level 2) land at any point on the map. Although they will not fire unless fired upon, they may otherwise do anything to get in the Federation's way, including shooting down missiles, blocking LOS (by standing in the same hex as another unit and winning an opposed Piloting roll) and providing indirect fire coordinates. Should the Federation Player damage one of the Deliverers by accident or incident, so much the better for the Republicans.

With this help, the Republicans must retain at least six tanks to win.

4.5.1

end of section 4.5 cornered animals

4.6



► ANGELS AND MINISTERS OF GRACE

The assault on Kurtzenheim had gone off even better than planned. Against all odds, the Free Republic Rangers now had a tenuous but well-defended supply line from their border to Kurtzenheim, and were putting heavy pressure on the city's unprepared defenders. Communiques from HQ reported that the CEGA and Jovian fleets were fighting in the space above Mars, and that units from both fleets were taking the fight into the atmosphere. Republican joy at seeing Jovian Deliverers dropping onto Kurtzenheim turned to horror as CEGA Cerberuses landed behind the Free Republic positions, sandwiching them between Kurtzenheim and the CEGA forces. Things only got worse when nervous gunners began firing on everything in sight, turning the fight into a free-for-all.

The Republic units were forced to move out of the safety of their emplacements and attempt to avoid the CEGA forces without being shot down by Federation fire from the opposite direction. The Jovians did their best to assist the Republican battle line, but after hours of running combat, the battle settled back into an entrenched siege, with the Republic and Jovians on one side, and the Federation and CEGA on the other.

▣ MISSION CONDITIONS

Type:	Ground
Scale:	Tactical
Location:	Outskirts of Kurtzenheim, Syria Planum, Mars
Weather:	Clear
Time of Day:	Day

◇ MISSION OBJECTIVES

The lines of battle are very confused. The Republic units have been ousted from their emplacements and must try to eliminate or drive off the CEGA units so that they can regain their positions. The Jovians want out of the Federation fire zone; their main objective is to eliminate the CEGA forces. The Federation wants only to eliminate or drive off the Jovians and Republicans. The CEGA detachment wishes to find a safe shelter from which they can perform their mission to eliminate the Jovians. For the moment, that place seems to be alongside the Federation defenders of Kurtzenheim.

The Jovian/Republic Player achieves victory if any of the following conditions are met: nine vehicles (any combination of Hellwind or Deliverer) occupy hull-down positions for three consecutive turns — the first turn does not count toward this number; all Cerberuses are destroyed; any combination of enemy vehicles adding up to 13 is destroyed.

The Federation/CEGA Player achieves victory if all of the following conditions are met: at least four Deliverers destroyed; at least six Hellwinds destroyed or forced to leave emplacements; at least five Cerberuses occupy any space behind the rearmost Federation unit for three consecutive turns, the last of which must be the final turn of the scenario.

Note that draws are possible if both sides fulfill their objectives.

◇ JOVIAN/REPUBLIC



•	8 x Hellwind (Level 2)
•	8 x Deliverer (Level 2)
•	12 x Sand Stalker Hellwind-mount version (Level 2)

The Hellwinds start anywhere on the western half of the map. The Deliverers start anywhere within three hexes of the east edge of the map. The Sand Stalkers may start anywhere on the western half of the map, including being mounted on Hellwinds.

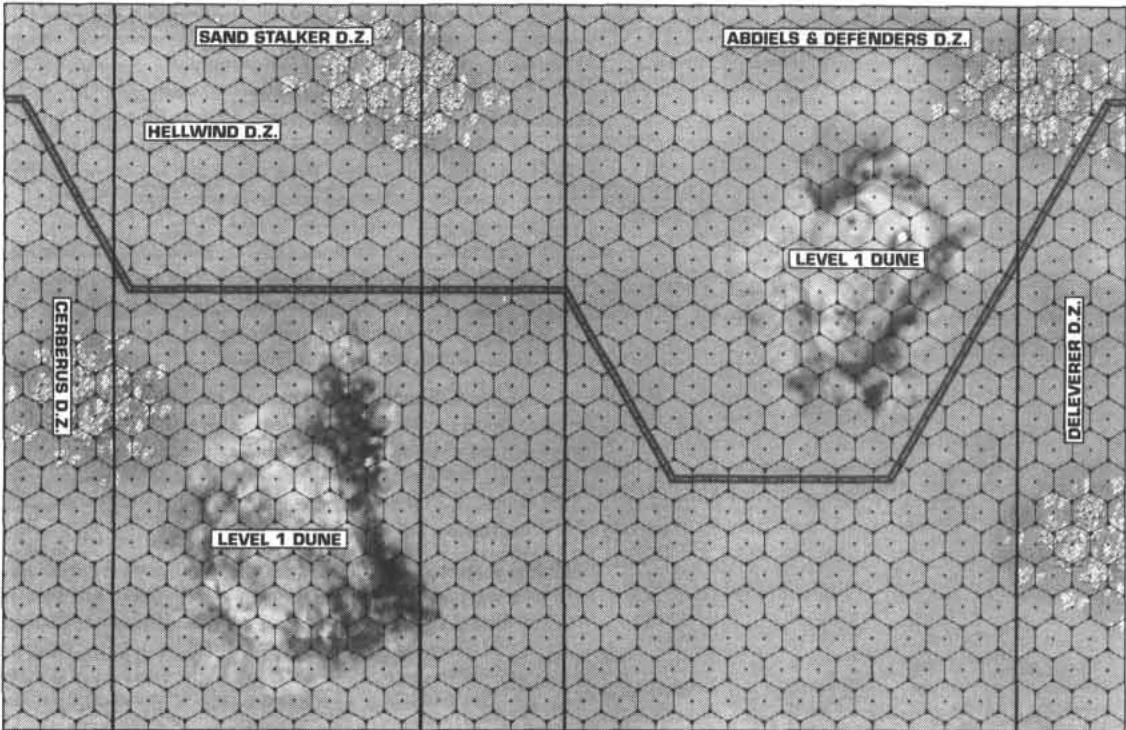
◇ CEGA/FEDERATION



•	12 x Abdiel (Level 2)
•	4 x Defender (Level 2)
•	10 x Cerberus (Level 2)

The Abdiels and Defenders start anywhere on the eastern half of the map. The Cerberuses start anywhere within three hexes of the west edge of the map.

MISSION MAP ◇



COMPLICATIONS AND VARIATIONS ▼

The following options can be used to add variety to the scenario and can be mixed and matched as desired. They may unbalance the fight in favor of one or the other side, however, and should thus be used only by experimented Players.

FREE-FOR-ALL ◇

Best played as a four-way battle, this variation assumes that the four different national forces have no particular predilections aside from their primary objective. Thus, the Jovians and CEGA will concentrate on each other to the exclusion of all else, and likewise with the Republic and Federation. Any unit may fire on any other, but runs the risk of drawing return fire from an otherwise disinterested military. The objectives are as follows:

Republic:	Destroy all Abdiels
Federation:	Destroy all Hellwinds
Jovian:	Destroy all CEGA forces
CEGA:	Destroy all Jovian forces

RETTU NOISUFNOC ◇

As the battle begins, a Federation bomber flight breaks through the Republic air screen and seeds the battlefield with mines. The mines recognize IFF codes, and so will not detonate against the Abdiels or Defenders. Every other unit (including CEGA units!) on the board must roll a die at the end of its movement every turn (this includes jumping and NOE flying, but not regular flight), and apply results as described below. The Federation side gets only six Abdiels.

MINE EFFECT TABLE □

Situation	Die Modifier	Die Roll	Result
1-2 hexes moved	+0	1	Mine doesn't detonate
3-4 hexes moved	+1	2-6	no effect
5-6 hexes moved	+2	7	Light Damage
7+ hexes moved	+3	8-9	Heavy Damage
Sensors damaged	+2	10+	Overkill

4.6.1

end of section 3.6 angels and ministers of grace



► ENDING: EXILE FROM HEAVEN

The final stages of the Battle of Kurtzenheim saw almost an even match between Jovian and CEGA forces. Low on fuel and ammunition, and unable to resupply from their disabled carriers, the JAF exo-armors had lost much of their technological edge, and were now easy targets for roving squadrons of Syreens, Furies and Wyverns. After the first big exchange of exo-armor strikes, the fleets split up into smaller groups and began to jockey for position around Mars. There was no real line of engagement; the three-dimensional arena and quickly moving elements resulted in a semi-organized melee surrounding the Red Planet. It was at this point that an elite CEGA assault force stumbled upon the Jovian flagship, the *JSS Gilgamesh*, accompanied by a heavy escort. One lightning strike later, the gigantic battleship had broken formation, its bridge destroyed. The attacking CEGA exos ignored the *Gilgamesh* and returned to attack its escort; the Jovian escort exo-armors followed.

The last moments aboard the *Gilgamesh* are still a matter of debate and confusion. Some say that the pilot was a Principii or STRIKE agent. Others believe that the resulting disaster was purely an accident, with no human fault involved. Other theories involve incorrectly given or received computer commands, a secret Martian Republic plot and multiple combinations of the above.

Regardless of cause, the effect was the same. The *Gilgamesh* turned both its engines and particle defense shield to maximum power and barreled forward at prodigious speed down through Mars' atmosphere, heedless of the few feeble attempts made to stop it. Even accounting for the mass lost through reentry damage, the half-melted hulk that hit Syria Planum at nearly 12 kps still had more than enough kinetic energy to turn the surrounding five kilometer radius into a crater and cause an explosion equivalent to thousands of nuclear detonations. Kurtzenheim was washed away by a burning shockwave that crossed the desert like a fiery wave of fire. The death toll was horrendous: the city and the surrounding area was home to some six millions people.

All fighting in space died out as people from every nation watched the event in horror. Five minutes after the detonation, a Federation Oberst, Amara Azura, quietly declared over all public channels that, in the absence of any other leader, she would take command of the Federation. She then requested that, with the cessation of hostilities, both fleets leave Martian space immediately and make their way home by whatever means available to them. There were no arguments.

A cease-fire was declared, both Martian nations having had enough of cataclysms, whatever the source. The CEGA and Jovian fleets gathered their battered exo-armors and fighters and limped away from Mars, having outstayed their welcome. Thus ended the Battle of Kurtzenheim, with the price of war paid not by the combatants, but those least involved, and most innocent.

* * *

The Centennial Celebration, like the *Gilgamesh*, has a momentum beyond the control of mere mortals. The fireworks will go off as scheduled, the air shows and celebrity appearances are unchanged, and an entire nation will go through the motions of festivity. This, though the Confederation is still at war. Both fleets have collected their wounded and dead, and started for home.

On Mars itself, military forces are holding their positions, idle but wary, as formal peace negotiations begin. How those will turn out is anybody's guess, although many observers are grimly certain that every Martian has had his or her fill of armed conflict. Two catastrophic hammer blows from space within a few years' timespan are more than enough for any nation's lifetime, and certainly any man's.

▷ EXILE FROM HEAVEN CONTINUED

Although both CEGA and the Jovian Confederation are mobilizing their armies and preparing for the worst, neither nation is making any aggressive movement. Jovian vessels are taking pains to avoid CEGA ships and vice versa. Both nations have delivered expulsion notices to ambassadors from the opposing nation, but have also agreed to allow the situation to be discussed and mediated in the USN chambers. Apparently, the results of the Battle of Kurtzenheim were contrary to both nations' expectations, and they are taking a voluntary step back to consider their options and the wisdom of their path before crossing the Rubicon.

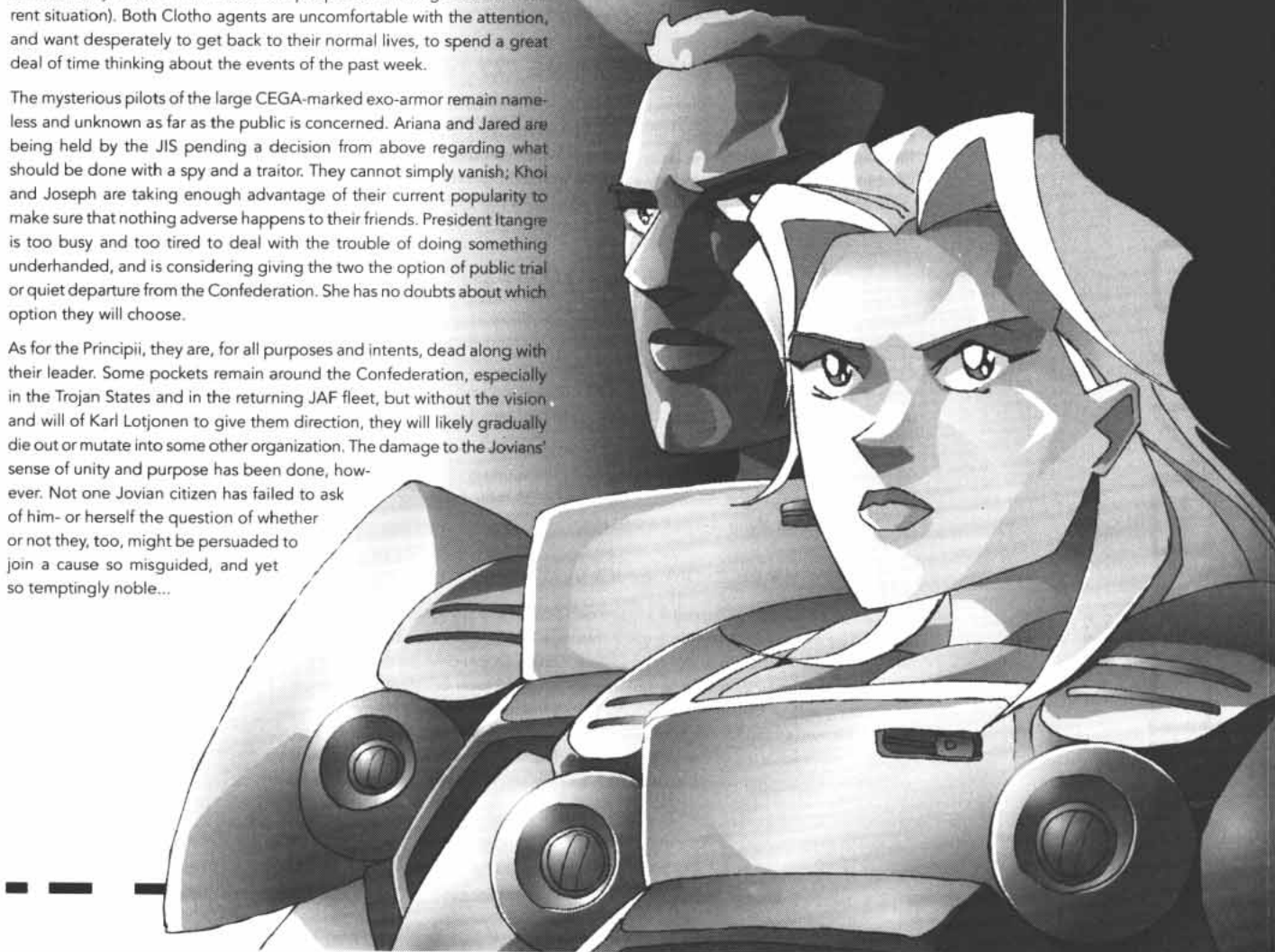
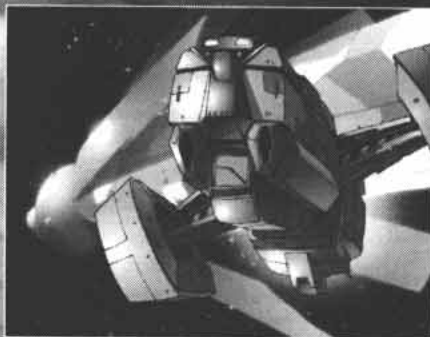
In the Confederation, things have quieted down quickly. The debris from the two exo-armors was quickly carted off by Jovian Armor Works personnel, and the ruins of Lotjonen's home and the Leviathan have been surrounded with a police barrier and otherwise left as is. Ignatius Chang, declared persona non grata, has canceled the remainder of his trip around Olympus and is heading home. He is used to being attacked by exo-armors and commandos, so he is less bothered by that incident than he is by the combination of fear and anger that seems to rule President Itangre's recent actions.

For her part, Itangre is beginning to regret her underestimation of Chang and her hastily made decisions. She is an excellent peacetime administrator, but both she and her nation know that she has never guided her people through something so stressful and heart-wrenching as a war.

Two of the people caught up in the events surrounding Lotjonen's plot, Khoi Schlichting and Joseph Zahid, have been cleared of all charges and are being hailed as public heroes, in a series of ceremonies disturbingly similar to the now-almost-forgotten feting of the Odyssey heroes in 2210 (one can only wonder what those four people are thinking about the current situation). Both Clotho agents are uncomfortable with the attention, and want desperately to get back to their normal lives, to spend a great deal of time thinking about the events of the past week.

The mysterious pilots of the large CEGA-marked exo-armor remain nameless and unknown as far as the public is concerned. Ariana and Jared are being held by the JIS pending a decision from above regarding what should be done with a spy and a traitor. They cannot simply vanish; Khoi and Joseph are taking enough advantage of their current popularity to make sure that nothing adverse happens to their friends. President Itangre is too busy and too tired to deal with the trouble of doing something underhanded, and is considering giving the two the option of public trial or quiet departure from the Confederation. She has no doubts about which option they will choose.

As for the Principii, they are, for all purposes and intents, dead along with their leader. Some pockets remain around the Confederation, especially in the Trojan States and in the returning JAF fleet, but without the vision and will of Karl Lotjonen to give them direction, they will likely gradually die out or mutate into some other organization. The damage to the Jovians' sense of unity and purpose has been done, however. Not one Jovian citizen has failed to ask of him- or herself the question of whether or not they, too, might be persuaded to join a cause so misguided, and yet so temptingly noble...



4.8



Following this page are adventure seeds for use either as sequel or supplementary material to the main adventure. Some are open to characters who have just finished with the main adventure, while others are simply background ideas for playing groups which avoided the main adventure. Following the adventure seeds is a sample campaign concept based around a team of Joshua's Hounds ESWAT troops, which can be used with or without **Chaos Principle**.

4.8.1

A character, through no fault of his or her own, becomes the subject of an intense JIS investigation after being tagged as a potential Principii contact or member by an inaccurate (or perhaps not so inaccurate, depending on the PC in question) JIS analyst. The procedure is both annoying and embarrassing; the PC is forbidden to leave his or her home station, and every personal detail and dalliance will be thoroughly explored by impersonal JIS investigators. Friends and family must remain silent and aloof, or risk similar attention, thus testing the bonds of many a relationship. Also, in the true spirit of a witch hunt, the Player will be faced with a moral dilemma, namely the possibility of directing attention away from oneself by providing names and information about other, better targets.

4.8.2

There are few things more frightening than discovering secrets about a loved one's life. A PC who seems to be overly detached from the moral conflict of the Principii can be dumped facefirst into the dilemma via the sudden realization that a lover, spouse or family member is involved in some fashion with the underground group. In addition to the obvious problem of needing to turn in a loved one while dealing with feelings of betrayal and mistrust, the Player will also have to worry about his or her other friends and family; if one so close can keep such secrets, then no relationship is secure. This is also a classic setting for good dramatic roleplaying.

W. A. F.

Public sentiment against the Principii is understandably strong, especially among JAF personnel and families, many of whom blame the Principii for sparking the battle over Mars that cost so many lives. Family members and friends of captured Principii will be the recipients of unpleasant stares in public, cold shoulders from many acquaintances and possibly even hate mail. In the weeks following the Battle of Kurtzenheim, it is dangerous for one to even mention in passing one's sympathy for the Principii's cause; in such an atmosphere, there is no such thing as freedom of speech.

This public anger also applies to Earth and Mars, too, where anybody with Jovian connections is now regarded with increasing suspicion. There is often little to be done by the subjects of such revilement except wait for common sense to prevail. A common literary "escape," though, is the use of a common disaster or trial (such as a fire or hull breach) to bring individuals back into the trust of the community.

11

Characters who are far removed from Joshua's Station and the larger Jovian metropolises may still find themselves deeply affected by the tragedy of the Principii. A message from a family member may arrive one day, bearing a long and persuasive entreaty to the PC to join in the fight against CEGA. Depending on the character's disposition, the level of participation requested may vary, from simply "holding on" to a package or information disc for a certain amount of time to actually committing acts of theft or sabotage. As an extreme end, the family member in question may show up in person, hunted and on the run, asking for sanctuary. Even if the Player has managed to hear little to nothing of the Principii or the Battle of Kurtzenheim, such a missive or visit will be an adequate measure by which to draw them into the maelstrom of solar system politics. This is a good way to draw in such archetypes as long-haul traders or explorers.

ADVENTURE SEED: EASTER EGG ▼

Now that the smoke has died down, Umbra Station is ready to be cleaned out. People from everywhere are converging on the asteroid, causing endless headaches for the JAF patrols and guards. Among pirate and salvager circles, rumors abound of hidden caches of technological treasures. Even in the JIS, the possibility that some of the sealed-off mining caves were used for storage of contraband cannot be ruled out.

If the Players are operatives of the Jovian government, their objective will be to secure the asteroid from interlopers and explore the station and mines in detail. Discretion will be necessary; while some intruders will likely be armed and dangerous, others may simply be eccentric prospectors or news crews undeserving of more than a friendly warning. A botched interdiction in the current paranoid atmosphere of the Confederation is a public relations disaster waiting to happen. Station explorers must be wary and methodical. Booby traps are likely in both the habitat ring and the hangars (where the three Inari-class ships should still reside), and the sealed-off caves are vast and shrouded in total darkness.

The Principii have left a great deal of interesting paraphernalia behind. Besides the heavily modified cargo ships, the hangars are also a repository for a large store of exo-armor and exo-suit parts, weapons and maintenance equipment. The habitat ring contains the personal effects of many Principii, many of which may offer clues as to the whereabouts and identities of other fugitives. The ring's computers are also a storehouse of classified JIS and JAF information compiled by Lotjonen and Faneuil.

Sources of conflict are many and varied. Of perhaps most interest, though, would be a microgravity encounter with armed opposition in the depths of one of the sealed-off mining shafts. Taking place in absolute darkness inside a vast chamber littered with random debris, the fight would be unfamiliar for everyone involved and an excellent opportunity for some creative tactical thinking.

ELEMENTS □

Suggested Player Characters:

JAF soldiers, JIS agents, salvage crew

Location:

Umbra Station

Non-Player Characters:

JIS, JAF, salvage crews, treasure hunters, pirates

ADVENTURE SEED: THE LONG TRIP HOME ▼

The Battle of Kurtzenheim may be over, but the Jovian fleet still has to make its way home over the next several months. With many ships damaged or crippled, the fleet moves slowly and in a long, strung-out formation. The physical state of the fleet is less important, though, than the mental state of its crews. Unlike most other trips between the inner solar system and the Confederation, this one is a withdrawal from battle.

The Players are crew aboard a Jovian vessel, preferably a small one (a Thunderbolt or Javelin perhaps). Regardless of training or upbringing, being cooped up in a tiny ship for a three-month haul is downright boring. Tensions will rise, fights will break out, and people will have to be disciplined. Officer PCs will have to deal with a rebellious crew that is still keyed up from the recent battle (the first major naval action most of them have ever seen), while enlisted Players must decide whether to give in to their frustrations or quietly weather the journey.

An added complication to the Players' cabin fever woes is the damage to the ship itself. Few Jovian warships escaped the Battle of Kurtzenheim unscathed; this one should be no exception. While the ship should still be spaceworthy, the GM should be able to come up with many damage-related annoyances with which to plague the Players, from flickering lights to sewage-reclamation errors.

This adventure should be played as a slow interlude or epilogue to some fast-paced action. If combat (or conflict) is absolutely required, one of the minor technical difficulties could balloon into a life-threatening situation, requiring the ship to fall behind or change course, at which point the crippled vessel becomes fair game for brave pirates or angry (and disobedient) CEGA patrols.

Example: the *Arachnae*, a Javelin-class cruiser, took several particle-beam hits, resulting in all manner of electrical problems. Efforts to repair the ship force the ship to cut thrust for some time. During this time, an opportunistic flight of Wyverns piloted by disgruntled CEGA officers decides to have a little fun with the enemy, way out where nobody will see.

ELEMENTS □

Suggested Player Characters:

JAF ship crew

Location:

space between Mars and Jupiter

Non-Player Characters:

JAF personnel



▼ ADVENTURE SEED: OLD BONDS, NEW WOUNDS

Caedmus Station is a Valhalla-class station (see **JC Mechanical Catalog**, page 44) designed to serve as a semi-neutral refueling and repair stop for vessels of all nations. Caedmus' current administrator, Elliott Trevelyan, is a fifty-standard-year-old former Free Republic Ranger who gave up an officer's posting for a job at Caedmus' parent company. He is a competent and well-liked administrator, and has responded calmly to the Battle of Kurtzenheim raging outside by shutting down all business activity and closing the station's doors to all comers.

The Player Characters are employees assigned to the station in various capacities. As long as the situation remains internal to the station, political and national differences between the Player characters should be given little chance to flare up; rather, the Players should be kept busy moving station personnel to shelter areas, shutting down repair bays, monitoring news reports, etc.

Some twenty hours into the self-imposed quarantine, a distress signal is received from a Republic Navy corvette, the *Saxena*. The ship is damaged and is requesting shelter. A Federation fighter flight contacts Caedmus, ordering the station to refuse entry to the *Saxena*. Trevelyan will, after a few moments of hesitation, give the shocking command to allow the ship to dock! The *Saxena* will arrive in seven minutes, with the Federation fighters another five minutes behind. The GM should set up a timer and inform the Players that time is running out.

Upon inquiry, it turns out the *Saxena* is Trevelyan's old assignment, and its crew his former comrades. Trevelyan is thus understandably torn between placing the station and crew under his command at risk, or watching his old friends be shot down. It is now up to the Players to decide whether to help the *Saxena* or let it sink for the greater good. Although the Federation fighters will not intentionally fire on the station, they will chase the *Saxena* wherever it goes. Reinforcements for either side may turn up, possibly resulting in a heavy-firepower firefight right next to the unarmed and unarmored station.

ELEMENTS

Suggested Player Characters:

Martian citizens (either nation)

Location:

Caedmus Station, high Mars orbit

Non-Player Characters:

▼ ADVENTURE SEED: GHOST SHIP

After decades of being presumed lost, ore barge 3319-alpha has arrived at Olympus. Launched in 2160 with a cargo of millions of tons of mined ore from Newhome, the barge ceased telemetry contact in 2172 while in the middle of an unscheduled thruster burn. Now, after drifting silently for forty-odd years, it has reached its destination.

The Players are either civilian salvage operators who stumble on the vast barge or a part of a combined military-civilian expedition launched from Olympus. Their mission is to board the control module, figure out what went wrong all those years ago, and fix it if possible. The control module is a modified Mule-class freighter that is docked atop the huge cargo and drive sections.

The problem turns out to be a *seriously* malfunctioning computer. Autonomous navigating/piloting computers such as the one controlling the barge are generally not prone to failure — unless someone has played a sick joke. This particular computer runs all aspects of the control module, from life support to cleaning robots, and is determined to protect itself and its cargo from the "pirates" that are obviously attempting to hijack it. The Players' first hint of the situation will occur when the barge's PDS system fires on them, forcing them to dock somewhere on the cargo section out of line-of-sight and spacewalk to the module.

The Players will be hounded at every step by suddenly closing doors, airlock blowouts and suit-breaching attempts by power-tool-equipped maintenance robots. In order to deactivate the computer, the Players must make their way to the control module's bridge and either cut all communications/power lines from the bridge or physically destroy the computer core. Only after that can one of the backups be brought on-line and the barge steered home. Of course, the backup computers might also be malfunctioning, too...

Once the Players are home, they may have thoughts of revenge. Any effort to track down the person responsible for the computer's malfunction will fail; the culprit has been dead of old age for years.

ELEMENTS

Suggested Player Characters:

Jovian military or civilian salvage operators

Location:

1 million km from Olympus

Non-Player Characters:

Pirates, Nomads

SAMPLE CAMPAIGN: JSPD BLUE ◀

Life as a member of the Joshua's Station ESWAT Unit can be quite exciting for those who can handle the duty. ESWAT troopers aren't just assault cops who get called in on special ops; they're also patrol officers, using their glider-equipped exo-suits to survey the colony's airspace. Due to their proximity to many crimes-in-progress, ESWAT troopers are also required to gain familiarity with investigation and paramedic skills. In short, being in ESWAT is like being four cops in one.

The Players are part of an ESWAT team, consisting of several exo-suits and troopers, and a base/armory/office located near the axis of the cylinder. Their exos are military-grade Deckers (see page 100) with a wide variety of both nonlethal and very lethal weaponry options. A good mix of investigative and combat skills should be present in the group; some if not most of their work will have absolutely nothing to do with automatic weapons fire.

An ESWAT campaign is a good way for Players to get to play with some heavy hardware without having to spend a lot of time cooped up on a warship as part of the military. Police work is also probably more familiar to the Players than military training, due to the huge number of cop shows that have aired in the past few years.

A vast number of personal relationships and interactions are possible, since the Players can and should come into contact with everyone from dignitaries staying in the Parnassus Hotel to flesh-traders skulking in the deepest recesses of the Cluster. In fact, the stresses and multiple requirements of the job will take a heavy toll on the lives and relationship of the people in the unit, leading to many interesting subplots about duty, friendship and maybe even love and its consequences.



STARTING POINT: NOT YOUR USUAL CONTRABAND ▼

The Players have just finished their ESWAT orientation training. "Headhunted" from various other departments as the "best of the best," they are now introduced to each other and must begin to develop a good working relationship. Their base commander is understandably strict and quick to make corrections, allowing the Players a chance to learn the ropes. Unfortunately, the Players are thrust into service a bit before they are ready as a result of a call for every available unit to scour the station for a most frightening piece of cargo: a small nuclear weapon!

The bomb was smuggled aboard the station by a mercenary group looking to sell the device for a quick buck. They have taken precautions; the bomb is split into two components, one of which is safely aboard their ship. The mercs plan to sell one half of the weapon here, then deliver the other half to a prearranged location, where the new owner can do whatever he likes with it. Typically efficient port officials have found the half of the bomb that is on the mercs' ship, but there is still a large crate of plutonium running around the station.

The Players will have to call on whatever contacts they have available in order to track down the merc group, which has by now managed to get rid of the hot item in exchange for a brand new ship and an escort out of the station. The mercs will run for the port facilities, where alert PCs might be able to intercept them. Meanwhile, the new owner of the plutonium will be looking for a second buyer, beginning a trail of quick sales that will only grow colder the longer the PCs take.

POSSIBLE CAMPAIGN VARIATIONS ◻

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | One of the base personnel is a security leak; every emergency deployment seems to be a few seconds too late. |
| 2 | A friend or loved one of one of the PCs is kidnapped and held in exchange for the ESWAT's "good behavior." |
| 3 | An accidental fire knocks out the unit's exo-suits. Until replacements are delivered, they'll have to parachute down to their missions. |
| 4 | The team is invited by JAW to participate in exercises against its new prototype exo-suit. Murphy's Law applies. |
| 5 | An audacious attack on the team's HQ coincides with a guided tour for a group of schoolchildren. |
| 6 | A political conflict between the team and its higher-ups results in massive delays in equipment and supply deliveries. Until the petty squabble is resolved, ammunition, repair parts and on-station food will be at a premium. |

SUGGESTED PLAYER CHARACTERS ◻

- | | |
|---|---|
| • | ESWAT Trooper, Detective, Paramedic, Aircraft Pilot |
|---|---|

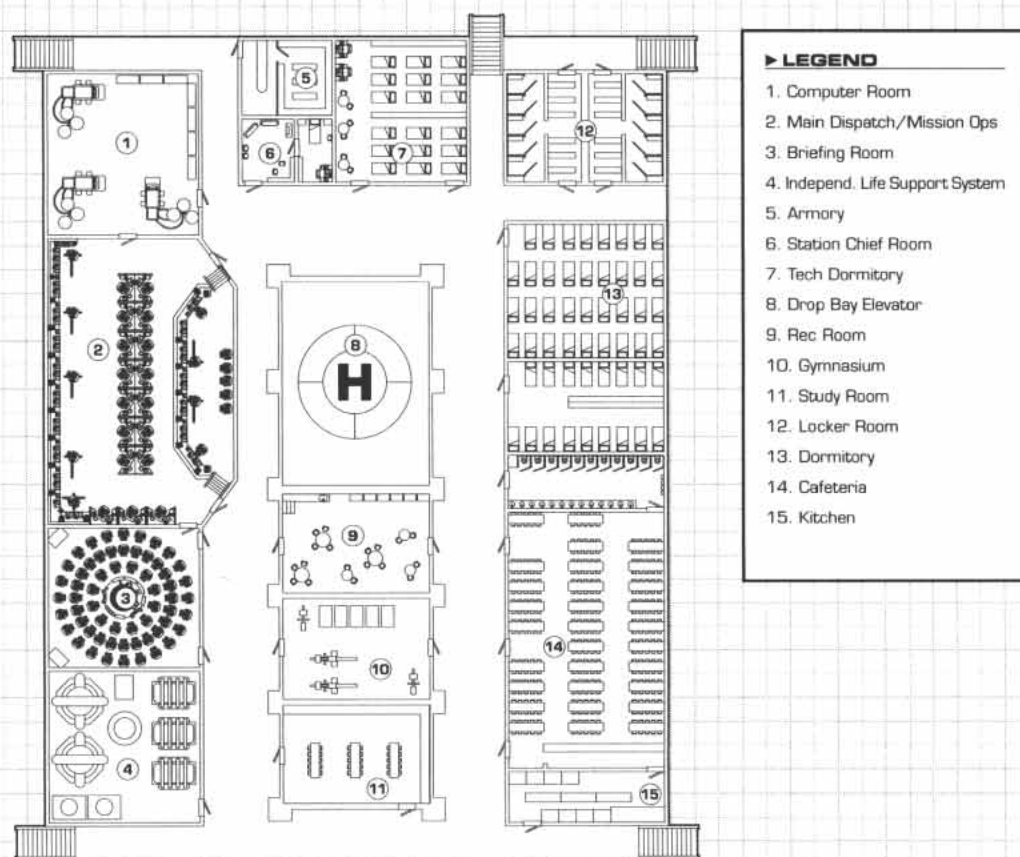
▼ SAMPLE ESWAT DROP BAY

Drop Bay 7 is the largest ESWAT post found along the axis of Joshua's Station. Modular and self contained, the station is one of twelve suspended from the axis twenty meters "below" the main tubes of the primary axis transport tubes. Drop Bay 7 is larger than the others because it is linked to one of the two colony garrison drop bays (see facing page), but it features the same facilities as its smaller brethren.

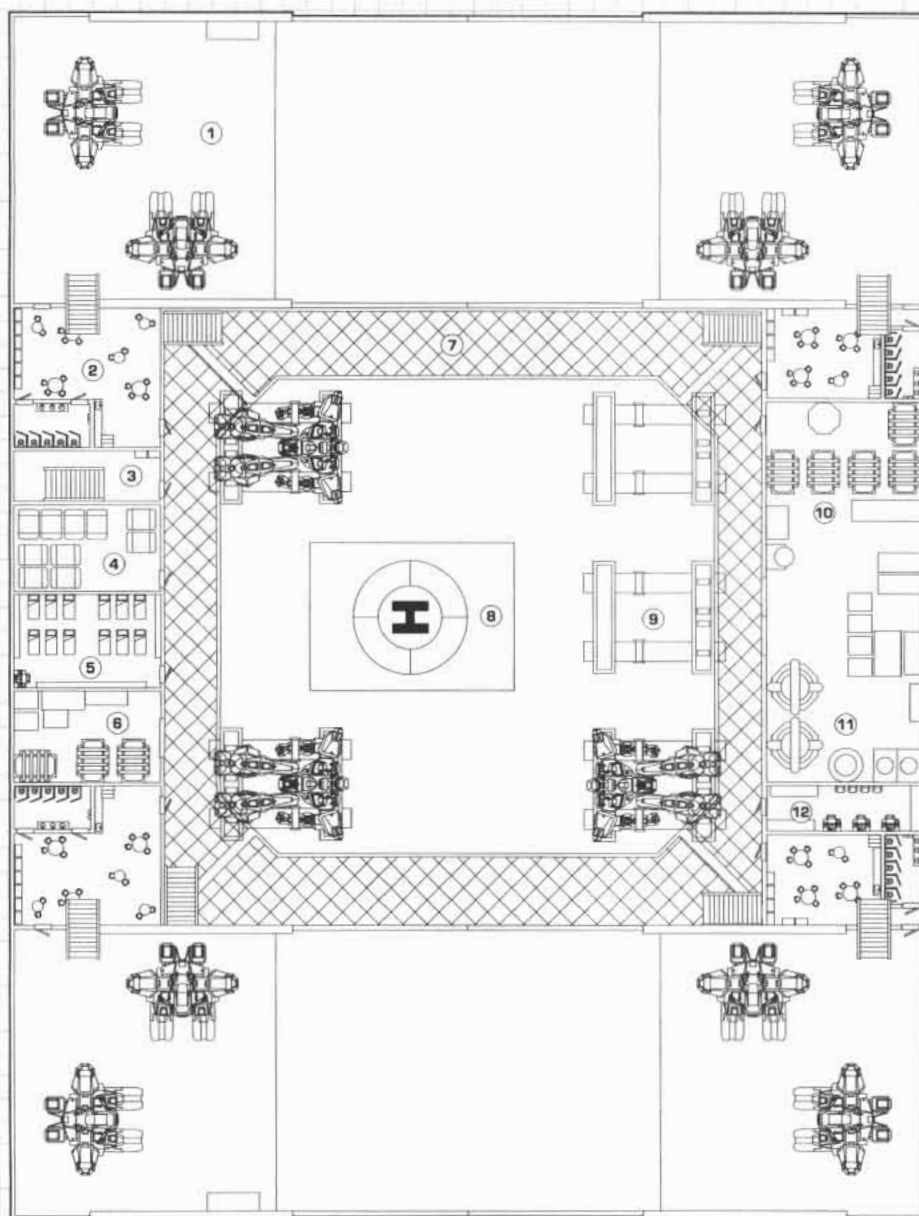
Apparent gravity is very slight, requiring wide hallways and a great deal of exercise on the part of the personnel. Shifts in the drop bay typically last for a week (24 hours on, 24 off), followed by a week or more of duty on the "ground" under more normal gravity conditions. Access to the bay is achieved either via one of five stairwells from the axis or (in special circumstances) airlift on a VTOL. A standard complement of drop bay personnel will consist of ESWAT troopers and technicians. Four to eight ESWAT troopers occupy the smaller stations at all times, four times as more in a large one like Drop Bay 7. When not actually on a mission, troopers are expected to assist in the daily operation of the bay.

Most stations will have one or two technicians on duty at any given time, performing various duties vital to the regular operation of the drop bay. In addition to maintaining the bay's complement of exo-suits, the techs service the bay itself; they also answer calls, monitor communications and deal with computer-related issues. Support personnel (not assigned to a particular drop bay) include the Station Chief, the Protocol Officers, the Maintenance Chief and the Support Pilots. The Station Chief is the administrator responsible for coordinating dispatches, planning operations and overseeing the entire operation of the twelve ESWAT bays. This individual has offices in both main JSPD headquarters in areas Alpha 1 and Alpha 12. Protocol Officers are glorified secretaries saddled with keeping track of reports, complaints supply orders and other paperwork. These positions are often filled groundside and are seldom actually needed aboard the bays. The Maintenance Chief is in charge of technical matters in all twelve drop bays; he nominally operates from an office at headquarters. Most of this individual's time, however, is spent cycling through the drop bays on "house calls," helping and advising each in turn. Flying the Griffin VTOLs out of police air depots in Alpha 1, Alpha 12 and Delta 6, the support pilots work in overlapping shifts such that one is on standby at all times. During missions, the six-passenger VTOLs are used as airborne command posts and rescue/evacuation vehicles.

● DROP BAY 7 FLOOR PLAN



COLONY GARRISON FLOOR PLAN 1



► LEGEND

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Parking Area | 7. Access Walkway |
| 2. Pilots' Ready Room | 8. Drop Bay Elevator |
| 3. Access from Axis | 9. Mobile Repair Cradle |
| 4. Supplies | 10. Main Generators |
| 5. Dormitory | 11. Independent Life Support System |
| 6. Secondary Generators | 12. Office |



TRADING UP

"What do you mean by stupid?"

Jared sighed and studied the tarmac at his feet. He'd known Koslow would go ballistic. He'd tried, honestly given it his best, to find something he liked about the damn thing. He'd even asked the other test pilots to show him in person what the big deal was. It just wasn't there.

"I mean exactly what I said. It's a clod. It walks, moves and flies like a Remedial. Even the computer sounds like a halfwit."

"That's clarity! It's making sure you don't misinterpret it," Koslow groaned, banging his head against his fists.

"I'd prefer politeness. I can figure out English on my own." Jared was getting irritated. It was his job to give honest evaluations. If he thought the new machine needed some work, then he was paid for saying so. The point was moot anyway. The Deliverer was going to production, with or without his report. Koslow just had a fragile ego when it came to his baby.

"How can you be so dimwitted? *That*," Koslow pointed at the prototype, "is the greatest ground warfare machine ever created, and you have to focus your opinion on *personality*? Have you been getting too little oxygen in the cockpit? I won't deny it has weaknesses, but those are obviously overshadowed by its higher qualities."

Jared looked at his watch, realizing that he had somewhere important to be, someone he loved to try to visit. He stood there for a long time as Koslow blathered on, suddenly realizing where his loyalty to his job ended, and where a deeper responsibility took over. He'd never thought of it before. But then, he'd never had reason to doubt, either. Koslow was still yammering. Jared interrupted him.

"Okay, look, fine. Tell you what, Koslow. I like the guns, okay? Big, huge, fraggin' guns."

Koslow brightened visibly.

"Really?"

Determined to play nice, Jared waved his arm out over the arrayed weapons and waxed dramatic.

"Look at this spread. You're not a pilot, so you can't know what a great feeling it is, pulling a trigger over and over again. We may be civilized on the surface, but firepower gives humankind its heart. Faults aside, Koslow, that's my nice thing to say."

"Ha. I knew even you could find something good. The other pilots all thought it was perfection given form."

Jared was happy to see Koslow cheering up. There really wasn't any point in making the man miserable over an irrelevancy. A sharp nagging ache kept poking at his gut, though, reminding him of the first little step he'd just taken. He did his best to ignore it.

"I'm hard to please, Koslow. You know that. But it's got its good points, I suppose."

"Well, if that's what you really think -"

It isn't, thought Jared.

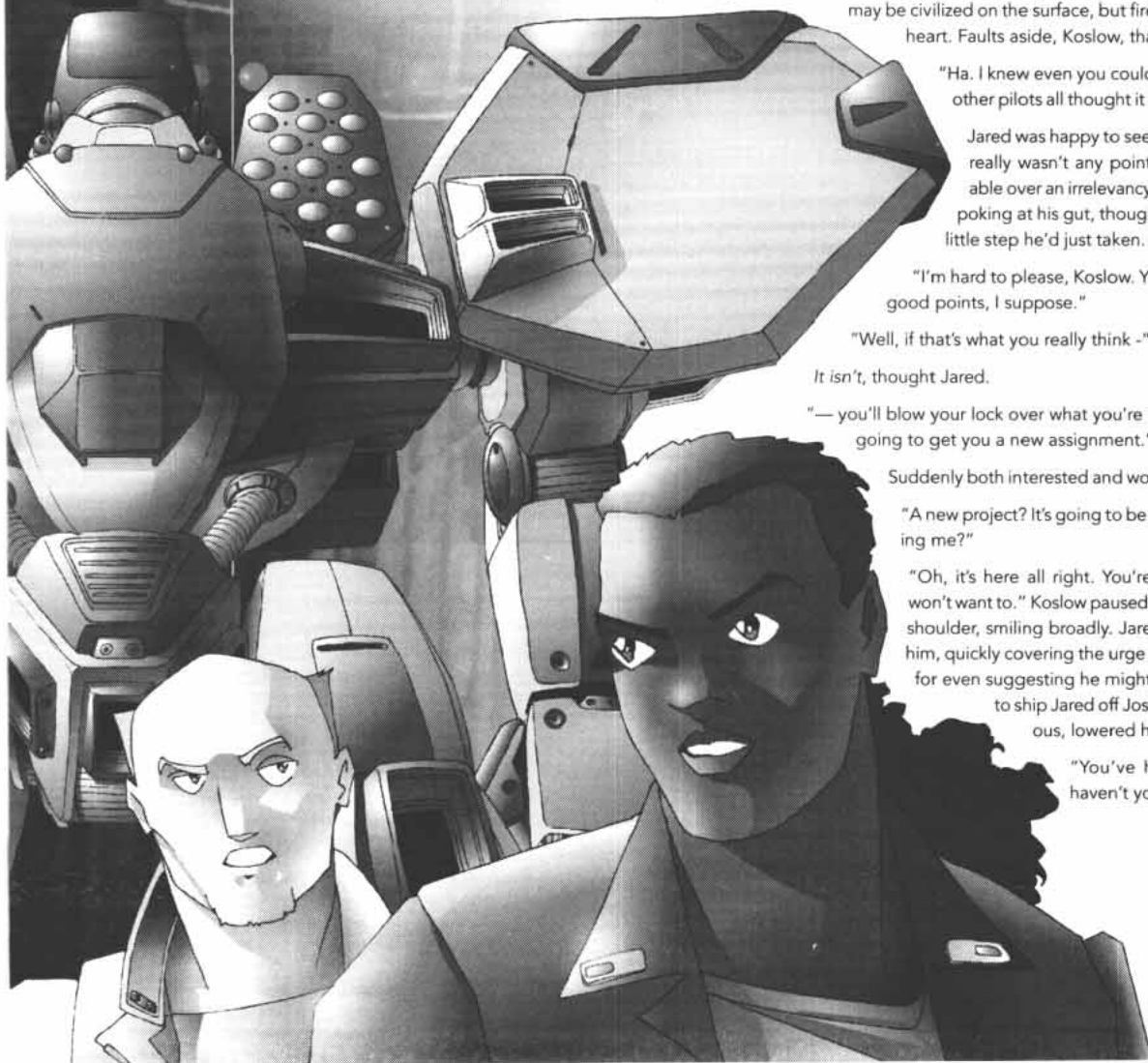
"— you'll blow your lock over what you're going to see tomorrow. I'm going to get you a new assignment."

Suddenly both interested and worried, Jared raised his head.

"A new project? It's going to be here, right? You're not moving me?"

"Oh, it's here all right. You're not going anywhere. You won't want to." Koslow paused, turned and grasped Jared's shoulder, smiling broadly. Jared felt relief course through him, quickly covering the urge to punch Koslow in the face for even suggesting he might have taken an opportunity to ship Jared off Joshua's Station. Koslow, oblivious, lowered his voice to a whisper.

"You've heard of the Prometheus, haven't you?"

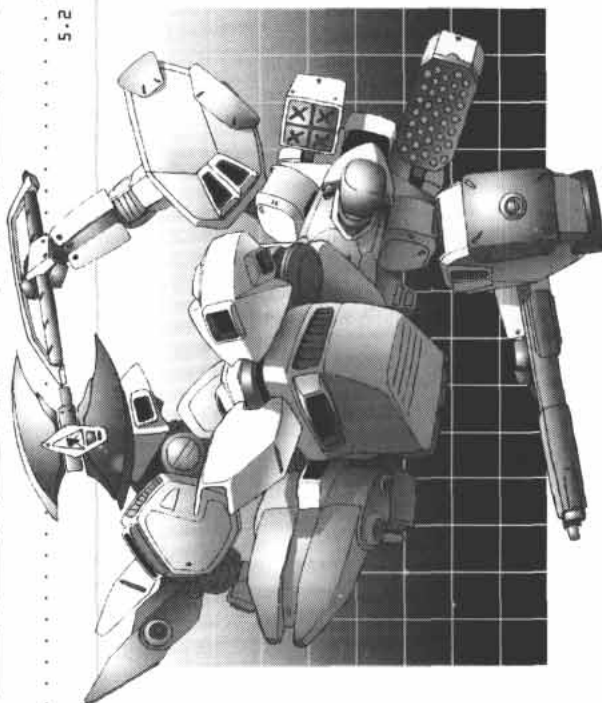


5.1

The devices and weapons introduced on these prototype machines have, in several cases, found their way onto recent new general-purpose and trooper designs produced by the two nations. For instance, CEGA's new CEA-12 Fury uses a scaled-down production version of the experimental Hecatonychires ACDLS system tested on the fourth Typhon prototype. Possible future technology transfers will no doubt occur with the Prometheus' experimentation with autonomous combat-capable drones and miniaturized weaponry.

The arrival of opposing fleets from CEGA and the Jovian Confederation over Mars provides an interesting arena for the observation of many new technologies and tactics in real action. From a purely technical perspective, there is much to be learned about the current state and probable future direction of warfare from the developments on and around Mars over the course of the Martian War.

► EAH-02 DELIVERER



Name:	Deliverer
Production Code:	EAH-02
Nation of Origin:	Jovian Confederation
Manufacturer:	Jovian Armor Works
Type:	Heavy Planetary Assault Exo-Armor
Role:	Commando, Assault, Orbital Assault
Control System:	Linear Frame
Height:	16.5 m
Width:	11.0 m
Empty Weight:	44.3 tons
Loaded Weight:	67.6 tons
Main Powerplant:	17 MW
Secondary Powerplant:	1970 KW
Main Thrusters:	2 x 35,500 kg, 4 x 18,000 kg
Apogee Motors:	20
Ground Speed:	120 kph
Acceleration:	2.0 g
Onboard Sensors:	Fire Control Radar, Infrared/Ultraviolet, Lidar, Low-light, Magnetometer; Microwaves, Motion Detectors, Radcounter, Telescope
Fixed Armament:	1 x JAW Heavy Railgun, Laser Cannon, 2 x PL3A Plasma Lances, 2 x 20 mm Vulcan
Additional Armament:	Grenades, Missiles, Rockets, Combat Axe
Defensive Systems:	Mag Screen, Anti-Missile System
Equipment:	Escape Pod, Shield

◇ OVERVIEW



Although the Vindicator is arguably the reigning prince of the spaceborne battlefield, several simulated trials on planetary ground conditions in 2210 displayed its gross inadequacy when faced with concealed infantry or high-speed hover vehicles. While most exo-armors are somewhat slow and unwieldy under gravity, the Vindicator was positively geriatric in its terrestrial movements, having an abysmal maximum ground speed of 24 kilometers per hour. Finding this flaw unacceptable, the JAF high command commissioned a new design based on the Vindicator chassis. JAW complied with startling speed, producing a prototype in November 2211 and beginning a limited production run in late 2212.

◇ CAPABILITIES

Dubbed the Deliverer, for its proposed role in the solar system's politics, the new exo-armor sacrifices a significant amount of thrust and maneuverability in space to mount a secondary motive system. Built into the machine's oversized legs, two pairs of powerful atmosphere-breathing thrusters use the Deliverer's fusion powerplant to provide long-term hovering and flight capabilities unavailable to previous exo-armor designs. It is this feature, along with the built-in one-shot reentry capability, that makes the Deliverer a highly effective planetary assault unit.

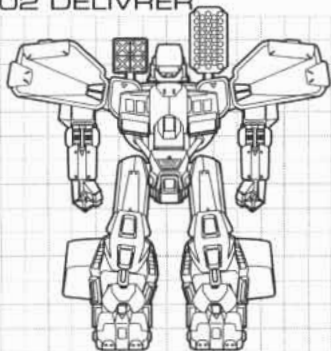
The Deliverer is extremely well armed, even for a heavy exo-armor. Its main weapons are a pair of Jovian standbys: a Jovian Optics 652A particle cannon and a JAW-11 railgun. The weapons are built into a fairly compact combination rifle pod in an over-under configuration. Normally held in the right hand, the particle cannon/railgun assembly can be clipped to the Deliverer's leg when not in use. Designed to permit pilots the option of extended close combat, the Deliverer's large axe has proven quite popular with pilots, who have unofficially (and somewhat morbidly) dubbed the device the "Jovian Mobile Surgery." Filling out the Deliverer's ground assault role is a variety of rockets and missiles, rounded out with a pair of head-mounted vulcan cannons, a concession to the increased danger of concealed infantry on the ground.

◇ SERVICE RECORD

The appearance of the Deliverer at the 2212 Jovian Technology Expo (as a full-size mockup with no internal systems) came as a nasty surprise to much of the inner solar system. Here was a vehicle whose purpose was unmistakable. In revealing the Deliverer's existence, the Jovians appeared to be sending a very clear message of warning to the rest of the solar system.

At present, there are only about two dozen Deliverers in service in the JAF, all of them assigned to Gamma Division. There, they are run through various exercises every few weeks, and otherwise kept in storage. Due to their purpose, though, the Deliverers are always ready to ship out at a moment's notice.

▼ EAH-02 DELIVERER



▼ PRODUCTION DATA

THREAT VALUE:	6000
OFFENSIVE:	10,000
DEFENSIVE:	1100
MISCELLANEOUS:	7400
COST:	16,000,000 credits
PRODUCTION TYPE:	Limited Production
INDV. LEMON DICE:	1

▼ CREW DATA

CREW:	1
ACTIONS:	2

▼ HULL DATA

SIZE:	14
DEFAULT SIZE:	19
STACKING SIZE:	14
ARMOR:	
LIGHT DAMAGE:	30
HEAVY DAMAGE:	60
OVERKILL:	90

▼ MOVEMENT DATA

MOVEMENT MODE	COMBAT SPEED	TOP SPEED	MANEUVER
WALKER:	3 (18 kph)	5 (36 kph)	-1
HOVER/FLIGHT:	2 (60 kph)	4 (120 kph)	-1 (Stall 0)
SPACE:	6 (0.6 g)	12 (1.2 g)	-1
DEPLOYMENT RANGE:	700 hrs	Fusion/Electric	
REACTION MASS:	400 BP	Hydrogen	

▼ ELECTRONICS DATA

SENSORS:	0/2 km
COMMUNICATIONS:	0/10 km
FIRE CONTROL:	0

▼ PERKS AND FLAWS

NAME	RATING	GAME EFFECT	AUX
Autopilot	-	Level 1 Pilot	Y
Backup Systems	1	Redundant Systems	
Computer	2	CRE +1, KNO +1, PP2, flexible	
Ejection System	-	Escape Pod	Y
HEP: Rad	3	Screen	
HEP: Desert, Extreme Cold, Vac	-	Sealed structure	
Life Support	-	Limited	Y
2 x Manipulator Arm	14	Can punch	
NDE Flyer	-	Can fly at Flight level 0	
Reinforced Crew Comp.	-	Absorbs first "Crew" hit	
Reinforced Armor Front	2	Heavy armor	
HEAT-Resistant Armor	4	Ceramite glazing	
Reentry System	-	Single use (deployable ballute)	Y
Target Designator	3	Designate targets for Guided weapons	Y
Large Sensor Profile	2	Large size	
Defect: Annoyance (Gun pod problems)	-	Particle cannon and railgun may not both be fired in the same turn	

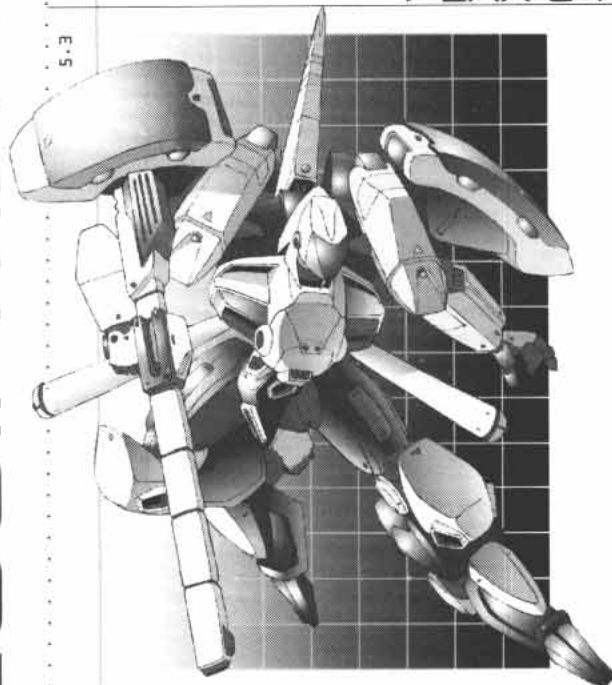
▼ WEAPONS

Qty	NAME	FIRE ARC	DM	BR	ACC	ROF	AMMO	SPECIAL	MS	WC	AC
1	Particle Cannon	F	x15	3	+1	0	inf.	AD1, Haywire, HEAT	9	3300	-
1	Railgun	F	x15	5	0	0	30c	AP	9	1800	210
4	Grenades	F	x15	1	0	0	-	SD, AED	4	90ea	-
1	Rocket Pod	F	x10	4	0	4	64	IF, Anti-structure, Missile	5	320	45
1	Missile Pod	F	x20	3	0	0	4	G, IF, MR3, Missile	9	1700	20
2	Plasma Lance	F	x20	M	0	0	LU5	AC, Concealed (NA), HEAT	3	140ea	-
1	Vibro-axe	F	x10	M	+2	0	inf.	AC, Parry	5	330	-
1	Shield	F	x14	M	0	0	inf.	Defensive, Shield	4	150	-
2	AM system	T	x3	1	+1	6	inf.	AM, Defensive, Linked	4	280ea	-
2	20mm Vulcans	F	x5	2	0	4	1000ea	Linked, AI	4	80ea	130ea

▼ NOTES

★ JOVIAN
 CHRONICLES

► EAX-04 PROMETHEUS TETRA



Name:	Prometheus Tetra ("Deucalion")
Production Code:	EAX-04
Nation of Origin:	Jovian Confederation
Manufacturer:	Jovian Armor Works Skunk Work
Type:	Prototype Strike Exo-Armor
Role:	Anti-Ship, Interceptor, Strike, Covert Operations
Control System:	Linear Frame
Height:	16.2 m
Width:	17.0 m
Empty Weight:	54.3 tons
Loaded Weight:	75.6 tons
Main Powerplant:	47 MW
Secondary Powerplant:	classified
Main Thrusters:	2 x 52,000 kg, 2 x 43,000 kg, 2 x 35,000 kg
Apogee Motors:	36
Ground Speed:	36 kph
Acceleration:	4 g
Onboard Sensors:	classified, but supposed similar to Vindicator
Fixed Armament:	2 x Jovian Optics 944M Pulse Cannon, 2 x PL3D Plasma Lances
Additional Armament:	1 x JAW-22 Rocket Rifle, 4 x JASW Bernice Limpet Mines, 4 x JASW-XDR1A Eclair Drones
Defensive Systems:	Mag Screen
Equipment:	Escape pod, XR-77 EWAC System

◇ OVERVIEW



Nicknamed "Deucalion" by its test team, Jovian Armor Works Skunk Work's Prometheus Tetra prototype is the "wish list" machine for the JAF's next heavy exo-armor, which is expected to support and gradually replace the Vindicator. While the first Prometheus emphasized firepower and armor, the Tetra was built with stealth and speed in mind. Using funds appropriated by President Itangre for exo-armor research, the Skunk Works spent hundreds of millions of credits to create a prototype free of flaws that would still be one of the most powerful fighting machines in existence.

In this, the Prometheus team succeeded, but only partially. That the Prometheus Tetra is an incredible work of technology is undeniable. However, the perfection apparent in its design is a finely crafted illusion, the result of JAW's attempt to pay its way to innovation. The result is a perfect war machine that can never be duplicated, and which can never operate effectively away from its ivory tower at JAW. Thus, as a prototype, the Prometheus Tetra is both a success and a failure; it succeeds in demonstrating the feasibility and manufacturability of a variety of new exo-armor innovations, but it also clouds the information thus gained because of its astronomically expensive redundancies and unnecessary add-ons.

◇ CAPABILITIES

The Prometheus Tetra is equipped with two large shoulder-mounted payload bays that, in their final form, should be able to support a variety of offensive and defensive equipment, much like the Lancer Interceptor's ATM Pod. The current machine, however, was specifically built to test the feasibility of independent combat drones, and the arrangement and construction of Deucalion's payload bays reflects this. Four form-fitting cocoons, two to a side, cover the drones when they are not active, and small ejection mechanisms propel the drones a safe distance from the parent unit before their thrusters activate. Although the expensive drones will likely not make it into the final production version of the Prometheus, the versatility and usefulness of the payload bays themselves makes them a strong candidate for inclusion in place of traditional hardpoints.

The rest of the Prometheus Tetra's standard armament is a potent mix of dogfighting and anti-ship firepower. Two laser pulse cannon in the shoulders provide effectively unlimited rapid-fire capability, while two wrist-mounted plasma lances come into play in close combat. Stored in thigh compartments, four high-yield limpet mines can be thrown or magnetically attached to enemy units; the timer can be preset to give the Prometheus Tetra time to get clear of the blast, which is capable of obliterating small warships. The arsenal is completed by a long-ranged rail rifle.

Defensively, Deucalion relies on speed and guile to make up for its mediocre armor. The entire vehicle is built with stealth in mind, from the radiation-absorbing skin to the baffled exhausts and heat-circulation system. Combined with the unit's blazing acceleration, exceptional maneuverability and elaborate electronic warfare systems, this design principle makes the Prometheus Tetra a slippery target indeed. The prototype escapes many of the difficulties inherent to heavily electronics-laden vehicles by use of several experimental armor materials and shielding devices, most of which are currently unavailable for general military use due to expense and fragility under field maintenance conditions.

► CAPABILITIES

The XR-77 electronic warfare and decoy suite is housed in a long pod extending out the exo-armor's back. It provides both protection from jamming as well as an effective means of confusing enemy sensor and fire control. The decoy system launches a variety of flares and balloons that helps to distract erstwhile aggressors from the Prometheus Tetra itself. The extra time and effort required to sort through the noise and properly target the exo is hopefully enough for the Prometheus to get in the first shot. The system is a descendant of the Sentry system found on early RC-version Pathfinders.

The Prometheus Tetra functions most effectively in microgravity conditions; the mass and poor balance of the fuel tanks and EWAC pod make the machine extremely unstable when walking, resulting in drastically reduced speed and maneuverability despite the use of superior actuator systems in the limbs. Most of the Prometheus Tetra tests have thus been run either outside JAW's facility on Joshua's Station, or at the secretive test range operating from Jupiter's tiny moon Sinope.

SERVICE RECORD ◇

The Prometheus Tetra has seen no actual combat as yet. It has, however, performed adequately in a grueling battery of tests involving all aspects of its performance. The basic frame and systems are very sound, and work well together; the main problems come from the mother-drone interface and other untested devices. The drones function well when assigned tasks, but are having trouble coordinating recovery operations with the Prometheus Tetra. If the Agora continues to approve funding, JAW will likely replace the current computer pilots with more effective (and expensive) versions.

The current test pilot, Lt. Jared "Lightfoot" St. John, is reportedly eager to find out how well the Tetra stands up in a real fight. This is unlikely, however, since the Skunk Work's previous experiences with prototypes and typically hotshot Jovian pilots has made them most protective of this newest creation. In addition, the clamor for funding is growing in intensity, and JAW's favored status in the Agora may not last if money continues to be wasted on self-destructing prototypes.

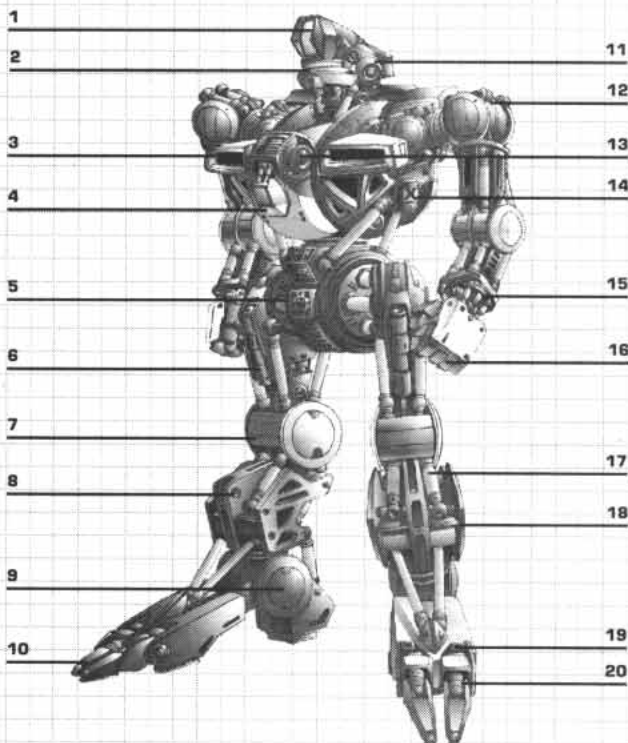
VARIANTS ◇

No variants of the Prometheus Tetra exist. If tests continue to go well, the project should be ready to enter the final prototyping stage within a year. After that, it will likely be another three or more years before the JAF's new heavy exo-armor begins production. By that time, having done the job it was created for, it will become obsolete.

PROMETHEUS INTERNAL SYSTEMS ◇

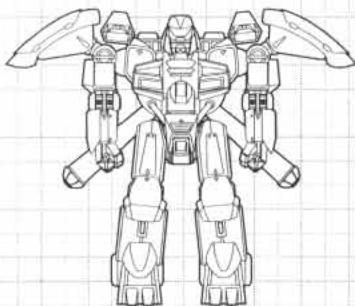
► LEGEND

1. Main Sensor System
2. Secondary Sensor System
3. Engine and Computer Radiator
4. Cockpit Hatch
5. Lower Body Drive Housing
6. Upper Shock Absorber Mount
7. Knee Articulation Housing
8. Knee Block Mounting Pins
9. Ankle Articulation Housing
10. Docking Clamps
11. Lateral Threat warning receiver
12. Reinforced Shoulder Mount
13. Main Electronic Bay
14. Secondary Power Generator
15. Wrist Actuators
16. Manipulator Unit Assembly
17. Lower Leg Actuators
18. Armor Mounting Plate
19. Surface Sensors Housing
20. Docking Clamp Actuators





▼ EAX-04 PROMETHEUS TETRA



▼ PRODUCTION DATA

THREAT VALUE:	9400
OFFENSIVE:	7700
DEFENSIVE:	3800
MISCELLANEOUS:	17,000
COST:	282,000,000 credits
PRODUCTION TYPE:	Early Prototype
INDV. LEMON DICE:	1

▼ CREW DATA

CREW:	1
ACTIONS:	2 +1

▼ HULL DATA

SIZE:	14
DEFAULT SIZE:	21
STACKING SIZE:	14
ARMOR:	
LIGHT DAMAGE:	30
HEAVY DAMAGE:	60
OVERKILL:	90

▼ MOVEMENT DATA

MOVEMENT MODE	COMBAT SPEED	TOP SPEED	MANEUVER
WALKER:	3 (18 kph)	6 (36 kph)	-1
SPACE:	20 (2.0 g)	40 (4.0 g)	+1
DEPLOYMENT RANGE:	700 hrs	Fusion/Electric	
REACTION MASS:	900 BP	Hydrogen	

▼ ELECTRONICS DATA

SENSORS:	+1/8 km
COMMUNICATIONS:	+1/10 km
FIRE CONTROL:	0

▼ PERKS AND FLAWS

NAME	RATING	GAME EFFECT	AUX
Advanced Controls	-	Efficient controls, +1 action (listed above)	
Autopilot	-	Level 1 Pilot	Y
Backup Systems	-	Redundant Systems	
Cargo Bay	-	Drone bay, left arm, 40 m ³	
Cargo Bay	-	Drone bay, right arm, 40 m ³	
Computer	3	DRE +1, KND +1, PP3, flexible	Y
Decoy System	3	Visual only	
ECM	4	Offensive electronic warfare equipment	Y
ECCM	3	Defensive electronic warfare equipment	Y
Ejection System	-	Escape Pod	Y
HEP: Rad	3	Screen	
HEP: Vac	-	Space Protection	
Life Support	-	Limited	Y
2 x Manipulator Arm	14	Can punch	
Reinforced Crew Comp.	-	Absorbs first "Crew" hit	
Stealth	6	Reduced signal emission, jammers	Y
Large Sensor Profile	2	Too large to hide	
Reduced Maneuver	2	Unwieldy when walking	
Defect: Annoyance	-	Mother-Drone interface trouble	
Defect: Difficult to Modify	-	Aux. Systems and Structure	
Defect: Cursed	-	Dramatic License (see JC Companion, page 107)	

▼ WEAPONS

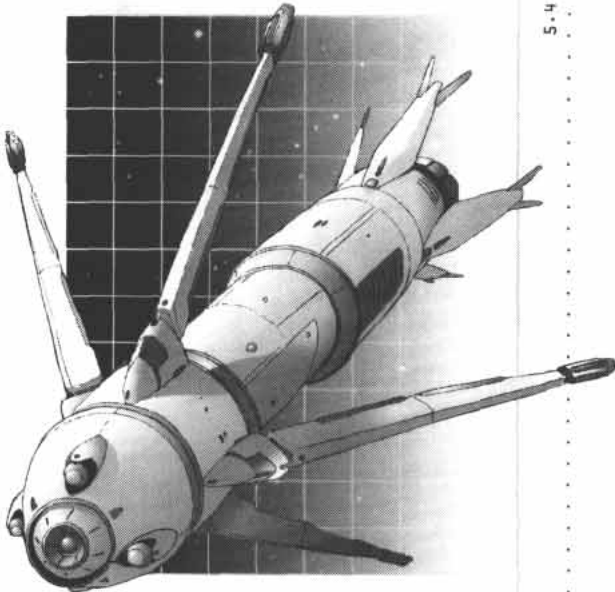
Qty	NAME	FIRE ARC	DM	BR	ACC	RDF	AMMO	SPECIAL	MS	WC	AC
2	Pulse Cannon	F	x16	3	+1	2	inf.	AD1, Linked, HEAT	8	2500ea	-
1	Rail Rifle	F	x22	5	0	0	30	Sniper	8	910	108
4	Limpet Mines	F	x50	M	+1	0	-	SD, AEO, TD1, HEAT	4	190ea	-
2	Plasma Lances	F	x20	M	0	0	LU5	AC, HEAT	3	140ea	-
4	Drones: see JASW-XDR1A Éclair (page 95)										

▼ NOTES

JASW-XDR1A ÉCLAIR DRONE

The Éclair is an experimental battlefield drone currently undergoing exo-armor trials. Small and maneuverable, it carries enough fuel and power to operate independently of its mother unit for an extended period of time, although the difficulty of successful recovery operations increases exponentially with distance. The drone is assigned a particular task upon launch. Upon completing that task to the best of its ability, the drone will attempt to contact the mother unit to plot a rendezvous. Although it is possible for the mother unit to maintain constant communication with the drone, such activity diminishes the ability of both units to conceal their positions from enemies in a combat situation. The prototype tests are proceeding well, but the awesome expense of the semi-intelligent "dogbrain" computer pilot and the complex miniature stealth suite make near-future mass-production of such drones an extremely unlikely prospect.

The Éclair mounts a small laser gun designed by Dessa Limited's newly formed Luminaire division. In an attempt to acquire a small share of Jovian Optics' near-monopoly on Jovian laser systems, Luminaire has produced several prototypes of a powerful, easy-to-install disposable laser weapon system for potential use as supplemental weapons on space vehicles. Although the concept is sound, several problems involving integration with assorted targeting and tracking systems continue to nag at both the Luminaire and Prometheus research teams.



5-4

VEHICLE DESCRIPTION

Threat Value										3800 (304,000,000 credits)	
Crew										None	
Size										4	
Armor										3/6/9	
Default Size										16	
Production Type										Early Prototype	
Indv. Lemon Dice										1	
► MOVEMENT DATA											
Movement Mode				Combat Speed				Top Speed		Maneuver	
Space				20 (2.0 g)				40 (4.0 g)		+1	
Deployment Range										50 hrs Electric	
Reaction Mass										100 BP Hydrogen	
► ELECTRONICS DATA											
Sensors										+1/2 km	
Communication										+1/10 km	
Fire Control										0	
► PERKS AND FLAWS DATA											
Name						Rating			Game Effect		
Autopilot						-			Level 1 Pilot		
Computer						4			CRE +1, KNO +1, PP4, flexible		
Decoy System						2			Sensor and Visual		
HEP: Rad						3			Screen		
HEP: Vac						-			Space Protection		
Stealth						5			Sensor-defeating construction		
Brittle Armor						-			Loses twice as many Armor points per hit		
Difficult to Modify						-			-2 to repair rolls		
Exposed Aux. Systems						-			All "Aux" hits are one step worse		
Haywire Vulnerable						-			Haywire gets extra damage roll		
Defects: Fragile Chassis						-			All "Structure" hits are one step worse		
► OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE SYSTEM DATA											
Qty	Name	Arc	DM	BR	Acc	ROF	Ammo	Cost	Min Size	Special	
1	Laser	FF	x15	4	+1	0	LUG	540	4	AD1, Stealth, HEAT	



end of section 5.3 eax-04 prometheus tetra

5.5



► EAL-O4NA HECTOR

Name:	Hector
Production Code:	EAL-O4NA
Nation of Origin:	Jovian Confederation (Newhome)
Manufacturer:	Dzechek Cosmovers
Type:	Light Space Exo-Armor
Role:	Assault, Fighter, Reconnaissance, Search & Rescue, Tactical Strike
Control System:	Linear Frame
Height:	15.8 m
Width:	12 m
Empty Weight:	19.0 tons
Loaded Weight:	28.6 tons
Main Powerplant:	27 MW
Secondary Powerplant:	1570 KW
Main Thrusters:	4 x 12,000 kg, 4 x 15,000 kg
Apogee Motors:	26
Ground Speed:	n/a
Acceleration:	3 g
Onboard sensors:	same as Pathfinder Alpha
Fixed Armament:	2 x PL3 Plasma Lances, 1 x Shield, 1 x ArcLight-3 PDS
Additional Armament:	Jovian Optics 652A particle cannon or DCV-mm Railgun, MMJ-B Missiles
Defensive Systems:	Mag Screen
Equipment:	Escape Pod, MR-65 EWAC System

◇ OVERVIEW



The Trojan States have less need for complex walker vehicles than their fellow state of Olympus. The necessity for a vehicle with increased range, speed and maneuverability in space prompted the state government of Newhome to sponsor a project to create a new exo-armor based on the Pathfinder that would better serve the needs of the Trojan States. The result was the Hector, first demonstrated to a group of JAF officials on September 12, 2208. Impressed by the machine's combination of mobility and simple construction, the JAF immediately recommended that a portion of Newhome's defense budget be allocated toward the production of the Hector. Tooling up cost and time were minimal, and the first Hectors entered service in Alpha Division's Umbeto Squadron in February 2210. The Hector is manufactured by Dzechek Cosmovers, a Newhome-based spaceframe company. Dzechek's recently expanded exo-armor factory on Priam constructs both Hectors and standard Pathfinders (under contract from JAW) at the rate of four of either type every month.

◇ CAPABILITIES

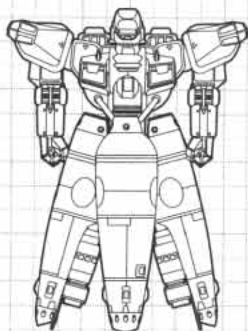
The Hector is significantly lighter and simpler of construction than its cousin, the Pathfinder. At the price of some armor and protective structure, the Hector is nimbler and generally easier to maintain, useful traits for the widely spread Newhomers. Larger propellant reserves allow longer burn times, which translates into greater range and speed. A large round shield is standard issue for the Hector. Also standard are the Pathfinder's two plasma lances, but the Hector's lack of legs has prompted the mounting of both weapons along the right forearm. The 652A particle cannon is hand carried, while the shoulder missiles are Newhome manufactured MMJ-8's, less complex and more versatile than the MMJ-4. Based on suggestions from Newhome Pathfinder pilots, the Hector mounts as standard equipment an enhanced Particle Defense System that also doubles as an antimissile system.

The Hector has several variants, all manufactured by DCV, many of which are rough analogues of the Olympus Pathfinder Alpha variants. A variant known as the "Walkabout" also exists, which is capable of far greater sustained acceleration than the standard Hector. Expensive and rare, it possesses spartan but serviceable sleeping accommodations for the pilot, and is designed for long-range patrol and escort out to the distant inter-state way stations and checkpoints. Vanguard Mountain also manufactures and uses the Hector and all its attendant variants, although they refer to their unit as the Achilles. Both machines are named after large asteroids in each respective state, themselves named for heroes of ancient legend.

◇ SERVICE RECORD

The Hectors assigned to Alpha Division have demonstrated their worth time and again, mostly in emergency search-and-rescue operations where speed is critical. The few instances in which Hectors have engaged in combat have amply demonstrated their effectiveness in spaceborne battle, although their light armor and vulnerable motive systems have resulted in some hefty repair jobs.

▼ EAL-04NA HECTOR



▼ PRODUCTION DATA

THREAT VALUE:	3800
OFFENSIVE:	4700
DEFENSIVE:	1800
MISCELLANEOUS:	5000
COST:	3,040,000 credits
PRODUCTION TYPE:	Mass Production
INDV. LEMON DICE:	3

▼ CREW DATA

CREW:	1
ACTIONS:	2

▼ HULL DATA

SIZE:	10
DEFAULT SIZE:	16
STACKING SIZE:	10
ARMOR:	
LIGHT DAMAGE:	19
HEAVY DAMAGE:	38
OVERKILL:	57

▼ MOVEMENT DATA

MOVEMENT MODE	COMBAT SPEED	TOP SPEED	MANEUVER
SPACE:	15 (1.5 g)	30 (3.0 g)	+1
DEPLOYMENT RANGE:	700 hrs	Fusion/electric	
REACTION MASS:	600 BP	Hydrogen	

▼ ELECTRONICS DATA

SENSORS:	+2/5 km
COMMUNICATIONS:	0/15 km
FIRE CONTROL:	0

▼ PERKS AND FLAWS

NAME	RATING	GAME EFFECT	AUX
Autopilot	-	Level 1 Pilot	Y
Backup Systems	1	Redundant Systems	
Computer	2	CRE 0, KNO 0, PP2: flexible	Y
Easy to Modify	-	Movement and Aux. Systems	
ECCM	4	Defensive electronic warfare equipment	Y
Ejection System	-	Escape Pod	Y
HEP: Rad	3	Screen	
HEP: Vac	-	Space Protection	
Life Support	-	Limited	Y
2 x Manipulator Arm	10	Can punch	
Reinforced Crew Comp.	-	Absorbs first "Crew" hit	
Satellite Uplink	-	x 1000 Comm range	Y
Searchlights	-	Front, 200 meters	Y
Exposed Auxiliary Systems	-	"Aux" hits are one step worse	
Exposed Movement Systems	-	"Movement" hits one step worse	
Large Sensor Profile	1	Large size	

▼ WEAPONS

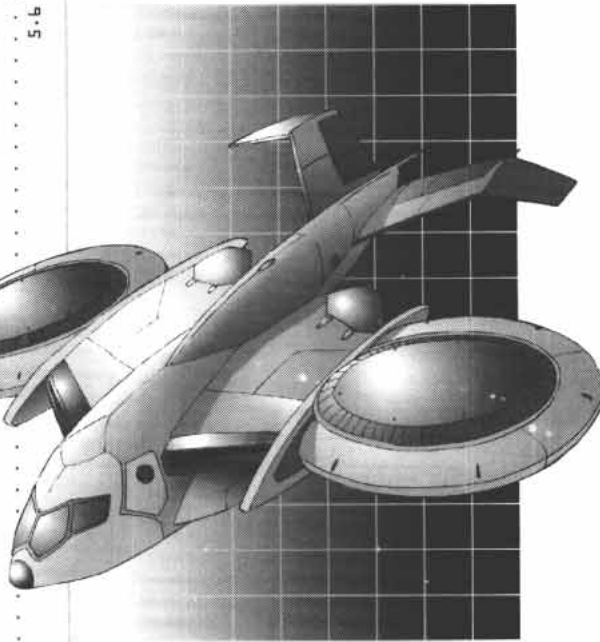
Qty	NAME	FIRE ARC	DM	BR	ACC	RDF	AMMO	SPECIAL	MS	WC	AC
1	652A Particle Cannon	F	x15	3	+1	0	inf.	AD1, Haywire, HEAT	9	3300	-
2	MMJ-8 Missile	F	x25	6	0	0	-	Missile, Sk1, SD	6	500ea	-
2	PL3A Plasma Lance	F	x20	M	0	0	LU5	AC, HEAT	3	140ea	-
1	Shield	F	x10	M	0	0	-	Shield, Defensive	3	75	-
1	Arclight-3 PDS	T	x2	1	+1	6	inf.	AM, Defensive, HEAT	3	150	-

▼ NOTES

★ **JOVIAN**
CHRONICLES

► VE-777 THRUSH / VE-778JH GRIFFIN

5.6



Name:	Thrush / Griffin
Production Code:	VE-777 / VE-778JH
Nation of Origin:	Jovian Confederation
Manufacturer:	Fiat-Iova Corp.
Type:	Multipurpose Police VTOL
Role:	Command & Control, Patrol, Rescue, Transport
Control System:	Standard Cockpit
Height:	6.0 m
Length:	12.0 m
Wingspan:	11.0 m
Empty Weight:	45,000 kg
Loaded Weight:	70,000 kg
Maximum Acceleration:	1.0 g
Powerplant:	2 x PRF-44 Turbofans
Maximum Flight Speed:	240 kph
Avionics:	Infrared/Ultraviolet, Lidar, Low-light, Magnetometer, Microwaves, Motion Detectors, Radcounter, Telescope
Fixed Armament:	none
Additional Armament:	1 x 10 mm machine gun, 1 x AFR Grenade Launcher
Defensive Systems:	none
Equipment:	Infrared/Ultraviolet, Lidar, Low-light, Magnetometer, Microwaves, Motion Detectors, Radcounter, Telescope



◇ OVERVIEW

The Thrush is typical of the small intra-colony vectored-thrust aerodynes used throughout the Confederation. First introduced by the Elysée-based Fiat-Iova Corporation in 2197 to replace an aging generation of tilt-rotors, the Thrush has gradually become the most popular air vehicle in Olympus. Companies in the Trojan States produce and market very similar vehicles for their respective states.

The Thrush is quite small compared to most planet-bound transport aircraft, especially considering that it is one of the largest aircraft permitted inside Jovian colonies. Very large aircraft are, however, both unpopular and impractical in the limited space of a colony cylinder. Although crashes are rare, they do occur occasionally, and both authorities and citizens would prefer that the size of the falling object be as small as possible. In the heavily armored Jovian stations, there is no chance of puncturing the colony walls, but on the flip side of the coin, there are no "empty spots" for a plane to crash in that would not cause significant property damage and loss of life.

◇ CAPABILITIES

The Thrush's compact shape hides two powerful PRF-44 turbofan engines, each capable of outputting over 5000 kilograms of thrust. The fans occupy a very small space in the airframe in relation to their power. This advance over previous Jovian atmosphere-craft design is a result of one of the technology transfers of the late 22nd century, in which Jovian radiation-medicine techniques were exchanged for CEGA advances in air-breathing propulsion engineering. It is these same advances, incidentally, that made possible the ground-skimming capability of the JAF's new Deliverer exo-armor. The result is an aircraft that is uniquely suited to the variable-gravity airspace inside colony cylinders.

The Thrush's speed is lower than the technical limit for an aircraft of its size and type. This is intentional. The airspace inside a colony cylinder is both unpredictable and potentially crowded, with sudden strong winds and occasional chance intersections of several flying vehicles in the same area. Jovian air traffic control crews are competent, but since there is no reason to encourage disaster, a speed limit of roughly one-hundred-fifty (varying between colonies) kph is imposed, with appropriate reductions during busy times or in heavily trafficked areas. The only exceptions to the rules are for government, police or medical vehicles responding to emergencies; the pilots of these craft are permitted to push their charges to the limit.

Designed to be modular and easy to service, the Thrush is available to buyers partially assembled, permitting a endless variety of custom modifications. Every vehicle must still pass strict Jovian airspace inspections before being allowed to fly, however, so modifications are suggested only when expert help is available. While most Thrushes in Olympus are combination passenger/cargo transports, several variants exist. Many of these replace the cargo bay with additional passenger seating, bringing the total passenger capacity to eight. Other modifications involve adding more cargo space or various luxury options. The President of the Confederation is assigned a Thrush named Heaven's Cloud, which goes wherever the President goes. The modifications present in Heaven's Cloud are both extensive and top-secret.

CREW:	2
ACTIONS:	3

SIZE:	14
DEFAULT SIZE:	7
STACKING SIZE:	14
ARMOR:	
LIGHT DAMAGE:	6
HEAVY DAMAGE:	12
OVERKILL:	18

MOVEMENT MODE:	COMBAT SPEED:	TOP SPEED:	MANEUVER:
FLIGHT:	4 (120 kph)	8 (240 kph)	-2 (Stall □)
DEPLOYMENT RANGE:	400 km		
REACTION MASS:	-		-

SENSORS:	-1/2 km
COMMUNICATIONS:	-1/30 km
FIRE CONTROL:	0

THREAT VALUE:	328
OFFENSIVE:	136
DEFENSIVE:	22
MISCELLANEOUS:	827
COST:	164,000 credits
PRODUCTION TYPE:	Mass Production
INDV. LEMON DICE:	1

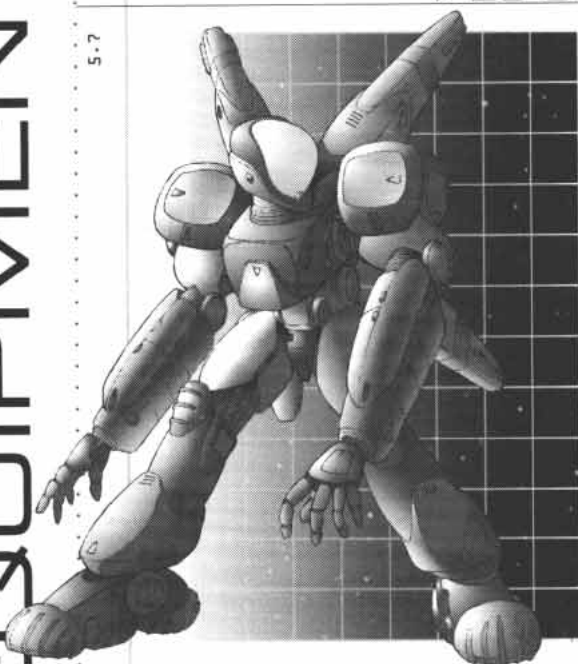
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Griffin Police Version: add 2 x LR-15 machineguns, T

★ JOVIAN

CHRONICLES

2.5



Name:	Decker
Production Code:	RESC-127 (civilian), ES-09 (police/military)
Origin:	Jovian Confederation
Manufacturer:	Meelstrom Electronics
Type:	General Purpose Exo-Suit
Role:	Civil Defense, Close Support, Counter Insurgency, Search & Rescue, etc.
Control System:	Linear Frame
Height:	2.26 m (head), 2.58 (verniers)
Width:	1.8 m
Empty Weight:	600 kg
Loaded Weight:	630 kg
Powerplant:	277 KW
Main Thrusters:	4 x 155 kg
Apogee Motors:	8
Walking Speed:	36 kph
Acceleration:	1.0 g
Avionics:	Audio, Fire Control Radar; Infrared/Ultraviolet, Low light, Motion Detectors, Radcounter, Telescope
Standard Armament (Peacekeeper):	Hwang Type 21 shotgun, net gun, stun baton, shield
Additional Armament:	grenades, vibroknife, assault rifle, antitank gun, missile launcher
Defensive Systems:	Mag Screen
Equipment:	Parafoil Pack

◆ CAPABILITES

One of the most commonly seen Decker variants is the Peacekeeper, used by many police departments in the Confederation. Equipped with a number of nonlethal means of subduing suspects as well as a shotgun for more violent offenders, the Peacekeeper can be equipped with a deployable parafoil, allowing it to patrol colony cylinders by riding on air currents. While larger patrol vehicles are still used in Confederation police departments due to their prisoner-transport abilities, Peacekeepers are used in a role roughly analogous to a combination of highway patrol and bicycle officers. A sub-variant of the Peacekeeper found on several of the larger colonies is the ESWAT (Enhanced Special Weapons and Tactics) configuration, which is designed to supplement SWAT troops in high-risk situations involving exo-suit crimes and terrorism. Equipped with a deadlier arsenal to reflect its more combat oriented role, the ESWAT Peacekeeper is seldom seen by civilians; when these units are called out, citizens are usually warned to get indoors in order to be out of the way.

◆ SERVICE RECORD

Despite their relative rarity and low profile, something of a popular obsession with ESWAT exo-suits exists in much of the Jovian Confederation. Multiple action vid-shows (including the popular *Justice Force* superhero productions) idolize the elite policemen. The benefits of a good public image are not lost on Jovian police commissioners, who routinely arrange for ESWAT appearances at schools and sports events, wowing the crowd by dropping dramatically from above. When duty calls, however, Jovian ESWAT troops are deadly efficient, living up to the public's faith in their abilities. An excellent example is the 2211 terrorist attack on the Jovian Economic Fair, in which an ESWAT unit responded in less than a minute to an attack by unidentified exo-suited soldiers (later identified as Seraphim radicals). The November 2211 issue of *Confederation Newsmouth*, whose cover depicted a dynamic action photo of an ESWAT officer shielding two frightened children from a grenade blast, has become the best-selling periodical in Confederation history.

CREW COMMENTS ◇

"If you haven't at least seen a Decker by now, I'd hate to see the hole you've been dug into for the past decade, buddy. This machine is everywhere in the Confed. I'll admit I'm a bit off the curve, what with living most of my adult life in these things, but even so, Deckers are blessed hard to miss. Let's take a closer look, shall we? The latches for 'suit entry are on the front, right at the, um, groin area. Hey, don't look at me! It's the most sensible place, out of the way of utility belt items but low enough for anyone to reach. There's also an emergency release in the small of the back in case the user falls face-forward and a rescuer can't get at the main release. However, while the front latches only loosen the 'suit's joints for easy entry and movement, the emergency latch actually disengages large segments of the chest, back and head articulations, ruining the whole exo, so save it for emergencies, like the name says! By the way, that same system also serves to blast you clear of the thing in case of danger or destruction of the 'suit — just so you know, I do everything I can to avoid *that* occurring. Ejected once, and I was sore for a week after being thrown out nearly five meters away!

"Once the joints are loose, pull the main chest plate forward and down, then climb in feet-first, down the "neck." I'm an old hand at this; this swing-up-and-in boarding maneuver is harder than it looks, believe me. Starting out, I had to use a footstool just like everyone else. Once you're in, get yourself snug on the saddle, 'cause that's what's going to support almost all of your weight under gee. Fasten the harness — it's just like any shuttle seat, one belt over each shoulder, one on each side of the torso, lock into the main central fastener — and then flip the main power switch. It's the one under the red flip-up cover on the right side of the neck ring — yeah, the one marked 'Power,' for the Remedials out there.

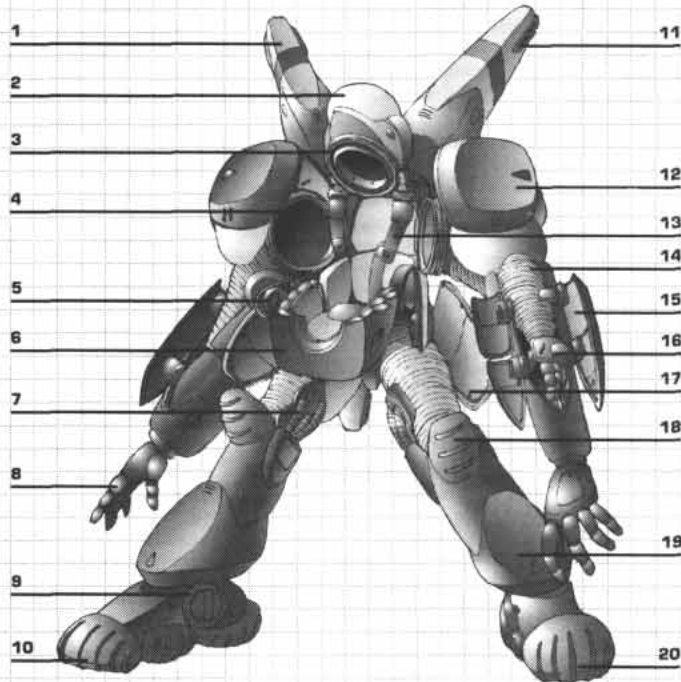
"Warm-up time is real short, maybe twenty seconds. Take the time to get your arms into the 'suit's arms, and then relax a bit. Note that the master arm side panels rotate out of the way to allow you to use your own hands. The state you're in now was considered "standby," when I used these in the JAF. With power on, you can close the armor and be ready for action in less than five seconds, but while you're waiting, you can sit in the saddle and sleep, read, or (my personal favorite) play the guitar. I've used six distinct variants of the Decker, and they've all been built the same way, solid, simple and reliable. Inside, it's like wearing clothes; you could bounce a ball with five minutes' practice. Which reminds me... I oughta be somewhere right now. Okay, dis-mount!"

— Shane Arquette, Captain, Solomon Exo-Ball Team

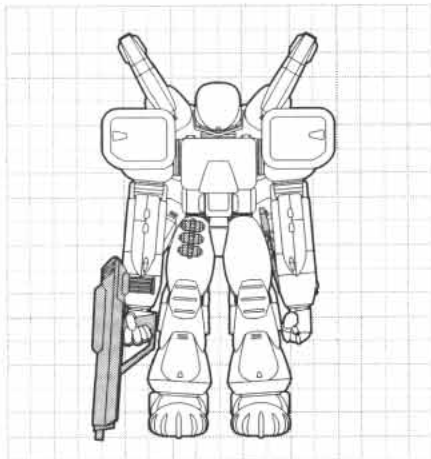
DECKER INTERNAL SYSTEMS ◇

▲ LEGEND

1. Superheterodyne Antenna Mount
2. Polarized Helmet Visor/HUD
3. Helmet Ring
4. Right Arm Sleeve
5. Securing Latches
6. Main Access Hatch (open)
7. Power Transfer Coils
8. Powered Manipulator
9. Ankle Articulation Housing
10. Articulated Toe Block
11. Thruster Vernier
12. Shoulder Actuator Housing
13. Security Harness
14. Flexible Joint Covering
15. Manipulation Hatch
16. Waldo Glove
17. Thigh Armor Cover (open)
18. Knee Guard
19. Operator Foot Housing
20. Rubberized Sole



◇ PEACEKEEPER

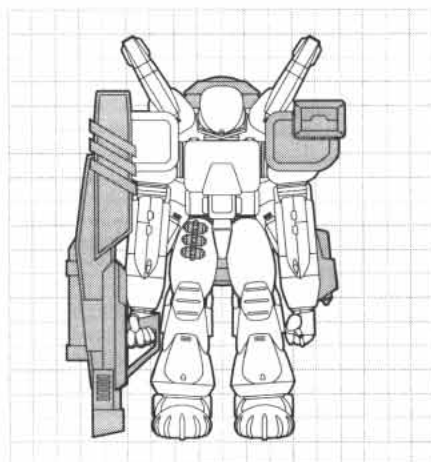


Add:	Assault Rifle, 3 x Stun Grenades, Vibroknife
Remove:	Shotgun
Change:	-
Offensive:	640
Defensive:	170
Miscellaneous:	1100
Modified TV:	640

The ESWAT version of the Peacekeeper does away with the police version's shotgun and replaces it with a much deadlier assault rifle. It is also equipped with a vibroblade knife and large stun grenades. These additions have enormous potential for collateral damage; as a result, ESWAT activities are strictly regulated and its troopers very well trained.

Although capable of moving about in space, the low reaction mass reserve of the Peacekeeper makes it a poor space combatant. The most common use for the Peacekeeper's thruster pack is to provide lift or deceleration for the unit when it is using its parafoil. Powered jumps are also possible, but are not advised due to the possibility of causing damage.

◇ POUNCER

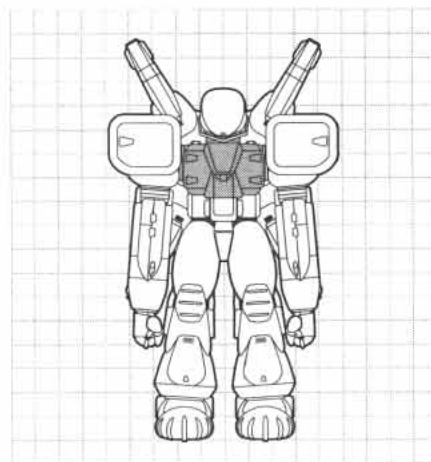


Add:	Armor Gun or Assault Rifle, Missiles, 3 x Frag Grenades, 60 BP, Target Designator R3
Remove:	Shotgun, Stun Baton, Net Gun, Parafoil (flight ability and Glider Perk)
Change:	-
Offensive:	depends on weapons
Defensive:	170
Miscellaneous:	1100
Modified TV:	depends on weapons

The Pouncer is the JAF's version of the Decker, conceived as a weapon for use in boarding actions and operations in space stations or planetside. Fitted with increased reaction mass capacity and heavy armament, the Pouncer makes an excellent marine 'suit, able to quickly cross short distances in space and fight effectively in fairly close quarters.

The ESWAT Peacekeeper's assault rifle is the basic weapon of the Pouncer. Squad heavy-weapons troopers carry a Richter 30 mm armor gun which is slow to fire but capable of dealing crippling blows to combat units as large as exo-armors. Pouncers are also equipped with a compact single-shot guided missile system for use against particularly tough targets.

◇ JOUSTER

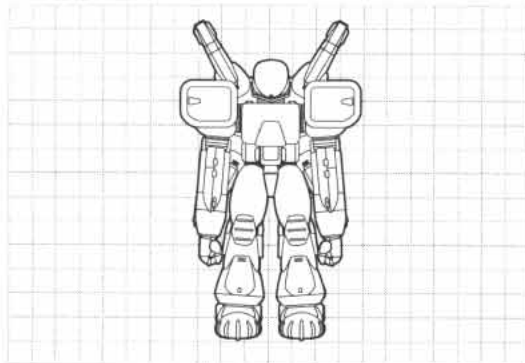


Add:	Reinforced Crew Compartment x 1
Remove:	all weapons, parafoil (flight ability and Glider Perk)
Change:	Communications and Sensors both -2
Offensive:	0
Defensive:	170
Miscellaneous:	1100
Modified TV:	420

The number of Decker variants in use on the various colonies and moons of the Confederation is virtually uncountable. Most noncombat Deckers lack the expensive military sensor and communication packages, replacing them with more applicable civilian models, and are also unarmed and much more lightly armored.

A partial exception is the Decker variant used in the popular Jovian spectator sport of exo-ball. Called the Joustex, it actually offers better protection to its wearer than military-grade Deckers. The bulky padding and reinforcement added to the Decker to produce the variant has been refined and improved over the years, starting from a few extra crash bars and culminating in the supremely well-protected machine used today.

▼ DECKER



▼ PRODUCTION DATA

THREAT VALUE:	540
OFFENSIVE:	350
DEFENSIVE:	170
MISCELLANEOUS:	1100
COST:	1,080,000 credits
PRODUCTION TYPE:	Mass Production
INDV. LEMON DICE:	3

▼ PERKS AND FLAWS

NAME	RATING	GAME EFFECT	AUX
Airdroppable	-	Can be airdropped	
Backup Life Support	-	Redundant systems	
Computer	-	PP1, CRE 0, KNO 0, flexible	Y
Easy to Modify	-	Entire Vehicle	
Ejection System	-	Escape seat	Y
Glider	-	Optional parafoil device	
HEP: Rad	3	Screen	
HEP: Vac	-	Space Protection	
Life Support	-	Limited	Y
Loudspeakers	-	External crowd address system	Y
2 x Manipulator Arm	2	Can punch	
Reinforced Crew Comp.	-	Absorbs first "Crew" hit	

▼ WEAPONS

Qty	NAME	FIRE ARC	DM	BR	ACC	ROF	AMMO	SPECIAL	MS	WC	AC
1	Hwang Type 21 Shotgun	F	x4	1	0	0	8	Frag, AI	2	24	8.2
1	Hwang Type 4 Net Gun	F	x4	2	+2	0	2	Entangle, No damage	2	280	1.1
#	10 mm Assault Rifle	F	x4	3	0	2	100c	AI	2	110	17
#	Stun Grenades	F	x4	1	0	0	-	SD, Chem (Trang), AE1	2	62	-
#	Frag Grenades	F	x5	1	0	0	-	SD, AE1	2	21	-
1	Stun Baton	F	x8	M	+1	0	inf.	Non-lethal	2	24	-
#	Vibroknife	F	x7	M	+1	0	inf.	-	2	18	-
1	Shield	F	x2	M	+1	0	-	Defensive, Shield	1	4.5	-
#	Guided Missile	F	x12	3	0	0	-	Missile, Guided, SD	2	204	-
#	Armor Gun	F	x9	3	0	0	5	AP, Recoil	2	1300	2

▼ NOTES

★ **JOVIAN**
CHRONICLES

▼ CREW DATA

CREW:	1
ACTIONS:	2

▼ HULL DATA

SIZE:	2
DEFAULT SIZE:	8
STACKING SIZE:	2
ARMOR:	
LIGHT DAMAGE:	6
HEAVY DAMAGE:	12
OVERKILL:	18

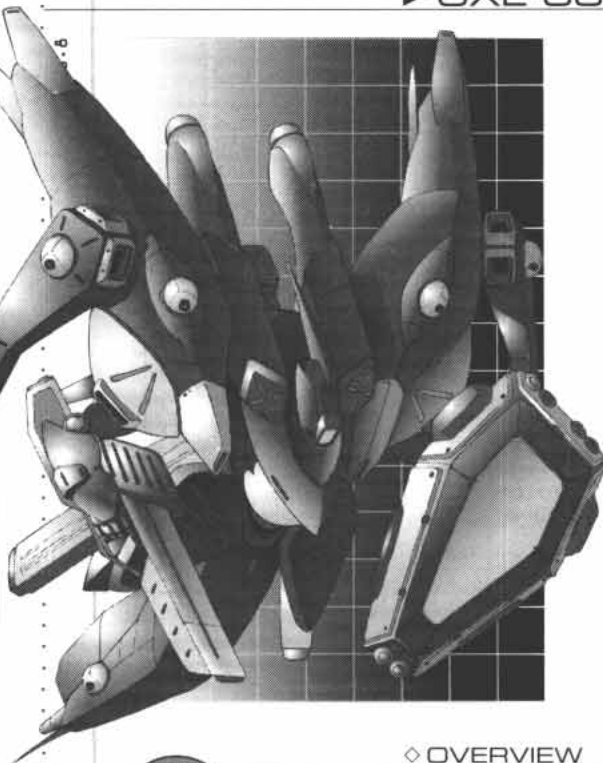
▼ MOVEMENT DATA

MOVEMENT MODE	COMBAT SPEED	TOP SPEED	MANEUVER
WALKER:	3 (18 kph)	6 (36 kph)	0
FLIGHT:	1(w/parafoil)	2 (60 kph)	-2 (Stall 1)
SPACE:	5 (0.5 g)	10 (1.0 g)	0
DEPLOYMENT RANGE:	300 km	Electric	
REACTION MASS:	40 BP	Hydrogen	

▼ ELECTRONICS DATA

SENSORS:	0/2 km
COMMUNICATIONS:	0/10 km
FIRE CONTROL:	0

► CXE-03D TYPHON



Name:	Typhon
Production Code:	CXE-03D
Nation of Origin:	CEGA
Manufacturer:	Lunar Aerospace Consortium
Type:	Prototype Heavy Exo-Armor
Role:	Anti-Ship, Assault, Strike
Control System:	Linear Frame
Height:	32.5 m
Width:	29.25 m
Empty Weight:	96 tons
Loaded Weight:	124 tons
Main Powerplant:	58 MW
Secondary Powerplant:	12752 KW
Tertiary Powerplant:	20 MW
Main Thrusters:	1 x 98,000 kg, 4 x 48,000 kg, 4 x 52,000 kg
Apogee Motors:	44
Ground Speed:	n/a
Acceleration:	4.0 g
Onboard Sensors:	Classified
Fixed Armament:	1 x LACW-30X ACCLS "Hecatonchires,"
Additional Armament:	1 x LACW-7c Particle Cannon, 6 x Nemo-H Heavy Missiles, 1 x LACW-005 Shield
Defensive Systems:	Mag Screen
Equipment:	Classified

◇ OVERVIEW



Initiated in 2201 by request of the CEGA Council, the Lunar Aerospace Consortium's Typhon Project was assigned the task of designing, constructing and testing prototype exo-armors in order to provide much-needed data for the creation of newer, more effective machines, and to more quickly close the technological gap between CEGA and the other solar nations. Based out of one of LAC's secret orbital facilities, the Project drew many of the company's best minds, and was permitted a surprising amount of leeway in the selection of CEGA Armed Forces personnel to serve as test pilots. Initial funding was modest but increased over time as impressive results were delivered.

Over the years, several machines were built, each one bearing the name of Typhon. The early Typhons were little more than modified Syreen frames, meant to explore the basic construction principles of exo-armors. This research was invaluable in the design and production of the Wyvern. Later, as the design teams gained a better understanding of their craft, the principle shifted more toward upgrades and equipment, developing the stealth and decoy systems used by the Lucifer Cybersatellite. The project's culmination came in 2209, with Typhon Version D, a product of the massive funding increase for exo-armor research that also powered the concurrently running Dragonstriker Project, which pursued similar objectives but in another direction. Built from the ground up to develop and test the next generation of exo-vehicles, the "D" machine was to prove one of LAC's most treasured commodities.

◇ CAPABILITIES

The Typhon unit is designed to be as easy to modify and reequip as possible. Hence, the frame and structure are extremely sturdy while still possessing large spaces into which new parts and devices can be quickly inserted attached to existing power feeds and cooling systems. The limbs and pods are all modular, allowing technicians to work on these complex parts while spares keep the Typhon unit itself operating.

This design principle is largely overshadowed, however, by the design team's tendency to make only quick, scribbled notes regarding whatever change they may be implementing at any given time, and taking several weeks to formally document the data gleaned from such operations. Despite the modularity of the systems, then, repairs and maintenance are made very harduous — it seems there is always a cable snaking in the middle of an important access port.

Another problem is one inherent to testbed machines: there is never enough room or mounting space to do everything the team wants to do. As a result, many instruments and pieces of equipment are jammed in unconventional spots and often fastened in place with tape and prayers until a technician comes around with the proper tools. Construction complaints aside, though, the current configuration of the Typhon is a truly remarkable machine, incorporating many experimental devices that did not make it into the Dragonstriker Project's prototype.

▷ CAPABILITIES

A recent restructuring and replacement of the Typhon's outer skin provides it with additional stealth capabilities above and beyond those built into the machine's basic frame; the addition of baffled exhausts and a new version of the Lucifer's "smart" photoskin outer covering now renders the unit almost invisible. The complete stealth suite is extremely costly and difficult to maintain, though, so barring great advances in production and composition technologies, this aspect of the Typhon is useful only for compiling countermeasures data.

The Typhon's current armament is varied but somewhat haphazard, a condition caused by the different stages of testing certain of its weapon systems are in. Both the primary weapon, a heavy particle beam cannon derived from the Dragonstriker's, and the handheld shield/missile pod combination are highly experimental pieces of equipment in the initial stages of vehicle testing. The beam cannon is a miniaturized version of the particle cannons found on warships, linked to an advanced target tracking system, resulting in a weapon that packs an impressive punch against all types of targets. Unfortunately, the design team has discovered several difficult-to-correct quirks in the cannon's internal workings that are next to impossible to remedy using currently available mass-production techniques. The shield-mounted missile system shows more promise, however. Tests on the disposable rack and launch mechanism are going well, and it is expected that such a device may well find its way onto CEGA exo-fighters within eighteen months.

The remaining element of the Typhon's weapons suite has already proven itself enough to be an integral part of CEGA's new Fury exo-armor. The Hecatonchires system is a redesigned ACDLS that owes much of its conception to ship-mounted defense laser systems. The system consists of multiple small laser turrets (ten, in the Typhon's case) placed strategically at the vehicle's extremities to provide a full-coverage field of fire. The heart of the Hecatonchires is a dedicated fire control computer that allocates firing priorities against incoming missiles and hostile vehicles, maintaining offensive firepower while holding power in reserve for possible antimissile fire. Even with this help, a significant portion of the Typhon's second crewmember's time is spent managing the activity of the Hecatonchires, due to the finicky nature of the experimental computer; the relative simplicity of the newer mass-produced Hecatonchires allows control of that system to be managed solely by the pilot. The mass produced version is also small enough to be run from a small independent generator; for the Typhon, a second plasma reactor is necessary to power the Hecatonchires.

Both the presence of an auxiliary reactor and a second crewmember are part of the machine's testbed nature, allowing new power-requiring systems and control features to be plugged in and mounted with a minimum of internal restructuring. In the current configuration, the auxiliary reactor powers the massive particle cannon in addition to the Hecatonchires; under this load, the reactor needs only run at sixty percent capacity. The second crewmember occupies a linear frame behind that of the pilot, and is responsible for on-the-spot hardware and software troubleshooting, as well as configuring the complex photoskin exterior of the Typhon, whose convoluted shape precludes computer-controlled camouflage.

The Typhon unit is not without weaknesses. For one, the creation of the current stealth configuration forced the removal or rearrangement of much of the vehicle's armor, resulting in protection rather below what would be expected of a vehicle of its size, although the shield ameliorates this somewhat. Also, although the unit is conceived as a long-range deep striker, its jury-rigged construction forces it to undergo maintenance and repairs for every few hours of flight time. The Typhon is therefore useless as a true battlefield machine; the necessity of constant care and attention from a team of trained specialists more than outweighs the otherwise vast worth of its flight and combat abilities.

SERVICE RECORD ◇

As of late 2212, the Typhon unit has gone through four reconstructions, twenty-eight overhauls and some one hundred relatively minor systems alterations. Each of these periods of downtime was followed by several flight-days' worth of intensive testing and data collection at LAC's Takamagahara Testing Site located partway along the Moon's orbit. All of these tests have been performed under strictly regimented schedules and security.

Until September 2212, there were three test pilots assigned to the Typhon project. However, a drunken brawl between two of the pilots, Norberto "Redshift" Estes and Eumaeus "Ulster" Goldstein, resulted in their removal from the project late in that month. Inquiries regarding a replacement pilot are filtering through the CAF Naval Command, but the large number of requests for various services from LAC in the past has made the military prone to dragging its feet in such matters when it suits them. Ariana "Ulula" Morgenstern, the sole Typhon pilot for the past few months, has been forced to triple her flight schedule to keep up with the design team's demands.

VARIANTS ◇

Being a test vehicle, no real variants of the Typhon exist. Each modification of the machine's equipment, jury-rigged and experimental, would be sufficient to constitute a variant in any mass produced military vehicle, however. While there is absolutely no chance of the Typhon itself ever being mass-produced due to its expense and complexity, many of the innovations tested in the machine have subsequently been included on other vehicles in somewhat downgraded and easier to manufacture forms. Both the CEA-12 Fury's Hecatonchires system and the use of shields on CEGA exo-fighters are examples of the transfer of technology.



PILOT'S COMMENTS

"Talk about expensive. I hear some committee got funded just about a *billion* creds just to argue about what to name him. I've seen the transcripts. They ran through Seraph, Golem and — I love this one, great idea guys — Phallus Athena (geez!), before settling on Typhon. No argument here. A hundred-headed dragon, father of all such creatures to follow, and he's all mine.

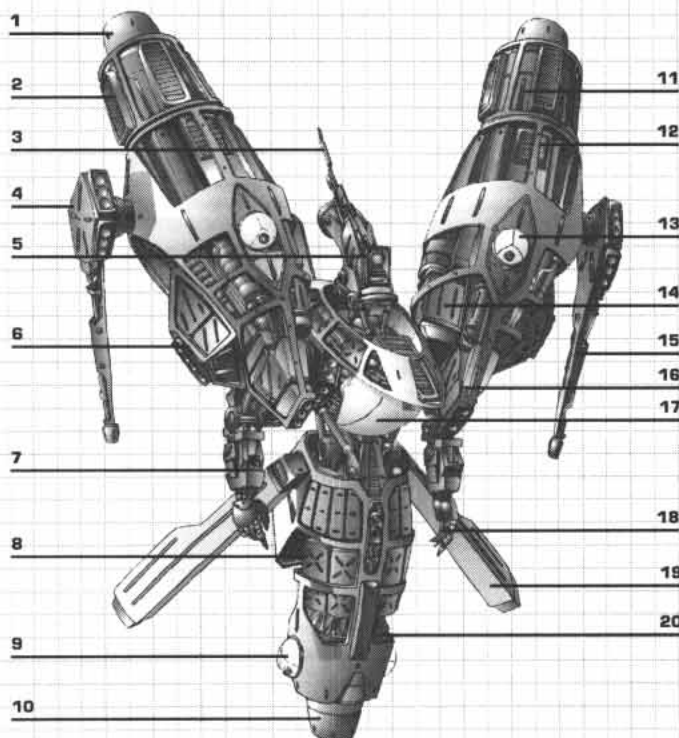
"Typhon's got two cockpits, one aft and up of the other in that big torso, right behind the front armor plating and under the neck area. The front cockpit has a full combat pilot's linear frame rigged up, pulled almost intact from a Wyvern. Well, with all the modifications they've made to it it's kinda hard to tell now, but that's where it came from. The systems operator has to crawl through the pilot's cockpit to get to the operator cockpit hatch, where a second linear frame awaits. The frame's there only because it makes controlling the holofield easier; it's used to pilot the exo only in emergencies, and it's really not designed for dedicated spaceflight control.

"About that holofield, by the way: it's a great toy, but boy, is it a pain to work around. It's this transparent covering over the armor, see? It's thermally sturdy, but otherwise, it's paper. Can't take a good swift kick without peeling off in big sheets. The screen system protects it just fine from stray micro-impacts and radiation, but I'd hate to see what a combat hit would do to it. More importantly from my end, though, the stuff makes entry, exit and any activity whatsoever around Typhon more like brain surgery than engineering. I have to open the hatch by remote and float over in micro-gee to a perfect landing in the cockpit, or someone on the tech team throws a fit. Yesterday, some guy screamed at me for scratching my head within two meters of the damned stuff.

"There's a bunch of other stuff wrong, but none of it's my fault. I never know how the cockpit's gonna look like when I walk into the hangar every morning. Parts and major components get pulled out and replaced almost daily, and nonessential stuff (at least, nonessential in the eyes of the techs) gets pushed to the bottom of the list. Example? Try this: the helmet has this awesome holographic imaging system built into it. Guess how the whole faceplate is attached. Yep, you got it. Duct tape. Yeah, yeah, I know what you heard. Perfect machine, state of the art, innovative technology, product of the future, blah blah blah. Sure, Typhon's got all that. And, just like any prodigy, he's a handful to take care of."

— Lt. Ariana "Ulula" Morgenstern, LAC test pilot

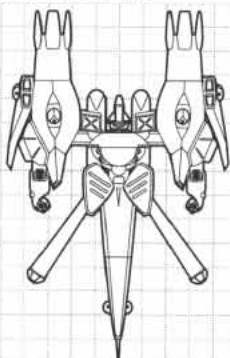
◇ TYPHON INTERNAL SYSTEMS



► LEGEND

1. Upper Right PCC Housing
2. Upper Lateral Heatsink Array
3. Superheterodyne Antenna
4. Balance Arm Thruster Housing
5. Main Sensor Unit
6. Lateral Right Thruster Array
7. Forearm Actuators
8. Armored Reaction Mass Tank
9. Lower Right Hecatonchires Turret
10. Lower PCC Housing
11. Electronic Systems
12. Main Shoulder Structure
13. Shoulder Hecatonchires Turret
14. Left Upper Heat Exchanger
15. Maneuver Vernier Mount
16. Forward Left Thruster Array
17. Main Torso Armor
18. Manipulator w/Claw
19. Left Cooling Unit/Fuel Tank
20. Lower Heat Sink Array

▼ CXE-03D TYPHON



▼ PRODUCTION DATA

THREAT VALUE:	11,000
OFFENSIVE:	13,000
DEFENSIVE:	1900
MISCELLANEOUS:	17,000
COST:	1,423,529,412 credits
PRODUCTION TYPE:	Testbed Prototype
INDV. LEMON DICE:	2

▼ PERKS AND FLAWS

NAME	RATING	GAME EFFECT	AUX
Advanced Controls	-	One additional action (listed above)	Y
Autopilot	-	Level 1 Pilot	Y
Backup Systems	1	Redundant Systems	
Computer	2	CRE +1, KNO +1, PP2, flexible	Y
Computer	2	CRE +1, KNO +1, PP2, Hardwired (Hecatonchires only)	Y
ECCM	3	Defensive Electronic Warfare Equipment	Y
Ejection System	-	Escape Pod	Y
Emergency Medical	-	Ignore "crew stunned" once	
HEP: Rad	3	Screen	
HEP: Vac	-	Space Protection	
HoloField	5	Photoskin covering	Y
Imp. Rear Defense	-	Reduced penalty for rear attack	
Life Support	-	Limited	Y
Manipulator Arm x 2	16	Can punch	
Reinforced Chassis	-	Absorbs first "Structure" hit	
Reinforced Crew Comp.	-	Absorbs first "Crew" hit	
Stealth	4	Difficult to detect	Y
Difficult to Modify	-	Jury-rigged design	
Sensor Dependent	-	Crew sealed under heavy armor	
Weak Point	8	Movement systems	
Defect: Cursed	-	Dramatic License (see JC Companion , page 107)	

▼ WEAPONS

Qty	NAME	FIRE ARC	DM	BR	ACC	ROF	AMMO	SPECIAL	MS	WC	AC
1	Hecatonchires	T	x16	4	+1	7	inf.	AD1, Stealth, HEAT	10	5000	-
^	Hecatonchires AM mode	T	x2	1	+1	6	inf.	AM, Defensive, Stealth, HEAT	(4)	(230)	-
6	Missiles	F	x25	7	0	0	-	Mis, SD, AEO, HEAT	5	390ea	-
1	Beam Cannon	F	x30	5	+1	0	100	AD2, Snipered, HEAT	7	1500	800
1	Shield	F	x17	M	0	0	-	Defensive, Shield	5	220	-

▼ NOTES

▼ CREW DATA

CREW:	2
ACTIONS:	3+1

▼ HULL DATA

SIZE:	17
DEFAULT SIZE:	22
STACKING SIZE:	17
ARMOR:	
LIGHT DAMAGE:	35
HEAVY DAMAGE:	70
OVERKILL:	105

▼ MOVEMENT DATA

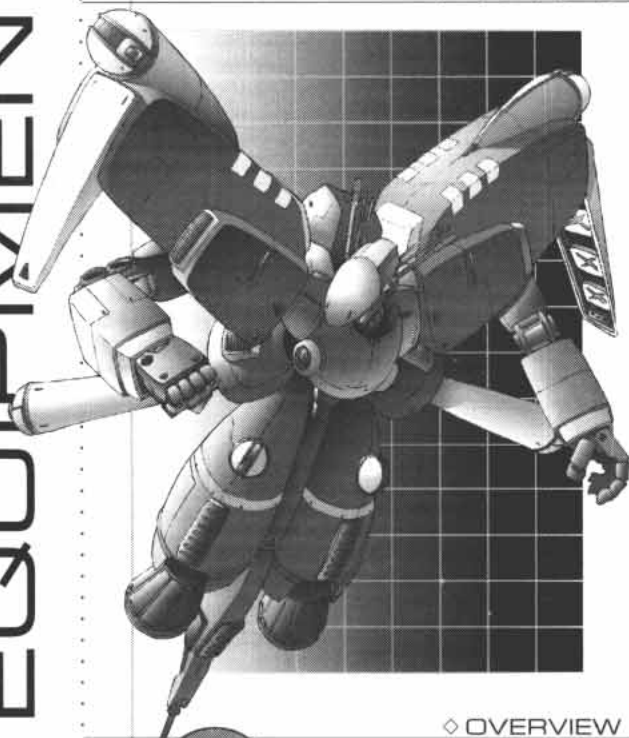
MOVEMENT MODE	COMBAT SPEED	TOP SPEED	MANEUVER
SPACE:	20 (2.0 g)	40 (4.0 g)	-1
DEPLOYMENT RANGE:	100 hrs	Fusion/electric	
REACTION MASS:	1200 BPs	Hydrogen	

▼ ELECTRONICS DATA

SENSORS:	+1/10 km
COMMUNICATIONS:	+0/50 km
FIRE CONTROL:	0

★ JOVIAN
 CHRONICLES

► CEA-12 FURY



Name:	Fury
Production Code:	CEA-12
Nation of Origin:	CEGA
Manufacturer:	Lunar Aerospace Consortium
Type:	General Purpose Space Exo-Armor
Role:	Anti-Ship, Strike, Interceptor, Tactical Strike
Control System:	Linear Frame
Height:	17.0 m
Width:	16.8 m
Empty Weight:	49.4 tons
Loaded Weight:	59 tons
Main Powerplant:	32 MW
Secondary Powerplant:	1203 KW
Tertiary Powerplant:	3400 KW
Main Thrusters:	2 x 50,000 kg, 6 x 10,000 kg
Apogee Motors:	24
Ground Speed:	18 kph
Acceleration:	3.0 g
Onboard Sensors:	Same as Syreen
Fixed Armament:	1 x LACW-32oc ACDLS "Hecatonchires"
Additional Armament:	6 x Venturus SVM-2 missiles, LACW-14 Ralign
Defensive Systems:	Mag Screen
Equipment:	Escape Pod

◇ OVERVIEW



The Syreen was never intended to serve as a frontline combatant. The design was created in order to provide CEGA pilots with exo-armor experience and to act as a stopgap machine to defend CEGA's borders while a more advanced vehicle could be worked on. Several projects were started and ran in parallel for the first decade of the twenty-third century. The Wyvern was finished first and resources from the remaining projects were delayed to speed its mass production.

It was not until eight months after the Battle of Elysée that the first production models of the Syreen Upgrade Package, dubbed Fury, came out of LAC's Clavius facility. Applying as much as they could from the data gleaned from the Dragonstriker's combat performance and from the ongoing Typhon project trials, the LAC design team had come up with an extensive modification regime for the Syreen that created an exo-armor capable of going toe-to-toe with known Jovian designs without necessitating the tooling up of a whole new production line. Sharing a fifty-five-percent parts commonality with the Syreen and possessing remarkably similar handling, the Fury became popular immediately. By early 2213, the number of Furies created either by factory reconstruction of existing Syreens or ground-up production was nearly two hundred.

◇ CAPABILITIES

The Hecatonchires system, first tested on the Typhon prototypes, is found on the Fury in its mass-produced form. The installation of this refined ACDLS is the most complex part of the Syreen-to-Fury construction since it involves the linking of multiple turrets located at the vehicle's extremities to a secondary power generator mounted just underneath the main powerplant in the torso, as well as a central fire control computer. Complaints have arisen from technicians regarding the difficulty of tracking down faults in the system when they occur. Eight hardpoints — two on the back and the rest under the shoulder pods — support the remainder of the armament.

Although the Fury's weak frame is identical to that of the Syreen, the designers have worked around that deficiency, finding an alternate route of defense. The Fury is covered with special mass-produced tiles that serve as partial protection against sensor detection. It also possesses improved internal cooling systems to reduce unnecessary venting of telltale gases. An EW pod is also standard equipment, making the Fury an exceptionally difficult target to acquire and hit.

◇ SERVICE RECORD

Beyond participating in CEGA's Century 23 wargames in 2212, the Fury has seen little in the way of combat against equivalent opponents. The Fury performed extremely well in the wargames, however, successfully evading detection and "destruction," and providing CEGA with invaluable data on the efficiency of their orbital defenses and early-warning systems. The lack of knowledge concerning the Fury's real combat potential is of concern not only to CEGA; the speed at which CEGA is turning these machines out greatly worries all the solar nations.

PILOT'S COMMENTS

"Frankly, I don't give half a floating pusball what the manual says about similarities to the Syreen. You try to ride a Fury like a Syreen, you'll end up smeared over the side of a hangar bay. A Syreen feels like swimming with lead weights on your arms. A Fury, on the other hand, is about as close to flying as a person can get; no legs, just wings spread wide, gliding through space like, well, like a fish *doesn't*.

"The entry hatch is just like the Syreen's, though. A big clamshell hatch opens up, under which is an armored door that slides open to permit entry. Just like with the Syreen, you gotta make sure you're completely inside the cockpit sphere before even *thinking* about buttoning up; you'd think that with all the rest of the improvements, they coulda made the hatch-closing sequence a bit less like a flytrap. At least the cockpit itself has been boosted up a little, with a lot of those tiny-but-noticed perks like real gel-cushions on the linear frame, decent headroom, and the removal of that godawful Syreen bearing-lubricant stink.

"The actual controls are pretty much the same as before, but there really wasn't anything wrong with the sticks or the frame ergonomics on the Syreen, anyway. A few weapons-control switches are moved around or exchanged with sensor or comm controls, though. I haven't had any problems, but some longtime Syreen pilots, who're hardwired to hit *this* button at *that* time are having a hard time remembering which button does what. Last week on exercise, some guy lit up his active sensors by accident, hitting the tab that, on the Syreen, simply turns on passive targeting. That got him an extra twelve hours of sim time, if I remember well.

"Okay, but enough of the little pinholes in the fabric. Overall, I'd say the techies got it right this time, at least as far as grunt pilots go. The Fury's not the toughest customer on the vee (though it still kicks out a lot for an exol), but it's a fine multi-purpose vehicle. As Meg, it's a great dogfighter, good at all ranges and angles, while Alec (a thirty-minute refit away) does the same job EWAC shuttles used to do, only better. As for Tis, well, I've never taken one out, but I hear their assigned pilots have a habit of tacking a big red sticker labeled "smite" onto the torpedoes launch triggers of those birds. I don't blame them. <chuckle>

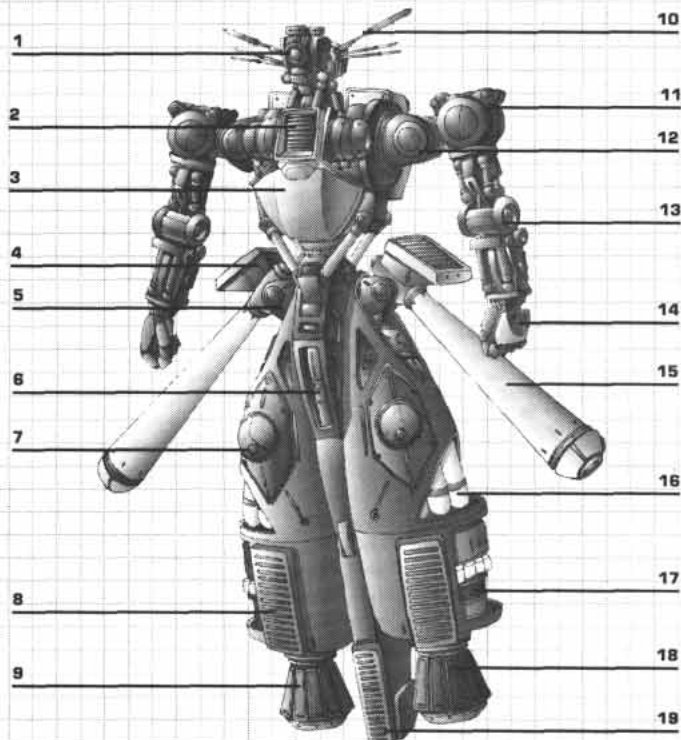
I used to stare at Cerberus and Wyvern Marines pilots with envy — hey, just a little bit, mind you, but envy, yes. Now, I get those same looks back."

— Edgar "Backbite" Hagen, CEGA Wing 38

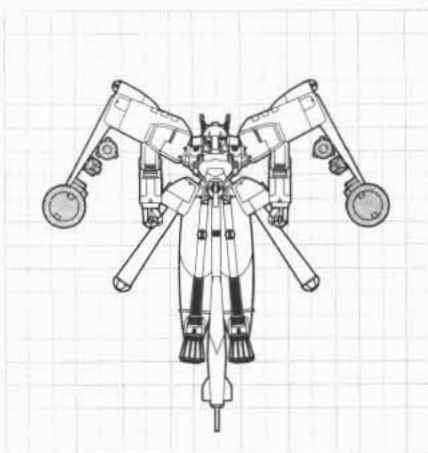
FURY INTERNAL SYSTEMS ◇

▶ LEGEND

1. Main Sensor Array
 2. Cockpit Heat Sink Array
 3. Inner Cockpit Hatch
 4. Right Lateral Heat Sink Array
 5. Right Articulated Mount
 6. Forward Electronic Bay
 7. Lower Right Hecatonchires Turret
 8. Right Landing Skid
 9. Vectoring Plates
 10. Superheterodyne Antenna
 11. Shoulder Pod Attachment Point*
 12. Shoulder Actuator Mount
 13. Elbow Articulation Housing
 14. Manipulator Unit Assembly
 15. Auxiliary Reaction Mass Pod
 16. Main Reaction Mass Tanks
 17. Left PCC Cooling Unit
 18. Left PCC Exhaust
 19. Maneuver Fin Mount
- *Shoulder Pod Unit Assembly Not Shown for Clarity



◇ ALECTO, THE UNCEASING

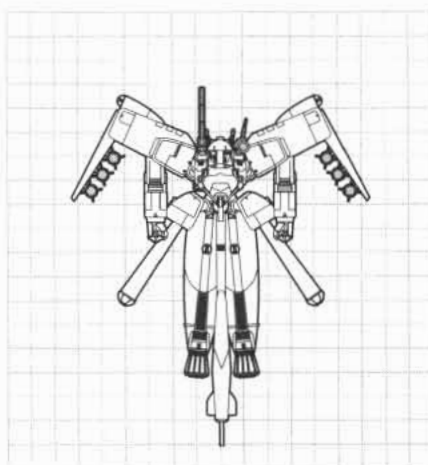


Add:	Satellite Uplink, 2 x Sparrow Recon Drone, ECCM R3, Exposed Aux. Systems, 350 BP
Remove:	-
Change:	Upgrade Sensors to +2/12 km, Communications to +1/20 km, downgrade FireCon to -1
Offensive:	2100
Defensive:	1500
Miscellaneous:	4500
Modified TV:	2700+drones

The Alecto is the reconnaissance configuration of the Fury. It carries a variety of pods performing electronic warfare, communication, detection and recording functions. Each shoulder bears a Sparrow reconnaissance drone, a comm/ECCM pod, and a rotating sensor pod. The rear hardpoints are occupied by two large propellant/coolant tanks for extended range.

A small amount of funding has been allocated for the design of a Fury-compatible booster for Alecto. This project has low priority, however.

◇ MEGAERA, THE GRUDGING

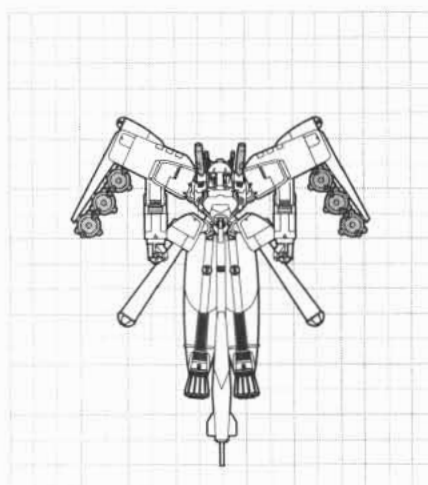


Add:	6 x AG missiles, 1 x railgun
Remove:	-
Change:	-
Offensive:	5800
Defensive:	1500
Miscellaneous:	2500
Modified TV:	3300

The default configuration of the Fury is designed to be well rounded, within the limits set forth by the vehicle's basic design principle. Many mission profiles currently flown by Furies, such as patrol and escort, are not affected by the presence of the railgun. As a result, many commanders opt to send out their Megs without this piece of fragile and expensive equipment, thus cutting down on maintenance and overhaul time.

Talk of a command unit based on the Megaera configuration, equipped with an upgraded communications system and a second cockpit, is making its way around the CAF high command.

◇ TISIPHONE, THE AVENGING

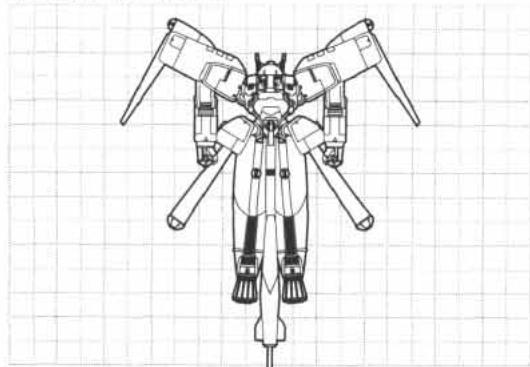


Add:	6 x SR-15 Shrike Anti-Ship Torpedoes, 2 x Plasma Cutter, 60 m³ open cargo area for torpedo mounts
Remove:	-
Change:	Space movement to 2.0g
Offensive:	4300
Defensive:	980
Miscellaneous:	2500
Modified TV:	2600+torpedoes

The Tisiphone configuration is conceived as a ship-killer to the exclusion of all else. The weapon hardpoints are laden with heavy smart torpedoes. The torpedoes' mass make the Tis less nimble than normal, so lightning strikes at top speed are *de rigeur* for this vehicle.

The Tis is even deadlier to ships at close range; its rear hardpoints mount two large plasma cutters which, while only carrying enough fuel for a single use each, can slice a large target open from stern to stern in a single pass. The plasma cutters fire "upward," thus requiring the pilot only to fly close to the target, point the exo toward it, and pull the trigger.

▼ CEA-12 FURY



▼ PRODUCTION DATA

THREAT VALUE:	2700
OFFENSIVE:	4200
DEFENSIVE:	1500
MISCELLANEOUS:	2500
COST:	1,453,846 credits
PRODUCTION TYPE:	Mass Production
INDV. LEMON DICE:	3

▼ PERKS AND FLAWS

NAME	RATING	GAME EFFECT	AUX
Autopilot	-	Level 1 Pilot	Y
Backup Systems	1	Redundant Systems	
Computer	2	CRE O, KNO O, PP2, flexible	Y
Decoy System	2	Sensor and Visual	Y
Ejection System	-	Escape Pod	Y
HEP: Rad	3	Screen	
HEP: Vac	-	Space Protection	
Life Support	-	Limited	Y
2 x Manipulator Arm	10	Can punch	
Reinforced Crew Comp.	-	Absorbs first "Crew" hit	
Annoyance	-	Cranky Hecatonthires: -1 to repair	
Fragile Structure	-	"Structure" hits one step worse	
Large Sensor Profile	1	Large size	

▼ WEAPONS

Qty	NAME	FIRE ARC	DM	BR	ACC	ROF	AMMO	SPECIAL	MS	WC	AC
1	Hecatonthires	T	x15	3	+1	2	inf.	AD1, HEAT	8	2200	-
^	Hecatonthires AM Mode	T	x2	1	+1	6	inf.	AM, Defensive, HEAT	(3)	(160)	-
#	A9 Medium Missiles	F	x15	5	0	0	n/a	Missile, SD, Sk1	5	210ea	
#	Railgun	FF	x17	6	0	0	10	MR6, Snipered	10	2200	94
#	Plasma Cutter	FF	x40	M	-2	0	LU1	HEAT	3	60	-
#	Shrike Torpedoes: see p.112										
#	Sparrow Drones: see p.113										

▼ NOTES

▼ CREW DATA

CREW:	1
ACTIONS:	2

▼ HULL DATA

SIZE:	13
DEFAULT SIZE:	14
STACKING SIZE:	13
ARMOR:	
LIGHT DAMAGE:	24
HEAVY DAMAGE:	48
OVERKILL:	72

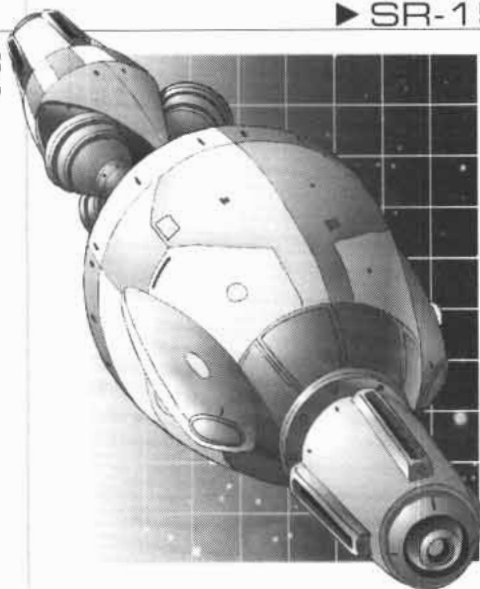
▼ MOVEMENT DATA

MOVEMENT MODE	COMBAT SPEED	TOP SPEED	MANEUVER
SPACE:	15 (1.5 g)	30 (3.0 g)	0
DEPLOYMENT RANGE:	500 hrs	Fusion/electric	
REACTION MASS:	350 BP	Hydrogen	

▼ ELECTRONICS DATA

SENSORS:	0/3 km
COMMUNICATIONS:	0/10 km
FIRE CONTROL:	0

5.10



► SR-15 SHRIKE ANTI-SHIP TORPEDO

Called a "baby cruise missile" by some, the Shrike is one of the new breed of "brilliant" fighter-borne missile weapons, able to independently make its way to its target, evading obstacles and attacks directed against it while deciding on the best avenue of attack. Designed for use against large targets, the Shrike has difficulty keeping track of small, nimble targets like exo-armors. Against warships, however, the Shrike is a deadly weapon, especially when delivered up close, where a ship's defense lasers do not have sufficient time to shoot it down. The torpedo's AI allows it to be voice activated and launched in a fashion similar to the smart missiles carried by many modern exos. This ability permits the pilot to concentrate on flying and dodging.

Although the use of thermonuclear devices is strongly frowned upon by the USN, CEGA nevertheless maintains a small stock of such warheads in several vaults deep inside Earth's Moon. The other Solar Nations are also known to have nuclear arsenals of various sizes. With the proper authorizations, the Shrike can be equipped with a tactical nuclear warhead. This option has never actually been tested, however, since gaining authorization to simply remove a warhead from one of the storage vaults has proven to be a multi-year bureaucratic affair.



▣ VEHICLE DATA

VEHICLE DATA								
Threat Value				840 (1,260,000 credits)				
Size				3				
* Armor				2/4/6				
► MOVEMENT DATA								
Movement Mode		Combat Speed		Top Speed		Maneuver		
Space		20 (2.0 g)		40 (4.0 g)		+1		
Deployment Range				50 hrs Electric				
Reaction Mass				80 BP High Grade Rocket Fuel				
► ELECTRONICS DATA								
Sensors				+1/2 km				
Communication				-1/10 km				
Fire Control				0				
► PERKS AND FLAWS DATA								
Name		Rating		Game Effect				
Autopilot		-		Level 1 Pilot				
Computer (hardwired: Space Pilot)		4		CRE 0, KNO 0, PP2				
HEP: Rad		3		Screen				
HEP: Vac		-		Space Protection				
Haywire Vulnerable		-		Haywire gets extra damage roll				
Overheating		-		Light damage after 3 turns				
► DEFECTS DATA								
Name		Rating		Game Effect				
Annoyance		-		Smooth skin causes paint to flake when handled frequently				
► OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE SYSTEM DATA								
Qty	Name	Arc	DM	BR	Acc	ROF	Ammo	Special
1	Warhead	FF	x50	M	-2	0	n/a	SD
#	Scatter Bomb	FF	x25	M	-2	0	n/a	SD, AE1
#	Tactical Nuke	FF	x10	M	+1	0	n/a	SD, Mass Dest.
► OPTIONS								
Name				Modified Threat Value				
Exchange Warhead for Scatter Bomb				840				
Exchange Warhead for Tactical Nuke				151,000				

RP-44 SPARROW RECON DRONE ◀

Used by picket ships and scout vessels, the Sparrow is one of the more common military drones in use by CEGA. Equipped with a powerful sensor suite and a reasonably clever computer pilot, the Sparrow can enter a combat zone and transmit valuable information back to its home base. The vehicle's satellite link actually makes it doubly useful on the battlefield as a communications relay station. Not meant for combat of any sort, the Sparrow is lightly armored and completely unarmed except for an occasional unit mounting a computer-controlled target designator. Due to its small size and unthreatening appearance, however, few combat units are willing to expend the propellant and ammunition required to shoot the Sparrow down, although opinions often rapidly change once the pilots recognize the danger the drone represents.

The Sparrow is part of the equipment suite of the Alecto configuration of CEGA's new Fury exo-armor. Carried as a pair, the Sparrows' presence makes the Alecto an extremely effective reconnaissance unit, allowing it to get close-up information without actually exposing itself to any danger. The onboard computer is intelligent enough not to require constant supervision. The only problem lies in the relative expense of the Sparrow, which limits wider distribution and disposability.



5.11

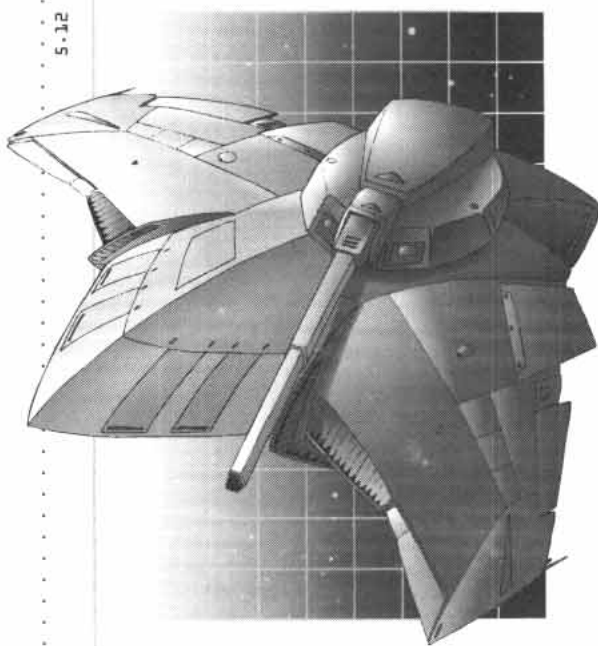
VEHICLE DATA



Threat Value	520 (520,000 credits)							
Size	4							
Armor:	2/4/6							
► MOVEMENT DATA								
Movement Mode	Combat Speed	Top Speed	Maneuver					
Space	10 (1.0 g)	20 (2.0 g)	-1					
Deployment Range	50 hrs Electric							
Reaction Mas	100 BP High Grade Rocket Fuel							
► ELECTRONICS DATA								
Sensors	+2/ 10 km							
Communication	+1/10 km							
Fire Control	-1							
► PERKS AND FLAWS DATA								
Name	Rating	Game Effect						
Autopilot	-	Level 1 Pilot						
Computer	4	CRE 0, KNO 0, PP4						
HEP: Rad	3	Screen						
HEP: Vac	-	Space Protection						
Satellite Uplink	-	Multiply base Comm by 1000						
Exposed Aux Systems	-	Hits on AUX systems count as one level higher						
● DEFECTS DATA								
Name	Rating	Game Effect						
None	-	-						
► OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE SYSTEM DATA								
Qty	Name	Arc	DM	BR	Acc	ROF	Ammo	Special
None								
► OPTIONS								
Name	Modified Threat Value							
Add Target Designator R3	760							

end of section 5.11 rp-44 sparrow reconnaissance drone

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RTH-115 HELLWIND

Name:	Hellwind
Production Code:	RTH-115
Nation of Origin:	Martian Free Republic
Manufacturer:	Martian Free Republic
Type:	Medium Close Support Hovertank
Role:	Assault, Reconnaissance, Search & Rescue
Control System:	standard cockpit
Length:	12.6 m
Wingspan:	8 m
Empty Weight:	35 tons
Loaded Weight:	46 tons
Main Powerplant:	36 MW
Secondary Powerplant:	1570 KW
Main Thrusters:	4 x 15, 000 kg, 2 x 6000 kg
Apogee Motors:	n/a
Flight Speed:	420 kph
Onboard Sensors:	Classified, presumed similar to exo-armors
Fixed Armament:	Ares Meteor II Railgun, Ares Omega-4 16 mm Vulcan Cannon
Additional Armament:	CF-10 Bloodhound Anti-Radiation Missiles, N-990 Rocket Pods, ALI Antitank Missiles
Defensive Systems:	Chaff Pod
Equipment:	Ejection Seats, Dust Filters

OVERVIEW



Designed in 2208 to replace the Martian Free Republic's aging fleet of hovertanks, the Hellwind was originally conceived as a souped-up rehash of old armored fighting vehicle designs. A number of technological and engineering innovations suggested by members of the design team, however, caused the original concept to be scrapped and replaced by something drastically different. The new machine, while far over budget and rather untraditional, did everything its designers promised, making it the first purpose-designed cavalry fighting vehicle for exo-suits.

CAPABILITIES

The Hellwind is actually more of a heavy VTOL than a tank; the squat turret atop its sleek fuselage is its only real concession to traditional tank construction. A complex fusion reactor co-designed by Jovian Armor Works powers four vectored thrusters which draw in atmospheric gases, heat them and use the resulting expansion to provide lifting power. Although the system grants excellent range and loitering time, its heat signature is very high; much of the Hellwind's extensive collection of stealth baffles and electronics is focused toward minimizing the appearance of the hot gas jets on enemy sensors.

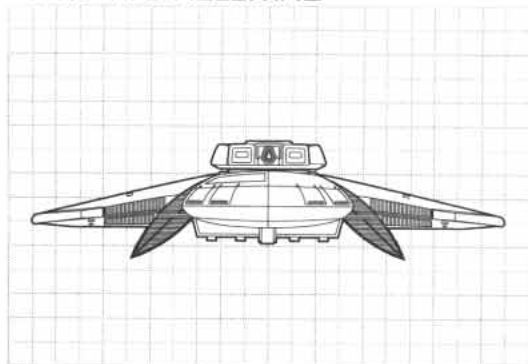
In a drastic change from previous organizational perceptions of exo-suited infantry and armored vehicles, the Hellwind is designed to act in concert with a squad of four slightly modified Sand Stalker exo-suits, which are permanently assigned in a team with the tank, riding belly-up on special clamps on the tank's undercarriage. The exo-suits are used to patrol and fight on the ground and in restricted spaces, while the Hellwind provides speed and air support. This combination is very effective in patrolling the Republic's borders, which are very large in relation to the size of its military.

The Ares railgun's exceptional range and penetration power have become legend among the exo-suit troops who benefit from its support fire. A coaxially mounted vulcan cannon fills the tank's anti-infantry needs, while a payload bay in the vehicle's belly carries a variety of ordnance, often including several Bloodhound radiation-homing missiles. Designed specifically for use by the Hellwind, the Bloodhounds take advantage of the fact that most attackers will be forced to use active sensor sweeps in order to gain a weapons lock on the stealthy tank; the missiles follow the sensor emissions back to their source, delivering an unpleasant package to erstwhile opponents.

SERVICE RECORD

The Hellwind's numbers have steadily (if slowly) increased since its introduction in 2210. The vehicle has been used quite frequently, and several incidents and skirmishes involving Hellwinds have proven the effectiveness of the tank-exo-suit combination. The Martian War has put all of the few Hellwind-equipped units in great demand since their speed and mobility is the best-known counter to the Federation's lumbering heavy tank formations. While the Hellwind continues to demonstrate its superlative abilities, the sheer mass of Federation forces is beginning to take its toll, and unlike the older models of hovertank, the Hellwinds are not at all easy to replace once downed on the battlefield.

▼ RTH-115 HELLWIND



▼ PRODUCTION DATA

THREAT VALUE:	3300
OFFENSIVE:	3100
DEFENSIVE:	430
MISCELLANEOUS:	6500
COST:	8,250,000 credits
PRODUCTION TYPE:	Limited Production
INDV. LEMON DICE:	3

▼ PERKS AND FLAWS

NAME	RATING	GAME EFFECT	AUX
Autopilot	-	Level 1 Pilot	Y
Backup Systems	1	Redundant Systems	
Cargo Bay	-	Internal ordnance bay, 4 m ³	
Cargo Bay	-	Open, 30 m ³ , handpoints for exo-suits	
Computer	2	CRE O, KNO O, PP2, flexible	Y
Ejection System	-	Ejection seats	Y
HEP: Desert	-	Desert Protection	
High Towing Capacity	-	Double	
Life Support	-	Limited	Y
Low Profile	-	-1 to hit when in hull down	
NOE Flyer	-	Can fly at level O	
Reinforced Crew Comp.	-	Absorbs first "Crew" hit	
Satellite Uplink	-	x 1000 comm range	Y
Stealth	5	Hard to Detect	Y
Target Designator	3	Designate for Guided weapons	Y
Cannot Glide	-	-	
Large Sensor Profile	1	Large size, hot exhaust	
Maximum Ceiling	8	-	
Overheating	-	Cannot fire and move more than two turns in a row	

▼ WEAPONS

Qty	NAME	FIRE ARC	DM	BR	ACC	ROF	AMMO	SPECIAL	MS	WC	AC
1	Meteor II Railgun	ST	x10	5	+1	0	40	AP, A/G	9	2700	54
1	Vulcan	T	x4	2	+1	4	500	AI, A/G	4	160	72
1	Chaff Pod	T	x2	1	+2	0	10	AM, Defensive, A/G	2	27	1
#	Bloodhound Missile	F	x18	6	0	0	-	Mis, SD, Rad-Homing, IF, A/G	6	540ea	-
#	N-990 Rocket Pod	F	x15	3	-1	4	16	Mis, IF, Anti-Structure, A/G	6	370ea	11
#	ALI Antitank Missile	F	x21	3	0	0	-	Mis, SD, Guided, IF, A/G	6	460	-

▼ NOTES

Notes: any combination of: Bloodhound Missile (OTV + 540), ALI Antitank Missile (OTV + 460) or N-990 Rocket Pod (OTV + 370+11 each shot) may be added, up to a limit of eight total items.

When carrying exo-suits, the Hellwind's Stealth rating drops to 2 unless it is flying NOE. This penalty is also removed if the disposable stealth baffles are used.

▼ CREW DATA

CREW:	3
ACTIONS:	3

▼ HULL DATA

SIZE:	12
DEFAULT SIZE:	15
STACKING SIZE:	12
ARMOR:	
LIGHT DAMAGE:	25
HEAVY DAMAGE:	50
OVERKILL:	75

▼ MOVEMENT DATA

MOVEMENT MODE	COMBAT SPEED	TOP SPEED	MANEUVER
FLIGHT:	5 (150 kph)	10 (300 kph)	-1 (Stall O)
GROUND:	O (landing gear)	O	-1
DEPLOYMENT RANGE:	800 km	Fusion/electric	
REACTION MASS:			

▼ ELECTRONICS DATA

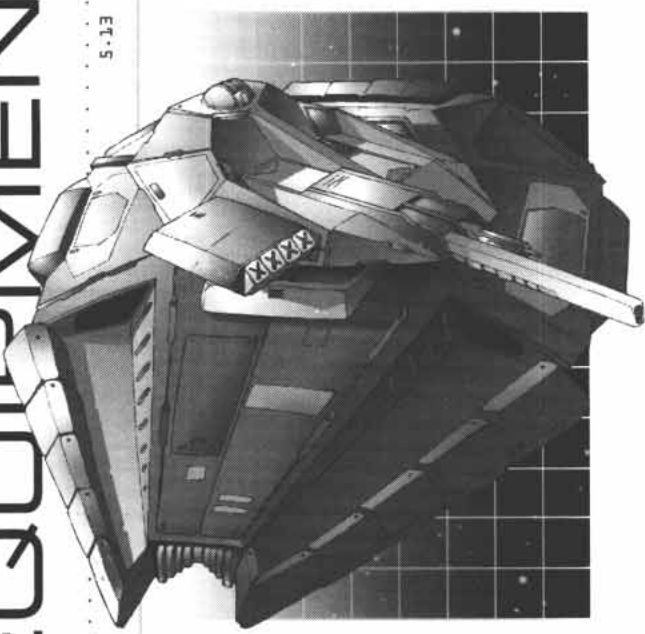
SENSORS:	+1/4 km
COMMUNICATIONS:	O/10 km
FIRE CONTROL:	O

JOVIAN
CHRONICLES



S.13

► PZKLF-17 ABDIEL



Name:	Abdiel
Production Code:	PzKLF-17
Nation of Origin:	Martian Federation
Manufacturer:	Ares Heavy Motors
Type:	Heavy Hovertank
Role:	Assault, Fire Support
Control System:	Standard Cockpit
Length:	14.2 m
Width:	8 m
Empty Weight:	44.0 tons
Loaded Weight:	59.7 tons
Main Powerplant:	19400 KW
Secondary Powerplant:	1570 KW
Main Thrusters:	6 x 10, 000 kg
Apogee Motors:	n/a
Ground Speed:	144 kph
Onboard Sensors:	Classified, probably similar to exo-armors
Fixed Armament:	1 x Ares Brock 130mm gun, 1 x Vc-130 Machine Gun
Additional Armament:	4 x Flz-002 Kasper Antitank Missiles, 4 x Flz-035 Arces Surface-to-Air Missiles
Defensive Systems:	Vaop 7719 Laser
Equipment:	Ejection Seats, Dust Filters



◇ OVERVIEW

Following the mass-production of the Sabertooth exo-suit in 2192, the Martian Federation elected to put exo-vehicle research aside for the time being and concentrate on upgrading its sizable but aging force of combat hovercraft. First to be targeted for replacement, the fifty-year-old Azraël heavy tank was a fine machine in its time, but has now become obsolete. The Federation demanded of Ares Corporation a hovertank that could outgun and outrun any exo-armor in ground combat, and still be able to withstand the sort of punishment commonly dealt out to assault vehicles. Ares' answer came in 2198, with the Abdiel, a completely new design that eschewed the latest trends in linear-frame control and humanoid machines in favor of sturdy, reliable traditional tank architecture.

◇ CAPABILITIES

Ares' traditionalist approach to hovertank design has paid off well; the Abdiel is solidly built and very tough. The crew and vital systems are sheathed in layers of composite armor, which is especially effective against the newest energy-based weapons. The same 130 mm cannon used on the Azrael is also the Abdiel's primary weapon. The gun is capable of firing many different kinds of ammunition, making it more powerful, in the Federation's opinion, than smaller but more complex railguns. A simple machine gun provides some anti-infantry cover.

The Vaop 7719 laser system is a small battery-powered anti-missile weapon similar to the anti-missile lasers found on many exo-armors, but less expensive. A modular rack of heavy antitank missiles mounted on one side of the large turret comprises the remainder of the armament. In keeping with Federation military doctrine, a satellite uplink is installed so that tank crews can always stay in contact with their superiors.

◇ SERVICE RECORD

Upon entering service in 2202, Abdiels were posted to multiple border watch bases, where they found great favor among their crews. Little actual combat was seen by the machines, however, until the start of the Martian War. Luckily, the Abdiel more than lived up to the Federation's expectations, being responsible for eighty percent of the territory gains made in the first weeks of the conflict. The Abdiel is proving to be almost unstoppable on the offense, but only when adequately supported. One disastrous incident occurred on the twenty-fourth day of the war, when a column of Abdiels was ordered by a glory-hound officer to charge a poorly defended Republic city dome without waiting for infantry or air support. The entire unit was wiped out by hastily laid minefields in the city's streets.

The sighting of Republic tanks with full flight capabilities in 2209 caused something of a stir in the Federation Army. A quick field modification package was purchased from Ares and issued to Abdiel units, removing one or both of the Kasper missile racks and replaces them with an equal number of Arces surface-to-air missiles. The effectiveness of these munitions against the new Republic tanks (derisively dubbed "Fledermaus" by Federation tank crews) remains unknown, though, since Hellwind pilots tend to hug the ground the moment an Abdiel is sighted.

▼ PZKLF-17 ABDIEL



▼ PRODUCTION DATA

THREAT VALUE:	5700
OFFENSIVE:	12,000
DEFENSIVE:	900
MISCELLANEOUS:	4300
COST:	3,945,154 credits
PRODUCTION TYPE:	Mass Production
INDV. LEMON DICE:	3

▼ CREW DATA

CREW:	3
ACTIONS:	3

▼ HULL DATA

SIZE:	13
DEFAULT SIZE:	18
STACKING SIZE:	13
ARMOR:	
LIGHT DAMAGE:	40
HEAVY DAMAGE:	80
OVERKILL:	120

▼ MOVEMENT DATA

MOVEMENT MODE	COMBAT SPEED	TOP SPEED	MANEUVER
HOVER:	12 (72 kph)	24 (144 kph)	-2
DEPLOYMENT RANGE:	400 km	turbine/electric	
REACTION MASS:	-	-	

▼ ELECTRONICS DATA

SENSORS:	+1/4 km
COMMUNICATIONS:	+1/10 km
FIRE CONTROL:	0

▼ PERKS AND FLAWS

NAME	RATING	GAME EFFECT	AUX
Autopilot	-	Act as Level 1 Pilot	Y
Backup Systems	1	Redundant Systems	
Computer	2	CRE O, KNO O, PP2, flexible	Y
Ejection System	-	Ejection seats	Y
HEAT Resistant Armor	10	Add to armor vs. HEAT weapons	
HEP: Desert	-	Desert Protection	
Life Support	-	Limited	Y
Reinforced Crew Comp.	-	Absorbs first "Crew" hit	
Satellite Uplink	-	x 1000 comm range	Y
Stealth	2	Hard to Detect	Y
Target Designator	3	Used to lock-on targets	Y
Large Sensor Profile	2	Large size	
Weak Underbelly	-8	Half armor vs. attacks from below	

▼ WEAPONS

Qty	NAME	FIRE ARC	DM	BR	ACC	ROF	AMMO	SPECIAL	MS	WC	AC
1	130mm gun — AP round	T	x15	5	0	0	20	IF, MR2, AP, HEAT	8	3700	28
-	130mm gun — AE round	-	x10	5	0	0	10	IF, MR2, AEO, HEAT	-	240	9
-	130mm gun — Black Fog	-	x1	5	0	0	10	IF, MR2, AE1, Def, BlkFg	-	130	25
-	130mm gun — HE round	-	x25	5	0	0	20	IF, MR2, HEAT	-	810	60
1	Vc-130 Heavy MG	ST	x5	2	0	+2	1000	AI	4	120	132
1	Vaop 7719 Laser	T	x2	1	+1	4	120	AM, Defensive	3	38	4
1	Kasper antitank missiles	T	x20	3	0	0	4	Missile, G, IF	10	2900	7
1	Arces surface-to-air missiles	T	x12	8	0	0	4	Missile, G, A/G	10	3200	10

▼ NOTES

Replace Kasper with second Arces: OS: 12,000

Replace Arces with second Kasper: OS: 11,000

JOVIAN
CHRONICLES

► THE ARMORS OF ARES

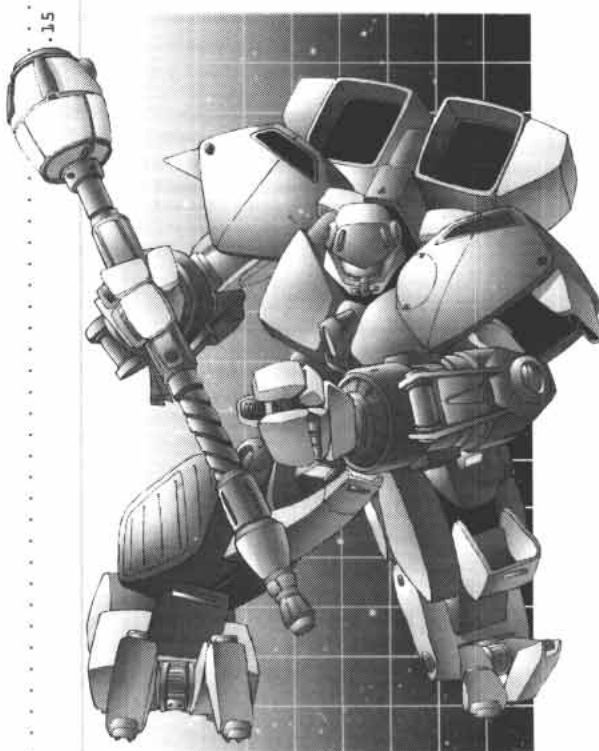
While the Martian armies do field some exo-armors, the bulk of their forces is composed of combat exo-suits and conventional armored vehicles, both more suitable to combat in the peculiar environments of the red planet. Exo-armors are generally too bulky (and too tall — there are many wide desert plains on Mars) to be completely relied upon on the ground, and thus most are posted in space to defend the meager Martian fleets and orbital assets. The smaller and more agile exo-suits, carried by fast vehicles, are better suited to battle fronts that may extend across hundreds of kilometers of rusted dunes. Once dismounted, the 'suits can use ground features most effectively for protection, while the vehicles circle around for fast striking runs and flanking actions.

The Federation has always fielded a large number of exo-suits in its forces, most of them based on the reliable Sabertooth chassis. The climate of hostility that followed the destruction of the Elevator has caused the Federated army to bulk up its forces in prevision for an extended conflict with the Martian Free Republic. New upgrades, such as the Sabertooth Zwei, have been produced by the factories of Solis Planum by the hundreds and sent to waiting Federated forces on the Republican border. Armed convoys are shuttling between the front and the Federation's armories, rotating the exo-suits back to the workshop to be rebuilt and receive the new improved systems.

The Free Republic has not remained idle either. Concurrent to the design work on the Hellwind hovertank itself was a smaller project to produce a retrofit kit for the Rangers' Sand Stalker trooper exo-suit. The requirement was for an inexpensive, easily-produced package that could be quickly applied to a large number of units in a matter of months. The upgrades would allow it to be transported by the Hellwind and form a more efficient partnership with the hybrid VTOL/hovertank. Thanks to a careful planning schedule, the final product began shipping to exo-suit units at the same time as the Hellwinds were going to tank battalions.

In the two years since its formation, this new "exo-cavalry" has received both compliments and complaints. On the bright side, the introduction of the Hellwinds has improved the overall performances of the Sand Stalker units dramatically, mainly because they are now more mobile and better supported. While the jointly-commanding tank and infantry Marshals in the field are quite pleased with the new arrangement, administrators and desk officials have been continually frustrated by huge numbers of requests for equipment and supplies from both the tank and infantry divisions. The differing maintenance and operational requirements of the Hellwinds and their Sand Stalker partners are also causing many headaches to quartermasters and numerous scheduling conflicts for the technicians.

► PARTISAN SAND STALKER



Remove:		all weapons						
Add:		Panzerfaust						
Change:		Armor to 8						
Final TV:		DS +80 per panzerfaust, DS -36						
Qty	Name	Arc	DM	BR	Acc	RDF	Ammo	Special
1	Panzerfaust	F	x20	1	0	0	-	SD

Faced with mounting losses of trained exo-suit troops, many Martian units (especially from the Free Republic) have adopted the practice of accepting volunteers from the ranks of citizens fleeing the front to fill empty positions in the ranks. While some volunteers are police officers or retired military personnel, the large majority consists of poorly trained, but eager young men and women. Most are given a military pressure suit and an assault rifle or a light, one-shot anti-vehicle missile.

The more promising volunteers are given crash courses in exo-suit operation and assigned patched-up attlefield salvages or converted civilian machines with simplified, single use "point-and-shoot" weaponry. Because of their limited experience and their lack of armament, these partisan forces are usually assigned to guard duty and escort missions in low intensity areas.

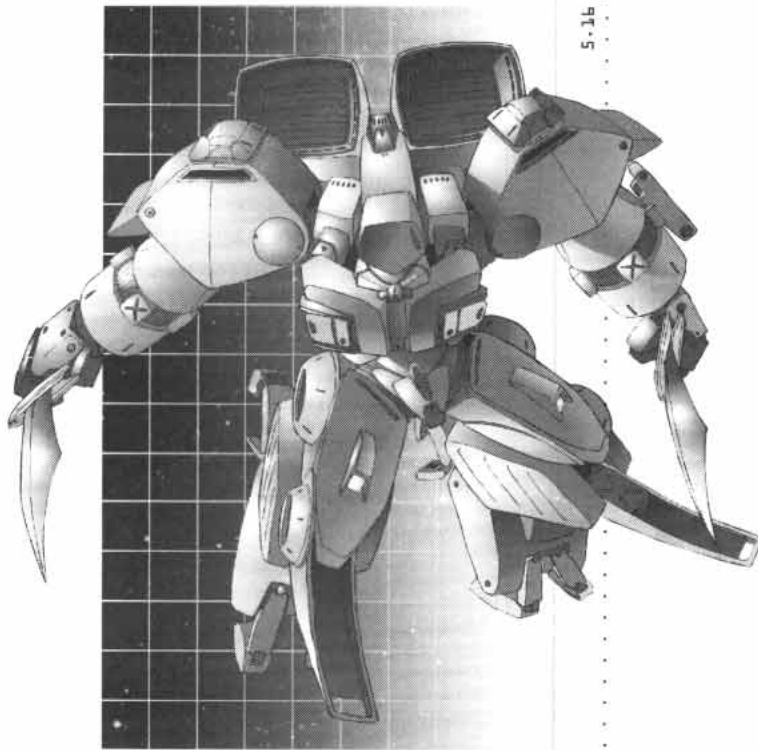
In the few instances where partisans have found themselves in front line combat against Federation hovertanks, they have been quite ineffective, much to the concern of the Ranger high command. Though brave, the volunteers lack the training to fully use the exo-suits and most of their weapons, and yet at the same time cannot be sent into the field without them. The Free Republic is fast running out of options: the partisan forces were one of its last trump cards.

SAND STALKER (HELLWIND-MOUNT ◀

Add: Airdroppable, Airlift Ready, Target Designator (Rating 3), up to two Hummers								
Remove: -								
Change: -								
Final TV: OS + 25 per knife, MS + 780								
Qty	Name	Arc	DM	BR	Acc	ROF	Ammo	Special
#	Hummer knife	F	x7	M	Q	Q	inf.	Parry

Following initial testing and evaluations of the Hellwind-Sand Stalker team, a drastic reorganization of the Free Republic Rangers that had been percolating through the bureaucracy for several years was finally implemented. All Hellwind hover tanks were reassigned to newly created squadrons which also contained a matching number of Sand Stalker squads headhunted from various infantry units. Organized into platoons of four tanks and sixteen infantrymen each, this new airborne exo-cavalry branch was designed to be exceptionally flexible and mobile, even for the already-fluid Free Republic Rangers. All Sand Stalkers were modified to function with their new hover tank partners.

The modifications are simple, requiring little internal tinkering and able to be carried out by nontechnical personnel. A set of Hellwind-compatible clamps are mounted on the 'suit's chest and legs, and multiple airlift attachment points are bolted to the hull. To supplement the Sand Stalker's close combat ability against other exo-suits, waist clips can hold one or two long hummer combat knives. The addition of a target designator system to the exo-suit's arsenal, carried in a hip "holster," completes the 'suit's modifications. The designator is a standard piece of infantry equipment with extra padding and added structure to help it withstand the rigors of use by an enhanced trooper.



5.16

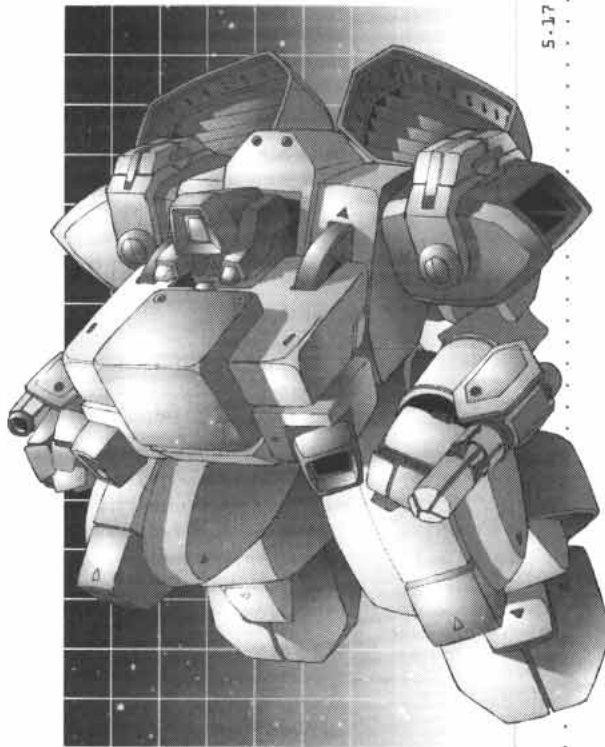
SABERTOOTH ZWEI ◀

Add: Airdroppable, Target Designator (Rating 3), up to two Hummers								
Remove: -								
Change: Communication to Q								
Final TV: OS +31 per spike, MS + 580								
Qty	Name	Arc	DM	BR	Acc	ROF	Ammo	Special
#	Hummer spike	F	x5	M	Q	Q	inf.	AP

The Sabertooth production lines underwent a minor upgrade in late 2210 to help make the machine more useful on the battlefields of the twenty-third century. The changes to the basic design were minor and easily implemented, and the newly enhanced exo-suits, dubbed Sabertooth Zwei (two) began making their way into Federation units in August 2211.

The Sabertooth Zwei features several new pieces of equipment meant to enhance the exo-suit's mobility, combined-arms usefulness and ease of maintenance. The fragile and cranky fixed-mount laser cutters on the arms were removed and replaced with a target designator, allowing the Sabertooth to act as a spotter for more heavily armed vehicles. Close combat effectiveness was maintained by the addition of a large forearm-mounted hummer spike on the arm opposite from the target designator.

Multiple complaints from troopers regarding the Sabertooth's substandard communications suite resulted in a change to a newer and more high-powered system. The leg and waist support structure was strengthened, and parachute attachment points were added, giving the Sabertooth Zwei full airdrop capabilities. The final machine is quite similar in appearance and operating characteristics to the original Sabertooth (hence the use of a mark number instead of a new name), but holds some significant improvements from the standpoint of the infantryman.



5.17



► NEW AND UNIMPROVED

The initial production runs of the Retaliator, as well as several years' worth of Pathfinders, were equipped with high-end Jovian Optics PL-3 version 1 plasma lances, which were capable of slicing small ships from stem to stern. Greatly appreciated by Jovian pilots and the source of much envy in other militaries, the original PL-3 became the signature weapon of Jovian exo-armors.

In the production frenzy following the Battle of Elysée, however, several corners were cut in the assembly of the PL-3 in order to fill orders for the rapid construction of Alpha-class Pathfinders and Retaliators. The result was a severely downgraded weapon, whose plasma flame was barely half the strength of its earlier incarnation. The fault went undiscovered for months, until a pilot in one of the new Pathfinders attempted to perform a "gutting" attack on a pirate Bricriu which resulted in an unpleasant surprise.

As battle reports from users of Alpha-series exo-armors continued to pile up, complaints grew louder. By the time the matter was brought to the attention of Robert Hower in March 2211, over 200 new exo-armors had been delivered to the JAF's three divisions, all bearing the faulty plasma lances. Luckily, Hower's reaction was immediate. The assembly problem was corrected and replacement plasma lances (designated PL-3A) began shipping out to Jovian units. The information and specs for the construction of the cheaper, downgraded PL-3 were retained for possible sale to foreign powers. As far as the JAF was concerned, however, the traditional weapon of the Jovian exo-armor fleet had been returned.

Game notes: all Jovian exo-armors after 2211 may use the PL-3A instead of the weaker PL-3. Add 40 to the Offensive Score for each upgraded Plasma Lance. Note that the exo-armor designs provided herein carry the PL3A by default and have already had the TVs adjusted accordingly.

▣ PL-3A PLASMA LANCE

Name	DM	BR	Acc	ROF	Ammo	Special
PL-3A Plasma Lance	x20	Melee	+0	0	LUS	AC, HEAT

◇ JUST IN CASE

The highly effective Zapper anti-missile systems carried by CEGA Wyverns make a mockery of Jovian missiles and rockets, but the Retaliator and Pathfinder lack such a measure. While most CEGA missiles are fairly low powered and/or inaccurate, occasional lucky shots have resulted in several destroyed exo-armors and a few deaths. Realizing that simple particle defense systems would be easy to modify and mount on Jovian exo-armors, the Newhome-based Dzechek Cosmovek firm beat JAW efforts by three months and forty million credits, producing a refit kit for Retaliators and Pathfinders in 2212.

Mounted in two shoulder blisters similar to (but more compact than) the ones on the Vindicator exo-armor, the Arclight-7 anti-missile system is comparable to its CEGA equivalent, providing near-complete protection from incoming missiles. The refit kit is slowly making its way around the Jovian ranks, receiving great acclaim. The orders from Dzechek are slow in being filled, however, and there is talk of purchasing a batch of JAW's recently completed anti-missile refit kit to make up the difference.

Game notes: any Retaliator or Pathfinder after March 2212 may mount an antimissile system. Add 325 to the Offensive Score of the upgraded exo-armor. The tactical scenarios in this book assume that all Retaliators and Pathfinders carry anti-missile systems.

▣ ARCLIGHT-7 ANTI-MISSILE SYSTEM

Name	Arc	DM	BR	Acc	ROF	Ammo	Special
Arclight-7 PDS	F	x3	1	+1	5	inf.	AM, Def., HEAT

◇ SO MUCH SPACE, SO LITTLE FUEL

A popular refit making its way around the JAF's exo-armor squadrons is one that helps exo-armors cope with diminishing fuel supplies after engaging in heavy combat. The modification is almost ridiculously simple: in addition to the internally mounted propellant tanks that are standard on all exos, machines fitted with the new package from Jovian Armor Works also feature one or two additional hardpoints on their backpacks, allowing extra propellant tanks of various sizes to be attached. The tanks come in a variety of shapes and sizes, and can more than double an exo-armor's operating range. When empty, the tanks can be detached and left behind, but many unit commanders require their pilots to bring the empty tanks back in order to cut down on needless waste.

Game notes: any Jovian exo-armor may mount one, two or even more disposable fuel tanks, increasing the exo's reaction mass reserve in increments of 100 BP. The exo's TV is modified by +10 for each added 100 BP, and it receives a -1 Maneuver penalty for each extra 1000 BPs carried. Note that this TV alteration is a "hard and fast" convention; for more precise TV calculations, one should use the *Mechanical Design* chapter in the **Jovian Chronicles Companion**.

DESPERATE MEASURES ◇

By June 2212, the number of CEGA-manufactured vessels lost to Jovian plasma lance “gutting” attacks exceeded one hundred, a staggering number even considering CEGA’s unmatched shipbuilding capacity. Realizing that its most powerful and readily available asset was supremely vulnerable to close assault by a small one-man fighter was a difficult pill to swallow, but the mounting losses forced even the most stubborn of CEGA staff officers to acknowledge that measures had to be taken against such attacks. Multiple companies and think tanks were secretly contracted to quietly work on the problem; the CEGA Navy was intent on keeping up the appearance of blockheaded persistence by maintaining its public focus on warships.

The summoning of relief fleets to Mars gave CEGA a perfect opportunity to try out its new toys. Unable to come up with a permanent solution in time, the developers at LAC came up with a scheme that was something of a compromise, accepting the dubiously-beneficial assumption that a damaged ship was better than a dead one. The quickly-implemented idea involved bolting makeshift mine launchers to a ship’s hull. No targeting system of any sort was required; when activated, the system would simply toss many dozens of mines randomly into a two-kilometer radius around the ship. The mines were simple containers of explosive packaged with various shrapnel-producing materials and set off by a twenty-second delay timer. The resulting multiple blasts would sweep the area around the ship (and indeed, the ship itself) clear of any missiles or lightly-armored infantry troops. While not likely to cripple exo-armors, fighters or the firing vessel itself, the blast could still cause significant damage to auxiliary systems and other exposed surfaces. These so-called proximity mines were a one-shot deal, and could in fact be fired upon and disabled by an alert enemy, but they were the CEGA fleet’s only real option if it wanted to survive an attack from the Jovian Confederation’s technologically superior exo-armors.

Game notes: a suggested convention for use is to give ship-mounted PDS a minimum range of 2 hexes in general Jovian Chronicles tactical games. If a missile is fired from within this radius, the PDS cannot respond in time, and loses the AM characteristic when trying to shoot down such a missile. This convention reduces the relative invulnerability of ships to the missiles carried by exo-armors, adds a great deal to the drama and excitement of anti-ship combat and is much more in keeping with the anime-inspired spirit of *Jovian Chronicles*. Now, in order to effectively torpedo a ship, an exo has to dive in to close range, braving heavy flak to deliver a deadly blow.

These rules assume that the preceding convention regarding ship-mounted (not exo-armor-mounted) PDS is in effect. If it is not, the proximity mines can still be used, but the reason for their existence will be mostly removed. Although relatively easy to manufacture, the actual combat Threat Value of these mines is very high, because regardless of actual cost, they are very effective weapons! Each mine costs 3000 points, added to the ship’s Offensive Score.

Any ship may mount a proximity mine array. Two is the standard number, although a number of mines up to one-tenth the ship’s size may be strapped to the hull if desired. Proximity mines count as a separate section of the ship and, as such, may be targeted and destroyed by long range fire, if their existence is known of in advance.

PROXIMITY MINES □

Name	Arc	DM	BR	Acc	ROF	Ammo	Special
Proximity Mine	F	x40	M	-5	0	-	SD, AE4, Energy Shield (all)

AEGIS SYSTEM ◇

First used in the starting hours of the Battle of Kurtzenheim, the Aegis stealth capsule was an outgrowth of the experimental Aegis system carried internally by the fourth Typhon prototype. Designed by LAC’s XO Research Division, the capsule was easily mass produced and granted impressive anti-sensor characteristics to any exo-armor. The Aegis was essentially a large egg-shaped cocoon to the inside of which an exo-armor could be attached by quick-release explosive bolts. Small flaps in the cocoon’s surface could be remotely opened to permit low-power thruster burns, but only at the cost of some of the system’s protection.

These limitations proved irrelevant to the Furies, which used the Aegis capsules and decoy systems to mislead and confuse the Jovian fleet long enough to boost up to lightning-strike speeds and deliver their anti-ship payloads at point-blank range. Relatively free from interference by Jovian interceptors, the CEGA strike force managed to cripple the hangers and launch facilities of almost all of the Jovian fleet’s carriers, setting the mood for the drawn-out battle to come in which the Jovian exos found themselves rapidly running out of fuel and ammunition with no ready source of replenishment.

Game notes: any exo-armor of Size 14 or below can make use of an Aegis capsule. The capsule adds the following benefits: Stealth (Rating 6) and HoloField (Rating 4). While the capsule is in use, the exo-armor within may not fire any weapons, make any active sensor sweeps, or expend more than one-tenth its Combat Speed in MPs each turn. Should the exo-armor elect to do any of these, the ratings of the Stealth and HoloField are reduced by half. This change is permanent except in the case of sensor use, in which the full Stealth and Holo ratings are restored once the sensors are shut off.

The capsule takes several hours to fit to an exo, but can be ejected instantly for one action. An exo that uses an Aegis capsule at any point during a scenario adds nothing to its Threat Value: the advantages and disadvantages balance each other out.

► EMBERS

The window was real, this time. By now, they were beyond Jupiter's radioactive grip, and the viewscreens could be stowed in favor of more traditional methods of appreciating the view — which continued to be spectacular. Chang, floating in the darkness of his cabin, could still make out details on the distant orb. He never grew tired of watching the gas giant, a celestial body so vast that it exceeded human perception; only mathematics could make sense of it.

"It's too bad that humans must ruin every good vista," he thought to himself. He'd tried to write a poem. As a youth, he'd written dozens, page after page of neatly aligned Chinese characters, describing the wars, the starvation, the rise out of the ashes, the struggle of humans against nature, against each other. He'd found it so easy, before. Thoughts would coalesce in his mind, then take shape on paper through the deft strokes of his ancient brush. Today, however, his hand had stalled, his mind blanked. He had never seen sights so beautiful as those he'd seen in Jupiter's realm, but he'd never left a place so cold, so shattered. So wrapped up in ceremonies that brought no comfort.

Power. Peace. How could she want one at the expense of the other?

More than the vastness of the swirling Great Red Spot, more than the titanic floating mountain of the Hammer of Zeus, Chang remembered the savage glint in Alexandra Itangre's eyes as she'd asked for war with Earth, and got it. Her anger, born of greed and power, still burned through him. In his sleep, he could hear her voice, daring him to fight back, to take her nation on. She had called him a coward, a meek, stomachless sycophant. It wasn't the words that burned, it was the design, the resolution behind them.

Chang sighed. "We have the same roots, she and I," he thought. "Both of us have triumphed over adversity, put to shame our rivals and enemies. What stopped me from her path? Am I truly different from her, or am I deluding myself in self-righteousness?"

He gave the matter some thought. She was like no enemy he had ever had. He despised her. He pitied her. One more than the other, at the moment. Their nations would burn each other to cinders, and it would be her doing, not his, he was certain.

The intercom beeped in a musical sequence, automatically delivering a long-distance beamed message. Chang moved not a muscle, a still silhouette in the dark.

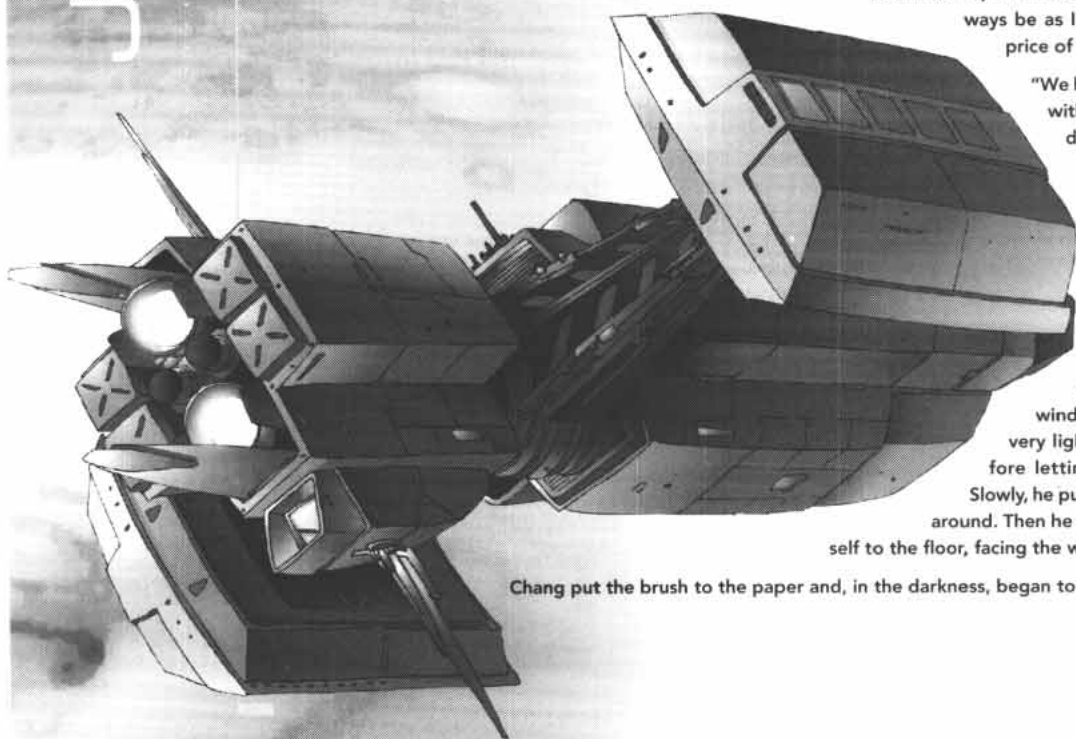
"Hello, Councilor Chang. This is Itangre. President Itangre. I'm very busy, as you undoubtedly know, so I'll keep this short. I owe you an apology, Councilor. Not for the battle, or the war — those were unavoidable and I have no regrets — but for my treatment of you. You have a cool head and a honorable nature, and your loyalty to your cause is as strong if not stronger than mine. You remind me of an old friend, in a way. I made the mistake of misjudging you, of treating you poorly because of who you served, without considering who you are.

"For what it's worth, I will promise never to make that error again. I am accustomed to my power and usage of people, Councilor Chang. I think you know this, but I do not think that you understand it. Do not to judge me as you return home, for I have not always been and may not yet always be as I am now. You of all people know the price of our positions.

"We become monsters, Ignatius, sometimes without knowing it. Our paths are not so dissimilar, now that I, for the moment, have the strength, yes, strength, Ignatius, to admit these things to myself. Should we meet again, I hope you and I will understand one another without becoming one another. Goodbye."

The speakers clicked off. Chang floated silently for a long time. Jupiter grew perceptibly smaller in the window. After a while, Chang nodded once, very lightly, and smiled a very small smile before letting his face settle into peacefulness. Slowly, he pulled himself to the desk and rummaged around. Then he settled down and slowly fastened himself to the floor, facing the window.

Chang put the brush to the paper and, in the darkness, began to write.



THE SOLAR SYSTEM OF LATE 2213 ◀

Ironically, the two most powerful nations on the solar system have fought less while at war than they did when in peace. Under strict orders from their commanders, patrols and expeditions from both CEGA and the Jovian Confederation are taking great pains to give each other a wide berth. Neither side seems willing to escalate the situation further; the destruction wrought on Kurtzenheim has driven home to both nations the potential costs should they pursue the path they started on before the *Gilgamesh* was made into an example.

Although neither nation is technically engaging in friendly activity with the other, the truth of the matter is that goods continue to move between the two powers, carried by Mercurian Merchant Guild barges that started on their trips years ago and which are too bulky and expensive to interdict or cancel. As a result, money transfers and other economic activity continues. Also, diplomatic vessels from Jupiter continue to journey to the Earth subsystem in order to attend negotiation meetings at the USN. These vessels are escorted by Jovian exo-armors only as far as the Belt; by special arrangement, the remainder of the trip is overseen by a detachment of the UN Guards.

In the Jovian Confederation, the JAF is rife with paranoia. For every admitted Principii member, the JIS is certain that there is another too frightened or angry to come forward. The JAF is at something of a loss concerning what to do about the Principii who did little but go with the flow of action, or who were duped into membership by being convinced of the group's legitimacy. After all, the political and military opinions that formed the Principii are shared in some form by almost all JAF personnel; that the Principii took opinion and turned it into action is not at all a great step for anyone in the JAF to take. As a result, it is proving difficult to charge any but a few of the remaining Principii with out-and-out treason; the military is apparently satisfied for the moment with the lesser offenses committed by many of the Principii.

The matter of Principii from the civilian sector is even more cloudy. The computer experts who were the Principii's Shrouds have yet to be found; unlike the military Principii, many of whom felt guilt and shock after the Battle of Kurtzenheim, the Shrouds were completely aware of their actions and the consequences thereof, and are thus unwilling as ever to turn themselves in. Likewise, the former officers'-club-Principii who provided Lotjonen with money remain silent under questioning. Investigations are also proceeding regarding the psychiatrists and evaluators who cleared the various Principii over the years. As for the Principii in the JIS, no public statement has been made. Those agents have simply disappeared.

The general public, for its part, now regards the JAF with a mixture of old admiration and new suspicion. The sudden realization that a vast amount of military hardware is far beyond any kind of control by the civilian government has made many Jovians, who are accustomed to being in control, extremely uncomfortable. Many representatives in the Agora are lobbying for increased restrictions on military secrets and a thorough search for and elimination of any remaining Principii. The JAF, at true odds with the Agora for the first time in decades, argues that secrecy is necessary for security and that punishing the currently known Principii should prove more of a deterrent than an all ranks witchhunt that might actually push more military personnel over the edge.

Mars remains in a state of uneasy truce. The Federation's military operations director, Oberst Amara Azura, has spent the time since the destruction of Kurtzenheim in the Republic capital of Chirice, heading the Federation's effort to come to some sort of compromise regarding the conflict between the two nations. Being the first person to contact the CEGA and Jovian forces after the *Gilgamesh*'s drop, she has become a high-profile individual all over Mars. It is appearing as if Oberst Azura will be the Federation's pro-tempore leader until the shattered remains of the government can be sorted out and a new Prime Minister selected.

Both nations' militaries remain in position at the battle lines. The Federation continues to occupy a large portion of the Free Republic, and the Republic Rangers still have a strongly defended corridor deep into Federation territory. The current negotiations are apparently working toward a joint effort toward construction of a new orbital elevator. Less certain is the outcome of the Federation's continued demands for reparations; even though the Federation is now willing to accept that the elevator's fall was the work of unaligned terrorists, it is nevertheless reluctant to return the land seized during the war. Many of Oberst Azura's advisors are saying that she is being far too hard nosed regarding the land, which the Federation doesn't even need, but Azura seems determined that the Federation will have something to show for its bloodshed in a war started by the late Klaus von Braun.

Venus continues to maintain its veiled silence. The small delegation of Venusian representatives at the Centennial Celebration attended only their scheduled events, provided only meaningless small talk, and otherwise managed to always be absent whenever trouble arose. The delegation left on September 2, having done little more than make a token acknowledgment to the Jovians' invitation. Once the JIS finishes with its own internal problems, some attention will most certainly be focused on this curiosity.

The Mercurians remain welcome in both Jovian and CEGA ports, and thus continue as they have always done, linking the planets through trade. Many otherwise-unobtainable goods continue unimpeded on their courses between the two nations, casting even more doubt on the precise nature or even existence of the state of war.



b.1

end of section 6.1 the solar system of late 2213

► WHO'S WHO

These are short profiles and updates on the individuals relevant to the events of **Chaos Principle** in the months following the Centennial of Inception Day. They assume that the events of the story have occurred as suggested in the "Background" segments in the adventure; if Gamemasters or Players have intentionally or accidentally "changed history," then one should feel free to make whatever changes are deemed necessary for the sake of the playing group's enjoyment and fun. After all, that is what roleplaying is all about in the first place.

Regardless of who filled what roles, it is obvious that all who were touched by the actions of the Principii and the consequences of their (and others') plans will be changed by their experiences. The characters may emerge with new contacts, new abilities, or perhaps a new respect for themselves. They may also have gained enemies, for although Lotjonen and his men are dead, there are many who would have profited from any harm that would have come to either or both the Jovian Confederation and CEGA.

◆ ALEXANDRA ITANGRE



The President is once again infuriated by an internal source of difficulty. The last such incident, involving General Thorsen, ended poorly; the General escaped and it was only due to a quick media campaign that Itangre was able to prevent him from redeeming his name at home. This time, Itangre is making sure that there will be no such returns. Karl Lotjonen's body has been identified with certainty and disposed of, and Rebecca Faneuil is locked in a virtually escape-proof facility undergoing close study by JIS personnel, who are curious as to the origin of her conditioning.

President Itangre is stuck with the bloody draw at Mars, however, which has stirred some comment in the Confederation regarding her poor judgment in sending such a small fleet to face a force coming from insystem. She is making the best of it she can, however. After the Centennial Celebration, Itangre immediately instituted a Jovian Soldier's Day, set on December 30, the day the Jovian fleet is expected to arrive home. She has also taken a large amount of time to visit the families and friends of soldiers killed in action, often angering those involved but pleasing the population as a whole.

The matter of the current "war" with CEGA is the greatest weight on Itangre's mind. She is absolutely against pursuing any further military action, knowing that the Confederation is not yet able to take CEGA head-on. The anger of the populace is difficult to calm, however, and Itangre anxiously awaits the return of the fleet in the hope that the homecoming will refocus the people's attention on more positive matters and allow her and the Agora to quietly return the nations to peacetime affairs. Her one fear is that someone else will start causing trouble between now and December 30.

◆ IGNATIUS CHANG



Councilor Chang is returning home to Earth, bitter and disillusioned after his experience in the Confederation. He is less concerned about the attempt on his life, which he realizes is not the fault of the legitimate Jovian government, than he is about the Jovians' incendiary reaction to the Battle of Kurtzenheim. If neither CEGA nor the Jovian Confederation can maintain a cool head under pressure, he thinks, then the Venusian Bank has already won.

Chang is intrigued by the fact that the Venusians have remained so quiet during the current crisis and is anxious to get back to Earth to see firsthand what sort of covert influences may have been applied in the CEGA Council. The current state of war between CEGA and the Confederation is no doubt causing no end of political scheming and maneuvering, intrigues that are ill conveyed by the daily news updates Chang receives from his office on Earth. Chang feels increasingly closed in, realizing that the enemies that surround CEGA are more numerous and dangerous than he had previously thought.

The greatest question eating at Chang's mind is whether or not he will continue his advocacy of peaceful relations with Jupiter now that he has seen the face of the Confederation firsthand and tasted its hunger. While he is still in awe of the beauty and grace of the people and constructs of the Jovian Confederation, Chang cannot help but despise Alexandra Itangre and her seemingly insatiable lust for power. Perhaps, Chang thinks, it is time to have a conversation with Janus O'Grady. The Director of SolaPol was once an assassin and may have some unofficial suggestions that Chang has either not thought of, or is avoiding thinking of.

◆ KARL LOTJONEN



Lotjonen is dead, but not forgotten. He is immortalized now, on vid-news and magazine covers, to be remembered for as long as the Confederation lives. His actions and beliefs, as well as his unwavering loyalty to his vision of the Jovian Confederation, have been the topic of countless psychiatric sessions, school papers and sidewalk conversation. No two views of the man are alike; every Jovian sees a different combination of madness, greed, honor, loyalty and heroism.

Very soon, Lotjonen as a human being will likely be forgotten, left behind in the stream of constant media bombardment. Historians will record him by his deeds rather than his beliefs, making him a monster for future generations to hold as an example. Even though his person and personality will fade, however, the questions he has raised in the collective mind of the Jovian Confederation will continue to burn bright until either CEGA or the Confederation falls to the ravages of time and the weight of humanity.



REBECCA FANEUIL ◇

Rebecca's new home reminds her somehow of her teenage trip to Venus. Her overseers tell her that she is in a rehabilitation clinic in a remote corner of Olympus, but it really isn't relevant. What Rebecca really cares about is how much it hurts. Every day, they do something different to her, sometimes asking her personal questions, sometimes just seemingly doing it to hear her scream.

Somewhere, deep in her mind, past the pain, past every injustice of her life, a tiny core of Rebecca remembers everything, records the face of every torturer, every interrogator, four decades' worth of hatred and frustration. Someday, she thinks, she'll get out, get free. Then she'll be sure to do these memories justice.



KHOI SCHLICHTING ◇

Khoi has resigned his position in Clotho and is now in the process of going through the JIS' extensive and rigorous disavowment process. He has told no one yet, but he plans to journey incognito to Earth and try to make some connection with his childhood. Although he values the friendships he has forged in battle for the sake of the Confederation, his nightmares continue to haunt him, dulling the luster of his awards and muting the accolades of his fellow citizens. Khoi has no intention of joining or even associating with CEGA; indeed, his loyalty is shifting away from allegiance to any nation at all. Khoi has seen the dark side of the Confederation's supposedly utopian society and is starting to think that he was defined at birth to be more part of his homeworld than the transitory constructs of humanity.



JOSEPH ZAHID ◇

Joseph is sad to see Khoi leave Clotho, but he respects his friend's decision and feelings. Anyway, he has other things to worry about. His encounter with Rebecca Faneuil has convinced him that the individual people he so loves to protect can only be effectively defended from harm by someone who started at their level, but ends up high in the strata of power, perhaps so high that the individual is no longer visible. Joseph believes that he can do what other have failed in before, that he can become one of the directors of the JIS without losing sight of the people so far below him. He visits the ruin of Karl Lotjonen's home often, thinking somberly, as he has never done before, about his duty to his people.

Many mistakes have been made by misguided people in positions of power, Joseph knows. He hopes to be strong enough to avoid those same mistakes and lead the Confederation's people into the happiness they desire.



JARED ST. JOHN ◇

Technically subject to court-martial after his involvement with the theft of the Prometheus Tetra, Jared has instead accepted exile to Titan, a simple and quiet resolution that is quite acceptable to the Jovian government. A trial would draw inordinate public attention and sympathy, and would be a significant waste of time and energy; this way, Jared is out of the way and in a relatively harmless position.

Jared is being accompanied by Ariana Morgenstern, with whom he shares an intense post-combat relationship. He is happy that their paths continue to go in the same direction. He is less pleased, however, by his uncertain prospects career-wise at Titan, although he has recently received a subtle message from THC's security division suggesting possible employment at a fairly high level. Whether THC is willing to help Jared gain privacy from the JIS surveillance he is almost certainly under, or whether they are simply wanting to milk him for military secrets of the Confederation (which Jared has made a personal vow not to disclose) remains to be seen.



ARIANA MORGENSTERN ◇

No longer an officer in any military force, Ariana has accepted a lucrative position with the Titan-based THC corporation as a design and testing engineer for their fledgling exo-armor production facility. Although she received similar offers from the Jovian Confederation (as well as an offer of safe return and immunity from prosecution by CEGA officials), Ariana has decided that one vast empire is much the same as any other, and now wishes to try to find her peace far out where only the strongest of heart and mind dare to dwell.

She continues to be uncertain about her feelings for Jared St. John, wondering whether her passion is a product of having survived a mutual crisis. Just in case, though, she's persuaded Jared to come along with her out to Titan. As unsure of her goals as ever, Ariana is planning on covering as many bases as possible.



► BLAZING IN THE FIRMAMENT

The fireworks were starting again. The crowd, made up of as many inhabitants of Joshua's Station as could fit into Axis Park, vented their enthusiasm. Above, stretching across the diameter of the colony, a panoramic view of the space outside the station was projected on a vast screen. Khoi shivered, his mind still adjusting to the events that had occurred. Behind him, from somewhere back in the entourage, someone breathed something about the first of the ships being visible. Khoi saw none of it, oblivious to his surroundings. Instead, he gazed at darkness behind his blind eyelid, where phantom movements and flashes formed fleeting images of two people with no faces.

"I guess those two are halfway to Titan by now."

Surprised, Khoi glanced sideways at the President's face, noticing with his good eye how easily her face fell into that slightly arrogant smile, how practiced the gentle toss of her hair was. She's not real, he thought. Like this celebration. Like this nation. A brittle illusion, a delusion with no grounds. He hated her with one breath, despised himself for his weakness with the next.

"That's what Agent Zahid tells me, Madam President," he replied quietly, keeping emotion from his voice. He'd tried to keep tabs on Ariana and Jared, watching them and praying for their safety, sometimes wishing he had gone with them. In truth, he hadn't expected Itangre to even remember them, and was surprised that she mentioned them now, so many months after they'd left.

"Good riddance." Itangre's face closed, ever so slightly.

Khoi said nothing. He was here as an honored guest, a trophy hero for the people to gawk at and admire. He found the raised dais, the broad view of the cheering crowd below, the massive overhead video display, all too ostentatious, too gilded. Joseph had been invited, too, but had obviously elected not to come. Khoi had wanted to avoid the Soldier's Day appearance as well, but it would have been unwise to annoy the president when his own status in the Confederation was in such question. He regretted that decision, now.

The President seemed to sense Khoi's discomfort, and leaned close to him, speaking very quietly.

"The Confederation has many problems, Mr. Schlichting."

You mean "I" have many problems, Khoi thought.

"The happiness of those two people is all well and good, but not here. More trouble, at a time when we have more than enough to deal with."

...when I have more than enough...

Khoi forced a small smile.

"I understand, Madam President. Even now, there's still a shadow hanging over us from what happened before. I just hope that my eventual departure won't get the same reaction."

Itangre laughed lightly, in her favored element.

"You're a hero, not a traitor, Khoi. The JIS already misses you, as will the people down there." Itangre furrowed her brow. "You sound like you plan to take a trip. May I ask where?"

Khoi nodded his head and smiled at a passing camera drone, wondering briefly if he should take off his eyepatch and show the people exactly what it had cost him to be a hero. He had half a mind not to answer her question, to treat her as she treated people — callously, off-handedly, ruthlessly. Then he chastised himself. He'd lost enough in this adventure, he couldn't afford to lose any more parts of himself. He shrugged, waving at the crowd.

"I've really no idea. I want a long vacation, to go somewhere... different. I've never taken the Hanson Circuit before. Maybe I'll go on a walkabout, and search for my true self. I think it'll do me good." He paused for a second, the silence meaningful. "It'd do anyone some good."

Itangre nodded absently, obviously past the point of interest, and waved happily to another camera. The message was wasted on her, or at least she wanted to make it appear so. Khoi returned his gaze to the inside of his eyelids. The two figures no longer appeared, replaced instead by a single transitory silhouette. Khoi thought it might be a man, holding something out to him in one hand. He wondered if the President would ever find out that he'd lied to her. He wondered if she would care. He liked to think that yes, she would be furious, that it would matter, knowing full well she might have already forgotten about him. Good politicians were always two steps into the future. She had to be a mile ahead already.

The letter had appeared on his doorstep on Inception Day. He'd only opened it a week ago.

▷ BLAZING IN THE FIRMAMENT

Mr. Schlichting,

You have been an honorable enemy. I cannot say that I like what you do. I can, however, say that I do like you, very much, as a human. So, in that regard, putting our status as enemies aside now that one or both of us are dead, I think you are indeed one of the finest humans I have ever encountered in the realms of humanity, and I truly regret the wrongs I have done against you in the name of our nation. Thus, I wish to do for you as a human what I would not do for you as my enemy. My accounts and assets on Earth are now yours, just recently transferred. You need only travel there and present yourself. Do try not to lose any more eyes, though; you'll need the one you've got for identification. I am perhaps a poor judge of nations and societies, but I account myself at least a fair judge of men. You, Mr. Schlichting, have no love for your job, and perhaps less for any nation. Do as you will with my fortune, but I believe you will not hesitate to leave politics and wars behind and be your own master until death. You might go to Africa, where your heritage lies. You might find that you have no heritage left to claim. Whatever you do, I am certain you will do so less for yourself than for those who surround you.

Do not consider this a gift from a friend. We are not friends, and never shall be. You have killed me, and that is a burden I expect you to bear. I am not so petty, however, as to begrudge any human his well-deserved happiness. There can be no better use for my wealth.

Until you follow my path to my destination, I bid you farewell.

— Karl Lotjonen

Khoi hadn't known what to think, at first. The amount of money in question was almost certainly a vast sum, more than enough for him to replace his eye, to live comfortably on Earth without ever having to have any contact with CEGA or any other government. It would also do much good if brought here, to the Confederation. That the letter was genuine was almost certain; if someone had wanted to trap him, there were far better ways, for far better excuses.

Khoi couldn't get the letter out of his head, couldn't stop thinking about the knowledge that Lotjonen had written the words mere hours before his death. He'd considered Lotjonen's words, realizing that the man, strangely noble though he might be, was wrong once again; were Khoi to leave, it would indeed be for himself. For his dreams. The decision hadn't been easy; old habits did not die quietly.

He'd chartered a ship yesterday.

Outside, the fleet began to pass by in earnest. Dozens of destroyers and cruisers were visible, each one aglow with running lights and makeshift decorations. Khoi watched the crowd below increase the tempo of its celebration. He imagined similar scenes across the Confederation, and shook his head sadly.

"There are coffins on those ships," he said quietly, to nobody in particular.

The President looked slightly annoyed. Her smile didn't change, and she still tossed her hair coquettishly as she turned to him, but there was a certain cold crimp in her eyelids.

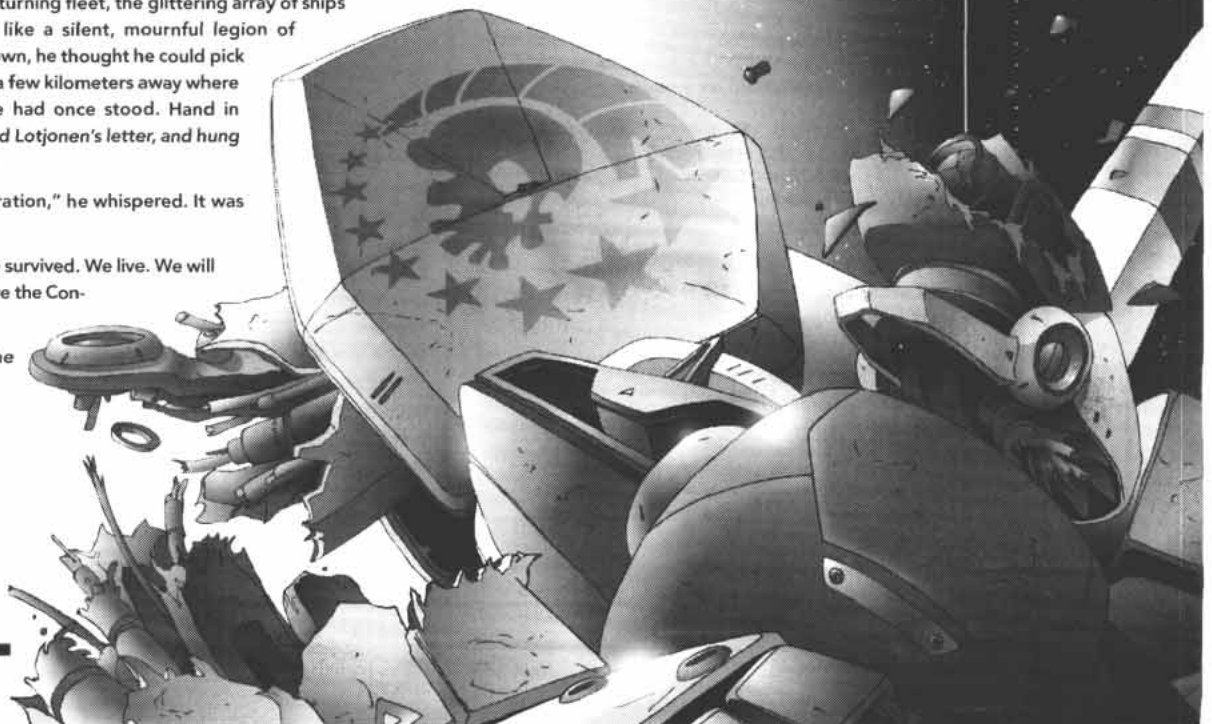
"Let them celebrate, Mr. Schlichting. Their brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers, all of our brethren... they're coming home. Thank God for that, at least. Everything else can wait. Can't it?" she finished pointedly.

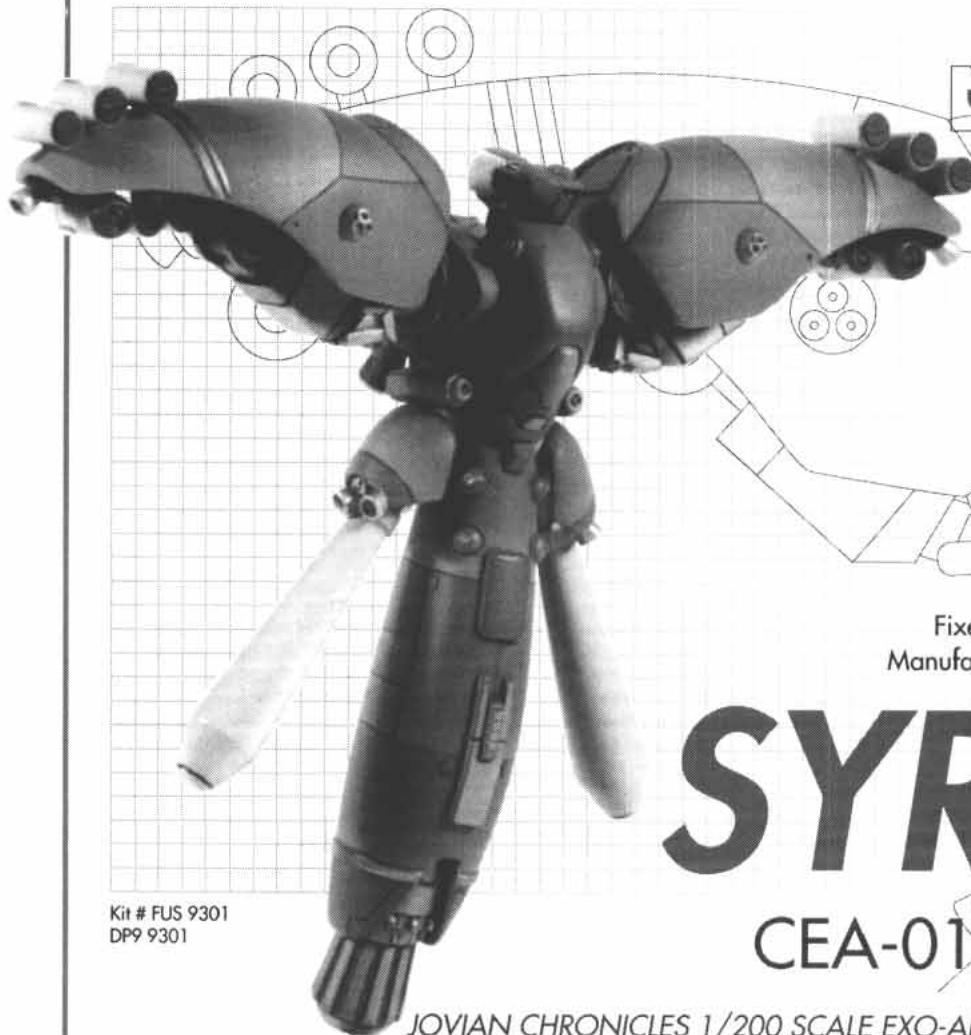
Khoi looked up at the returning fleet, the glittering array of ships passing by the colony like a silent, mournful legion of whales. Looking back down, he thought he could pick out a little charred spot a few kilometers away where a troubled man's home had once stood. Hand in pocket, he gently stroked Lotjonen's letter, and hung his head in resignation.

"Long live the Confederation," he whispered. It was a goodbye.

zWe are Jovian. We have survived. We live. We will be remembered. Long live the Confederation.

The lights outshone the sun.





★ JOVIAN CHRONICLES

Crew: One pilot
Height (total): 19.4 m
Height (to head): 17.2 m
Width: 23.4 m
Loaded Weight: 52 tons
Main Drive Output: 32 MW
Fixed Armament: 1 x LACW 125 ACDL
Manufacturer: Lunar Aerospace Consortium

SYREEN

CEA-01 EXO-ARMOR

Kit # FUS 9301
DP9 9301

JOVIAN CHRONICLES 1/200 SCALE EXO-ARMOR RESIN MODEL KIT SERIES

SYREEN MODEL KIT

The sculpting of the Syreen kit was done with great attention to the most minute mechanisms, such as the details of the shoulder and hip pods, grappler arms, torso motors and cockpit hatch assembly. Realism was pushed to the limit with the presence of fuel and control lines and engraved patterns on many parts and surfaces. The kit also comes with a base featuring an engraved CEGA crest. Comprehensive and fully illustrated multilingual instructions are included.

Scale: 1/200 Medium: ... Plastic-like gray resin
Number of Parts: 28 Height (total): 9.7 cm (3.75")
Width (total): 11.8 cm (4.675") Base: Included
Illustrated Instructions: Included

ORDERING COSTS:

DP9-9301: Jovian Chronicles: Syreen 1/200 Scale Kit \$39.95

US & Canadian Orders \$5.00 per kit

Shipping Cost: foreign Orders \$10.00 per kit

Shipping Cost: US and foreign orders must be pay in US currency;

Canadian orders are in Canadian currency.

SUB-TOTAL (\$CAN) _____

SHIPPING (See chart to top) _____

GST (7% Canadian orders only) _____

PST (7.5% Quebec orders only) _____

GRAND TOTAL (\$CAN) _____

ORDERING INFORMATION

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____
State/Province: _____
Zip/Postal Code: _____
Contry: _____
Daytime Phone #: _____

VISA CARD ORDERS ONLY

Card#: _____
ExpirationDate (MM/YY): _____
Card Holders Name: _____
Signature: _____
Fax this order form to: (514) 523-8680

MAIL ORDERS

Make your check or money order payable to: DREAM POD 9

Mail this order form with your check or money order to the following address: DREAM POD 9, 5000 IBERVILLE, SUITE 332, MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA, H2H 2S6

