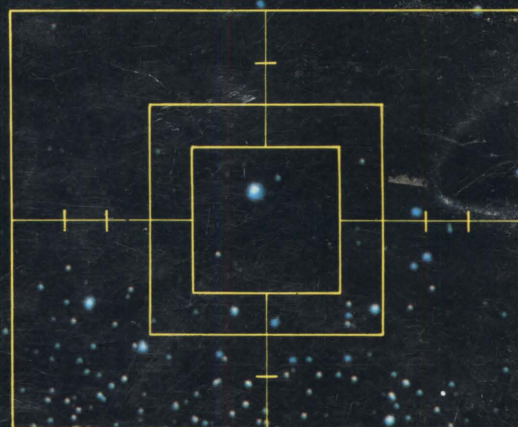


The All Australian Role Playing Game

HUNTER PLANET



The Role Playing game wholly created
and produced in Australia.

DESIGNER: DAVID BRUGGEMAN (CM)

SECOND EDITION

PUBLISHED BY:
HPAC (Australia) Pty. Ltd.
Printed and bound in Australia.

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ISBN No. 0 9589098 1 4

About the author:

David Bruggeman is still President of the Nunawading Wargames Association Incorporated and has been wargaming and roleplaying for many years. Employed as an accountant, studying part time, and being a tough basketball referee, he still fits in a few Hunter Planet games on the side. He suggests the primary assets for Hunter Planet, and in fact any roleplaying game, are a good imagination and a fair amount of reading or observation of everyday life. He is still single and is currently working on producing more scenarios and other useful accessories for Hunter Planet.

About the game of Hunter Planet:

Some Quotes:

"What's Hunter Planet?" Bert, local family butcher.

"More fun than placing a flame-thrower against your head." Alison, Resume writer.

"Oh Dear, we're in trouble again." Craig, council worker (horticulture type person).

"Don't ask me. I don't know." Nicole, law clerk

"This game is so off the wall, it's addictive." Stuart, Still excited computer operator (Comp. Op.)

"Oh, Well. There goes another five Energy Units." Paul, EDP Operator.

"Interesting. But I shouldn't have died." Paul, Insurance officer and ex-student.

"O.....Ohh!" Kevin, Sales Assistant rolling 00. You may be pleased to note his character was injured as a result of this roll.

Hunter Planet Adventurers Club.

H-PAC (pronounced H-Pack) is a way to contact other players and CMs and also get new ideas and insights. To join, just send a letter to H-PAC, 15 Second Avenue, Box Hill North, Victoria, Australia, 3129. In return you will receive an initial newsletter containing news, views and reviews of Hunter Planet. If nothing else, the newsletter will provide plenty of ideas for scenarios and ample humorous reading.

All the game requires is the following;

Imagination. Writing implements and paper. Imagination. Dice (2 ten sided dice are good). Imagination. Anything else is optional.

Useful playing aids are figures of some sort and possibly pieces of cardboard cut into 6cm squares. Each of these squares is approximately 10 foot in relation to a 25mm figure. After a short time, the CM soon learns to be more descriptive and will find his or her story telling abilities greatly improved.

The most important piece of advice, however, is to have a good time. A good game is determined by the level of enjoyment, not the number of survivors.

If you want more information about Hunter Planet or where you can get into a game, write to the author, enclosing a stamped, self addressed envelope, at the following address:

Hunter Planet,
15 Second Avenue,
Box Hill North, 3129,
Victoria, Australia.



About the artists:

Mark Chettle (cm): All of the artwork for the first edition was masterfully done by Mark Chettle as was the cover and some of the artwork in this edition. You can tell Marks work by his symbol of an MR inside a C. Not only did Mark do the artwork, he also contributed extensively towards the layout and pagination, being as he is the production manager of Hydra Design, producer of quality game accessories.

Andrew Lippiatt (cm): In this edition you will see many new pictures done by this man. From an initial letter to HPAC about Hunter Planet, David Bruggeman wrote back asking for more artwork as he was most impressed, as I'm sure you will be too. Andrew lives in Western Australia and as can be seen has considerable talent in the art field.

If you would like to comment on the artwork or want to get in touch with the artists, please write in to the above address. The artists will be informed as soon as possible and will undoubtedly reply in person.

Foreword to Hunter Planet.

By David Bruggeman, author.

Greetings.

Congratulations on purchasing the second edition of Hunter Planet. If you were one of the fortunate people to have obtained a copy of the first edition there are several changes in the second edition which you may notice as you read through. If this is your first look at Hunter Planet, you are in for a pleasant surprise.

Hunter Planet is not your average roleplaying game. This is made very obvious by the term used for the person running the game. The CM. This really cosmic, laid back person controls the events external to the players who control the actions of their character. But what does CM stand for, you may ask? Good question.

CM stands for many things. Initially it referred to Control Man, Condition Modifier or Chance Master. Through game use it has also meant Chocolate Milk, Carbon Monoxide, Crazy Man, Cool Metaphysic and many other terms. However the one term that truly reflects the style of the game is Certified Maniac.

Just a quick few lines about what Hunter Planet actually is. Hunter Planet is a game that can be played by one person running the adventure (the CM) and two to six players taking on the role of alien hunters, enjoying the dangers and delights encountered hunting on a newly discovered hunter planet, called Dirt by its local semi-intelligent inhabitants. The CM narrates to the players the situation, to which the players relate what their characters actions and reactions are. Chance is resolved using dice and the really honest CMs discretion and fine judgement. Basically it is intellectually stimulating, easy to play, exciting and above all, fun.

Since its first release in December, 1985, Hunter Planet has been sold in over fifty stores across Australia and falling into over one thousand unsuspecting hands. At a gaming convention in Canberra, in January 1986, an unannounced arrival of several Hunter Planet enthusiasts offered free games. Over one hundred people took up the challenge and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Now Hunter Planet has expanded from just one cheap booklet, to a cheap, professionally produced booklet, game supplements, Character record sheets, Adventures, posters and lots of other accessories.

Here is your chance to join in the excitement and fun of Hunter Planet. For a different type of roleplaying game, make sure you take home this one.

If you want to find out more about Hunter Planet, just write to the Hunter Planet Adventurers Club (HPAC).

May your dice roll with you,

David Bruggeman (CM)



Acknowledgements.

This second edition of Hunter Planet is a direct response to the efforts of many people, like those clever people who purchased copies and especially those who wrote to me, care of HPAC. Those I would especially like to thank are noted below, in no apparent order.

Mark Chettle (cm), for all his marvellous help with artwork and production skills.

Craig Blythe (cm), for his extraordinary talents in roleplaying and imagination.

Stuart Cairns, without whom I would be in dire trouble, for all his help in production and support.

Andrew Lippiatt (cm), for his excellent artwork and amazing interest in Hunter Planet.

Andrew Cooper (cm), Paul Ewins (cm), Lea Arnold (cm) who all have CMed many tournaments and games.

Countless others, including Kevin O'Neill, Barry Fitzgerald, Paul Williamson, Ben Foster, Michael Herbert, Elton Cole, Darren Ryan, Ben Hurwitz, Philip Bruggeman and countless others for their continued support and interest.

Also, to those who picked up the deliberate errors in the first edition, good luck in finding some in this edition. If you do find any, please write and tell me. It is always good knowing people are reading my work.

Even Nicole Bruggeman gets a mention for all her secretarial type running around on the organisation side of things.

Finally, to my parents, who, although they still don't know much about the game, or even like it, provide the love and support necessary and without them I wouldn't be here.

Hunter Planet

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** This is a comprehensive index as opposed to an abridged index. It also doubles as a contents page, space filler and an extremely important research tool. It is, however, an important part of this monumental piece of design and imagination and should not be ignored.

Page 37 is only mentioned in this index. Do not bother searching elsewhere within this guide as you will not find these items. If you actually do find them referred to elsewhere, it must be a typographical error.

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The Hunter Planet Chronicles Introduction

A note from the researcher of these chronicles.

The following source documents have been compiled in accordance with guidelines set out in the official regulations contained in Schedule 7 of The Research Foundation Code of the Encyclopaedia Galactica as compiled by Professor Armar Geddon. All research has been done by myself and is taken from ancient (i.e. pre - Empire Of Man) documents including diaries, tape recordings and an actual printed transcript of a book called "Hunter Planet - The All Australian Roleplaying Game". I trust that the profession of researchers has been suitably acknowledged by my work.

The contents are split into the following categories:

(.i.) History of the Federation Of Planets after discovery of Earth.

(.ii.) Personal experiences of two people around the time of the invasion. One a Human computer consultant and the other a Federation of Planets Bank Clerk.

(.iii.) Official correspondence from the Federation of Planet's Emperor, I.M.Wundafull, to Hunters and the hunting company, Hunting Tours Incorporated.

(.iv.) Confidential report regarding Earth, by a FOP secret Service agent - X Bear.

(.v.) Extracts from an amazingly astute pre-Empire publication entitled "Guide to Hunter Planet", an actual game invented before the invasion! These include: -Players version of the "rules".

-Blank Character Sheet.

-So called imaginary weapons listing.

-Personal history of a successful hunter

presented in the "game" format.

-CMs version of the rules.

-Guide to better "CMing".

Of note here is the term CM. It appears throughout the guide, yet its definition is different in a majority of cases. Unsure of its real meaning, many hours were spent in the dusty basements of ancient Earth libraries, trying to find old copies of "Hunter Planet". Unfortunately, the only definition I could find was the term Certified Maniac, which although it didn't sound sensible, appeared to be accepted as reasonable by most adherents of the game.

I feel that I must make an important observation here. The "game" of "Hunter Planet", as it was called, was actually created before that fateful time when the Federation invaded Earth.

Frightening as it may seem, it appears that the human author had some premonition or foresight, as the events portrayed correspond fairly closely with the actual events. I realise that this sounds quite peculiar, but there was one other important point regarding the author of that "game". His name is incredibly fateful as it is the same as mine.

This appears absolutely remarkable, as there is no way that this should be possible, knowing as we do, that time-travel has not yet been invented and I remember my birth quite well (or at least my formulative years). Perhaps there

will be some sort of atomic or nuclear disaster causing another with the same name to travel back. I don't know.

Wait a centon! What's that flash of light outside?

You've got to be kidding!

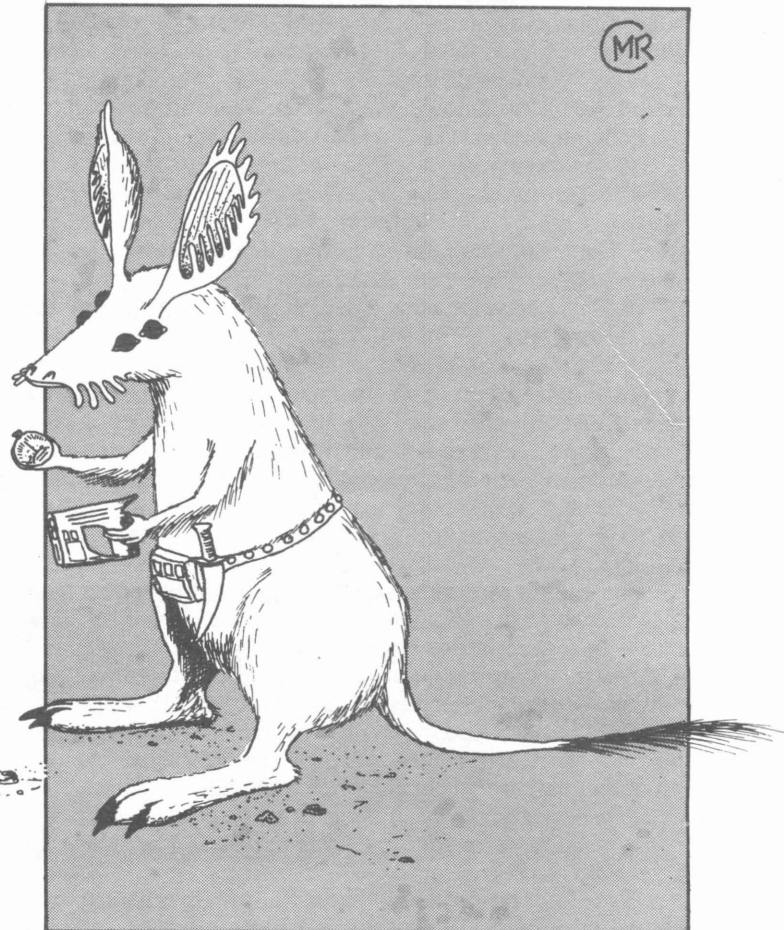
No, it isn't true, it isn't....."

Y The above has been included by me as a remembrance to the researcher. After the destruction of the Starship "Enthares" by anti-Empire terrorists, and the subsequent death of the researcher of these chronicles, Cadet David Bruggeman, I rescued the remains of his transcoder. The entire contents were recorded thereon, the only section yet to be completed being this introduction. Despite the ramblings and his obvious mental aberrations, his work has still been used, as many fruitful hours were spent in research. Unfortunately, his body was never recovered in the midst of that destruction.

Pity about that. He was such a nice lad.

Professor Armar Geddon.

(Administrator, Encyclopaedia Galactica and head of The Researcher Foundation.)



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History of the Empire Of Man - The Beginnings

(The following has been transcribed from a recent lecture of Professor Armar Geddon at the New Melbourne University. This was a commemorative event to celebrate the victory of the old Melbourne University Students those many years ago, when a whole squad of the Emperors Personal Guard were destroyed by those students at a horrendous cost to lives and property.)

Good Evening.

(A mixture of cheers and abuse rose from the audience. Those shouting abuse were soon beaten up by others shouting their right to Freedom of Speech. Eventually the auditorium grew silent, with all eyes concentrating on the enigmatic figure at the podium. Totally unphased by the level of attention being paid to him, Professor Armar Geddon continued.)

Thankyou.

The history of the Federation Of Planets and the subsequent events of the formative years are well known. However, as is frequently the case, facts are left out or exaggerated and the true situation is rarely discovered. We, at the Researcher Foundation, have investigated a multitude of leads and possibilities and now believe that we know the true beginnings.

But first let me tell you some truths about a few current beliefs.

One, it is not true that the Federation was wiped out only three months after attacking Earth. Two, the Empire as such did not begin as soon as the Federation died. And finally, three. And this is the most startling discovery so far.

The President of the Empire of Man, our Empire, has been keeping the following fact secret. There are still parts of the Federation in existence and in contact with us today!

(Those previously yelling abuse began again, with several additional dissenters. Security guards of the Peace Patrol promptly picked out the more vocal objectors, who were then taken out of the auditorium. Once more waiting for silence, the professor continued.)

Before I delve into that situation, allow me to present the true history of the Empire of Man.

In the late 20th century, mankind had not yet achieved practical space flight in commercial quantities. The majority of men had not even been in a atmosphere craft, let alone a space craft. Technology and inventions, however, were advancing at an ever increasing rate. Lasers did exist in their experimental form, yet the majority of weapons were still of the projectile and explosion variety.

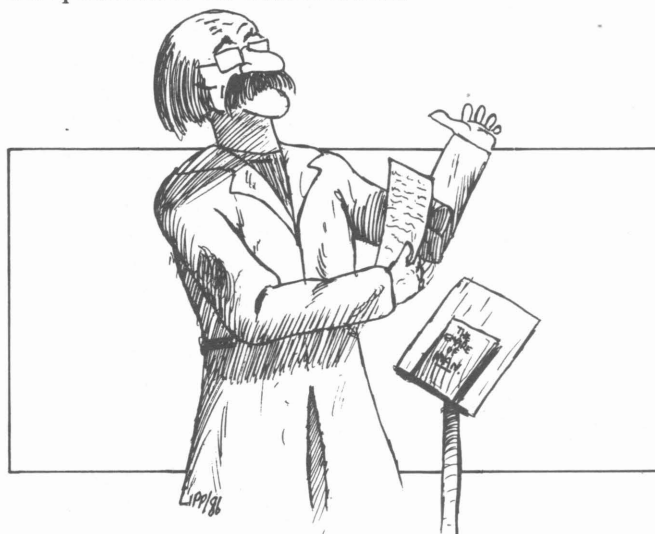
There was what was then called a "cold war". Theoretically it meant the world was at peace but could flare up into war at any moment. However, our researches show that very few countries were not actually fighting, with full scale wars going on in over twenty countries, involving millions of people. Interesting term, that. "Cold war."

My assistant, cadet David Bruggeman, also discovered that there were also nuclear weapons in existence and there is proof that they were actually tested on Earth.

(There were cries of disbelief at such stupidity, but once more these were quelled by the domineering presence of Professor Geddon.)

The Federation Of Planets (allow me to use the colloquial term, FOP.) discovered Earth more by accident

than good planning and conducted their standard tests. These basically involved testing the atmosphere, land and so on, and seeing that this planet was inhabited they also captured a few specimens of the local lifeforms.



You may well ask why our ancestors did not see the FOP ship. Well, they probably did, but the governments in those days were the same as ours. They saw it but didn't tell anyone else as they figured it belonged to a rival power. Individuals also sighted the ship, but they were either silenced or accused of being nonsensical.

The tests conducted on the specimens collected included intelligence and reaction tests among others, the primary reason being to see if they could defend themselves.

If the tests were passed adequately, the new planet was "asked" to join the Federation. If they failed, but it was close, the FOP government declared it off limits, with no one being allowed to exploit it until it reached a sufficient intelligence and technological level to enable it to join.

A bad fail, however, would mean that the subject planet would never ever make it to FOP standards and so was declared "open game" and territorial rights handed over in public auction. The majority of these cases were won by Hunting Tours Incorporated.

Earth failed.

Badly.

You may ask, how could this be? FOP had been using these tests for over 500 years and they had always seemed to work. We know that Earth should probably have been declared off limits, yet it is a fact that we failed.

There were, we believe, several reasons for this. One, a Hunting Tours Incorporated employee (unknown to the FOP commander of the Scout ship), had infiltrated as part of the crew. Hence the tests were adjusted slightly.

Two, the operators of the scout ship were complete morons.

Three, the specimens actually selected. Not understanding the local situation, the scout ship beamed down and caught four beings - the required number for the tests. However, the place they were selected from was the local zoo.

The specimens collected were a chimpanzee, an unemployed human whose mind had been permanently damaged by alcohol, another human who was at the time temporarily in another plane of existence through the use of hallucinogenic drugs, and the fourth specimen was a native bushman who had never seen civilisation, as the bulk of the

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planet called it, and had only just arrived in town. The chimpanzee recieved the highest score.

Hence the stage had been set. An unsuspecting world, an ignorant and greedy government, and God throwing some dice in the heavens.

The first FOPs to pay their credits and go down to hunt the local inhabitants, were some ministers in the government to which the Emperor had decided to repay some favours. They had a great time, killing between 25 and 100 inhabitants, depending on whose stories you believe.

The Emperor allowed various other groups down and they all had similar success. Finally, after about a dozen trips, the Emperor decided to go down himself.

This would have been safe enough normally, even though the Humans had been getting fairly scared by these random attacks by aliens for apparently no reason. The problem was that the Emperor landed, with his "escort" of five squads of Imperial Marines, in a large city called New York.

The Humans inflicted 60% casualties to the marines and actually wounded the Emperor. How could such damage be inflicted when there were no energy weapons or similar heavy destruction weapons available? The marines that died were killed in traps, by explosive grenades, by "shopping trolleys", whatever they were, dropped from high rise buildings and anything else that could cause damage.

After recovering from his wounds in hospital, the Emperor gathered together the biggest "hunt" ever. Most people would call this more of an invasion than a hunt, but the local newscasts at the time called it a hunt. This time, however, Man was ready.(Sort of.)

Two of the attacking FOP ships were destroyed by Suicide Space Shuttles that were hiding behind the moon.

Someone on Earth pressed a Red Button or two and launched Nuclear missiles which destroyed several other ships. The FOP armada, however, totally wiped out most of the nuclear missile silos, and made sure that New York was completely flattened for inflicting such embarrassment on the Emperor. The attack was eventually recalled, suffering only 35 to 40% casualties, and they felt that Earth (or the planet Dirt as their translators had translated it) was now pacified.

As is a well established fact, the remaining sections of Earth received a boost to its technology. There was a total of 5% of the Worlds population killed and 10% severely wounded in that invasion and our ancestors were not going to accept that. Hunting Tours Incorporated was back in business with their hunts being booked out months in advance.

(An example of one of their advertisements is included on the back cover of this guide.)

Over approximately five years of surprise attacks by hunting parties, the humans gradually converted and redesigned captured weapons, received new ideas to build better ones, and finally achieved a sufficient bad attitude that enabled it to take on a vastly larger Federation of Planets. Eventually a ship or two was captured, which were then copied, improved, and reproduced in large enough quantities to create a space fleet of their own.

The orbiting FOP ships were called upon to surrender, which they laughed at. They were subsequently blown out of the sky for being cheeky.

Earth then launched an attack on the Empire, joining up with other planets being subjected by the FOP tyranny, and succeeded in freeing the universe for peace loving peoples.

(A heckler shouted, "What peace loving peoples?", but

was quelled by four body guards of the Peace Patrol who beat him up.)

However the Empire of Man did not yet exist. It came into existence when a neighbouring civilisation tried to eat (literally) peoples that we liked. The Empire was formed and the civilisation of the Aarnn was soundly whipped.

To conclude, I would like to explain what happened to the balance of the Federation of Planets. Not surprisingly, the home planet would never succumb to rule by Earth and so it was decided to declare it off limits. The existence of this planet has been kept a close secret by the President and his security teams. However we have found that it is not strictly off limits, as our "peaceloving" President sends down political prisoners to hunt on that planet.

Is this fair and right?

We at the Researcher Foundation do not believe so.

It is a travesty that such a source of knowledge should be destroyed for the pleasure of a demented few....."

(A shot was fired from the crowd at the professor, hitting him in the arm. The rest of the lecture was suspended until a later date as the assembly degenerated into an unruly rabble, lynching the would be assassin. Fortunately for society, the Professor survived.)

Source Documents from the Federation Of Planets Era

The following two articles were uncovered at different locations by our valiant team of archeologists, from the Researcher Foundation at Encyclopaedia Galactica. The first is written by a computer consultant from the home planet of the Empire of Man, Earth, and is said to have been compiled approximately two years after the Federation Of Planets first invaded. Nothing is said of this man in modern history books and it has been assumed that he is one of those unsung fighters for freedom that we hear so much about. The second is included as it gives the view of a citizen of the Federation who was employed as a bank teller. The latter article has been reprinted here from the Archives of Encyclopaedia Galactica, with the kind permission of my mentor, Professor Armar Geddon. The former article was actually written up in a popular womens TriVideo magazine, "Female Beings Weekly". However, in order to have the facts correct, I researched through many source documents and believe that the following story is true.

Believe it, or not.

To those of you who read the "Female Beings Weekly" version, I apologize for the glaring dissimilarities, but at least the following is true.

Diary Of A Freedom Fighter

(The following is reported almost exactly as it was transcribed onto a dictaphone tape. There are occasional ramblings, however, I believe that they provide useful background material.)

"Gedday Diary. Today is the 25th February. I hope you have had a nice day, because I would like to tell you that I bet our latest FOP (*Federation Of Planet citizen*) hasn't. Unfortunately we left Jane on guard, which wasn't very clever as she has taken a slight dislike to FOPs.

In case you have forgotten, my name is David O. Corruthers, Doc to you. I was in a slight rush yesterday and didn't get a chance to finish my narration of your previous owner's party's "Hunt".

Another FOP party came down nearby and before we

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could arrive, two of the six had a chance to beam up. I was spitting chips (*No translation Available*) that I couldn't get a shot in.

Anyway, allow me to continue.

Wait a sec. Before I go on, did you know that I never used to be this violent? Bet you wouldn't have guessed that I was a very successful Computer Consultant in my prime.

Had a great little business going, telling people to buy the latest computer one year and telling them that it was obsolete the next. I made packets. (*Presumably this means considerable amounts of remuneration.*)

Then why did I leave this profitable venture? It wasn't by choice, let me tell you! It was as a result of you lousy FOPs.

Oh, Yeah. That reminds me. You know that derivative of the Federation Of Planets that I use. FOP. Well, that has replaced the majority of English swear words and foul language in a very quick time.

Yeah, it was you FOPs that ruined me business. One of your parties landed on the building I was in and made your way down wiping out Humans as you went. Lucky for me that you aren't all that clever, as you made enough noise to wake the dead.

My office was situated on the 5th floor of a seven storey building. Okay, so it wasn't the highest quality office block in town, but at least I owned it. That's right. I owned the building your owner and his mates decided to land on and ultimately destroy.

I didn't hear them until they blew up the door of the unused office on the floor above me. My first thought was of my insurance premiums going sky-high. Luckily most of the other tenants had gone for the night.

Pity about the cleaners new assistant though. He was cleaning out the empty office upstairs.

I immediately called the police, who promptly berated and soundly abused me for making crank calls at this time of night. (It was only 6.23pm. I wouldn't have called it that late.)

I had to think of how I would survive. The newspapers

had been circulating stories about aliens from the Federation of Planets (they were called FOPs then, too.) Of course, I read all these stories with a pinch of salt and thought that they couldn't affect me.

Unfortunately it appeared that I was wrong. I knew the security guard was a weapons freak and by now he should be on the floor below. Feeling that being alive was better than being dead, I quietly and quickly ran for the nearest fire exit and down to where the guard was supposed to be.

Meanwhile, the FOPs had just completed renovating the sixth floor, complete with energy blast holes and a dead cleaner or two. Oh, yeah. My cat was up there too.

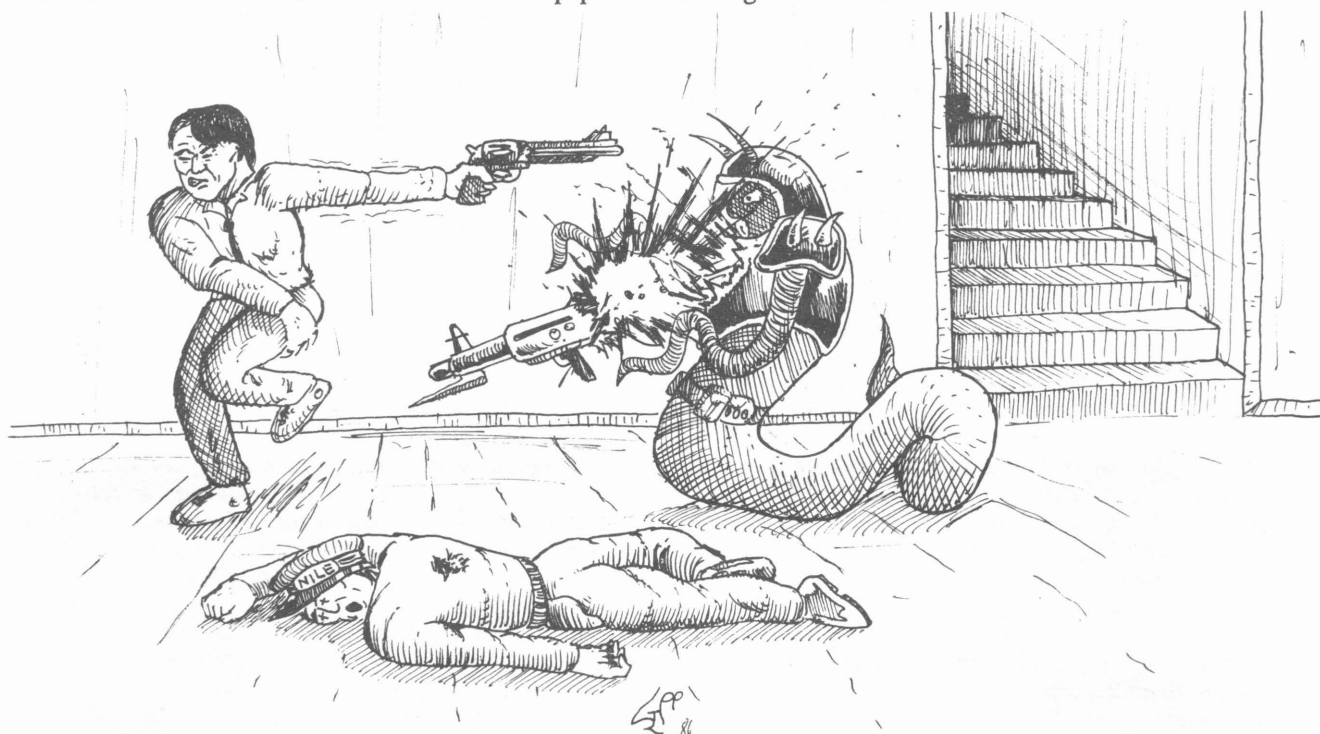
They got George (that's his name) by throwing him out the window. What was even worse, George landed on my new Porsche (*Believed to be a type of common land vehicle*), causing a fair deal of damage. The cat survived. He's tough, that cat.

You may not believe this but as I reached the fourth floor, I heard the security Guard (I think his name was Nile, or something) go up to the fifth floor using the other stairs. Thinking to myself that this was typical, they are never there when you need them, I stomped after him, ready to show him who paid his wages.

Before I'd got three steps, He ran towards me screaming, "They're gonna kill me. They've got bigger guns than mine!". In those split seconds, I took into account the incredible Magnum in his hand (You know, those guns with the barrel half a mile long) and thought that if he was running, maybe I should too.

Once more, circumstances beat me to it and this horrible looking thing jumped down the stairs. I didn't do anything silly like throw up or scream. I've seen similar. I was married once. Ha, Ha. Only joking, Jane.

Anyway, this thing had a grouse gun in his hand, the type that you see in all the expensive special effect sci-fi movies. It fired and hit Nile right in the back. Through providence or fate, I don't know, Niles gun flew out of his hand right into mine.



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What would you do if you are faced with a thing and have a gun in your hand?

You're darned right I did. I fired. (My eyes were closed, I think.)

When I next looked the thing was on the ground, looking quite unwell, trying to stuff something like a pill in its mouth. Thinking it was some kind of weapon, I took one last glimpse and ran downstairs.

You know what? I think I must have hit it with my first shot. However, I don't believe that I severely wounded it, but something happened because its weapon was in pieces all over the floor. Poor construction possibly?

Sure enough, moments later the other members of the FOP hunting party came running after me. To slow them up I tied a piece of fishing wire across the stairs and waited pretty close by in the Janitors closet.

A very loud thumping came down the stairs and went straight over the string. "Oh, hell," I thought, "Now I'm in trouble."

This FOP called to his mates upstairs and I heard the others go away. The FOP near me, though, wouldn't leave.

Suddenly there was a loud explosion and squeals of excitement from above. I heard the FOP turn and start running up the stairs. This time he tripped on the wire and went thump.

I was out of my closet like a bullet and aimed at where he was. I should say where he was supposed to be. On a closer look I noticed that he had fallen through the stairs by his own weight combined with the force of his fall.

"Great!" thought I, "An easy shot." Sure enough, his head popped up from the hole and in an excellent shot I fired from about 10 feet away. It would've hit him right between the eyes. I couldn't miss.

I felt such an idiot when I heard that ominous click after pulling the trigger. Gosh, am I quick when I run.

I was down those stairs in a flash. The FOP fired at me from above, only succeeding to increase the damage bill that had been accumulating since they first arrived.

The night was fairly dark and there were lots of hiding places outside, so I decided the safest place was in the park opposite. From my excellent vantage point I observed my prime position in real estate being blasted into oblivion.

But that isn't why I got mad. Oh, no.

I could cope with the fact that my building was destroyed beyond redemption.

I could cope with the fact that my business was now an ex-business.

I could even cope with the increased insurance premiums. That shows how level headed I am.

George, my cat, was also in the park. I saw him across the pathway. Wanting a little comfort, I called him over.

He made it to the middle of the pathway when a shot came from my building and hit him in the leg. Even that wouldn't stop George.

He started crawling to me on three legs. Then the lousy FOPs fired an energy weapon at him. All I saw was a ball of fluff go "poof". There was my tough cat, George, lying there, black. (He used to be white.)

I was almost ready to cry. But, would you believe it, that little fella moved his leg. Before I could rejoice, I heard a yell of disappointment come from my building. The FOP fired at George again. I went beserk.

Full of anger, I burst out of my cover in the trees, stood

like an idiot right under the light, stood over my cat, and yelled, "Eat lead, Suckers."

Yeah, you guessed it. The stupid gun went click. Allowing common sense to take over, I got scared real quick, picked up George, and ran for cover. They just missed me twice, before I got to a sheltered spot and started nursing George.

George survived and I got an award for bravery under fire. But that's all in the past now. From the wreckage of my once fine building, I retrieved various useful FOP items, including you, Diary, and an energy gun. Dan has been working on it for the last three weeks trying to make it more powerful.

Hey! What was that explosion! I think Dan just connected the wrong wires....."

Diary Of A Hunter

Excerpt from the diary of Andy Septik, Bank Clerk and citizen of the former Federation of Planets. The diary was recently unearthed by archeologists of the Researcher Foundation, fossicking through remains on Earth. It is assumed to be from the early days of the Federations attempts to subjugate or exterminate (whichever came first) the people of Earth. As is well known they actually awakened a sleeping hornets nest and were themselves overthrown so that peace as we know it could reign the heavens. No corrections to spelling or grammar have been made. The following is as it was related by Andy Septic.

Monday 13th: Today was great. After paying my 1000 credits to Hunting Tours Inc. I received a list of equipment I could take down with me on "the hunt". Not knowing what to take and having some spare cash (everything costed of course) I purchased a laser pistol with 20 energy units of ammo, 4 more ammo clips, a smoke grenade, a energy recharger, a shield, machete, about 20 kg worth of other items and of course my favourite hand-held video game.

We (that is, all six of us and a metallic dog) were told that the planet we were going to had recently been discovered and having failed the criteria of intelligence and technology level, was deemed to be suitable as a hunter planet. This meant that people like me could join a hunt such as those organised by Hunting Tours Inc. and go and hunt the inhabitants.

We would be let down on the planet and every four hours after that, we would be asked if we wished to be beamed up. One of my more suspicious comrades asked about the survival rate and the inhabitants of this planet.

Our instructor told us that, "many, many people returned" and the local inhabitants who called themselves Whoomens or something, were obviously barely above cavebeing status if they had failed the special criteria. However they would not be too easy to hunt or else our money would have been wasted.

Wednesday 22nd: We finally arrived to the third planet of a nine planet system with a yellow sun. It is in the very unfashionable end of the western spiral arm of the Galaxy and in fact the area is known as The Backwaters of Space. The other members of the hunt are NK, Taran Capel, Doreen, Madame Coupre', Bexis and the metallic jewel cutter that looks like a dog, K9.

I'll have to finish as the instructor is informing us that we will be going down soon. I hope I get some good souvenirs and some excitement. This had better not be a waste of money.

HUNTER PLANET

Thursday 23rd: I am writing this in the life boat of the Hunting Tours Inc. ship. This is not the way I imagined hunting to be like .

Out of the six of us that went down only Taran Capel, what's left of his dog (the head got blown off!) and me survived. Not only that but I ruined the ship. In case you are wondering what happened I had better tell you about the disaster.

We were beamed down on a country road with a hill crest behind us, a small village about 500 metres ahead and woods about 50 metres to either side. After a small discussion we decided to have a look at the primitive village.

After all, what could hurt us? We were the Hunters.

Before we got 50 metres a bullet flew past. Well, this gave me a hell of a fright! As I was recovering another shot was fired and a huge barrel came flying through the air towards us.

We scattered.

The barrel slammed into the earth about half way between the road and the woods and just lay there. At the same time NK was stopped by a stream of bullets hitting the earth in front of her and Bexis was hit by the damn sniper.

I had a look through my binoculars at the houses and saw a clenched fist out of one with the central finger raised. Unsure what this meant, I ignored it, running to the barrel with Taran Capel to have a good look.

On the top was a label painted on in our language saying, "Get out of my space, Alien Face". This surprised me as I thought that these were supposed to be unintelligent brutes.

Upon opening the barrel we discovered a brown paper covered parcel. Disliking this more and more, I unwrapped a metal box and subsequently opened it. Inside were rocks of assorted shapes and sizes with a note saying, "Take these as Souvenirs, and stick 'em in your Alien ears!!!"

I decided then and there that these aliens were not friendly and scampered for the forest with Taran.

Meanwhile the others decided to also run for the woods with NK coming my side and the other three going for the opposite side.

Doreen twisted her ankle while running and Bexis, Madame and NK were all hit by at least one bullet each.

As I walked in the woods I found a native wheeled vehicle. It had the word "F O R D" impressed on the rear tailboard and could only accommodate two, or maybe three, passengers. The glass at the front of the cabin had a bullet hole in it and on the seat was a dead native with a bullet hole in his forehead.

He had obviously been there for some time as he smelled putrid. NK seemed to be taking her time so Taran sent K9 after her. Taran meanwhile found some boxes under a tarpaulin and opened one. In it were what seemed to be survival rations of some sort, including bottles of "COCA COLA" and bars of "MARS" among other things.

A secret compartment was opened in the false bottom and disclosed was a unique projectile weapon with switches on the side. One switch had "L" and "O", with the switch on "L", and the other was marked "S" and "A" with the switch on "S".

NK had finally found us and also brought K9 who had got caught in a gully. NK began to search the underside of the truck when we heard a "click" and then an ominous ticking started.

I'll admit it. I panicked and ran for my life. About 10

seconds later there was an incredibly huge explosion and I was knocked down by its force.

Upon returning to the vehicle, I saw pieces of metal everywhere, NK, K9 and Taran but no vehicle. I was informed that it had exploded. We then commenced for the village.

When we reached the edge of the woods I saw another one of those "FORD"s with metal armour on the front with armed natives riding. A laser bolt came out of the woods on the opposite side and went straight through the armour. The natives fired back with what appeared to be our type of laser rifle.

I received a big shock when the gun was automatic! Our weapons cannot do that even with over 500 years research.

I heard a scream and realised that Madame or Doreen had been hit.

I exploded.

Setting my pistol to 5 e.u.(the highest damage setting), I charged the vehicle which was now stationary. The natives were surprised to see me and even more so when I fired and scored a direct hit on their cabin.

It was gratifying to see the natives being hurt. Suddenly I realised I was in the open and quickly ran for cover. However, I was too late and was hit in the lower leg with a projectile, but I managed to stumble back to the safety of the woods.

The natives then laid a smoke screen and must have retreated under cover to their village."

(At this point it appears that a communication to the life boat interrupted Andy Septics narration. It must be remembered that he is at present in a lifeboat, floating in orbit around Earth.)

"Before I continue, the radio just crackled and an alien voice spoke. Using my translator the voice said, " We are not a violent people. We would like to make peace with the F.O.P. All you need do is land at the village that was just attacked and we will accept your surrender."

Before we could reply, however, a Federation Battle Cruiser interrupted and informed us," Do not attempt to land on that planet. They are mere savages descended from ape-like beings. If you go down there you will not survive. Stay there in orbit and we will come and rescue you."

Not to be outdone, the native gave his parting comment,"You better watch it aliens. If you don't come to us we will come to you - and then you'll be in big trouble!"

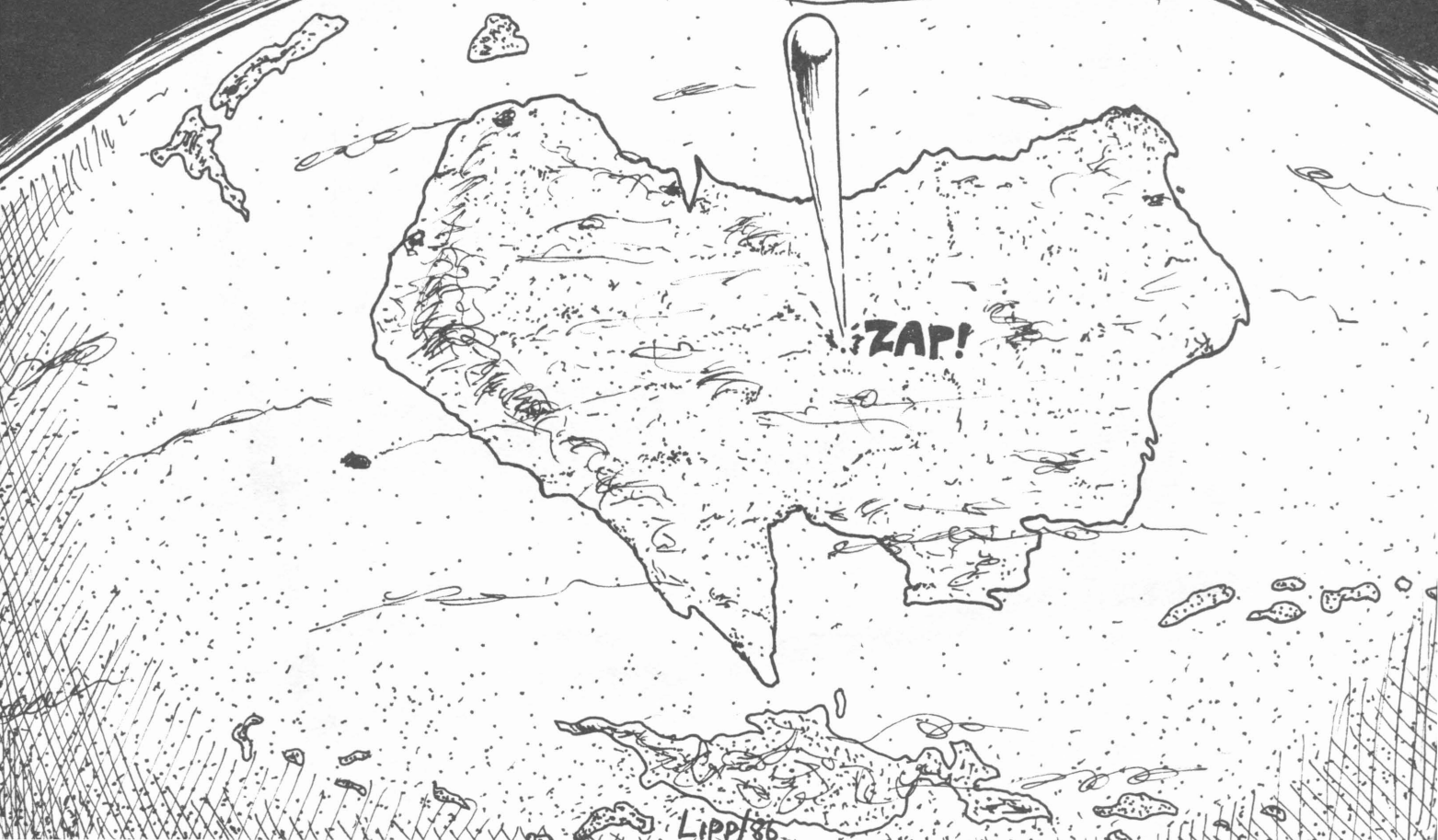
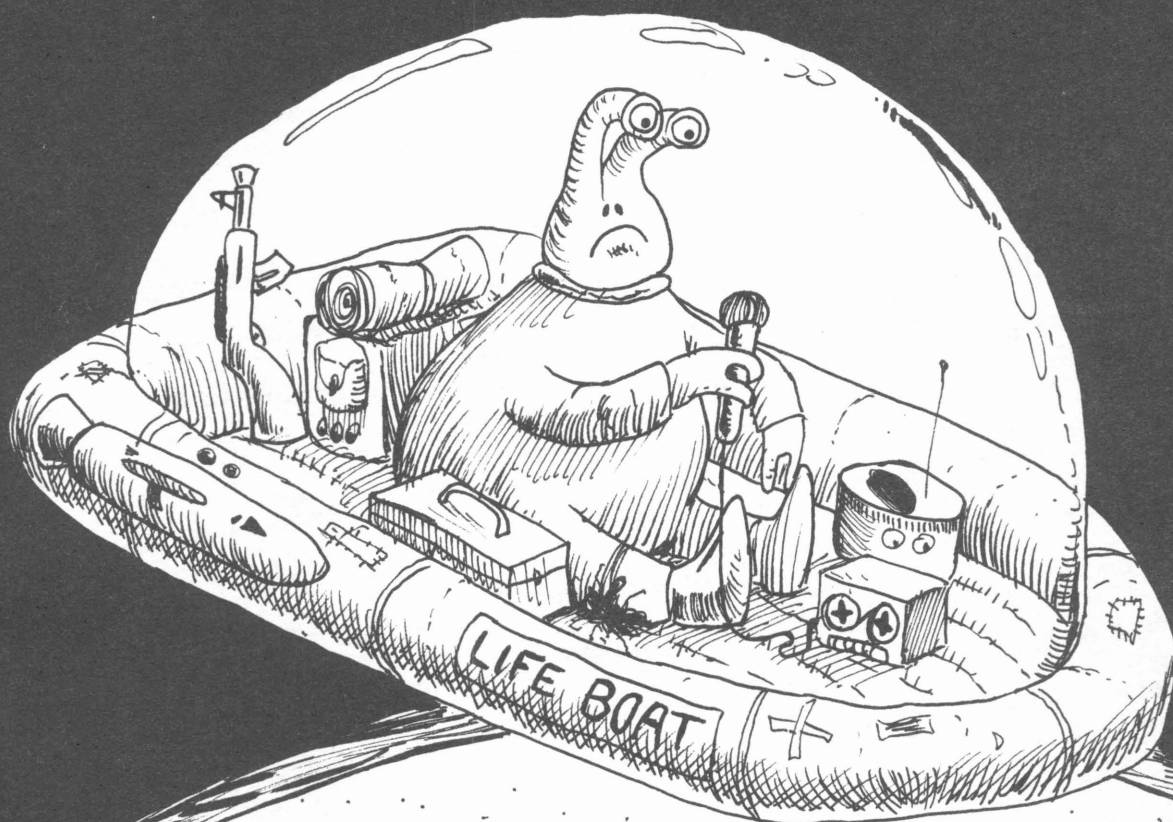
However, we are not frightened by this natives babbling, as we are from the Federation Of Planets.

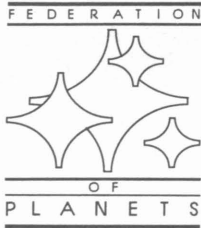
Well, now that that's over with, I will continue with my relation of the hunt....."

The diary excerpt ended here and it appears that either it was continued at a later date or (as is suspected of being the case) Andy Septic was one of the first victims of a prototype of a long range laser cannon.

The diary appears to have survived only as it was on a computer disk and was in a protective alcove. The above memories of the "hunter" were saved for posterity just before death. However, we can only postulate on the actual cause of this cessation of narration, as accurate records of this period are scarce.

Used with permission of Professor Armar Geddon, head of The Researcher Foundation (Encyclopaedia Galactica.)





From The Desk of Your Emperor I.M.Wunndafull

Main Office:
c/- Imperial Towers
27a Lorraine Plaza
Denton, CL1 7SD
Minnol-Ta System
Planet Destyle
Enquiries:
P.O. Hole 8736/43
Deme System
Or call during regular office hours:
(abc) 0914 741 372 231-2
or (123) 0972 08 4221 1223-15
Toll free: (rgb) 09736 174 31642 948-26
We're here to serve you

Attention to all hunting tourists.

I am most pleased at your loyalty to me and the Federation of Planets. There were initial complaints regarding the opening up of newly discovered planets to Hunting Tours Incorporated for the purposes of a friendly hunt of the indigenous inhabitants. These, however, were soon quelled when the complainers volunteered to join the space marines (Penal division).

You have no need to fear as the intelligence and technology tests were carried out using an extensive scientific research program. The inhabitants of the newest "Hunter Planet" recorded one of the lowest IQ levels and their technology appears to have been made by rebel space traders with a weird sense of humour. We consider this race incapable of ever reaching our superior technology level - why, they even think digital watches are a neat idea!

As members of the Federation Of Planets you have nothing to fear. With superior intelligence, technology and weapons these hunts could well turn out quite uneventful. I have been told, however, that it is wiser to stay in a group as mishaps have occurred through misadventure. Before you go down, just remember-

No matter where you go, I and the Federation Of Planets will always be with you.

Yours in spirit,

I.M.Wunndafull



From The Desk of Your Emperor I.M. Wunndafull

Confidential memo from the defence counsel of the Emperor to Hunting Tours Incorporated. Not to be disclosed to hunters at any costs. Or else.

You may have observed a low survival rate among your tourist clients. We at the Counsel have also noticed this and have decided to inform you of the reasons.

It appears that our intelligence tests are not as accurate as previously thought. The inhabitants of the latest Hunter Planet call themselves "Whoomens" (or a close equivalent) and call their planet "Dirt", at least that is how it translates. Before it was declared open, the Emperor decided to repay some favors by allowing a few of his ministers to hunt first. They came back and said the locals were embarrassingly easy to hunt and it wasn't much fun at all. This inspired the Emperor to go himself.

The survivors of this hunt were quite disappointed. They killed only 23 natives. The problem was they lost three of the toughest squads of Imperial marines in protecting the Emperor. After the Emperor recovered from his wounds some time later, he ordered a more powerful "Hunt". However at this stage it was more of an invasion than a hunt. These so called "moronic local inhabitants" fired at a number of the attack ships with nuclear missiles of all things! If any of your tourists asks what "those glowing areas" are, just inform them that it is a local phenomenon. We now can inform you that those hot spots could be either a Whoomen nuclear missile site or one of our ships.

We can now also answer your frequent requests for information regarding that temporary stop to your operations. We considered that the planet Dirt would now be safe considering that we had destroyed their defences and therefore their will to fight. You may have been wondering why very few of your tourist hunting parties were returning with all members intact. These natives are the most illogical beings ever encountered in the history of The Federation! They actually are hunting the hunters! Periodically we send down experienced battle toughened assault troops for experience. Those that return vow never to return without full support (such as a mothership - converted with extra weapons).

The Emperor is not amused at this debacle and has offered a bounty for proof of each native Whoomen killed. If a capture is possible, the reward will be great. We have tried on several occasions to capture one, only to find out that they had attached explosives to their body, which were detonated once inside the ship!

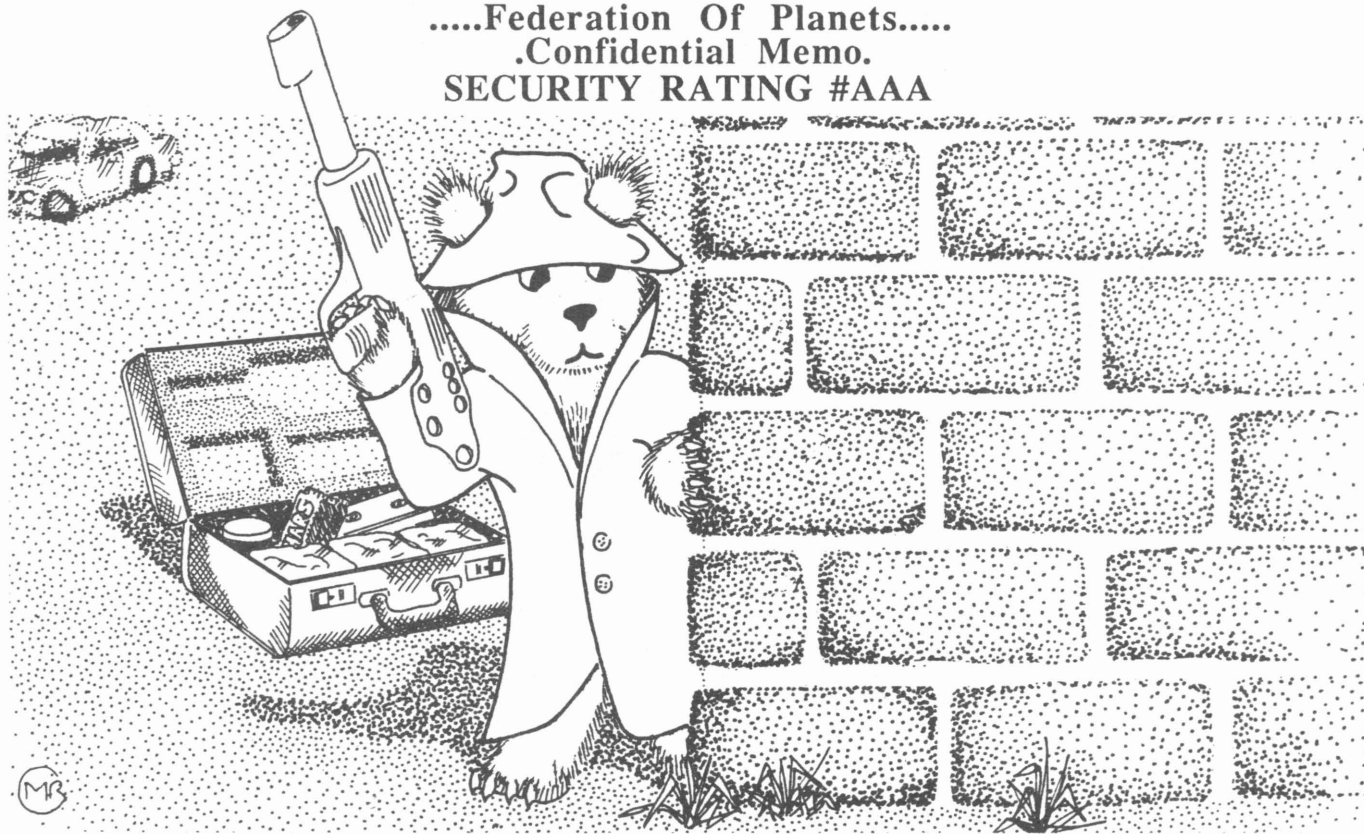
Please equip all tourists with adequate weapons and survival gear.

Yours Faithfully, **Lord De'Ath**

(Found in an ancient footlocker. Further research suggests that this letter fell into the hands of the Security Chief of the Federation, Denton, a being feared by many and unknown to everybody else. It appears that Lord De'Ath was administered a temporary memory block, and sent to Exile. We are unsure whether this communication actually was actually received by Hunting Tours Incorporated as no change in their policies was made at this time.)

(The following has been taken from a secret report written by the Federation of Planets Secret Service agent, only known by his code name, X Bear. It is a perfect example of how dangerous the situation was at that time. The problem existed that X Bears' report was lost in the Bureaucratic maze and consequently, the Scout ship was not informed of X Bears' findings)

.....Federation Of Planets.....
..Confidential Memo..
SECURITY RATING #AAA



From: X Bear. Agent # 11879kj05rt./7
To: Defence Counsel to the Emperor.
Date: (Undecipherable)
Location: London, England, Dirt.
Regarding: The Planet "Dirt".
Urgency: Imperative that the Emperor reads this.

Report: After extensive research, I hereby report a danger to the soon to be opened intergalactic spaceway. As is disclosed in the special report #123768/43ce regarding the aforementioned spaceway, the third planet of a certain system will be closely passed. This planet is inhabited. The inhabitants call it "Dirt", or something similar in meaning. The mere fact that this planet is inhabited is normally of little concern to our powerful Federation Of Planets, however I feel that I must point out the dangers inherent in the inhabitants civilisation.

The local inhabitants, called Humans, appear to exist in a state of continual warfare. However not all the planet is at war. Those not at war are involved in a "Cold War". That is, if the leaders of either side get annoyed with the other they threaten to blow up the world. This may appear strange enough, but the local news reports contained on their electronic communication devices and written reports frequently contain facts on how close they are to destroying themselves. The facts appear to lead to the conclusion that the Humans have the capability to destroy themselves many times over. The irrationality of this is apparent to all except the politicians.

This in itself is not a problem. What does it matter to the Federation Of Planets that a non-member planet is destroyed?

You had better pay attention to this planet. They have recently invented space flight. That's right. That means they can spread their version of civilisation to the rest of the universe.

Advice: It would be advisable to destroy the planet "Dirt" now. (Before they do it first.)

(Written below the report was a crayon mark indicating that it was seen by the Emperor. I believe that it was then subsequently filed and forgotten.)

HUNTER PLANET

.Basic.Rules.

.Players.Version.

RULE 1:

The following rules are more of a guide than laws of Hunter Planet.

If you don't like them, don't use them.

The primary aim is to have a good time hunting "low" intelligence natives.

Besides, you only play the game, your honest and faithful CM knows the rules and will use them when he feels like it.

The rest of the rules:

Procedure of play-

Players create a character by the following steps:

1. Imagine the characters race, sex and lifestyle. Military or experienced people do **not** go down to Hunt. Only trainees, non military employees and government employees (this includes the unemployed) are silly enough to pay their 1000 credits to Hunting Tours Incorporated.

2. Roll each of the characteristics using one 10 sided die. These are rolled in order and only two (2) characteristics can be rerolled. If the new roll is worse - Too bad. (Or as an unknown philosopher once said "them's the breaks".) Luck is rolled using a six (6) sided die. Luck is rerolled every game. (Footnote 87)

3. Hit Points are now rolled. Roll One (1) ten sided die and add 10 (ten) to the number rolled. The resultant total is the characters Hit Points.(i.e. the amount of damage he, she or it can take.)

4. The players now select their equipment. All players are supplied with a communicator, the rest is up to their imagination. Only three grenades are allowed per character. Other than this, there is no limitation to what can be taken down so long as it is not super destructive. (E.g. Alpha-Beta Plus Gamma Radiation Nuutron Destructo Particle Accelerator Beams are not permissible.) Remember that with any piece of equipment you take down the natives may have a similar item.

5. Now the C.M. goes into action. Submit your character sheet to the C.M. with all the respect, fear and loathing you feel is appropriate. Hopefully, he, she or it is in a nice mood and will pass all your devious equipment without a further glance. But, on the other hand he may decide you have too much equipment (Footnote 35) and return an abridged character sheet.

6. The player is now ready to go down. If any items have been left out, that's too bad - it was nice knowing you.

Encounters and play procedures:

1. The CM (Footnote 13) will explain the scene as apparent to the players. As a player you just inform the CM of your actions (or lack thereof) if and when necessary. Occasionally the CM will ask you to roll percentile dice or

some other dice. This could be for two reasons. He is either checking on reactions to events happening around you which you may, or may not, know about, or he may be testing your nerves in making you roll the dice.

2. When you meet one of the "friendly" natives, the CM will query each player on their individual actions and require each player to roll dice to determine hits with weapons, etc.,

3. The time taken for a leisurely hunt varies considerably, with the official time being one Dirt week. However, the friendly employees of Hunting Tours Incorporated call every 4 hours (or thereabouts) to check on your condition. You can request to be beamed up at this time, but at no other time.

Actually, you can request it at other times, but the request is ignored.

4. You should always keep your Character record sheet handy. Frequently you will need to check what equipment you have, and also what your characteristics are when you need to roll against them.

5. Any other things you need to know are contained below. If you are in the dark about anything, it is probably deliberate as the CM definitely knows more about what is happening than you do.

Firing Principles:

No weapon is as powerful as you would like.

Further Firing Principles

Lasers- Laser weapons fire by expending energy in a powerful beam of light and heat. Power for this weapon is in the form of Energy Units (E.U.). Each E.U. does one(1) 10 sided die damage. Lasers can fire on a setting of between one(1) and five(5) E.U.

Automatic Projectile weapons- These fire in bursts of 10 bullets each. Each clip contains two bursts of ammo. Each bullet does half(0.5) a 10 sided die damage.

Other weapons- The CM knows all the modifiers and damage of these weapons and probably won't tell you. Just play with these weapons the way you feel is right.

More Firing Principles:

Grenades- There are three (sorry, four) types of grenades:

Smoke: These create a smoke screen which will last for up to 20 minutes depending on the conditions.

Stun: Those unfortunate to be caught in the 10 metre burst radius are likely to be stunned for a while. Be careful where you throw them.

Tangle: A unique grenade. When it explodes it sends sticky strands of synthetic fibre in all directions adhering to all it touches. The only way to remove it is to wait 15 minutes to half an hour, or use that amazing home aid "Tangle-Free!" -now available in a handy aerosol can.

Flash: Flash grenades go off with a blinding flash of light, doing wonders for any observers optical fibres.

The Most Important Firing Principle:

Well, maybe it isn't that important after all. (Footnote 52)

A Non-Firing Principle:

There are times when instead of instinctively blasting something away, you get the chance to talk

(maybe con is a better word) your way out of trouble. If this situation arises, with you trying to waffle your way to freedom, the CM might ask you to roll a "bulldust roll". If you succeed, the foolish subject of your discussion will actually believe you and react favourably to your statements.

The bulldust roll is determined by various characteristics such as charisma, intelligence and luck.

An Important General Principle:

If you say that you will do an action you cannot change your mind. Your will be done as soon as you tell the CM about it. Beware!

The Best Way To Survive:

The best way to survive is to be brave, not foolhardy, original in your actions and not overcautious. The principle of the game is to enjoy yourself. Hiding because you might be shot at is the worst way to play as there is no enjoyment. The CM will reward original plans (or at least give them a better chance of succeeding). There will always be a way of getting out of bad situations. The problem is trying to think of how.

Survival Principles:

If you are unfortunate to be reduced to nil(0) or negative(-) hit points in the course of the game you are normally dead. However, the marvels of modern science have come your way and you have a chance of surviving. These rays of hope come in the form of red, white and blue pills. They are taken as a last resort only and they have a reasonable chance of restoring hit points.

However, there are side effects. Red pills affect the external body, blue pills affect the internal organs and white pills affect the mind. Typical side effects are in the order of extra limbs, less limbs, different limbs. Extra weight, less weight, decreases in charisma through extra or less facial characteristics. Mental disturbances such as schizophrenia, an assortment of phobias, memory loss, etcetera. Almost anything can be a side effect (and frequently is.)

Reversal Of Pill Side Effects:

You can't. (Footnote 73)

Character Information:

Characters do not need to be humanoid. Successful characters have included X Bear (A tough teddy bear), a gremlin, a skeleton man, a lizardoid, a large eye with legs in a vac suit and an assortment of weird and wonderful creatures. Frequently, after a few trips the original character is somewhat changed through the use of survival pills.

Interesting Side Note:

The best background reading for preparation for Hunter Planet is through reading any of the following valuable source documents:

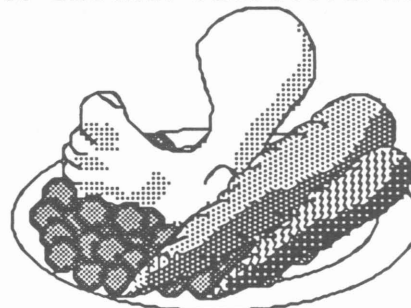
Science Fiction, Fantasy, wild comedy, serious exposee's on the political world, the local business newspapers, election advertising, Sindee - The Adventure, a comprehensive encyclopedea, a tram ticket or any other related materials. Also, related or similar movies would help. The primary point to remember is that your favorite CM is unbiased and neutral. He, she or it can be trusted with any of your secret actions and plans. The CM tends to be a real cool and laid back person.

Final Note To Players:

Do not be afraid to die in the game. There is only a 25% survival rate (approximately). If you happen to cease to exist in game terms, stay around and find out what happens to the rest of the party. Half the fun is discovering the background information regarding where you landed and the local history of the current situation. Finally, there is no need to be upset over losing a character. Emotional attachments to a character should not be heavily formed, at least not until it survives its 3rd or 4th adventure.

Life is a sweet and fragile thing. Mourning over a loss of character is fruitless and unnecessary, especially where the character only exists on paper and in players minds. Good Luck. (There is a good chance you will need it.) (Footnote 43)

Eat at Jo's Eating Emporium.
The best food available this
side of the Delkinhjoerian Way.
The ONLY place to go after a hunt
recover, rest and recuperate
after another successful hunt.



(Footnote 13) CM stands for a number of things. Officially it stands for Condition or Chance Modifier or Master, however the players tend to take it to mean Certified Maniac. You will fully comprehend why once you go down on a few hunts.

(Footnote 35) You probably have.

(Footnote 43) It should be noted here that playing the game of Hunter Planet has unforeseen benefits. Besides increased reasoning skills and logical thinking, Hunter Planet increases your ability to accept the out-of-the-ordinary things of life. I mean, like, well, where else would players throw a 10 energy unit soccer ball into a crowd of people? And then suffer worse than those receiving the ball?

(Footnote 52) For every weapon there is an advantage and a disadvantage. If a 01 to 05 is rolled the damage is doubled. However if 96 to 00 is rolled something "bad" has happened. For example, you gun may have exploded or commenced meltdown actions. Instead of firing away from you, it may fire towards you. A grenade may be incorrectly timed and go off in your hand. Be especially aware of "00" - it is not a good roll.

(The following Equipment List has been extracted from the official list given to Hunters before they had entered the hunting pre-briefing area. Gullible hunters then purchased overpriced goods from the Federation Of Planets stores, only to find equivalent or better goods available inside on sale by independent merchandisers. As can be seen, these merchandisers were able to purchase advertising space in the official list which merely helped to confuse the potential purchaser. For the sake of convenience I have highlighted the items to distinguish them from the advertising.)

Official Equipment List

All Hunters have the choice of the following items when going down to hunt. In order for there to be some challenge there are certain restrictions:

1. Hunters can have a maximum of two(2) main weapons and one(1) secondary weapon.
2. Hunters are restricted to a total of three(3) grenades.
3. Hunters are restricted to the stated limits of ammunition.
4. Weapons and Equipment not included below are to be obtained separately from outside suppliers.

Main Weapons

Weapons are listed in the following order:

Name, range, ammunition, description.

Holsters are supplied free with all weapons purchases.

Laser Pistol, 50 metres, 2 clips x 10 E.U.

(This remarkable weapon does lots of damage and can save many a hunter in close quarters. A must for the sporting enthusiast.)

Laser Rifle, 200 metres, 2 clips x 10 E.U.

(Do you need that little bit of extra range? Then this is for you. Although bulkier than a pistol, the damage is about the same. Highly recommended)

Projectile Rifle, 1000 metres, 2 clips x 10 bullets. (Snipers rejoice! Here is your weapon. Able to penetrate Reflec armour at over 900 metres, this gun comes complete with sights and shoulder holster.)

Sub Machine Gun, 40 metres, 2 clips x 2 bursts each. (When you fire with this, you can't miss. Used extensively by the X Team, that super trained squad of ex-commandos, fighting for truth, justice and their own way.)

Automatic Cross Bow, 50 metres, 2 clips x 8 bolts each. (Silent but deadly. When stealth is your best bet, use the old fashioned weapon designed with today's technology.)

Secondary Weapons

Projectile Pistol, 75 metres, 2 clips x 10 bullets each. (Another close combat weapon. When you need to defend yourself at close quarters, keep your pistol handy.)

Light Sword, hand held, 2 clips x 10 E.U.

(Used by all the great swordsmen this century, this light sword comes complete with two energy packs.)

Knife(Energy or Super Sharp Synthetic Steel), Hand Held, No energy restriction. (Bindings unbind in a flash when you use either of these true blue knives.

Machine gun, 800 metres, 3 clips of 30 bullets.

(Fires at the remarkable rate of 50 bullets a second, this weapon is for long distance projectile throwing. For simplicity, there is no single shot facility, therefore you always know what happens when you pull the trigger.

Grenades

From the "Freedom" range of personal defence weapons:

Stun, Hand Thrown, 10 metre Burst Radius

(Any unfortunates caught in the blast are stunned for some time, allowing you greater freedom.)

Smoke, Hand Thrown, 10 metre Burst Radius

(They say smoking can be a health hazard. On a hunt it can save your life.)

Tangle, Hand thrown, 10 metre Burst Radius

(Gets you out of sticky situations and puts those against you into them. Inspiration for the top ten song "I'm stuck on you and you and you.")

Flash, Hand Thrown, Visible Range.

(Having trouble seeing your way to safety? Throw this and make sure your opponents don't have a hope of seeing anything at all.)

Basic Equipment (Sponsored by Uncle Bob's Quality Equipment) (Footnote 75)

Communicator/Translator.(Supplied free by your friendly hunting Company, Hunting Tours Incorporated.)

"Supa-Dupa" Back Pack(Synthetic, Sturdy, Holds a bit of stuff. Designed especially for the modern hunter with a multitude of special pockets.)

"Jason's Merchandising Co" Tuff Rope (Synthetic, 50 metres long, light weight.)

"Medico-Kitt" First Aid Kit(Useful as a bargaining tool with Natives. Otherwise not really required)

"Neveready" Torch(Lightweight, Tough, Lasts for ages, All hunters deserve one of these)

"TelKay" Dehydrated water.(Just add water for a nutritious drink.)

"Telkay" Tangle Free.(Now available in this handy Aerosol can. Good for up to 10 sprays, never fails.)

"Normy Sisters" Mapping Utensils.(Create unbelievable maps of terrain you have hunted on. Be the envy of your neighbourhood.)

"Trutel" Atmosphere Mask.(Used by all top hunters whenever they hunt. Protects wearer from any harmful odours in the atmosphere. No-one has come back to complain yet.)

"Sayfatee" Danger Glasses.(Detects danger whenever hunter has these goggles on.)

"Know-Rad" Radiation Detector. (All Hunters should know when they are entering a radioactive area.)

"Safe Bet" 10 sided Dice.(Never fail to roll what you want. Ideal for winning "random" chance games.)

"Energetic" Reflec Armour.(Reflects energy bolts, minimising damage to wearer. Don't leave home without one.)

"Project Ile" Flak Armour.(Stops projectiles flat. Why become a holey relic because you didn't wear a Project Ile Flak Jacket?)

"Handi Andi" Anti Gravity Belt.(Allows wearer to resist gravity and fly. Power pack of 10 E.U. will support

wearer for a total of 50 metres upwards. (Approximately One building level per energy unit.) The ultimate in hunter hardware.)

"Telkay" See-It-All Life Detector. (Don't you ever get that feeling of someone or something watching? Confirm your suspicions with this amazingly advanced scientific tool from the research laboratories of Telkay.)

"Moles" Food Concentrates. (The food in a tube company can supply all your nutrition needs when hunting. Just reach into your Moles Satchel supplied with the "Nurrishmunt Food Pak" and help yourself to a selection of milkshake in a tube, Munchy Pellets and lots more. Don't worry fighting hunger pangs with Moles.)

"Whammo" Door Charges. (Designed to explode with just the right amount of force to destroy the lock of most doors. These little beauties are in great demand so there is a limit of two per customer.)

■ Important Note ■

The equipment list above is the official one. This means that it can be ignored, added to, detracted from or otherwise changed. It is not the exhaustive list of equipment that hunters actually used. If hunters wished to use another weapon or item of equipment they first confirmed it with the Certified Maniac to determine its eligibility for use in a hunt. (Footnote 1)

The Certified Maniac generally allowed weapons if they followed several guidelines, namely;

1. Weapons could not be over powerful.
2. General and specific effects of the weapon or equipment had to be stated.
3. Original weapons and equipment were frequently granted.
4. Generally, the more powerful the weapon the greater chance of malfunction. (Also with an equal chance of doubly favourable results.)
5. If desperate enough to have a certain weapon, the best bargaining tool the hunter may use is the bad news factor. The higher the bad news factor, the more likely that it will be expected.

(Footnote 16)

(Footnote 75) You may be wondering what happened to Honest Al. He was found guilty of underselling the official sources. As he was unable to meet the extortion payments, Honest Al awoke on Exile with a splitting headache, never to be heard from again. Uncle Bob was then elected as the new equipment salesman.

(Footnote 1) An example of a weapon not included is:

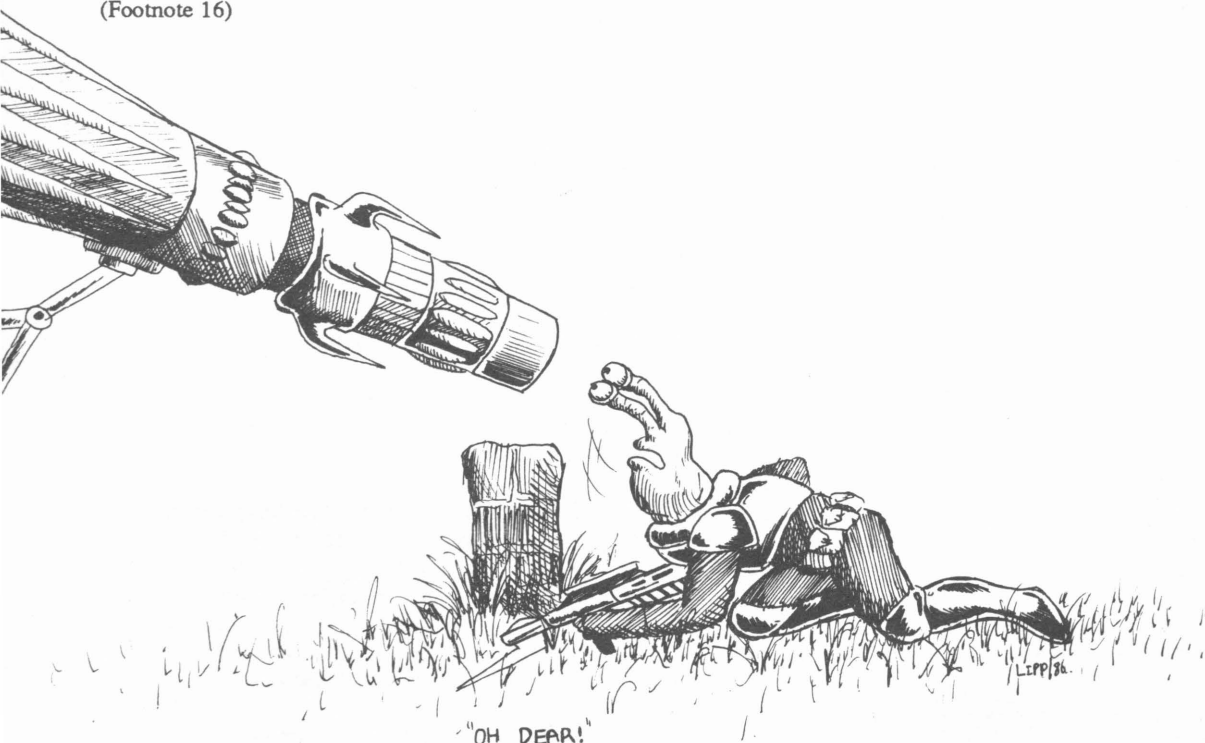
"One shot, 10 E.U. Bazooka". Maximum range: 100 metres. "Bad News" Factor: 10%. That is, rolls of 91 to 95 result in a meltdown very soon resulting in a 20 E.U. explosion 10 seconds later. 96 to 100 result in an automatic 40 E.U. explosion instantly creating a nice sized crater with the ex-firer in the centre. However a roll of 06 to 10 results in 20 E.U. damage on the target, and a 01 to 05 results in 40 E.U. damage. To get an idea of the effect of this, imagine that 5 E.U. will destroy the side of an average sized house, 10 E.U. effectively destroying most of it.

An example of equipment not included is

"Automatic Grapple Gun". This piece of equipment will fire a grapple 50 metres. If it catches, the hunter can press a recall button on the side of the holster to effectively drag him towards the hook. There are also buttons to release the hook (It may have been secured to the side of a moving truck) and also to collapse the hook enabling the hunter to retrieve it. However, whenever any of these actions are used there is a 5% bad news factor and a 5% good news factor.

(Footnote 16) A good example of successful bargaining was by a new hunter desiring a light sword with triple damage. Immediately I said "No way." The hunter suggested he would forgo all his other weapons. Tempted, I still said "Sorry. No." He then suggested a fifty percent bad news factor. Immediately, (with a smile) I said, "Sure, you got it. I'll even let you have all your other equipment."

Needless to say, the timing of the sword's explosion was perfect, resulting in the complete destruction of Moonlight hotel, by simultaneously combining the forces of an exploding light sword, an energy burst from a nuclear spider and the ignition of two barrels of petrol.



HUNTER PLANET © Player Record Sheet

Player Name.....
 Character Name.....
 Age..... Sex..... Race.....
 Number of Hunts..... Occupation.....
 Job Related Skills.....
 Hit Points..... Kills.....

Characteristics

Strength.....	Intelligence.....
Dexterity.....	Constitution.....
Charisma.....	General Knowledge.....
Luck.....	

Injuries and/or Survival Pill Effects:

Head(0).....	Face(1).....
Neck(2).....	Chest(3).....
Stomach(4).....	Groin/Hip(5).....
Right Arm(6).....	Left Arm(7).....
Right Leg(8).....	Left Leg(9).....

LIFE STORY

[illegible]

Equipment

(Remember: If anything has not been written down, you do not have it. Think wisely before you are beamed down.)

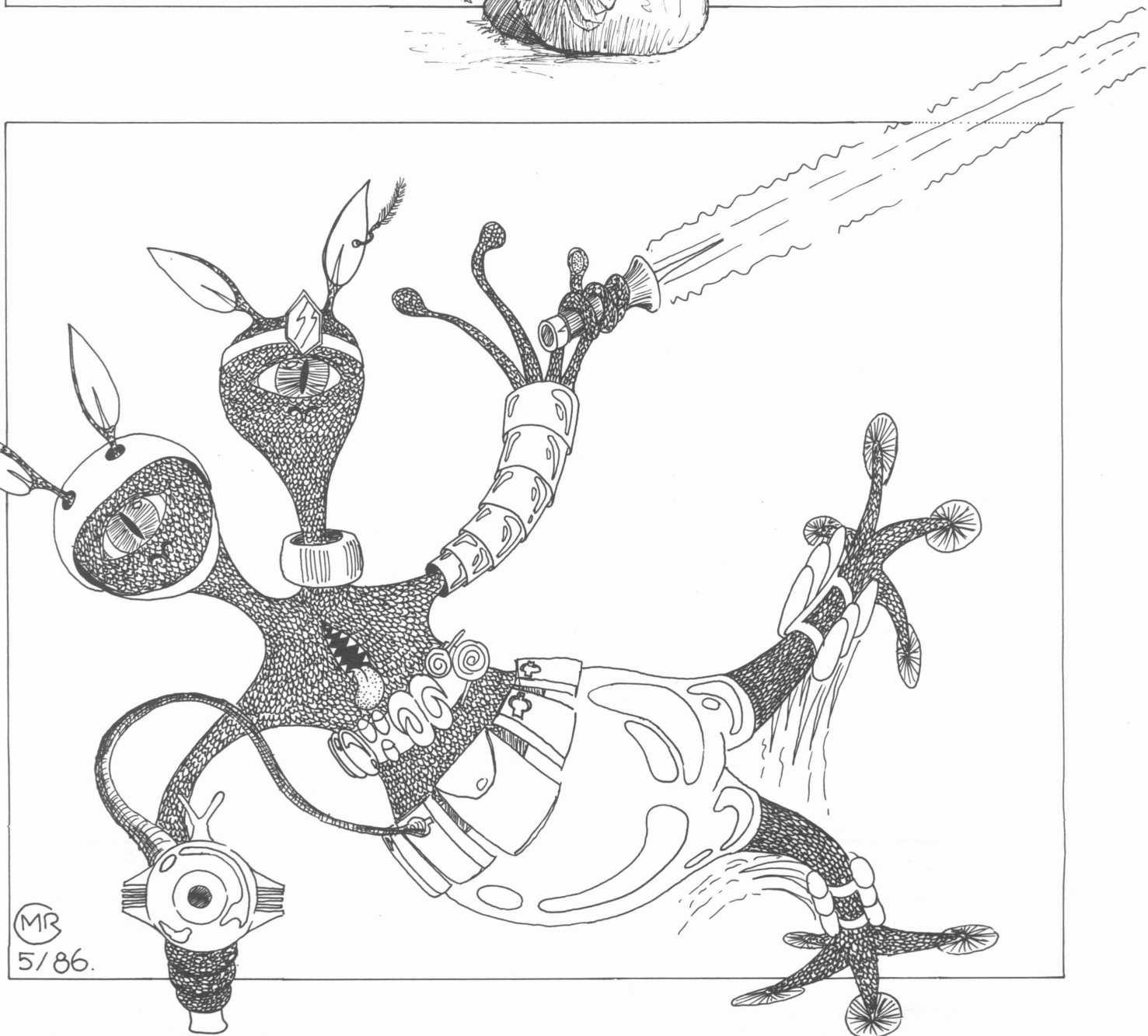
Communicator/Translator.

Red Pill.

Blue Pill.

White Pill.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are approximately 20 lines visible. The paper appears to be a standard notebook page or a sheet of stationery.



MR
5/86.

Character Profile

X Bear

Characteristics

Strength	7
Intelligence	8
Dexterity	10
Constitution	6
Charisma	4
General Knowledge	10
Luck is rerolled each game.	

Equipment Taken Down

1 x Suitcase (Brown, Leather)
1 x Duffle Coat (Flak Jacket)
1 x Floppy Hat (Flak Helmet)
1 x Pair Opera Glasses
1 x Communicator/Translator
1 x FOP Passport
10 x Ordinary Marmalade Sandwiches
5 x Extra Tasty Marmalade Sandwiches
4 x Razor Edged Marmalade Sandwiches
1 x Poisoned Marmalade Sandwiches
1 x Jar of Marmalade
1 x Weeks supply of water (Dehydrated)
1 x Laser Pistol
2 x 10 E.U. power clips
1 x Medical First Aid kit

Acquisitions in the course of five hunts on the planet Dirt.

1 x Bar of Mars
2 x Unknown food bars
1 x Video cassette
1 x Wallet (Leather or synthetic vinyl)
1 x Flag
1 x "Readers Digest"
Assorted Weaponry

Description

Height	61 cm
Colour - Hair	Golden Brown
- Eyes	Brown

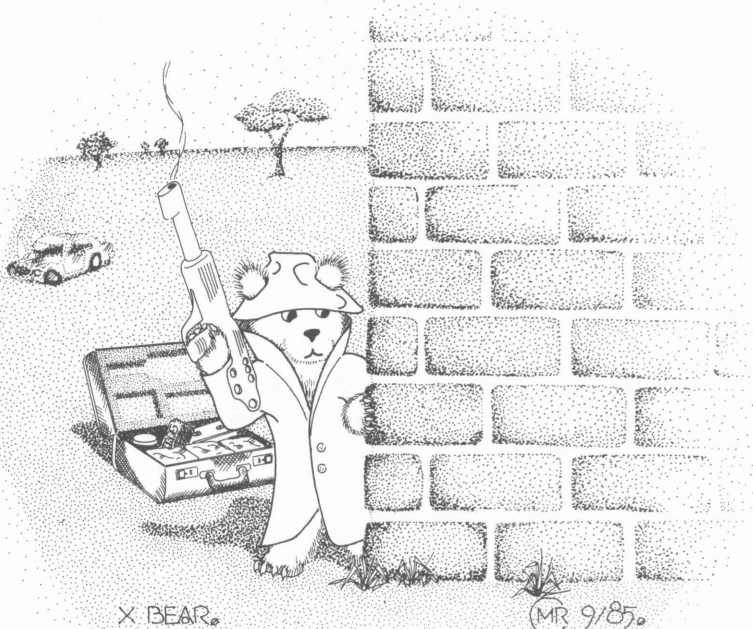
General Appearance: He looks just like any cute little teddy bear except for this whopping great laser pistol in his hand.

Personal History

Born on the planet Peru (In the system AU73s345:0421/5), X Bear, also known as "The Destroyer", lived a peaceful life until he was volunteered to join the Federation Of Planets Scouting Corps. This led him on many a brave adventure, unless he could avoid it. Unfortunately, X Bear was assigned to study a newly discovered planet known to its inhabitants as Dirt.

His report appears elsewhere in this guide and is self explanatory.

In order to spy incognito as it were, he was fortunate enough to be similar in appearance to a local creature called a "Teddy Bear". Although rare in its natural state, these



bears were apparently worshipped by young humans, as a replica or facsimile of these bears were found in most homes. He was "adopted" by a local family of humans called "The Browns", although their skin pigmentation was definitely pinkish and not at all brown.

Single handedly this brave little bear (with big muscles) took on all of the Human civilisation (if it could be called that) and sentenced it to a change never before seen in FOP history.

(The above transcript has been obtained from the Royal Archives of the planet Peru, with the kind permission of the Royal Family of Darkest Peru.)

HUNTER PLANET

.Basic.Rules.

.(CM VERSION).

RULE 1.

As CM (Control Man) you are on the side of Truth, Justice and the Human way. It is essential that you remember that Humans are not your average sane race - they are one of the more devious, nasty, untrustworthy, primitive, unpeaceful, and generally un-nice people in existence. You are on their side. (Footnote 81)

RULE 2.

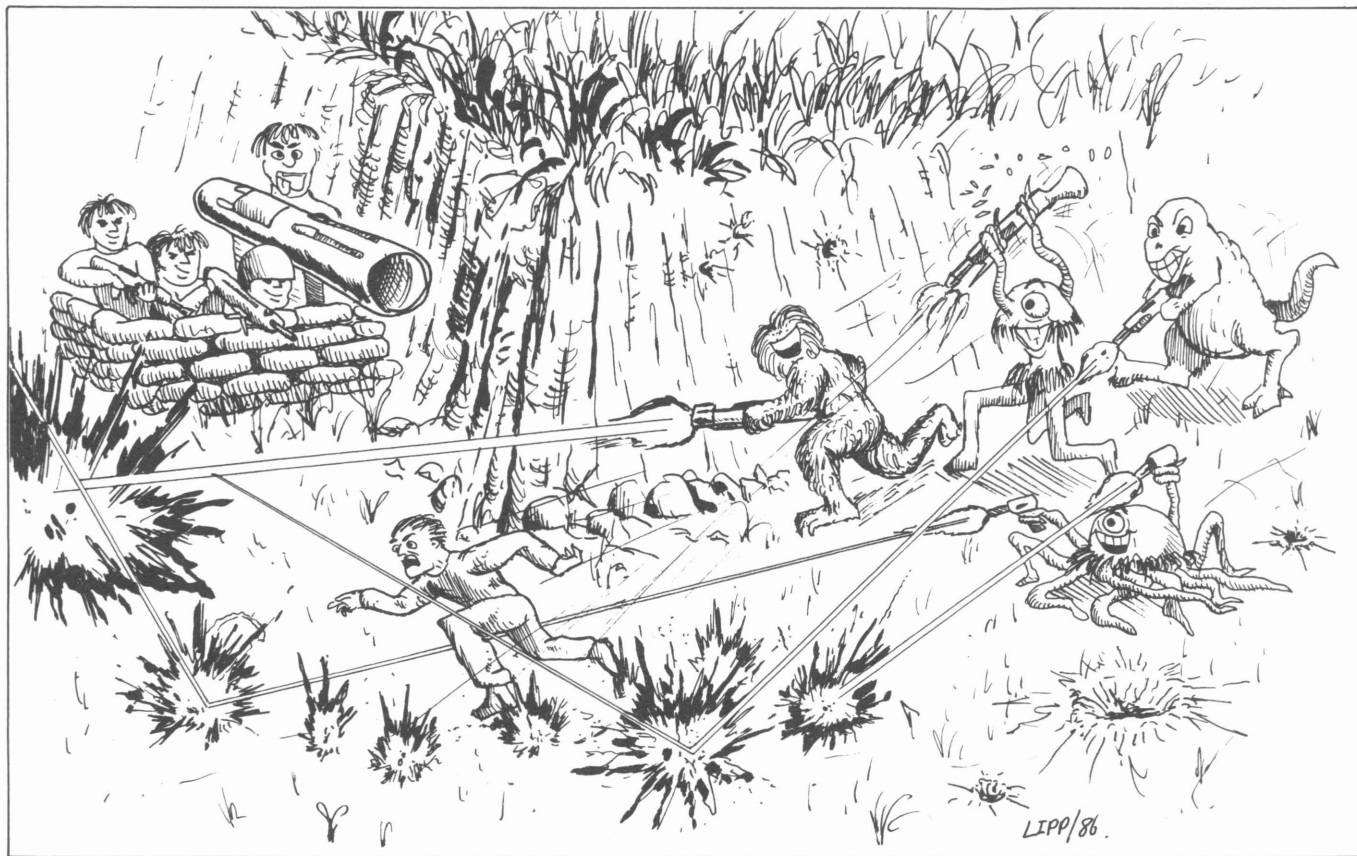
If you wish you can ignore the rest of these

disallowed are flamethrowers, High Explosive Grenades, and anything really effective.

Hunting Time:

Hunters are allowed on the planet for one week. However, in a valiant effort to make money, Hunting Tours Incorporated realises the small likelihood of players surviving a full week, and consequently performs "Safety Checks" every four hours. Usually, the hunters beg to be beamed up as soon as they hear the communicator warm up. However, four hours real time does not necessarily mean four hours game time due to the effects of the group splitting up and having some non playing time.

That is, when (not if) the players go their separate ways, play needs to be conducted in two phases, with the non-active players being temporarily transported to the phantom zone or limbo.



"rules". They are only meant as a guideline - not as the ultimate Truth. However it is important to read The Guide to Better CMing.

Starting Principles:

You should read the Guide to Better CMing before commencing a game.

More Starting Principles:

Bars Of Mars are rare.

Equipment Notes:

Players can select any items of equipment or weapons they can imagine. The only restriction is their power. Every good aspect of a weapon or item of equipment must be offset with a not so good side. This can be limited range, ammunition or accuracy. Alternatively you may decide to increase the bad news factor. Generally, weapons

Another Starting Principle:

Players may attempt to capture a human and return to the ship with him. This is unlikely.(Alive anyway.) The capture of a knowledgeable Human is instant fame and fortune. Players are not to receive such help.(As a joke, allow the players to bring up a human after many games of futile attempts. However, make sure that this human is not normal.i.e. he knows nothing of the FOPs, he is insane, or has some other useful malady.)

The Players Version Of These Rules:

Earlier in this booklet are a few pages entitled "Basic Rules, Players version". These are all the player should see. They say very little, but what they do say is important for you to read. The CMs version of the rules adds to and expands on what is said there.

Of course if they are clever, they will have also purchased this book and will have read this section. That is another good reason to ad lib a lot.

Other Source Documents In This Booklet:

The early part of this booklet contains many assorted documents relating to the conversion of "Dirt" to a Hunter Planet. It is rather important to read these as one, they provide a common background for games, and two, they are interesting and exciting reading.

Well, at least read it for the first reason.

Playing Principles:

During the game, it is a useful idea to frequently ask the players to roll percentage dice to find out if they see, hear or feel something. If the roll is reasonable, or within the limits you had determined, tell the successful player/s what they saw or heard. If the player was separated from the rest of the party, take him aside and relate to him alone what he heard or saw. That way the player can tell his fellow hunters whatever he likes, be it the truth or otherwise. (Footnote 12)

Another Playing Principle:

Whenever a player wishes to perform an action outside the normal range (such as climbing a wall, dodging a speeding car, attempting to retain balance etc.,) ask them to roll, either against a characteristic (such as strength when opening doors, constitution when receiving a rat bite, general knowledge and intelligence for deciphering human writing, charisma when attempting to smile, or dexterity when trying to remain standing.) or just a simple percentage dice roll.

If they fail they suffer the consequences - such as falling, or failing to open the door, etc. If they succeed in their roll, they have successfully completed the action. A really good roll (i.e. less than 5%) allows them to succeed with a flair and style normally only seen on "That's Incredible".

The Principle Of Landing:

In the universe of the Federation of Planets, the principles of matter transferral are reasonably well established. The range is determined by the size of the mattermitter. (the standard distance being that of an orbiting ship to planet and requiring a large machine and heavy power usage.) Objects being mattermitted can only be beamed down to a place where there is some opening to allow the molecules to enter. This can be as small as a ventilation hatch providing that it is directly connected to the outside.

Of course, this also means that players cannot be beamed into a sealed box. It doesn't matter if you think they are a nuisance and shouldn't be allowed to play. You can't stop them this way. Be more devious. Try tempting him or her with something extremely dangerous, such as a tasty piece of yellow cake.

The Principle Of Getting Beamed Up:

It doesn't matter where the character is when the "beam-up" call is received, he will be able to be beamed up if he retains his communicator. Also any living or moving things within two metres (about six and a half foot for those not yet into metrics.) of the communicator will also be beamed up. The problem with this is that if the players lose their communicator and are not near another one, they will remain on the planet (missing - presumed dead). (Footnote 13)

Also any Humans or other objects with or near a communicator will also be beamed up. Frequently, the players rejoice on their surviving an hunt, only to die in the

ship by a human with a bad attitude who was beamed up with them.

Availability Of Weapons:

Any extra powerful or nasty weapons are not to be permitted down. (Footnote 14) Powerful weapons also tend to be experimental, so make sure there is an appropriate "Bad News" factor.

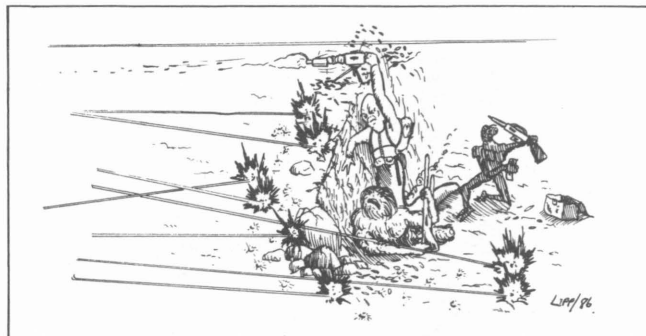
Also, if the player insists on taking a heavy weapon, remind them that the humans could have a heavy weapon too. Ensure that the humans will also be at least equal in power to the Hunters. The kill list should represent a tough time - not a turkey shoot.

Principles Of Firing (1):

Whenever a weapon is fired, the base chance is 50%. This is modified by whatever you want. (Footnote 25) If the result is less than the figure you thought of, it is a hit and the player rolls for location. If the number rolled is above, it is a miss. Sometimes there are fellow players in the way. If the shot missed, there is a chance that the miss will hit the player that is in the way.

Of course, even after making up (sorry, calculating) the chance of a hit, the player may still make a reasonable roll, although it is above your figure. So what? Cheat if you want. After all, who's the CM around here, anyway?

More detailed guidelines are given in the Guide to Better CMing.



Principles Of Firing (2):

Hit Locations. 0 - Head. 1- Face. 2- Neck. 3- Chest. 4- Stomach. 5- Groin/Hip. 6- Right Arm. 7- Left Arm. 8- Right Leg. 9- Left Leg.

If the hit is in the arm or the leg, you can roll a die, high meaning upper limb, low being lower limb.

Principles Of Firing (3):

Damage

Energy Units(E.U.): 1 ten sided die for each E.U. that connects. If it is a head or neck hit(0, 1 or 2) it is double damage.

(A hit in the 5 results in 3 times damage- this is a nasty place to be hit.)

Projectiles: Half hit die damage for each bullet that hits. Magnums and other nastier projectile weapons do more damage.

Grenades: Stun, tangle and smoke do no damage.

-High Explosive-(FOP hunters don't have these(Ha!Ha!)) Being Close to the explosion results in 2 ten sided die damage; being in outer burst radius results in one to half a ten sided die damage.

-Tangle Free: This will dissolve tangle web in seconds. Unless the can was involved in a radiation leak or energy hit it will cause no damage.

Miscellaneous Weapons- These are just guidelines, not rules. Make it up!

Principles Of Firing (4):

Effects of Armour: Armour will reduce damage to only one point (this is a result of bruising, light burns, etc.). However large energy hits or large shell hits will cause half or full damage. 5 E.U. and above will kill instantly, unless luck is rolled.

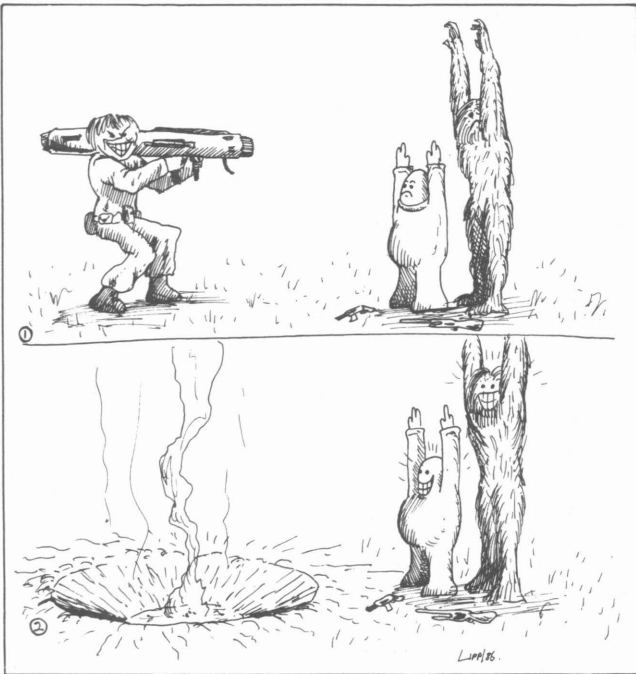
Flak Armour will not effect energy in any way and will be partially damaged by energy hits.

Reflec armour won't stop projectiles and once hit will be less effective against future energy hits.

There is a Human armour made from ceramic materials which will stop both energy (up to 2-3 E.U.) and projectiles. This is extremely rare, and shouldn't be seen except in a "rich man's" game. (Footnote 26)

Principles Of Firing (5):

Weapon Reliability: Every item of equipment, both FOP and Human can fail on a bad roll. Experimental weapons will fail on at least 10% of occasions. This is important as the Humans have plenty of experimental weapons such as automatic lasers, combined laser/projectile weapons, heavy damage weapons, etc... On standard weapons there is a 5% chance (i.e. 96 - 00) that the weapon will malfunction. One method of determining damage from a weapon malfunction is half normal damage. (unless you are in a bad mood).



If the weapon is energy, a 96 or 97 will cause the weapon to heat up and explode next turn. 98 and above will cause the weapon to explode. (This isn't nice.)

Projectile weapons rolling 96 or 97 will cause the projectile to jam in the chamber and render the weapon unuseable. 98 plus will cause the shell to backfire, damaging the firer.

The Bulldust Roll:

There are times in games where the players attempt to talk their way out of stupid situations they have gotten themselves into, or even talk themselves into unknown, possibly more silly, situations they are not yet into. In order to determine whether they are successful, you, as the all knowing, really cool CM, guess a success percentage. Then ask the players to roll a bulldust roll. Depending on

the roll, and maybe even comparing it to the number you first thought of, you can inform the player of his or her success.

Don't bother referring to any of the players characteristics, unless you are really desperate for a guide.

A good example of this is in the Guide to Better CMing.

Who Needs Luck Anyway?

Luck as you well know is rolled on a six sided die at the beginning of every game for each player. The decision to request players to use luck is a tricky one, as usual, wholly resting on the "honest" shoulders of the "trustworthy" CM.

Basically luck is a last resort roll when the players have made some mind boggling mistakes in judgement and are in dire danger of being destroyed. To determine if they are lucky today, have them roll against luck using a ten sided die. If they roll below their luck they are lucky. An example of luck being used is after the players last pill has been taken unsuccessfully, or they have moved on to a terribly powerful land mine or some other death defying action.

Recommended Usage Of Pills:

Players are all supplied with three pills, one each of red, white and blue. (Footnote 67)

Whenever a pill is taken, the player rolls a 10 sided die. There is basically a 50% chance that the pill will work. This can be modified to higher or lower if you wish. If the player fails you may wish to allow him or her a luck throw. If successful the pill worked.

Hit points are regained if the pill works to the extent of 4 to 8 points at your discretion. Side effects can be whatever you want. To help decide, take into account the characters physique, his job, what he was doing when he lost his hit points and also whether he should be allowed a nice change based on how he played the game. The location of the change can be decided by throwing a hit location die roll if you wish. Examples of changes include the following;

Extra limb, no bones - Red Pill, (With bones, Red and Blue Pill)

Less limb - Red Pill; or no bones in limb - Blue Pill.

Extra joint such as elbow or knee - Blue Pill

Loss of Hair, Runny nose, extra or less skin - Red and/or Blue depending on your mood at the time.

Any mental aberrations - White Pill.

This list is only a short example, add to it as you wish. The normal order of usage is Red, then Blue and lastly White.

However, some players feel that it is safer taking white pills first. Amazing what some people believe, isn't it?

The Medical Authority's View On Survival Pills:

From Dirt records of the era of the FOP invasion:

"Rubbish." Surgeon General.

"More like suicide pills if you ask me." Local General Practitioner.

From FOP records:

"Pills! Who needs them? They're only for wimps." FOP hunter before being beamed down for first hunt.

"These pills are the only thing that saved me from sure death." Most hunters after returning from any hunt.

Important Side Note Regarding Pills:

Characters are recommended strongly not to take pills before they are at negative or no hit points. If taken while hit points are positive, side effects are potentially worse and there is a possibility of a reduction in hit points.

If the player still insists on taking a pill, he or she probably deserves to die, but remember to cheat fairly. Have them roll their die. If they achieve a five or less they have succeeded, but extra hit points are in the range of plus two to minus two (+2 to -2).

If you are still unhappy with them make the side effects suitably useless or bothering.

What About Surviving Hunters?

IF a character survives a hunt, as a prize he or she (or it) receives one extra 10 sided die on to hitpoints for their next hunt. That is the only way, besides survival pills, that a hunter will gain hit points.

Of course, between hunts, the character regains all of the hit points lost during the course of the hunt.

Later hunts only award the survivors with a few extra points on one of their characteristics (only one or two points). To determine which ones, have a look at how they performed and whether they deserve any. After five hunts, a hunter is automatically put into retirement. (Footnote 68)



Final Point:

Just remember that the most important principle is to make the game enjoyable for both yourself and your players. All aspects to the game, including weapons, actions and items of equipment, have a good and bad side. The players are able to do anything they wish - there are just consequences. (Footnote 91)

Above all - enjoy yourself.

P.S. If you come up with a situation not covered by these guidelines, do what I always do. Use your imagination and make it up.

(Footnote 81) *In this game, the aim is to lead the players to the realisation that Humanity is a tough race to beat, and high casualties will be the only result. After all, Humans are the only ones with enough insanity to play Hunter Planet. However, this is a hunt, not a suicide trip or turkey shoot, rather it falls somewhere between the two extremes.*

(Footnote 91) *Jo's Eating Emporium is really not that good. It is the only place to go because there is no competition. Hunters wishing to dine there rarely do so again. "The Federation Of Planets Official Interplanetary Culinary Guide" reported Jo's Eating Emporium to the Public Health Service, who promptly did nothing.*

(Footnote 12) *Rolling dice while play is proceeding is a sure-fire way of making the players nervous. When nervous, players tend to do very silly things. This just adds to the fun and excitement that result from mistakes.*

(Footnote 13) *If the players insist that four hours is up, yet you do not want them to leave the scene of the crime just yet, there are several solutions. One is to say the call cannot get through because of interference, another is to have the engineer of the orbiting ship explain that "they are on strike and cannot possibly contemplate beaming the hunters up now. Could they please wait?" The idea is to make it difficult to survive, and if that means altering a few facts, what else can you do?*

(Footnote 14) *An example of a weapon not permitted is a Supersonic Megaphonic Spectroscopic Three Beam Interstellar Gama Radiation Ultra Dimensional Energy Intensifier Insect Repellant.*

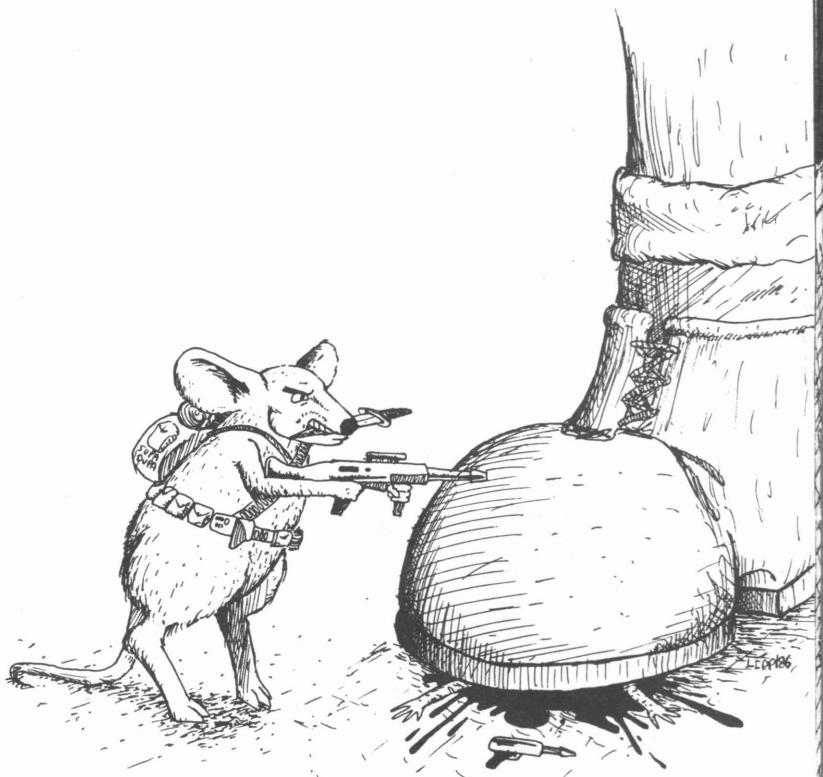
(Footnote 25) *An example of a typical calculation of hit chance is 50%, less 12.8% for a moving target, less 15.7% for bad lighting, add 20.43% for it being the players birthday, less 23.76% for it being CM's (Callous Murderer's) birthday, any similar environmental or otherwise situations, multiply by two and take away the number you first thought of.*

Frequently the CM normally says, "Throw the dice." The CM then barely glances at the roll and judges, "Close Enough. You Hit."

(Footnote 26) *A "Rich Man's" game is where a hunter with considerably more resources goes down to hunt. He would go down with vehicles and a much more powerful assortment of weapons. Of course the humans would also be appropriately armed and armoured and probably have worse than a bad attitude.*

(Footnote 67) *If the players don't actually get to use any pills during the game you haven't been doing your job properly.*

(Footnote 68) *Surviving five hunts is extremely difficult to do and the Federation Of Planets rewards such endeavours by giving successful Hunters a job in the Bureaucratic Corps at good wages for the term of their natural life. All successful Hunters "volunteer".*



GUIDE TO BETTER CMing

(Or The Dos and Don'ts of CMing)

DO

Read widely.

An extensive general knowledge is an important benefit to all CMs. This general knowledge can be obtained from many sources including the following;

Science Fiction, Fact and Fantasy literature. Local and international newspapers. Comedies and political thesis'. The 'conditions of parking' found on the reverse of a parking ticket. Public Transport tickets. Supermarket gift stamps. A comprehensive encyclopaedia. An abridged encyclopaedia. A thesis on the difference between a comprehensive and an abridged encyclopaedia and the effects this has on today's society. The comics section of a daily newspaper.

Any related, unrelated or similar materials that could be of some benefit in gaining more trivial or general knowledge.

If you get really desperate, you could even begin watching poor quality violent films where you can pick faults throughout it. For example, one unnamed film has the main (tough) hero firing a hand held anti-tank missile from a helicopter. In real life the backblast would have destroyed whatever was behind him, in this case the rest of the helicopter. In one game I CMed, this actually happened. The missile was fired at the hunters, missing them, but the effect of the shot was ignored when the helicopter burst into flames, muffling a loud cry of "But it worked in the movie!....."

Prepare a Scenario.

It is an excellent idea to prepare a general situation where the Hunters will find themselves. If your ability to ad lib is above normal, just a general idea is suitable. However, a more detailed adventure needs to be invented for the majority of CMs. A simple solution would be to use a Hunter Planet Adventure Module. "Sindee - The Adventure" has over fifteen specific situations with plenty of ideas for even more adventures.

Alternatively, there are a variety of published adventures available for use with other games. These are not hard to alter for Hunter Planet purposes. Instead of swords and daggers, equip any monsters with Lasers or Magnums and Flak Armour. Players of other systems may say they have been down on a certain adventure before, but that was before Hunter Planet "improvements". They may well find the modified adventure quite different!

Concoct various surprises.

These include devices such as:

Ammunition wasting creatures (No danger or very little danger, but they look as if they might be dangerous. Hunters first rule frequently is "Shoot first, think about what it was second.")

Different traps and tricks (Once more these are inherently not dangerous, however when Hunters perform the wrong or ill advised actions, hit points start to be deducted.)

Strange inhabitants and cultures. (In other circles this is called overacting. That is, most new cultures on

Earth after the FOP pacification program are really the same cultures as before, except that certain aspects are exaggerated.) For example, one adventure had the hunters hiding in a room. (Nothing unusual) From around one corner could be heard a banging of drums and cymbals, as well as a mystic chant of "Xevious! Xevious! Xevious!". From the other corner could suddenly be heard the sounds of a variety of other instruments, all played out of time with each other, yet forming some sort of tune.

Curiosity soon attracted the hunters who popped their heads out of the door. They were spotted. The variety music was from a group of shabbily dressed people all perpetually smiling. The drums and cymbals were being used by a group of people dressed in orange cloaks with partly shaven heads. Upon seeing the hunters, but not yet each other, the two human groups approached. Unsure how to react, one of the hunters, more chance than good thinking, threw whatever was in his hands, in this case human coins at both groups.

The change was dramatic. Both groups launched themselves at the coins. Upon seeing the other group, the orange cloaked people shouted "Buskers!" and charged, while the Buskers shouted "Xevious Worshippers" and also charged, firing a variety of concealed and disguised weapons at their foes. Of course the action really started when the hunters joined in the fighting.

Roll dice frequently.

Despite the fact that nothing is present, roll dice regularly. This gives Hunters the impression of impending danger, and ultimately leads to interesting situations where Hunters react to non-existent dangers.

For example, the hunters are hiding in another room. (Still nothing unusual) While waiting for them to do something, the CM asks three of the four people to roll. When asked why, the CM just shrugs and says, "Just roll to see if you notice anything." and to the one left out, "You can't, so don't bother rolling." The CM then just ignores the roll and says, "Don't worry. It was probably nothing."

Build tension and action up to the beam up time.

This is a valuable trick to learn. It involves creating a situation where the Hunters are bothered by minor irritations (such as mad Humans and energy wasting creatures), increasing in frequency as the game progresses. When the Beam-Up call is transmitted, Hunters should be shouting into their communicators, "Get us out of here!". If four hours is up, and the Hunters will not accept any excuses from you regarding wasted time, etc., the problem of mistiming the action needs to be corrected. There are many possible solutions.

One, you can attack them with creatures who get caught in the matter transference beam and then continue the fight in the ship.

Two, you can be weak and allow the Hunters an easy end, allowing them to successfully transfer to the ship. (Not recommended as it is rather wimpish.)

Three, you can be cheeky and take on the role of the matter transmitter operator (An active unionist) and inform

them, "I'm sorry, but we are unable to transmit you at the moment as we are on strike as part of our work to rule campaign. Despite the fact that we are not working, and therefore not ruling anything, neither are the mongrel bosses. However, we will endeavour to get matters resolved as soon as possible and will call you immediately. Thank you for your kind support and co-operation." Communications are then cut off.

Ad Lib frequently.

Many situations occur that cannot be foreseen. These are supposed to happen as if everything was as planned the game would lose all of its flavour and fun. After all, unexpected events and results, create confusion, excitement and fun with little effort at all.

However there are times where just letting a game run leads to a very quick end. Let's just say that the hunters have fired a ten energy unit bazooka through a pair of threatening humans and their guard dogs into the missiles neatly set up in the background. This is despite the fact you mentioned the missiles presence to them when explaining the room, by saying there are "rows and rows of tall cylindrical objects, pointed at the top and with fins at the bottom". There are several solutions to this problem too.

One, be a wimp and tell the player that he is not allowed to perform that action.

Two, panic and have all the players killed as a result of such a stupid action.

Three, offer the players a luck roll to see if they really, truly, honestly, with all their heart wish to perform that deed of daring. A successful roll indicates a clever change of mind. Losing the roll means doom and destruction.

Four, increase the tempo, excitement and trepidation by informing them of events around them such as, "Those four humans attacking you look in horror at what you've done, throw down their weapons and run, screaming for the nearest exits." This should give the players a clue to start running.

Inspire character conversations with non player characters.

This does several things. It makes it more fun for the CM as he has the chance to roleplay a more interesting character than a stupid Orc, and he also gets the chance to hear what the players call a logical, convincing argument. Also, the players will get more out of it as they get the chance to try some outright dishonesty in dealing with nonplayer characters.

The bulldust roll is used in these situations. A good example of use of the bulldust roll is as follows.

When it can't really be used:

One of the hunters just walks into the Moonlight Hotel as if there was nothing wrong. The owner, yells at him, "Hey. We don't serve mutes in here. Get out and play in Narbidgy."

Obviously not thinking his actions through, the hunter cleverly replies, "I'm not a mutant, I'm a FOP."

No prizes for guessing who was shot at by all the occupants of the room.

When it can be used:

Taking the above situation again, a more astute hunter walks in to the Moonlight Hotel.

"Get out, you low life mutant scum. I don't want you infesting my hotel. Go on. Get out!" the owner cries, holding his laser pistol to add some incentive to his comments.

Thinking to himself, "what the hell?", the hunter replies, "I am dreadfully sorry to intrude, sir, but I am from the health department, here to inspect your wares. I apologise for my appearances, but it is only a disguise to travel through this mutant infested countryside safely."

The CM steps in, laughing, saying "That's definitely the biggest load of rubbish I've heard. Roll a bulldust roll."

After rolling a twenty four, the CM decides that the player has really been rather clever and so will give him a chance, and so relates the reactions of the owner.

"Oh yeah. Well you stink like a mute. Gimme a look at you ID."

And so it goes on. Every time the player tries a new con, the CM gets him to do a bulldust roll. If he ever rolls a really low number, the owner will probably fall hook, line and sinker for the tale. If the roll is reasonably high, say over sixty, he would realise he is being told a pack of lies and react accordingly. As you can see, speaking parts can be quite fun.

Cheat.

But cheat fairly.

Only let the players see your die rolls if you wish to prove a point. (Such as, "Oh look, an 01. That is definitely a hit." Then with a shrug of his shoulders, "What else can I do?") At all other times roll the dice and only follow the results if it suits your purposes. For example it would be unrealistic to rely on dice rolls for a human sniper.

However, Bad News rolls should always be followed. After all this is only fair, isn't it? (On the other hand if you do not believe in being fair, ignore any rolls that don't suit your purposes.)

A good example of cheating fairly is with damage. If a hunter is playing really well (you know, not shooting at his teammates, not being an idiot and not annoying you.), there is no need to kill him off if your dice rolls say he was hit in the groin with five energy units. Cheat and say, "it was a near miss, lose five points of damage from the blast. Also the tree behind you was hit by the blast and is cut in two. Roll luck to see if it hits you or not." The last bit I added as you can't be too nice. You can't be seen to be cheating now, can you?

Tell the Hunters only what they would know as aliens.

(Which isn't much.)

If necessary, take individual players aside and inform them of what they have seen or heard, but the others don't know about. It is then left up to that player to inform his comrades as much or as little as he wishes.

Another method of confusion rests in your explanations. Most of what we see or hear is based on what we think we see or hear, based on past experiences. Therefore describe almost everything using as many ambiguous terms as possible such as "it looks as though it might be reasonably good.", "I don't know.", "Could be.", "It doesn't look broken.", "Try it and see."

Ensure that everything in the game has both a good and bad side.

This is also called the "Bad News Factor". All weapons and equipment have at least a 5% Bad News Factor when used. However all other creatures and objects encountered also have good and bad sides. If a creature is deadly, it has a chance of going crazy and attacking the



nearest moving object. (On Earth this is called getting the "Hots", named after the effects of radiation in Hot Spots.)

React to players comments.

The basic rule in Hunter Planet is "whatever you say goes." or "Once you say something it is done."

This means that once a player says something, even in jest, it will be acted upon by the CM. Players cannot take anything back. If they say, I shoot him, pointing to the player next to them, all you should do as CM is say "OK. Roll."

You should be firm on this. Make reaction time real time, allowing players to make silly mistakes. A good example of real time danger is as follows.

CM: A human burst around the corner, skidding to a halt when she sees you. She is dressed in a semi-military outfit with a red bandana around her head and yellow piece of cloth tied around her shoulder. She has what appears to be a rifle type weapon.

Player (returning to the game after chatting to another person.): Huh? What?

CM: While you recover from the shock of seeing this human, she recovers from seeing you and dives for the nearest cover, the doorway on your left.

Player: OK. I fire.

CM: Roll.

CM(ignoring the roll completely.): The shot hits the doorway, just missing her, she pops up and fires her weapon.

The CM now rolls and actually looks at the dice.

Muttering under her breath "Damn", the CM speaks: The bullets perform an X Team shot and miss you completely, although completely destroying the wall behind you.

Player: Good.

CM (Tired of waiting for the player to do something.): Seeing as you are now ignoring her, she fires again.... (Rolling dice, this time ignoring roll as the player was stupid.), and hits.

And so it goes. In each case, the CM reacted to what the player actually did or said. Not what he thought he should have done or said. This improves the speed and excitement of the game as well as causing a great deal of fun reactions and mistakes.

Attempt to give the Hunters a tough enough time to take some pills.

At least two-thirds of the Hunters should take at least one pill during the game. Otherwise the CM has not been doing his job properly and proving that Earth ("Dirt") is not a safe place to invade. (Sorry, Hunt on.) This does not mean wiping them out as soon as possible. Making the injuries small but cumulative is much more effective than blowing them away with a tank.

Mutate based on the Hunters body when pills are taken.

Pill effects are a definite highlight to a characters career. Also, they can determine a CMs effectiveness in running a successful game. A simple guideline to choosing what deformity (sorry, mutation) has occurred, is to look as several things:

The characters body type.

Where the hunter was hit and how badly.

What the hunter likes.

What you like.

The players roleplaying ability.

By looking at these you can decide where a mutation, and how bad a change, has taken place.

A Protoplasmic Amorphous creature (you know, a blob.) taking a red and/or blue pill may find itself unable to change shape. A single cell creature forced to take all three pills may find itself as twins, with all its characteristics halved for each body.

DON'T

Be sadistic.

The idea of the game is to show that Earth is a dangerous place to hunt on - not a suicide trip. In Hunter Planet the players learn not to get too attached to their characters, (After all, the maximum a Hunter can go on Hunting trip is five hunts.) Therefore, Hunters accept the high casualties of approximately 75%. That is, they will accept it if they have a fighting chance. Give the Hunters a fighting chance (Or make it appear as if they have a fighting chance) and you will find them wanting to play again.

This is the primary test of a good CM. Do the players want to play another game? If yes, you have done a good job of CMing. Congratulations. If no, you need to look at your style and see why they don't want to play again. But do not despair. It could be they are sensible people and find Hunter Planet too nonconformist.

Play strictly to the rules.

What rules?

Ignoring that question, nothing is more boring than a CM frequently flipping through a manual and quoting from the rules to justify his, her or its actions. The basic "rules" of Hunter Planet can be reprinted on the back of a tram ticket in order that flipping through manuals of rules is unnecessary.

Also, you will find that a hell of a lot of things are not covered in the "rules". This is because they are only meant as guidelines to give a small sense of consistency between CMs. Without a doubt Hunter Planet depends heavily on the CM. I don't deny it. All roleplaying games really rely on the CM (or whatever they may be called), however Hunter Planet tries a different tack, making it as much fun as possible to be either a player or a CM.

Give away benefits easily

Benefits must be earned by the Hunters. Examples of benefits include items such as Bars of Mars, easy kills, live Humans, survival, and extremely powerful or exotic weapons being used by the Humans. In the majority of cases the beneficial item is destroyed just before the Hunter reaches it, or it just appears to be beneficial. (E.g. A spud gun that appears to be a new powerful Human weapon.)

An example of making it tough is as follows:

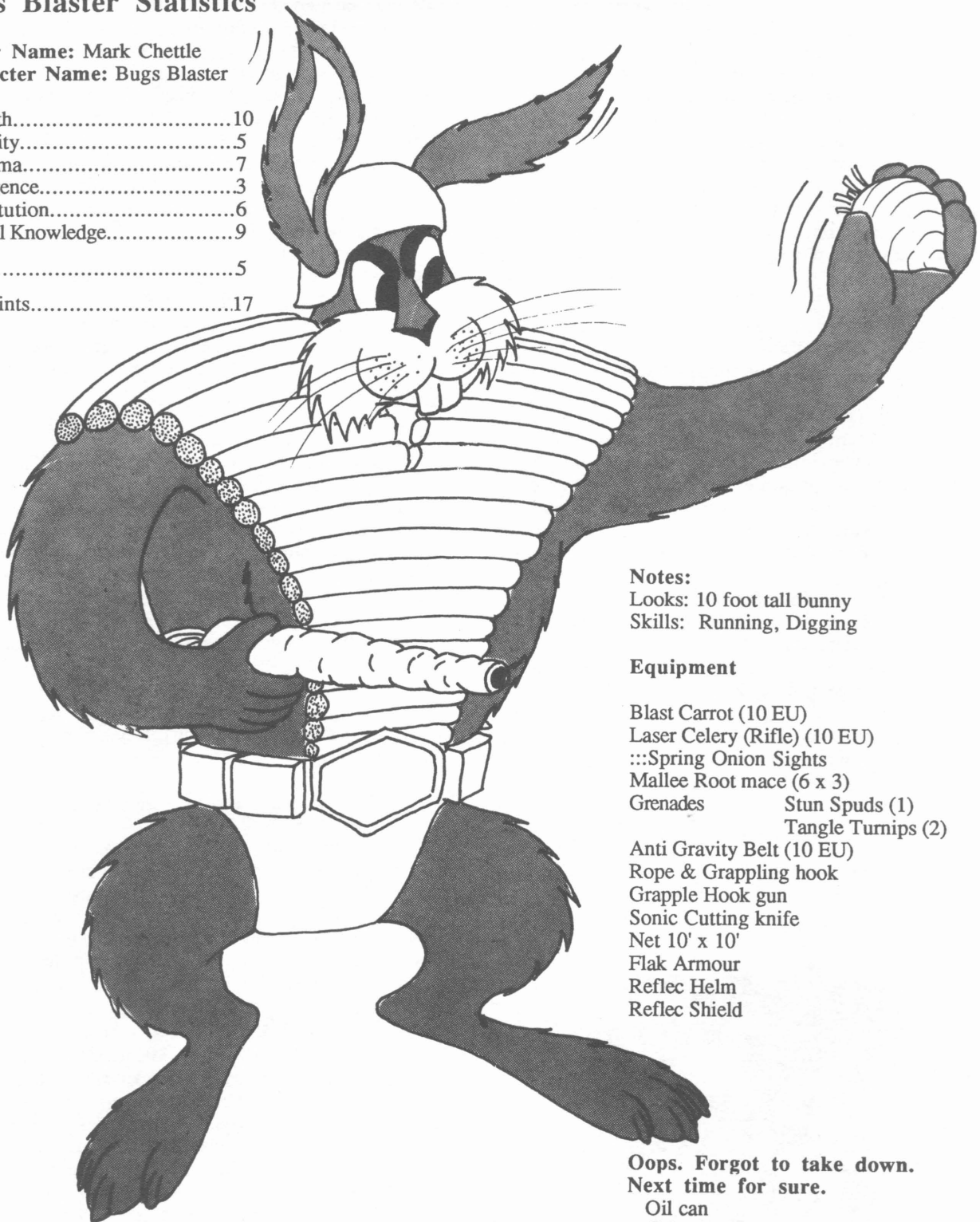
Paul the hunter was on the second level of a war torn building. After killing a sniper on a higher level across the building, Paul spotted a black wrapped object on the floor of the building, two stories below. Recognising it as a bar of Mars, Paul began climbing down. Once he reached the ground, Paul was stopped from approaching the bar by bullets being fired from above. Thinking to himself, "Not another silly human." Paul changed his weapon setting to four and fired. The human was blown backwards through what was left of the wall and window. Leaving the way free for Paul to get the bar.

As he looked for the bar, he realised it wasn't there! Quickly looking around he noticed

Bugs Blaster Statistics

Player Name: Mark Chettle
Character Name: Bugs Blaster

Strength.....10
Dexterity.....5
Charisma.....7
Intelligence.....3
Constitution.....6
General Knowledge.....9
Luck.....5
Hit Points.....17



Notes:

Looks: 10 foot tall bunny
Skills: Running, Digging

Equipment

Blast Carrot (10 EU)
Laser Celery (Rifle) (10 EU)
:::Spring Onion Sights
Mallee Root mace (6 x 3)
Grenades Stun Spuds (1)
 Tangle Turnips (2)
Anti Gravity Belt (10 EU)
Rope & Grappling hook
Grapple Hook gun
Sonic Cutting knife
Net 10' x 10'
Flak Armour
Reflec Helm
Reflec Shield

Oops. Forgot to take down.
Next time for sure.

Oil can
Caltrops
Infra Red Goggles
Atmosphere Mask
Boot Knife

Pill Effects:

Red: Locked knee joints (Straight legs)
Blue: Longer droopy ears, more acute hearing.

BUGS BLASTER

MR 6/85

Kills 7
Hunts 1 (just)

it being dragged off by a small rat. Darting from side to side he leaped up and jumped on the rat, killing it and leaving the bar of Mars free. Reaching down he caught a glint of light in his eye. Raising his eyes, he noticed a large rat with an open slaving jaw looking straight at him. Firing from the hip while flying backwards, Paul realised he was out of ammunition and would have to try to defend himself from this stupid rat.....

As you can see, this was rather fun for both the CM and Paul. When he finally killed the rat, or at least scared it off, I actually let him keep the bar of Mars. I felt that he deserved it.

Allow Hunters to capture Humans that could be of any use.

The knowledge of even the lowliest Human could be beneficial to the Federation Of Planets campaign to properly pacify Dirt. The bonuses and rewards available to Hunters who return with a live human are extraordinary. Never, ever, even contemplate the mere thought or suggestion of a possible capture of a remotely knowledgeable Human. If Hunters actually do capture a Human make sure the Human either commits suicide, attempts to escape (equal to suicide) or is insane or mentally defective.

For example, make the ship guards trigger happy, ready to fire at any human being beamed aboard after a hunt. After all, the human could be one of those rogues who capture communicators and beam up to the ship willing to die for the liberation of their planet.

Hide behind a CMs screen.

For those who didn't realise this, a CMs screen is designed to hide secret information the CM refers to from

the players. It is not designed to hide the CM from the players. Most good CMs prefer to be face on to the players as it is easier to explain things with your hands giving assistance, than just trying to describe events verbally.

The best way to use a CMs screen is to place it beside you with all your maps (if any), information (if any), dice rolls (if any) and drinks, but not you, hiding behind it. When you do use a map, try to keep it out of sight of the players as they can't plan ahead if they don't know what's ahead. (Another benefit of not showing the map is the players won't know when you change it because they went the wrong way.)

Permit overly powerful weapons.

(At least not for FOP Hunters) Humans frequently use insanely powerful weapons, but the bad news factor is proportionally excessive. Often, defending, peaceful humans find their weapons exploding when they attempt to fire. It happens all the time.

Forget

An important maxim is "The CM never forgets."

This comes about because a good CM remembers what the players have done and make sure to take it down and use it against them at a later time. The best example of this is with ammunition use. Players are well known to fire a weapon on five energy units twice. On the third time they haven't remembered to reload, but the CM didn't forget.

The player rolls and the CM replies, "Click."

"What do you mean, Click?!" accuses the player indignantly.

"You forgot to reload."

"I never."

"That's right. You didn't. Remember you fired five and then five?"

"Oh, yeah. OK."

"The human fires back.....and misses."

"OK. I fire back."

"Click." (She still forgot to reload.)

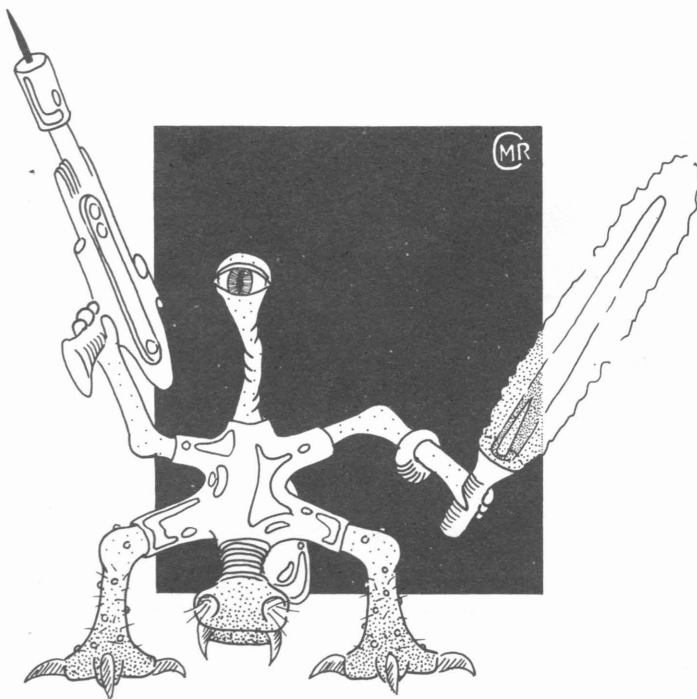
Other useful things to remember are where items are stowed on the character when moving around, where they have been hit or damaged, where water or moisture has crept in or a number of other things the players may have forgotten. They are allowed to forget. But the fun thing is, CMs never forget.

Land the Hunters in the middle of nowhere with nothing to destroy.

Of course, they may be landed where it "appears" to be peaceful. This could include landing in a peaceful valley with only the birds chirping in the trees (soon destroyed by Hunters testing their weapons) and nature blissfully ignoring the intrusion of the aliens. Naturally, unbeknownst to the FOP Hunting party, almost directly beneath them is a top secret, confidential, unknown, unspoke of, hidden research installation. It is then up to the CMs warped imagination to consider the best way of giving the Hunters a clue regarding this installation. (If all else fails, have them fall down a ventilation shaft or something.)

SERIOUS OUTLINES FOR FIRING

These is still scant information for the CM requiring more detailed firing hit chances. Hunter Planet is not designed as just another role-playing game with its own set of complicated firing charts and rules. If a more detailed and



comprehensive set is required, there are several games already on the market that cater for that sort of thing. Feel free to use those procedures with Hunter Planet. Just DO NOT let those firing procedures detract from the very nature of Hunter Planet. Hunter Planet is the game where anything and everything is possible. Maybe very unlikely, but definitely possible.

A hit chart you could use is as follows.

All modifiers are cumulative.

Basic Chance to Hit.	50%
Modifiers:	
Range Extreme(Maximum)	-40%
Effective(Medium)	-10%
Short(Barrel in Ear)	+80%
Movement	
Target Fast (Sprinting/Fast vehicle)	-25%
Medium(Running)	-15%
Slow(Dawdling, Out of fuel)	+0%
Firer Fast	-45%
Medium	-25%
Slow	-10%
Conditions	
Reaction Shot	-35%
Firer Wounded -Lightly	-10%
- Heavily	-30%
- Not well at all	-50%
(E.g. Armless, legless)	
Second Shot at same stationary target	+45%
Second Shot at same moving target	+20%
CMs birthday(depending on mood)	+/- 23%
Players Birthday	no effect

Note: The above do not necessarily apply to the CM. (Then again, what does?) Also, players do not have the above list available for their perusal. A good example of the way firing is normally conducted is illustrated as follows:

CM: "After ruining your leg trying to kick the door down, only to find it was unlocked all the time, you see an apparently defenceless Human in the room. What do you want to do?"

Player: "What do you think! Shoot it, of course."

CM: "What with?"

Player: "Um, my laser pistol on, ah, let's see, two energy units."

CM: "Throw to see who reacts first."

Player: "I thought you said it was defenceless!"

CM (Being really cool and laid back): "Just roll."

The CM and player both roll one die. The CM ignores his roll as he wants something to happen. The player has a smug look after rolling a one, the best roll possible.

CM: "You both react at the same time."

A short pause for effect ensues as the CM relishes in the look of fear and trepidation that passes over the players face.

Player: "Well, what does it do? Fire at me with an automatic laser or something?" (Sarcastic)

CM: "Its first reaction on seeing your horrible visage is to scream and attempt to run away. Roll your dice to fire."

Player (with a sigh of relief at a good reaction): "A thirty-seven. Does that hit?"

CM (Glancing at the above chart, and deeming that the roll is close enough and the Human is not important in the

overall scheme of affairs, replies.); "Yeah. You hit it. See where."

The player rolls a die now for hit location and damage. Of course when the player foolishly saunters into the room to search his latest hit, he is attacked by the Humans mate that came running in response to the screams.....

What actually is Hunter Planet? (A guide for the uninitiated.)

Hunter Planet is a unique roleplaying game.

Pardon? What is a roleplaying game?

I'm glad you asked.

Really, I am.

A Roleplaying Game (RPG) is a game involving a players imagination, strategy and wits and hopefully an element of humour as well.

RPGs are games different to any others that are played as all the players are on the same side (normally), there is no set board, no set characters and there are not many restrictions on a players moves.

An RPG has been described as "being in a movie where you are an actor with only the background as information. The person controlling the game throws the situation and all the other actors in the story at you with you having to ad lib the rest." Other less eloquent players have described RPGs as "grouse" (Footnote 7) or "all right, I suppose."

Teachers are frequently known to be amazed at the improvement in their students imagination, expression, self confidence and even English skills after involvement in RPGs. However, RPGs are not just for the kids. They are also for adults as seen in various conventions held in Australia and other countries, where grown men and women have been seen playing these games.

This all may sound incredibly chaotic but theredoes happen to be some form of organisation in a game. The general procedures for playing are:

1. Players create characters with which they are going to play. This involves the use of dice to determine various skills of the players, imagination to create a background of the character and ingenuity to select appropriate equipment the character might require.

2. The person running the game (called a CM in Hunter Planet) supervises all facets of the game from the character creation to the actual adventure itself. When characters are created, players confirm any points they think of with the CM when it arises. In Hunter Planet, the general rules are:

(a) If you didn't write it down, you haven't got it.

(b) If you say you are going to do something, you've done it.

(c) You can do anything you like, there are only consequences.

3. Before the game, the CM will have an adventure ready, either created from scratch, purchased or maybe even a modification of a purchased adventure. Some CMs that have been playing Hunter Planet for a while are known to make it up as they go along with only a bare framework of the adventure worked out beforehand, with the adventure being added to and modified as the game proceeds. This of course is only true of lazy CMs (like the author) who are able to make up logical or semi logical adventures

on the spur of the moment. For the rest of us normal people, looking for some good ideas, a published adventure applicable for use with Hunter Planet is Sindee - The Adventure.

4. Once the players have completed their characters they are asked the ominous question, "Have you included everything?". This is their last chance to complete their character.

5. The CM starts by outlining the background of the adventure and how the players actually belong in that adventure. In the case of Hunter Planet, the players obtain an idea of the background from the book, with the only additional information being the characters occupation and reason for Hunting. (Both made up by the player). These details are important in order that the players can properly roleplay their characters.

6. Once the players know who they are, and why they are there, the CM begins the actual game. He or she presents the characters with a situation, to which the players react on behalf of their characters, hopefully in a way that those characters would react. An example of a game follows to further illustrate this point.

7. Whenever actions or reactions need to be performed, a certain element of chance is involved, these usually being determined through the use of dice. In Hunter Planet only two ten sided dice are really needed, using them to create percentage rolls. The darker die may represent tens with the lighter one representing units. When rolled together, the resultant number is announced. If it is below the figure determined by the CM it normally means the action was performed successfully. The success or failure of the action frequently (in fact normally) determines a characters subsequent actions.

8. From time to time the characters will meet other characters controlled by the CM. These are the "Non Player Characters" or NPCs and are used by the CM to make the adventure more "realistic" and exciting. These include all the bit characters found in movies and also all the bad guys (or good guys, depending on whose side you're on.) In Hunter Planet the NPCs include things like monsters, mutants, humans, animals, rocks and little things that are somehow animated but you don't know why.

9. The CM also provides challenges to the characters in the form of tricks and traps, misleading information and interesting situations. Of course, the best trap is one which is not designed as a trap, but the players or characters ignorance and actions make it seem like one. Just look around you and observe all the very dangerous objects and places you so innocently work and play in. If they were experimented with by aliens who knew nothing about them, they could well be considered a trap. (For example, a power point being examined with a metal handled screwdriver.)

10. The final thing the CM attempts to do is get the players involved and enthusiastic about the game. The final verdict about the game is the definition of the winner. The winner of a Roleplaying Game is decided by the answer to the question, "Did you enjoy the game?". If the answer is yes, that player is a winner. There is no element in that question asking about survival, achievement of the characters goals or the number of monsters the player cheerfully blew away. It all hinges on enjoyment.

A typical example of a roleplaying game interaction, taken from a game of Hunter Planet is given here. It is only intended as a short guide.

[The players have just been beamed down after having rolled their characters. There are only three players in this game but normally there are between two and six players. Try to guess which ones are roleplaying and those that aren't. Their names have been changed to protect their identity. For this narration we will be using the names of Tom, Richard and Harriet. The CM is just a typical certified maniac. You'll have to guess who he is.]

CM (Smiling, as usual): Well. Now you've been beamed down, is there anything you forgot?

T, R & H (at the same time.): No. Got everything. Why?

CM: What about armour?

T: Um. I thought that was supplied.

CM (Amid laughter of R & H): Nope. If you haven't written it down you haven't got it. R, do you have a helmet?

R.(Gulping down his laughter): Isn't that part of my armour?

CM (With an innocent look): No. I never said that. Is it included in the "rules"?

R (Sheepishly): No.

CM (Very sincere): Bummer, Huh.

CM: Oh well, now that you are ready I'll let you know where you have been beamed down. (Looking at T) Oy! You can't add things now you know.

T(pretending innocence): Me? I was only, um, correcting a spelling error.

CM: That's OK then. (Returning his attention to group) Looking around, you find yourselves on a wet, slimy stone floor, with four wet, damp, slimy walls around you and a wet, damp, slimy, yukky roof above you with a rusting metal grate fixed in its centre. Through the bars of the grate you can tell that it is either dusk or dawn, but you're not sure which, as how do you know which way the sun is supposed to rise? What are you doing?

H: I'm enjoying the situation as I am a lizardoid type being, and smiling a lot.

R: Keeping away from the big yellow teeth of H, I want to see if there are any exits from here.

CM: OK. What are you doing T?

T: Mm. Huh? Oh. I'm following R.

CM: What's your occupation?

T (Quickly scanning character sheet): Um. Bank Clerk. Third class.

CM (with a pen in his hand pretending to write this down): OK. Got it. (turning to R) Right. At a closer look you can see an opening at the bottom of the wall behind you, slightly covered with hanging slime.

T (Shouting): It's green slime! I shoot it!

CM: With what?

T (Looking through his equipment list): My Laser pistol.

CM: How much power?

T(with a blank look): Huh? Oh. Two energy units.

CM: Roll

T (Rolling dice): Sixty two.

CM (Glancing at chart in a book nearby and ignoring it completely): Missed.

T: Where did I hit then?

CM: Roll.

T: Ninety four

CM: Let's just remember all your relevant positions when T fired. Where where you?(pointing at R)

R: Oops. I was in front of the hole.

CM: Uh ha. And where were you? (pointing to T)

T: Behind him.

CM: OK. Roll to see where you hit R.

And so this debacle continues. Before long players that are intent on shooting first and thinking afterwards find multitudes of things and opponents against them, usually resulting in a shorter game for them. Once their character passes away, the game continues for the others. It is actually recommended that players whose characters die should stick around to discover what happens to the rest. Spectators normally improve a game immensely, with players joining in the loud bursts of laughter at their own mistakes. A good CM aims at providing a suitable atmosphere for roleplaying. After all, acting in the game is as much fun as anything else.

(Footnote 7) Grouse is a word not in popular use at present, but its basic meaning is "very nice thank you", "fantastic", or "groovy, baby" depending on its context. It is also a brand of alcohol, but that is another story entirely.



Solution to a problem of most CMs.

What can you do about players who don't do anything and just hide?

Most games have one or two of these type of players who just skulk in corners not really doing much in the game, missing out on all the fun. This character is not included in the character types. Technically, they are called Droogs, and are characterised by the player who just hangs around at the back of a party and complains that the game is boring.

My solution is to have every player fight for their lives at some point in time during the game. The main point to remember is that the Hunt is on a PLANET and not in some one way dungeon. Therefore, danger is present everywhere, which should be evident to anyone who wears their Danger Glasses. These glasses turn black the moment the hunters land on Dirt.

Bearing this in mind, mad humans who don't like having their homes ruined, will attack at times most inconvenient to the party. Also, as these attacks are usually surprising, the players must roll reaction. The lower roll fires first. Naturally, the Human rolls lower. (That is, unless you make the mistake of letting the player see the dice roll, or decide to be fair and let fate decide.)

Alternatively, you can have the Droog fall into, or trigger, or find a trap. This should liven them up. If, despite all your manouverings and tricks, the Droog remains a Droog and begins to ruin the game by constant whingeing or just pathetic displays of non-roleplaying, get rid of him as only a CM knows how.

Popular solutions include:

Mr.Mumphers, a retired dog trainer walking his vicious corgi. The corgi goes into a berserk rage when a FOP is smelt and breaks loose from Mr.Mumphers to

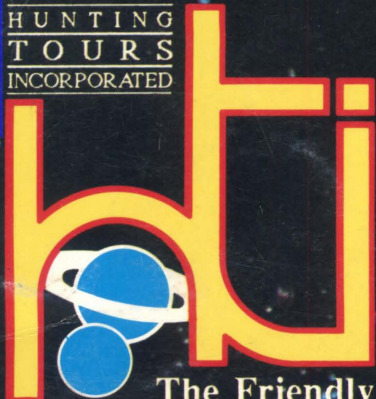
attack wildly. Naturally enough, the Droog may kill the corgi, but Mr.Mumphers will not be amused and he always carries his personal self defence items. These include minor things like a semi automatic shotgun, FOP deterrent (Grenades) and other peaceful items.

Darren and Darren the twin Bounty Hunters. They have heard about the bounty on FOP weaponry and gadgets and are willing to fight hard for it. They are identical twins, although one is more identical than the other. Darren is a meaty six foot nine, while his brother Darren is a scrawny five foot two. They both smell, but meaty Darren smells worse. You could probably guess they are not nice people and you are right. Not even the mutants like them. They are armed with whatever they can get including a colourful variety of FOP and Human experimental weapons.

Out of the damp, dark, misty sewers comes a faint sound of heavy footsteps echoing eerily. No-one can tell what direction they come from as the nearby walls distort all sound. Closer and closer the steps approach. A new sound is added to the footsteps. It is the ominous sound of metal clanking on wood and other metal. The sound is familiar. Of course, it sounds like a weapon being cocked and readied. Heavy breathing can now be heard and the footsteps have stopped. The owner of those footsteps can now be seen as the mist rolls away majestically revealing a seven foot two bipedal monster with a horrible red headband tied maliciously around its forehead. No. It can't be. It is. It's "Rambo Rat!". (I presume you can imagine that this only happens in hot spots and I know you will be able to get plenty of fun out of this most terrible mutation.)

I hope these ideas help you out. The main point to remember that it is your story but without the players it gets a bit boring. The best thing to do is give every player a fair chance to play cleverly, but if all else fails, remember the survival rate is only twenty five percent. Approximately.

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