

HYPER-KILLER



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HYPER KILLER

"VIOLENCE IN A FUTURE TIME"

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Revision 1.2

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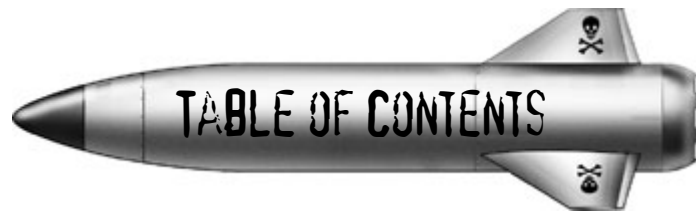
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NOTHING GOING ON BUT THE RENT

A short story by: Pete Hernandez

Neon sunset is what I wake up to -- that and the electric buzz in my head from the Bio-Alarm. Takes the term biological clock to a whole new level, y'know? Flashing sign outside my window asks me if I want girls then booze, or booze then girls. What time is it? Mary has a timer just above her cartridge slot.

10:30 in the evening. Not bad, I'm up earlier than usual. Must be because I'm flat ass broke and starving. I roll over and stroke Mary gently, tracing my fingers across her shiny skin, my beautiful deadly love.

The noise of hover traffic outside always sounds like giant angry hummingbirds to me. Cars flash by my window and I'm forty-seven stories up. Couldn't afford to live any higher.

This room looks like I smell. I really need to change my clothes from last night.... Jesus, what was I drinking and where the hell's my cred tube?

I unsling Mary and lay her across the bed before beginning the ritual cleaning. She always gets cleaned first 'cos if I'm cleaned first and Top Floor Pirates smash in through the window I'm spare parts for the Body Banks, some lucky sonuvabitch will be selling me for a four course muncher at Garnel's on the corporate level. Now so long as Mary's clean and primed for action and some lowlife's try and roll me, well then I can blast 'em all to hell, then go clean myself up.

Fifty caliber rifle with a grenade launcher attachment may seem like strange bedfellows for some but not me -- for me, a guy with no real job and lots of debts, it's the only things I'll let crawl into bed with me without a full bio-scan.

I pull her apart and go to work on her insides with soothing oils and bacti-sprays before moving on to her barrel, launcher, and Direct Interface leads.

The helmet she came with has always been ridiculously big, but it does the job -- I look and she fires, it's a match made in heaven.

After the full once over I slide her parts back together and slip her over my shoulder where she likes to be.

I'll shower later or tomorrow 'cos today is the one day of the month I bother to remember, Rent Day, and guess what...? That's right, I don't have it.

I'm surprised the slum-bots haven't burned through my door yet, and then I remember what I set up before passing out and it brings a smile to my face.

Three smokes left. God, what I wouldn't give for a real pack of cigarettes instead of this synthesized crap. Yeah it's cheaper and there's no chance of cancer, but there's something to be said for the rush of real nicotine. Last time I had that was years ago on Tyrell Pleasure Planet Four. I remember Sadie bought me a pack of Menthol Reals as an anniversary gift...but then that wasn't really me, was it?

Too many mods between her and now for that to have been me.

Mary's my one and only. Mary helps me pay the bills, helps me get creds for food, helps keep Dante off my back long enough to score some more creds to pay him off a little more and the cycle keeps on a rockin'.

Damn, eleven o'clock, I'll bet shells to syringes that those friggin' bots will be here by midnight.

Undoing the explosive by the door is a bitch considering how hungover I am, but I've done this so many times I could handle it in the dark. I have to be real careful undoing the tripwire since this is my only Belly Ripper. Friggin' things cost an arm and a leg, literally.

Damn, where can I score some currency? Slums are where I can find me some decent parts, but...one check on Mary tells me I got enough shells to take on one gang before I have to start running. That's not good considering I ain't never paid off a cop in that sector. They'll bust me for manslaughter and sell my ass to the Body Bank for donut money. Fuckin' Stiffjacks!

I need a rush and got only three Blood-Hypes left...did I thank Idaho last night?

Hell, I'll settle up with him later.

Okay, by the time I get to the air lift the stim will have kicked in and I'll need to be outside badly. Side effects are a bitch if you stay indoors too long.

Goddamn cabin fever times a hundred.

I check the hall both ways before raising the visor on my helmet. I swear this thing makes me look like a bug, but like they say "Precision over style keeps your flesh free of holes."

No bots, so it's a quick jog to the lift.

"Dexter, is that you?"

I turn and there's Mrs. Rodriguez and her shotgun.

I try and look out for her as often as I can, make sure her son stays away from The Light Boys -- and check the alarm system on her car once a month to make sure the voltage is high enough to stop car thieves. I think she's electrocuted thirteen with that old Duster 397 in the two years I've known her. Cool old lady.

"Hey Mrs. R, what's the deal?"

She's got a face like a British Bulldog, cute and ugly at the same time.

"Ay' Dexter, I heard a noise and just had to check 'cos Raulito is no home yet. You no see him?"

"'Fraid not hon, but if I do you know I'll send him right home."

She looks down at the rifle in her hands lovingly. She smiles and cocks it loudly just to prove it's still got balls. I love that crazy old broad. She smiles and strokes her weapon tenderly.

"You's a fine ass mamita! See you later!"

"Adios chico, quidate!" She slams the door shut and starts the Lock Ritual.

The clacking and clattering continues even after I step in the lift and start down toward the lobby.

The night blinks and crackles as I step out into processed air and suck in a lungful. I figure Rita's on

Rydel Avenue is as good a place to start as any. A glance at my cred tube tells me I can actually afford a cab. I raise my hand in the air and a big yellow boxy thing glides down from the rust colored canopy that passes for a sky around here.

"Where to?" Guy behind the driving column has metallic spaghetti pouring out of the back of his head into the dashboard. A Rigger, never had one of them before.

"Rita's on Rydel."

"Snog, brutha." He smiles at me through the rear view mirror and lifts off into Montague street traffic.

Burning garbage cans, Slam-addicts, blackened husks of burned out hovers, yeah, nothing like the sights of home. The air traffic is hot tonight as the Richies fly themselves toward some fancy night of authentic meat and real alcoholic drinks. We commoners have to settle for Simhol. Tastes just like the real thing, is what the commercials say.

There are more crazy homeless than regular working Joes on the streets. Candidates for spare parts, but the static in my bloodstream doesn't want to pop homeless, I need a real challenge.

Rita's is packed as usual and good old Vincent the Freak is working the door.

He usually lets me in without any hassle, which is good considering I couldn't take him one on one if I had six extra arms. Talk about jacked -- that guy can press a loaded moving van over his head and not break a sweat. I think he's had his eyes enhanced with Starlight and Infrared and I know he can hear a rat belch at 600 meters. Lord knows he's caught me talking enough shit from across a crowded room at prime time with a wireless in his regular ear. Rita pays him well enough I heard, but that's just 'cause she's shagging him.

"What's the good word, Vin?" I step up after he lets a fat chick in leather enter the bar.

"Stiffjacks were here poking around earlier."

"No shit, what for?" I hate having to look up at him. I feel like I'm talking to his nostrils.

"Shakedown Hour, you know, they all need their raises.

You comin' in?"

"I gotta pay?"

He smirks and waves me in.

"Don't get beat up tonight, huh, Dexter?"

"I'll try." I smile and flip him the finger before diving into a sea of painted bodies and laser lights.

Rita's is the most happening place this side of town, lots of drugs, gambling, strippers, both real and holographic, and some of the best sim-porn available.

"Dexter!" I recognize that voice and turn with a frozen smile.

"Hey Paccheco, how ya' been?"

"Ay papi, you don't know what kind of night it's been, the fucking stiffjacks were here before and they turned the place upside down looking for who knows what until Rita had a 'private' meeting with them in her office! Private, please mijo, private my ass, she had to shell out the creds or they were gonna take all our asses in and you know I can't take that nasty ass water they have in jail! It is

murder on my skin." He examines the back of his hand for a moment as if picturing red blotches or something, and frowns.

Paccheco's alright, he usually knows the skinny on what's what. "Give me the goods, missy, I need to score some creds tonight."

He rubs a thin finger across his sculpted chin and surveys the crowd. "You see that big black guy over there by himself at the corner of the bar...yeah him, well I hear he's hiring."

"For what?" I light a sim-smoke and stare over at the guy in question. Broad shoulders, wide back, big arms, could be undercover, or a merc...or he could just be a body builder.

"I don't know but from what I heard it's not the kind of thing you fill out an application for." He giggles and flips his dark blue hair back over his shoulder.

"Thanks Pac, I owe you one." I pat him on the shoulder as I walk past.

"Please mister, you been saying that for a year now. You need to at least make a deposit before I close the teller window!"

I make my way over to the guy and squeeze in between him and a Sparkler with red hair and a nose chain. Freaky people, call 'em Sparklers on account of that glitter effect they all have, always look at you like they know a secret about you. Something you don't even know.

I order a shot of Cool Hand Luke and glance at the black guy on my right. He's built like a brick wall and has more external mods in his head than I do in my whole body.

"Those look expensive." I tell him as the bartender hands me my shot.

"That's expensive." He growls and nods at my shot glass.

"Better off with a beer."

"Hasn't been real beer around here since there was real air."

I down the shot and my insides turn to ice for a split second. The shivers come next but the good kind, and then that funny snuggly feeling which means the booze has found the brain.

"So I hear you're looking for workers?"

He eyes me sideways before returning to his drink. "And who told you that?"

"A little bird with blue hair."

"Oh -- him. Who knows you here?"

"Everyone, why?"

"Cos if you're a Stiffjack, you and me are gonna have problems."

"I look like a goddamn cop?" I turn to face him as he closes one eye and looks me up and down.

"Okay, you're clean."

"What was that? You scan me?"

"And then some. Dexter Rollins, age 33, former military turned merc, been locked up six times, three of which you actually deserved, you were married to..."

"Skip ahead." Wonder if I look as pissed as I sound.

"Alright...no kids, no family to speak of aside from a grandfather on Earth who goes to a Rejuvi-House once every six months because he's not ready to go until you

give him grandkids. You are currently unemployed, skilled in small explosives, heavy firearms, martial-artist, intrusion countermeasures, computers, and general survival. You have a problem with authority and an itchy trigger finger, which is why the military dropped you like a bad habit."

"Bet you don't know what color my underwear is." Smug bastard.

"Well it's yellow in the front..."

"Alright, alright! Funny guy. So what are you looking for?"

"I need someone to keep The Jacks at bay if my job runs a little long."

"What job is that?" I fish another smoke from my coat and spark up.

He beckons for me to lean in close and whispers in my ear. "We're gonna take down the bank in the corporate sector. The one on Gibson boulevard."

He sits back and I drop my cigarette. "Are you crashed? You know what kind of security they must have? Not to mention the surveillance...!"

"I know exactly what kind of security they have. I know every floor from end to end, the only thing I'm lacking is a heavy gunner to watch out while my cowboys ride c-space. You that guy?"

Broke as I am what else can I say but, "Where do I sign up?"

"You just did. Take a seat and let's get you filled in on the what and where."

Six shots, three beers, and two Ball Blasters later he's getting up to go while I'm trying to remember how my legs work. ...I think you put one foot in front of the other... Rita came down halfway through my conversation with Weston -- at least that's what he calls himself, sounds fake. She served us a couple herself after verifying my identity to him. She did her Super Hostess impersonation and put him at ease. Now I owe her. When she left I made sure I said nothing about her ass. Last time Vincent heard and things almost went really bad for me.

"You all right, kid?" The black guy smirks down at me.

"Kid...? How old are you?"

"Older than you can imagine."

"Why ain't you drunk?" I hate it when the room does that spinning thing.

He taps his stomach and grins. "Hard wired filtration system kicks in when my blood alcohol level reaches 1.5, this way I can drive and if the Jacks stop me the Breathalyzer won't pick up anything."

"That must have cost a friggin' fortune!" Okay, I got the standing part back.

"Yeah." He turns somber for a minute.

Once he spots me studying him he shakes it off and goes all serious. "Be where I told you tomorrow night...what time?"

"Midnight, I remember. When it comes to making creds I'm a machine. Drinking is another matter."

"Bring all your major gear. If you need ammo we'll have plenty for you." He checks his watch.

"What about the rest of your team? When do I meet them?"

"Just before the gig. Don't be late."

I let him leave before me and call for Rita the instant he's out of sight.

The bartender touches a stud in his ear and nods at no one in particular before telling me it's okay to go upstairs. I thank him and lay three creds in his Tip Gatherer.

I shoot Vince a grin out of respect before trotting up the ten steps to her office, just so he knows I ain't gonna try anything stupid.

Three knocks and an annoyed "Come in!" blasts me from behind a ferro-oak door. There are twin cameras with .30 millimeter turrets mounted beneath them and digital laser sights trace lines across my chest.

"You sure?" I follow the electronic beans with my eyes.

This particular system isn't highly sought after by corporations because they have a bug in the monitoring system that makes them a bit twitchy after six months.

They tend to overreact once the warranty expires.

"Of course I'm sure, why?"

"Can you call the dogs off so I can enter?" I stand perfectly still while one of the beams slides up the right side of my face.

"Oh, sorry..." She laughs. There's a soft hum and the beams wink out. "There you go."

"Thanks." I lower my arms and open the heavy door before me.

Rita's office is a mess of accordion paper, mini discs, hash pipes, statues of fertility gods, photos of her and Vincent at various vacation spots, and a small army of high-end decks all linked over against the wall facing the door.

"You upgraded?" I gesture at the setup as she looks up from a Micro-Deck.

"Huh, oh yeah, Vincent had Paccheco set it up last month." Two of the flat screens show the hall outside the office door. The beams are still off.

"Nice. When you get the scanners out in the hall?"

"About six months ago. Dex, I have thirteen things to take care of immediately and all of them piss me off, so get right to it, okay?"

"Oh, well I wanted to know what you had on that Weston guy?"

"The guy you were talking to?" She taps the surface of the micro-deck with a light pen and frowns deeply.

"Yeah."

She points over to a small black unit on her desk with the light pen without looking away from her deck.

"What's that?"

"That's where you run your cred tube through." She taps the deck's screen some more and sniffs disgustedly at what she sees.

"Aww c'mon Rita...? I only got forty left!"

"Then you can owe me the other sixty."

"Shit." I shove my tube into a slot on top of the thing and

it beeps a few times before a green light goes off.”
“Okay, that’s it.” She sets the deck on top of a stack of plastic yellow flimsies and sits back in her chair. I drop the empty tube in my jacket pocket and take a stool from the far wall.

“He’s ex-Sinau corp.” She just blurts it out like nothing. “No shit?”

“No shit. He used to run with Darke and his crew way back when. Got himself near killed and patched up so many times most think he’s more machine than meat. He’s no joke, Dex, but I hear he’s got deep pockets and treats his associates fairly so long as they don’t screw him or his gigs. You do right by him and he’ll do right by you, but you mess up...well, let’s just say that Darke is the only one he’s ever had a problem with. I hear those two bring it to a standstill every time they see each other and that’s only after they’ve nuked a city block or three trying to take each other out while in full jump suit power armor.”

“What kind of wetware and hardware he running?”
She smiles and shakes her head with a sad smile. “Sorry, but you get that after the sixty you owe.”

“Damn! Gimme something Rita, a crumb!”

“He can take a direct hit in the chest from Mary, two or three most likely, and still keep on coming. That’s all you get, now beat it, I got things to do.”

She retrieves her deck and dives right back into whatever it was she was doing when I walked in.

Out in the hall I hear a faint whine and the red beams are back roaming the corridor like hungry wolves. I make my way down the stairs slowly and don’t exhale until I’m back in the bar.

I can’t believe I’m on time and there’s no one here! Looking around, all I see are deserted warehouses, stray things that could be dogs, or cats, or both, and a hell of a lot of fog.

I light a smoke and try to collect my cool. I thought we were hitting a corporate bank, so why am I waiting here on some deserted looking waterfront?

Something behind me scrapes the ground and when I spin Mary’s cocked and loaded and bearing down on some skinny guy in tinted shades and long limp brown hair.

“Who the hell are you?”

Skinny Guy raises his hands and offers a nervous smile.

“Hey, whoa there Tex! I’m Lou, Lou Mineti. Weston sent me to get you.”

“Prove it!” I raise the barrel until she’s lined up with the metal bridge joining his lenses together.

“Ok I’m gonna move real slow now...” He tells me.

He gingerly pulls a black cred tube from an inner jacket pocket and tosses it on the ground between us.

“Uh huh.” I growl as I step over and slide it behind me with the toe of my boot.

“You stay real still, little man, or there’s gonna be brain pudding where yo’ head used to be.”

“I ain’t movin’.” He lowers his arms to his sides and relaxes instantly.

I keep Mary trained on his balls while I stoop to retrieve the tube. One quick glance tells me it’s corporate and filled to bursting. Fifteen thousand creds, the little LCD announces along the side of the tube.

“That’s yours just for being here.” Mineti tells me.

“You know you are a real cool cat for someone who’s got a .30 cal aimed at his future kids.” I stand up and fish out a fresh cigarette.

“That’s cos I ain’t alone.” He smiles and gestures for me to turn around.

“You gotta be kidding, right?” I ask him. “Does anyone fall for that anymore?”

“Maybe they should once in a while.” Someone behind me.

I try to turn and there’s a gun jammed up against the back of my neck.

“You ain’t that fast baby.” I can practically smell the smile. “Drop the anti-aircraft weapon and raise your hands.”

“What is this?” The blood-hype I popped earlier is kicking in again. I can feel that angry heat building up in my gut.

“Just put the gun down, Dexter.” Mineti tells me.

“How...?” I lower Mary to the ground with Mystery Bitch’s gun trailing after me like one of them bomb sniffing dogs.

“I told you Weston sent me, right? How else would I now your name?” Mineti lights up a cigarette and the smell of real tobacco hits my nostrils.

God, I haven’t smelled that in so long...

“Miss ‘em, huh?” Mineti asks. “Want one?”

“Hell, yeah.”

He tosses me one and I catch it between two fingers.

“Need a light.”

He flashes a silver Zippo laz-torch and walks over to light me up.

The tip burns brightly as I suck in a long lost friend. The nicotine rush hits me like a lover’s kiss and I can’t help but sigh.

“Like your first time again, huh?” Mineti smirks as he makes his lighter disappear.

“Quick hands?” I ask him.

Mystery Bitch relaxes the gun on my neck just a touch.

Mineti shrugs coolly and smiles like it’s no big thing to be so dexterous.

“Me too!” I tell him as I spin, grab the chick’s wrist, twist and flip her over my shoulder onto her back. I slap her one in the mouth and pull the pistol free.

Mineti tries to go for something in his jacket and I shove Mystery Bitch’s own pistol up under her jaw.

“Uh uh, Lou! Back up!”

He stops in his tracks and I can tell she means something to him.

“Who are you?” I growl down at her as I straddle her waist.

“Ugh, get the fuck off me!” She tries to squirm free but my thighs are pretty damn strong, so it ain’t gonna happen.

I thumb the trigger on her piece, nice little pulse thrower.

"You better relax."

She takes the warning and lays still.

"Angela." She sneers at me. That's all you get!"

She spits in my face and I can't help but laugh. Tough chicks really turn me on.

I get up and haul her to her feet by one arm. She wrenches free off my grasp as soon as she's upright and walks over to Mineti adjusting her tight leather pants and jacket.

"How can you move in those things?" I smile and pull the cartridge out of the back of her gun before tossing the weapon back to her.

She snatches it out of the air and slips it into a holster strapped to her left thigh.

"You are just one tough female cliché, huh?" I slip the pulse cartridge into a coat pocket and drag heavily on the last of the smoke Mineti gave me.

"You are good." Mineti chimes in. "I guess Wes was right, cos no one I seen has ever taken a gun from Angela's hands."

She eyes him sideways and frowns.

"Lucky." Angela mumbles.

"So where's Wes?" I flick my butt off to the side.

"He's here. He was just waiting." Mineti checks his watch.

"For...?" I feel a tingle in my right hand. Something's going on.

"For you to finish the test." He looks up and smiles wickedly into my eyes.

Shit!

I hear it whistling through the air seconds before it tries to take my head off.

I duck and kick out wildly behind me hoping to catch anything or anyone there.

There's a blur of motion over my head and I hear a soft thump just in front of me.

I look up in time to see a black boot coming for my face. Stars and purply things flash crazily as I slam backward onto the ground.

No time! No time to think! Just move!

I roll to my left as a vibro-blade pierces the cement right next to my head. I sweep the legs out in front of me, and scramble to one knee.

Mary lays impotently just a few feet away. My heart goes out to her, then the ninja with the motorcycle visor who just tried to cut my head off, leaps impossibly high and tries to bury his humming sword in my skull.

I wait half a second before rolling under his attack and scooping Mary up. I thumb her release mechanism and let her bitch at ninja boy for a few rounds.

This guy has to either be jacked up on something better than blood-hypes or his muscles were made overseas and implanted for a lot of money, because no one moves that fast.

My shots fire blossom off the ground where he was standing and take huge chunks of wood railing to the place where wood goes when it dies.

He lands to my right and I drop under another sword swipe. He flips the weapon so the blade points downward

and tries to drive it into my leg, but I pull away and swing Mary into his ribs, taking him off his feet.

I roll up into a rifleman stance and take aim...

"That's enough!" Weston steps in front of my shot a heartbeat before I pull the trigger.

"What the fuck are you doing?" I leap to my feet and bark up at his chin.

"Stand down soldier." He's not even breathing hard.

I lower Mary to my side and eyeball the ninja as he removes his visor and pulls his hood off. Guy's not even Asian, looks to be Spanish, young too, can't be more than twenty-five.

"You're pretty good, for an older guy." Ninja Boy announces arrogantly.

Weston and I turn to glare at him simultaneously. He swallows and looks away awkwardly.

"Anyone else gonna jump out and give me shit?" I swing Mary onto my back.

"Nah, that's it. That's Shadow, by the way." Mineti gestures at the ninja. "Sorry for all this, but orders are orders."

Weston nods at Mineti before returning his attention to me.

"You didn't think I was gonna put you on without checking out your skills, did you?" Weston asks.

"You checked me out last night." I crack my knuckles and neck.

"That's not the same. Come, we have some debriefing to do." He turns and strides off toward a derelict warehouse at the edge of a pier.

"HQ, huh?" I mumble as I hurry off after the group.

Angela looks over her shoulder at me with pure hate in her eyes. To think, I'm gonna have to watch her back.

Shadow smiles playfully at me as he trots past. Lou walks slowly and smokes cigarette after cigarette.

Weston disappears inside the beat up warehouse without a word. Angela follows second and when I look for Shadow, he's gone.

"Now you know why we call him that." Lou smirks and offers me another real cigarette. I take it and lean into the light from his Zippo las-torch.

"Thanks." He's the only one I think I can get to like.

"Real smoke makes friends sometimes." He drags on his latest Real Camel unfiltered.

"Allies at the least." I tell him. "Friends is too big a word for just a cigarette."

"Hmmm, whatever." He steps into the darkness of the warehouse and fades from sight.

I stop and look up at the busted light above the door while I drag on my smoke.

A crow watches me from the warehouse roof with unblinking obsidian eyes.

"Screw you too." I growl up at him before walking into darkness.

... to be continued ...



Hyper-Killer (HK) is a role-playing game with simplicity in mind -- just as those who use it will have simplicity of mind. Oh yeah, free-form gaming is also important, and is especially good to annoy those damn rules lawyer types. Rules are kept to a minimum because it saves us a lot of writing, and, of course, it allows the game to flow a lot smoother. We expect a mature and experienced group of gamers to make rule decisions *as a group* with the Game Master (GM) having final say... but from experience, we all know the group will argue like hell and the GM will just do what he wants anyway. HK is also a system developed for fast character growth, without those tedious rules getting in the way. Just don't forget keep an eye out for that just-as-quick character *death*. Weapons and Gadgets of destruction -- well, at least violence -- are plentiful as the dice you can hurl around to kill your hated opponents. And, of course, no player characters out there will be using them to try and kill each other, will they? Oh, NO!

Your career choices are so limited that all you have here is the street gangs, the "Corporations", military, or just those fighting to survive from day to day, in a constant state of paranoia. So you're supporting just yourself, with your life of crime and those bastards at the "Corporations" keep coming up with new Advanced Anti-Crime technology to really fuck things up for you. Well, you and your "friends", anyway. Not to worry, 'cause those good old underground Tech Heads have nearly finished the Crime-Tech that will make that Corporation AAC shit outdated before it's really out on the market.

The typical far-future world is dark and nasty. (The example world of *Nothing Going on But the Rent* is given in the following section.) The citizens are too busy looking out for Number One (and I don't mean the Commander, here) to give a rat's ass about you.

Don't think that there are no good times, though. Make a solid run and live like a king for a week at the nearest Pleasure Planet -- or perhaps you prefer shopping at one of the many intergalactic "Guns 'O Rama" malls. Just don't ever forget that anyone and everyone are looking for the illusive galactic credits -- and you are a walking bag of body parts for the Body Bank that just might pay next month's rent.





Kimarik-3. At least, that's what poor folk call it. It's a wheel-shaped city built into the side of a planet. A long time ago we ran out of room on the Big Blue Ball and the corporations decided we should colonize the Moon, then Mars...and then but we ran out of room on those too. So we kept expanding outward across the galaxy, setting up shop on human compatible planets along the way. We have somewhere near thirty planets under our jurisdiction at this point.

I grew up on a little purplish world called Tavaris, lived there until I was old enough to hitch between worlds. Kimarik-3 is where I reside now -- and not by choice because it isn't the greatest place to be, but it's as far as I could afford to travel...for now, anyway.

From above it looks like a giant spoked wheel. Between each spoke is a living sector; corporate, residential, military, general public, and, of course, a seedy underworld. The places with money are great, for those that actually have money. Corporate sectors have everything from Re-Gen houses to Clone Banks. Surgical sculpting is so commonplace, that the average Joe or Jane looks like he or she just stepped out of a modeling holo-ad. Hover cars are the norm there as well.

No one in the "Richie" sectors uses rollers, not unless they want to get drummed out of their residences by uppity neighbors or status-seeking landlords. The Richies have their own atmosphere and a field surrounding the entire sector that "reads" everyone who enters.

It's like passing through static electricity. Once you step through, your info -- and I mean *all* of it -- is beamed to a master computer hidden somewhere on Kimarik-3, then cross checked with the data stored on all residents in the corporate sector. If you don't show up as "legal", monitor drones are dispatched to watch you until you leave.

In the Richie sector, you can have your brain mapped (if you can afford it) and placed on an ultra high-density storage card in case something unspeakable were to happen to your body. Provided the necessary forms were filled out in advance and you met the bank's financial criteria, you could commission a new body at one of the New Life facilities that seem to pop up every ten seconds and have your "Brain Card" shoved into the skull of the improved you.

"Why die?" The New Life Foundation asks in their holo-commercials. "There's no need to miss more than a few days, should death become an inconvenience! Think about it, folks! No more upsetting wakes, no more costly funerals services, no more missing your loved ones...at New Life we provide you with just that...a new life. Contact your nearest New Life agent today...operators are standing by!"

At least you know why we ran out of space on Mars, and the Moon.

The military sector is all government -- no civilians allowed past their Mandroids without severely high level ID chips. You are not getting in unless someone in your family is at least a Captain, or at least sleeps with one. Word has it that all kinds of bizarre experimentation goes on in the hospitals there. The Star Marines, the IPA (Interstellar Police Agency), the Rockjumpers, the KDC (Kimarik Defense Coalition), and a half dozen other groups you only hear about late at night when people are too drunk to remember they shouldn't be talking, train there under a cloak of invisibility.

All the cool gadgets are supposed to come from that sector: Chameleon suits, sonic shuriken, you name it.... But any John Q. Public from the Free Zone will tell you that any half-decent pistol, rifle, cannon, Hyper-Suit, or grenade that exists can, has, and always will be found on the black market in The Zone.

The Free Zone is kinda like a never-ending flea market combined with Mardi Gras. That's where anyone who isn't rich goes to shop. There are jugglers, musicians, acrobats, card dealers, hookers, addicts, Sparklers, Bloodrats, Stumpys, cops, and killers all roaming through the streets looking for whatever it is they need at the moment. It's an infinitely tumbling, blinking, screaming, smoking, drinking, laughing, punching, kissing, screwing riot of holographic signs and armed display tables. Only the finest thieves can finger items off those tables. You have to deal with electric wires, pressure sensors, floating camera drones, and of course, the predictable big guy with the portable cannon strapped across his back.

A lot of times you'll find HGC's walking around tending to the crowds -- Human Generic Clones. These guys are like the real thing, only without the whole getting sick, tired, jealous... or even frustrated when dealing with us "Normals" they have to work around. Most HGC's don't know they're artificial. Even if you went up to one and tried to harass him or her by calling out slang names, like "Barbie" or "Recyclable" they wouldn't believe you. Hell, they may barely even notice you. Probably something someone programmed in.

I read somewhere that when they were designed, the engineers had children in mind. The HGC's were for home use and the original models had trouble dealing with the owner's kids. You know how cruel kids can be -- well, some of these older versions didn't have the capacity for children and there were some "accidents". Nothing fatal, but let's just say there was a real demand for in-house physical therapists for a while after those models were recalled.

Crime is weird. I say that because almost all of it is organized nowadays. Everyone has a code of

some kind, and even the Mob made it into space. They got help from corporations like Keplin Federating, the Penta Trading Corporation, and The Conception Company (no one can figure that group out). Creds for drugs, or illegal firearms, or unlicensed bio-enhancements -- however they did it, they made their way up into the black sea.

The corporations are easy to spot from the skyline if you're docking at the star port. Just look for the tallest buildings with the largest amount of inter-atmosphere fighters patrolling the airspace above them.

In the General Living sectors you'll find rollers and hovers traveling one over the other. Traffic jams are something truly bizarre to behold, let me tell ya. You have hovers stuck in airplanes less than a hundred feet above some truck or car, puttering angrily at a floating traffic light during the rush hours. It's funny when hover pilots get into fights with traditional drivers because they throw things down on the rollers and the "groundrunners" can't do a damn thing unless there's a cop around -- or they have anti-aircraft weaponry built into their vehicle, which has been known to happen.

It's sure crowded here, probably worse than on Mars or Shento-4. The average apartment is the size of a roller's fuel tank and costs more the higher up you wanna live. If you can afford it you can rent a tiny dump above The Cloud and then you don't have to deal with constant doctor visits for the latest immunization shots. The Cloud is always cooking something new up for those that are unfortunate enough to live below or in it. Gas masks and Bio-Suits are super affordable in The Pit because everyone needs one. Those are about the only things that are reasonably priced.

Dull, enclosed plassteel, automated walkways run from one building to another like rotten veins. They were put in years ago when it became an issue of the workplace that people were dying on their way to work because of The Cloud. So some congressman had them commissioned and fitted with Filtered Atmospheric Generators that work only half as well as the units in the Richie sectors.

Problems are everywhere just waiting to be noticed here on Kimarik-3. Take the latest bit of Flash News that came out last week...this new gang called "A Moment's Notice" is supposed to be trucking in deadly

new weapons and drugs from a race we ain't friendly with in the least, the Dulkans. These big-headed, hook-nosed, lizard-faced goons hate humans with a passion and we have yet to find out why.

Little is known about them, than the scraps of Intel that's filtered down to the media that tell us they live in a sort of aristocracy. ...There are several dozen major "houses" that are constantly vying for control of their home world, Dulka. What a name. Anyway, these houses are always engaged in games of intrigue, trying to outdo one another. I've heard it said they'll try anything from poisoning their brothers and sisters, to hiring assassins to remove their parents from seats of power so they can hurry up and take over that particular area. They have slight similarities to reptiles. They hate the cold and they have scaly skin and three toes. Some of the photos I've seen show them with forked tongues, but I read on the Omni-net there's no hard data confirming they all have tongues like snakes. We do know they prefer chemical lasers over traditional plasma throwers or ion chargers. They're very brutal and will fight for any reason, it seems. And they take the conquered as slaves, and have no respect for females of any kind. The females on their world are for procreation solely and it's said they're kept

in "Breeding Pits" like animals. The lords of the houses visit the breeding pits when they get the urge and select some female that strikes their appetite and has his way with her. This will go on until she becomes pregnant. He then takes her into his home and locks her away in a wing of his estate where she's fed and tended to by nursemaids during her pregnancy. The male will almost never visit the female while she is with child. When

she gives birth, the child is taken from her and sent into the care of tutors and the mother never sees her child again, unless it is a female. The females are sent back to the breeding pits to be "raised into their natural station."

The Dulkans use only males in their raiding parties and they are some of the most vicious pirates in space. Ships leaving Kimarik-3 are constantly raided by Dulkan fighters. Anyone without decent weapons joins the cosmic dust clouds that surround our planet.

Well, anyway, A Moment's Notice has been wreaking havoc in the Free Zone trying to establish their new order with Dulkan help, which has all the corporations and gangs hungry for their blood. A lot of businesses have closed up, at least a third of the



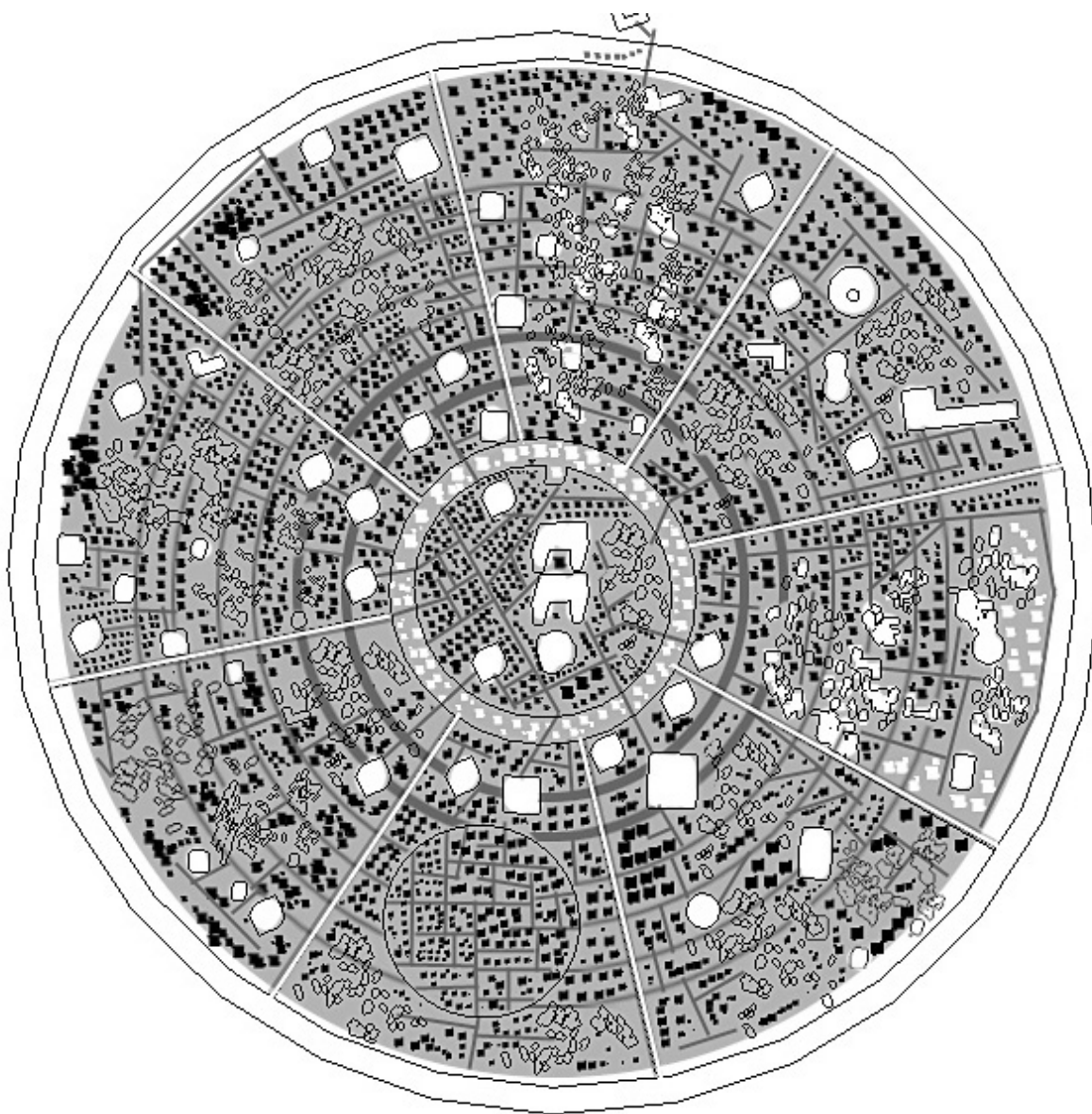
Free Zone market, and martial law has been declared, so there's that damn ten o'clock curfew to deal with. The only decent work available lately is mercenary work.

Freegunners are being sought out by everyone from the mob, to the Waldorf Renegades, to the Endowin Commonwealth. Word on the streets is that something much bigger than a turf war is brewing but no one has any idea as to what that is. So, the best place to be nowadays is behind the trigger of a plasma gun or wrapped in powered battle armor. I don't know about the rest of

you... but I am not going quietly into the night. There's creds to be made and asses to be kicked! This is our world and no dirty aliens are gonna come down here and screw with it...that's for us to do!

So grab some ammo and a flak suit and hit the streets to see what you can find out, because there's a storm comin', son, and you either ride the eye or get blown away!

This is the world of Hyper Killer and there ain't no room for angels here!





HK is best played using a hex map, miniatures to keep track of distance, and some friends -- if you have any. Yeah, I know that sounds more like a war game but don't limit yourself to such narrow perceptions, or we'll send the Perception Police 'round. If you have a complex about a figurine representing you, just make sure you buy a real big one, with a real big gun and jump jets -- I'm sure that will make you feel better about yourself.

All rolls for success are Percentile based -- that's from 1 to 100 on two ten-sided dice. You'd best know how to do that, so I'm not going there. You can get the clever one to do all your countin' for ya.

Damage is painstakingly calculated by rolling (a lot) of 6-sided dice and then using an Abacus -- check the meaning

of Abacus in a dictionary and don't bother asking me. Armor subtracts dice from the results. Simple enough for even you, eh?

These rules are kept simple on purpose. This is not a game with a rule for everything, unless that rule can be "use your common sense" -- and for those of you without any, find a Game Master with some. This may take some work, but it's really possible.

The Player Characters should stand out in a crowd. And not just because they look weird either; it's that they are special, so all rolls and judgment calls should go in their favor -- after all, everyone is playing to have fun, not create a realistic simulation. This is not the Ultimate Combat Simulation, or some crap, here.

• You always want to roll high. Success is always made by rolling a number higher then the value needed. Rolling very low is always BAD.
• 1 hex equals 5 feet (Don't go drawing 5 foot hexes, they don't have to be life sized.)
• 2 ten sided dice (d100) are used for all percent chances. This means that for all your skill checks you'll be rolling d100, and, again, the higher the roll the better. You could roll 2d6 if you really want, but you won't have much chance of success. We find that cheat dice work the best -- you know, the ones with extra 0's on them.
• 6 sided dice are always used for damage. For the learning impaired, the means the higher the D value of a weapon, the more dice equals more potential damage.
• If someone rolls 96 or more when making a skill check, have them roll again and add the results together. Break out that Abacus again, folks - this is known as an 'open-ended roll'. If you roll 96 or more on the second roll then roll again and keep on adding them up (again, ask the "smart" one in the group to help out here).
• Rolling a 5 or below always causes the character to fail or fumble -- in other words, you really screwed up this time. BEWARE: a fumble when using a grenade can have serious repercussions, but at least your friends get to have a laugh... if they weren't in the blast radius, too.
• Making a roll by 100 more than was needed results in a critical hit or superb excellence. Use the provided critical charts to add some lovely gore to the scene.
• Making a critical roll ads one <i>rank</i> point directly to the skill being used. Yes, this will add up quickly, but who wanted to play this game for years, anyway? Who said your character will live that long?
• Always round in the favor of the player(s), especially if they brought you some chips and beer. Really.



Here's the Character Creation bit: we're leaving the Character Destruction bit up to the GM. If you can't manage a bit of simple math, then you're gonna struggle. But like we said earlier: get the clever one to help you. Don't worry... this is the bit that requires thinking. Everything after you've filled in the character sheet is easy shootin'.

Your Character's capabilities are defined by only 4 **Basic Stats**. Realistic? Hell, no! But it sure makes for a faster game -- and it lets people role-play out their character's personality, rather than trying to hopelessly quantify every quirk.

HK is normally run in a big Sci-Fi setting, complete with interstellar travel that is about as difficult as driving down

the street. ...for those with nothing to hide, that is.... All right, I admit that driving is a real challenge for some of you. but that's not my point here, is it ? Because of all this travel, a lot of aliens have been encountered and catalogued. Therefore, HK for the most part is a raceless system. Sounds contradictory? Actually, it's damn lazy, but that's another issue. Each Game Master should feel free to create their own **race packages**... 'cause I just don't feel like doing it for you lazy bums.

For all characters, stats are mainly used as a basis for skill values and thus rolls. Most action you take will involve either a **Stat Roll** or a **Skill Roll**. If you do not have a skill in something specific or are attempting to perform a generic maneuver, then the Game Master will ask you to make a plain **Stat Roll**.

BASIC STATS:

All player characters (**PC**) and non-player characters (**NPC**) have the following four stats at varying levels. We've included some descriptive words to define what each stat covers:

BRAINS	Perception, Intelligence, Deduction, Amplitude
COOL	Presence, Charisma, Leadership, Sex Appeal, Stun Resistance
DEX	Dexterity, Speed, Balance, Stealth, Line Of Sight Combat
POWER	Strength, Might, Endurance, Body, Hand to Hand Combat

RACE PACKAGES:

Race Packages typically include a little bonus (around an extra 10 points) to encourage their use and offset the additional restrictions. For example, Race X must always have at least 25 POWER but gets a natural RANK of 5 on mining skills. Or Race Y might have only 30 SP to start with but have extra (not required to use SP for) skills of Sleight of Hand 10, Stealth 10, and Hide 10.

Okay, fine. I said above that I *wasn't* going to include any race packages, but since the Dulkans exist on the example world of Kimarik-3, here's their attributes... just in case you want to play a psychotic berserker:

DULKANS RACE PACKAGE:

STAT MIN	Power 20, Dex 5
STAT MAX	Brains 30
DISADV	<i>Distinctive Features</i> and <i>Cold Susceptibility</i> without bonus points (see the <i>Disadvantages</i> section for details)
SKILL POINTS	40 starting Skill Points
SKILLS	Brawling 10, Climb 10, and Night Vision 10



STARTUP:

Allocate a total of **90 points** to your four Basic Stats. Each stat must be **at least 10 points**. During initial character creation, a stat **may not exceed 40**. If that is too complicated for your insignificant little brain, then think of it this way: all stats have start at 10 and you can add 50 points to them but don't go over 40 in any one stat. Don't start complaining already -- just get on with it. The quicker you do it, the quicker you can get playing. HK does not use random generated characters because we actually *want* you to think, at least a little, about what your character is like. Go on, give thinking a try... you never know, you might just like it. Later you'll be able to modify these stats with skills and Disadvantages. You can't just sit back and expect the dice to do all of the work; you'll get to use the dice plenty while you're playing.

Also, here's a list of additional rules and pre-calculated values based on your stats. Don't ask, just write them down, they don't change much:

MOVE	DEX / 5 hexes in 1 round
RUN	MOVE x 2 , or move 1/2 and then attack.
STAT ROLL BSR / CSR / DSR / PSR	90 - [STAT] To perform skills that you don't have formal training in, you must roll higher (as always) then this number. BSR = Brains skill roll, etc. You figure it out.
STUN RESISTANCE	[CSR] - [POWER] + ([STUN FIELD LEVEL] x 10) = % chance Yeah, it's a complicated algebraic formula. If you don't understand it, just assume you always fail. <i>Stun field levels</i> are found in the weapons section.



Since players are special, they are also harder to kill than normal folk. (And just to add a little excitement, the civilians are easier to kill). It's a kill or be killed world out there. Each player has fifty **Kill Points**, which is a general representation of how much damage your poor schmuck can withstand before dying. Finally, though not a physical attribute, Credits (money) are what make the worlds go around. You'd best get some quick!

PHYSICAL POINTS:

• Player Characters begin with 50 KP (Kill Points). "Normals" (Non-Player Characters) have only 25 KP.
• KPs are recovered at a rate of POWER / 10 per day.
• At 0 KP you are unconscious, and need a medic.
• At -10 KP a character is dead, dead, dead. Have fun creating a new one. Maybe your GM will be nice enough to let you keep some old equipment... but probably not.
• You begin with 5000 Credits, to buy equipment of Tech Level <= 7, Weapon Class <= 5, non-restricted, and Damage <= 4d6. Though you start with enough credits to buy many powerful items, not everything is available to be bought at your local neighborhood gun shop. Some items are restricted and require bribes and/or permits to carry. Interstellar travel is <i>very tough</i> to do with illegal weapons, and the authorities for sure will not let you onto a planet that hasn't developed the tech level of your weapon yet. In other words, be careful what you want.



In a classless system such as HK, *skills* are what define your character. Choose wisely, as you have only a small number of points to assign to a skill at character creation. You gain more points through experience awarded to you by the Game Master. Below is a list of typical skills, and is by no means meant as a complete list -- feel free to add your own. A "Rank" is defined by how many points you apply to a skill to become better than someone else with similar Stats (similar to levels in other game systems).

When you start a new player character, you are required to add a certain minimum amount of points to each skill you "purchase", but once you start playing, you can add points to any skill that you have already learned or a new skill (the later should be role played).

When learning skills in game (after startup), you must first learn a skill from a teacher, a video, or training suit before you can apply any points to it. You cannot just say "I want to have a forgery skill" and then apply points to it. You need an in-game reason

Weapons skills are divided into very specific categories. You must have training in a specific weapon group such as Energy Pistol, Energy Rifle, Projectile Pistol, GyroJet, Hand-to-Hand, Sword, etc. to use that type of weapon. This is specific to type but not make -- it doesn't matter what company the damn pistol came from, but whether you know how to handle that caliber of weapon.



SKILL RULES:

- | |
|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Allocate 50 SP (Skill Points) to basic skills (see chart below for examples) of your choice. This is known as your RANK level in a skill. |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Maximum starting skill RANK is 25. |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Minimum starting skill RANK is 5. |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • SKILL ROLL = 100 - STAT Average - RANK level. On the character sheet you'll write this number down so you don't have to keep calculating it. STAT Average is just an average of the stats that make up the skill in question (see chart below). Rank is your ability in a skill. |

EXAMPLE SKILLS:

(These are just for example so you can create your own. Remember to be specific.)

Acrobatics	DEX
Acting	COOL
Acute Hearing	BRAINS
Add on	BRAINS, DEX
Administration	BRAINS, COOL
Animal Care	BRAINS
Arm/Disarm <something>	BRAINS, DEX
Art	BRAINS, DEX
Balance	DEX
Begging	COOL
Bluff	COOL
Bribery	BRAINS, COOL
Broker	BRAINS, COOL
Bureaucratic	BRAINS
Call shot	DEX
Climb	DEX, POWER
Communication Systems	BRAINS
Computer Programming	BRAINS
Concealment	BRAINS
Contortionist	DEX
Create <something>	BRAINS, DEX
Crime Analysis	BRAINS
Cryptography	BRAINS
Deduction	BRAINS
Demolitions	BRAINS, DEX
Detection Systems	BRAINS
Disguise	COOL
Dodge (non-weapon)	DEX
Entice	COOL
Find Traps	BRAINS
First Aid	BRAINS
Flip	DEX, POWER
Forensic Medicine	BRAINS
Forgery	DEX
Gadgetry	BRAINS, DEX
Gambling	BRAINS, COOL
Hide	DEX
History <category>	BRAINS
Hold/Grab	POWER
Hotwire vehicle	BRAINS
Identify	BRAINS
Inventor	BRAINS

Jump Belt Pilot	DEX
Jump	DEX, POWER
Knowledge <something>	BRAINS
Language	BRAINS
Law	BRAINS
Linguistics	BRAINS
Lip Reading	BRAINS
Magic	BRAINS
Martial Arts	DEX
Merchant	BRAINS, COOL
Mimicry	BRAINS, DEX
Navigate in space	BRAINS
Navigate on planet	BRAINS
Night Vision	BRAINS
Oratory	COOL
Perception	BRAINS
Persuasion/Seduction	COOL
Pick Lock	BRAINS, DEX
Pick Pocket	DEX
Pilot vehicle	DEX
Pilot space vehicle	BRAINS
Quick Draw	DEX
Repair <something>	BRAINS, DEX
Riding (mount)	DEX
Rig Trap	BRAINS, DEX
Scouting	BRAINS
Security Identify	BRAINS
Stealth	DEX
Street fight	POWER
Survival	BRAINS, POWER
Swimming	POWER, DEX
Tactics	BRAINS
Torture	BRAINS
Tracking	BRAINS
Use <something>	BRAINS, DEX
Weapon Mounted/Moving	BRAINS, DEX
Weapon Skill <type>	DEX
Weapons Smith	BRAINS, DEX
Wrestling	DEX, POWER

What? Were you expecting Skill descriptions?
Figure it out yourself, I ain't got time for that...



Not all people are perfect like you. Some have character faults that actually *hinder* their activities. These are called *Disadvantages*. Most quirky people make up for it in other ways, so if you choose a disadvantage you get to apply extra points to your character's skills (not Stats). This helps promote good character development and role-playing – yeah, sometimes you have to actually role-play instead of shoot your way out. Don't go overboard or you may create a useless character. Blah, you'll probably do that anyway, so never mind.

Again, the listing below is just an example and you should feel free to add your own. The Game Master should determine what value to place on a particular disadvantage based on the world that will be playing in.

Characters with Disadvantages are awarded more points to build their characters. Skill Points gained from disadvantages may only be **applied to skills only** and *not* your base stats. Got that? I have said it twice now, so you'd better.

CHARACTER DISADVANTAGE CHART:

Age	+5	You're an old fart.
Berserk	+10	The uncontrollable urge to kill override your common sense during battle.
Code of Honor	+5	You have ethics. Why would you want that in <i>this</i> game?
Dependence	+5	You're a drug addict.
Dependent NPC	+5	You have children that you know about. Ones you don't know about don't count.
Diminished Sense	+5-10	One of your senses isn't working quite right.
Distinctive Features	+5	Huge nose, large tattoos, missing an arm or such – you can't be missed.
Hunted/Wanted	+5	The gangs or corporations have put out a hit on you. Have fun.
Mental Block	+5	Something lurks deep in your subconscious, waiting to come out and ruin your life. The movie <i>Manchurian Candidate</i> comes to mind....
Phobia	+5-10	Ah, you Scaredy Cat. A fear of heights is <i>really bad</i> in a city of 1000 story buildings. Or maybe you hate enclosed spaces... beware of ships.
Physical Limitation	+5-10	Limb, wheelchair bound, can't get it up, you get the idea....
Reputation	+5	Your name is well known in most places you go. Wanna be a rock star?
Rivalry	+5	You're directly involved in family feuds or rival gang wars.
Secret Identity	+5	You're undercover... and there's no warm body next to you.
Susceptibility	+5-10	You have a major allergy or bad reactions to some substance.
Unlucky	+5	-1 on all skill rolls. Life sucks, man.



When you do something great, or just plain cool, your character should be rewarded. This is done through the awarding of experience points (XP) from the Game Master. You may then “spend” these points on enhancing your character’s stats and skills, or save them for later.

Earning Experience:

- Typically, a completed adventure/job yields **1-10 XP** to be distributed only to stats and skills used during the session.
- A critically successful skill roll earns 1 XP (experience points) to apply directly to the skill used.

Spending Experience:

- XP's may be applied directly **(1:1)** to the **SKILL RANK** for skills you used during the game session.
- XP's may be used to raise a **STAT by 1 point for each 5 XP (5:1)**
- 1 XP may be used (at anytime) as a "**Fate Point**" in life/death situations where you wish to miraculously save your character. Best keep some handy, then. You know you'll really screw up someday.



New skills (those you didn't start the game with) need to be learned. Once you have learned a skill, you can

apply XP to them to increase your abilities. There are several standard methods of learning new skills:

- Percent chance to learn a new skill/subject:
 - **TEACHERS:** $[15\% \text{ BASE}] + [\text{Relative Skill Average}] + [\text{Rank of Teacher}] - [10 \times \text{number of concurrent courses being taken}]$
 - **VIDEO TAPES:** Ranked as a skill 10 teacher.
 - **TRAINING SUITS:** Ranked as a skill 50 teacher.
- Critical roll on learning: **BASE RANK** = $(\text{roll} - 100)/10$
- To enhance a skill through training (must be role-played):
 $[15\% \text{ BASE}] + [\text{STAT RANK}] - [\text{SKILL RANK}/5] = \% \text{ chance}$. Adds 1d6 to SKILL RANK.



Combat – where the real money from the game is made.... I mean, err, *combat* is designed to be fast paced and fun to play. It is not a tedious wait-for-your-turn, which lasts a mere few seconds. Rather, it's a chance to roll lots of dice and see lots of things explode and die hideously. Combat time frames are known as ROUNDS, and the chance to hit something is known as a TO HIT ROLL. Combat is a matter of bloodied death, not honor and glory, and don't let anyone sucker you into skipping this *essential* part of the rules....

- **COMBAT PHASES:** (in order)
 - Movement (only half normal if you wish to attack).
 - Fire and combat.
 - Resolve armor and damage.
- **COMBAT ROUND:** A combat round is equal to any movement and/or one volley of attacker & defender fire. Normally about 10 seconds.
- **INITIATIVE:** All movement and actions are done in the order of highest to lowest DEX. Equal DEX's roll off ONCE on a d6 (another tie means simultaneous).
- Normal weapons have one chance per round to hit. Autofire and Dally weapons are special (see below).



Your ability to hit a target usually has nothing to do with the targets armor being worn. Armor simply absorbs some of the damage, but you still hit.

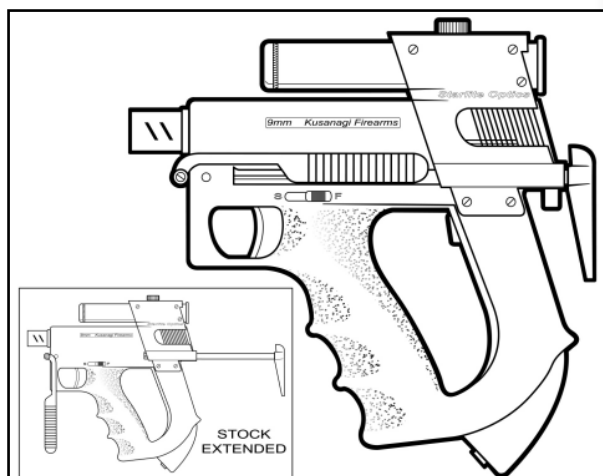
- **TO HIT ROLL = d100 + Modifiers.** A roll => WEAPON SKILL ROLL (or DSR if none) is a hit. A roll of more than 100 is needed is a critical. (Check out the weapon damage charts to see the beauty of your critical – depending on the weapon you have, you may have created an eloquent and *nasty* death... or may have suffered one yourself!)
- **AUTOFIRE** weapons fire 5 shots in a single round. The player makes two (2) To Hit Rolls. If either of the rolls scores a hit, roll a 1d6/2 to determine the number of hits. (1-2 = 1, 2-4 = 2, 5-6 = 3) Then roll each hit's damage separately and apply damage against defenses as separate

hits. If a critical hit is made and 3 shots hit, use the shrapnel critical charts – otherwise, use the standard critical chart for that weapon.

- **DALLY/GATLING** weapons work in the same manner as Autofire weapons, except that 10 shots are used, and 1d6 hits occur. These are normally mounted. If you can actually *carry* one of these things, you're either some sort of mechanized monster or should get off the drugs!
- When using **TARGETING AIDS** not connected by a battle computer (ECM), initiative will always be lost.
- Initiative is lost by any chest or vehicle **MOUNTED** weapons. In other words, you're going last.

TO HIT MODIFIERS:

+20	Target STUNNED or SURPRISED or HELD
+10	BRACED or MOUNTED weapon
+10	Laser targeting SCOPE or TRACKING device in use.
+5	Targeting SCOPE used
-1/HX	RANGE modifier
-20	Missed call shot roll (for other than torso)
-20	NO SKILL in weapon being used
-20	Target or attacker is RUNNING (both running = 40)
-30	Target has PARTIAL COVER .
-30	Moving in/on a MOUNT (vehicle or horse) unless skilled in moving fire.





- When a hit is scored, armor will absorb a certain number of d6's depending on which weapon type struck.
- Armor always **absorbs the highest d6's** first. 2d6 armor with a 4d6 damage of 6,4,3,1 would absorb 10 points damage.

- For each point of damage the armor absorbs it loses one **HIT point**. At 0 HITS, it will absorb no more damage and is no longer repairable.



- Damage is always represented as a number of six-sided dice you roll.
- For barehanded combat, your **Punch Damage** is equal to **Power divided by 10**, while your **Kick damage** is equal to **Power divided by 5**. Personally, I'd suggest weapons if you *really* want to do anything in combat!
- A weapon's damage is always rolled on a number of 6-sided dice equal to the weapon's damage factor. Armor then removes the highest rolls first.
- **POWER / 20 d6** are added to Hand-To-Hand combat weapons.
- A person taking greater than his COOL in total INTERNAL (damage that got past armor and shields) KP damage within 1 round, will be **stunned** for 1 round. Damage overload does wonders to the mortal frame, doesn't it? At this point, running could be a strong option.
- When struck by a stunner gun or stun spell, and a **STUN RESISTANCE** roll is failed, the person is **stunned** for the

DAMAGE AMOUNT minus your **COOL** divided by 10 in rounds $[(\text{DAMAGE} - (\text{COOL}/10))]$. There's a minimum of 1 round of stunning. Fortunately for the target's loser ass, no actual damage is done by this... that's why it's called *stun*, y'know.



- **Exploding Bullets** add another 1d6 to the overall damage done.
- **Teflon/Armor Piercing Bullets** & High Powered guns will do 1d6 more internal damage versus armor. The Armor will **STILL** take the full absorption amount. Thus, the last d6 absorbed by the armor is **ALSO** taken as internal damage. This not only *sounds* painful, but is *more* painful than it sounds.
- **CRITICAL HIT:** Every weapon has a critical type that is used when you make a successful roll by 100

or more. Some colorful and grotesque imagery is cheerfully included later in this module!

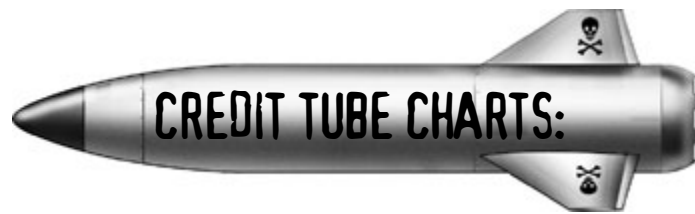


Okay, now you're asking *why this is here*. Well, in cheerful anticipation of your question, here's your answer: it's here because otherwise you'll be asking "WHAT IS A [insert acronym here]" when you get to

the equipment lists. Not only does this chart have the answers to gear and useful game-world items, but also has game terms rendered in neat little packages of letters. So READ IT and don't ask us!

AFT	Armored Fighting Vehicle
AMG	Automatic Machine Gun
ARPO /BDIF	Anti-Robot Positronic Brain Disruption Field
BSR	Brains Stat Roll = 90 Brains
CBA	Combat Body Armor
CSR	Cool Stat Roll = 90 Cool
CWC	Cold Weather Clothing
DSR	Dexterity Stat Roll = 90 DEX
ECM	Electronic Counter Measures
ED	Energy Disruptor
ER	Extreme Range
EVA	Extra Vehicular Activities
EXO	Exoskeleton
FTL	Faster Than Light
H.P.	Heavy Projectile
HMG	Heavy Machine Gun
HUD	Heads-Up Display
Hv.	Heavy
IRV	Infra-red Vision
IRP	Infra-red Projector
KP	Kill Points (life points)
LBA	Light Body Armor
LOS	Line of Sight
LVL	Level
LS	Light Speed
LY	Light Year
MAX	Maximum
MG SMG LMG HMG	Machine Gun Small Machine Gun Large Machine Gun Heavy Machine Gun

MIN	Minimum
mm	Millimeter
PAPA	Power Assisted Personal Armor
PC	Personal Communicator
PDF	Planetary Defense Force
PPC	Particle Projection Cannon
PSI	Psionic
PSR	Power Stat Roll = 90 Power
ROF	Rate of Fire
SADAR	Sub-Space Anomaly Detection & Ranging
SMD	Sonic Metal Disruptor
SMG	Sub-Machine Gun
SP	Skill Points
SPD	Sonic Protein Disruptor
SR	Skill Roll
STAT AVE	Average of stats involved in a skill
STOL	Short Take-off and Landing
T/x	Tech Level x
TKM	Life sustaining drug
UAP	Universal Antidote
UFP	United Federation of Planets
var	Variable
VTOL	Vertical Take-off and Landing
WTF	What you say when you arm is blown clear off from a critical.
WWC	Warm Weather Clothing
Xeno	Alien. Okay, it's not quite an acronym, but it's close enough. Live with it.



There are times when a man must do what a man must do... and that's to rob the dead.... It's a highly recommended course of action after having slaughtered your opponents in the alleyway of an

obscure planet. So, here's a chart, just for that purpose. When searching a dead body for their credit tube, use these charts to see how their money might be protected...

LOCATION:

01-50.....Hidden
51-69.....Strapped
70-80.....Electrified
81-90.....Self Erasing
91-94.....Encoded
95-98.....Life Signs Link
99-100.....Explodes

MODIFIERS:

-10....Lower class district
+10....Bus
+20....Government
+20....Rich
+30....Villain



Also known as the "list of shit I have to carry around whether I like it or not", the Supplies List gives you an idea of how you end up wasting your money, other than on the ever-essential beer and pretzels. Some of this stuff is actually useful, and some of it may just

look really stupid, but there's sure to be a purpose for all of it.... If you're wondering what some of these combinations of letters mean, you should go read the Acronym Chart!

ITEM	COST	ACTUAL USEFUL TRAIT
CWC~A (cold).....	1250	-125f
CWC~B.....	600	-70f
CWC~C.....	250	-50f
CWC~D.....	100	-25f
WWC (warm).....	900	+150f
SSDPC (desert).....	1500	+350cr for air conditioned
SH (shelter).....	10	1.5m x 2.5m
Tent.....	45	2 person
CWT (tent).....	125	
CWH (heater).....	40	
HWT (tent).....	125	+350 for refrigeration unit
PFC (cabin).....	2500	non-pressurized
PFC~P (cabin).....	25000	pressurized, Mass = 10 tons
Sleeping Bag.....	40, 60, 150, 250	CW~D, CW~C, CW~B, CW~A
Respirator.....	175	

Oxygen Breather.....100	150cr for 3hr tank
Artificial Gill.....1000	48hrs
SCUBA Suit.....125	
Protective Suit.....400	
Rope, Nylon A.....10	1500kg
Rope, Nylon B.....16	2500kg
Rope, Synthelon A.....20	3500kg
Rope, Synthelon B.....27	4000kg
Rope, Duralon.....30	5000kg
Wire Ladder.....5cr/m	
Backpack.....35	
Jerry can.....10,25	10 liter, 25 liter
Field Rations.....2.5cr/day	require preparation & water
Concentrated Rations....2.75cr/day	lozenges

CWC – Short for “Cold Weather Clothing”, CWC gear is just that – it’s how you survive your ass getting frozen. This clothing consists of specially reinforced gear covering you from head to foot, including a heavy coat, thick pants, and huge boots. The stronger the protection, the more expensive it gets, but such gear can assure that you don’t die on some obscure, icy world, fighting some rabid empire. CWC-A gear protects to -125 Fahrenheit (that’s -52 Celsius for the metrically inclined), while type B protects to -70F (-21C), type C down to -50F (-10C), and, finally, the cheap type D only protects for the typical open plains winters, to -25F (-4C). If you’re planning to ship to the *cold* frontier, you’re a moron for not taking this gear with you.

WWC – The opposite of CWC, Warm Weather Clothing isn’t just for *warm* weather, it’s for *blazing hot inferno* weather that only morons and aliens live in. Beyond about 150 Fahrenheit (66 Celsius), you should have already made funeral arrangements, gotten an SSDPC, or at least gotten an air conditioner. In any case, this gear generally consists of sealed clothing to keep moisture in and still let heat out.

SSDPC – This hideously long name simply means an enhanced warm weather survival suit, consisting of a sealed suit with a water recycle unit. The suit keeps you from losing vital salt and fluids to the air, while the recycle unit allows you to drink from your own, well, fluid losses – yeah, yeah, it’s gross, but live with it, or *don’t live at all*. The fanciest versions have a miniature air conditioning unit built into it, and the best ones are powered off your own movement. You may now feel free to visit desert planets and hang out with the crazy blue-eyed natives. But don’t drink the water.

SH – Simply, a shelter. As noted in the handy little chart, these are 1.5 meter by 2.5 meter boxes, easy and cheap to get, and (if you believe the packaging) easy to set up. In practice, they are at least less of a bother than a tent, which costs more and has poles falling on your head all the time. On the bad side, shelters are generally a bit cozy for one person; for more, it’s stuffy and impossible. Despite these problems, they do keep cold out and you in, and it makes it a little more unlikely that the local equivalent of a bear won’t eat you *or* your supplies before dawn.

CWT – A Cold Weather Tent! While this type of tent often still has obnoxious poles to set up, it’s made of more durable material than your cheap typical tent or shelter. Designed with the same special fabrics that make up the outside of heavy-duty cold weather clothing, a CWT keeps out the sharper temperatures, so you can camp in the high mountains. For a heater, however, you have to pay extra (see the CWH, below).

CWH – A heater unit for a CWT. These things are a bit of a pain because you have to make sure you’re not going to burn your *tent* down in the process of using one. Although they’re supposed to be designed well, beware of fate and xeno-bears.

HWT – A *Hot* Weather Tent. These tents are designed to ventilate heat, while keeping moisture in, although at night in deserts, they can serve the same functions as a cold weather tent. The most useful things about a Hot Weather Tent are that it keeps the sun out, and can have a refrigeration unit built in, too. Unfortunately, the merchants out there realize how useful this is, and charge a fortune extra for the aforementioned cooling device.

PFC – A Pre-Fabricated Cabin. These are supposed to be fairly quick and easy to set up, but this is in comparison to your typical, crummy-ass pole-supported tent. However, they're a real place to live in, not just a one night stand... get your mind out of the gutter! Fine, then, leave it there. Anyway, it has heating and air conditioning units, assuring survival most anywhere. Although not pressurized – for that, you have to buy the fabulously and stupidly expensive pressurized version – it's good enough for most any situation short of a lack of atmosphere.

PFC~P – The fabulous and stupidly expensive pressurized version of a pre-fab cabin. It's not so expensive when you think about the fact that if you want to survive in very unfriendly atmospheres, or even on an airless moon, nothing else will work.

Respirator – This device helps you breathe on worlds where the atmosphere is close, but not quite on to the human norm. Generally, it is used to help get more oxygen into the system, as many worlds are a little short of the proper amount of oxygen. Lack of this idiotically useful device can cause dizziness, weakness, and even death when stuck on a planet. These are also used to help the sick and elderly on normal-atmosphere worlds, but don't let that detract from your cool image.

Oxygen Breather – Actually, this is a tank and breathing apparatus, often paired with a SCUBA suit or Protective Suit (see below). The tank is empty by default; you have to pay extra to get a supply of air put in it. (See the chart for details.)

Artificial Gill – A special apparatus used by air-breathers to survive underwater. The water should still have high oxygen content, however. Artificial gills can be used in place of an Oxygen Breather tank system, but only underwater – it doesn't help to be able to breathe *water* when there isn't any.

Jerry can – A big, ugly canister used for carrying water or your favorite beer. These are designed for long trips across wastelands, jungles, et cetera, where water (or good beer) is hard to find. They're also heavy as hell. The other reason for carrying this much water is to survive field rations and concentrated rations.

Field Rations – Infamously known throughout militaries everywhere, field rations typically come in boxes, and have to have water added to them *carefully*. It's a well-known fact that adding too much water or too little water results in nasty roast beef or peaches that taste like extra-dimensional slime. Some field rations are slightly better than others... but they're generally assured to insult the *connoisseur* in everyone.

Concentrated Rations – More rare than the dreaded Field Rations, concentrated rations are generally pills or lozenges containing pure nutrients. They tend to taste nasty, but the taste lasts a significantly less amount of time than the taste of field rations does. Unfortunately, because of their potency, they also require you to drink a lot of water.



ITEM	COST	ACTUAL USEFUL TRAIT
TKM.....	10cr/styrette	arrest decay for 24hrs
TKM Bracelet.....	50	automatically injects TKM upon death
AB (antibiotics).....	1.5	
XAB (Xeno).....	3.5	
APD (anti-poison).....	var	
ADD (drug).....	var	
PKD (painkillers).....	1.75	
BSO (burns).....	10/tube	last 24hrs
ARD (radiation).....	4.5	
QRD (regen).....	35	recover 1/3 time

Tempo.....	15/pill	8 hours
Expeditor.....	4.5	1 hour
Stimulants.....	1.25	revive unconscious
Anti-Agathics.....	2500	1 year anti-aging drug
Immortality Beta.....	50000	arrests aging at 21. -1yr/month. 20yrs
Immortality Alpha.....	250000	same as Beta. 1000yrs.
PMP (med pack).....	10	bandages, PKD, AB, ARD, BSO, Stims
PXMP (Xeno).....	75	
PMS (med sensor).....	1500	bracelet with auto/TKM and readings
Medijector.....	250	100 doses
DMS (Diagnostic).....	10000	
FMK (field-med kit).....	6000	PKD, BSO, AB, Stims, Tools, etc...

TKM - This weird specialty drug is designed to stop physical decay after death. Its usage is twofold: it's either for keeping the remains of your sorry ass in good enough shape for your family, or if you're a lucky bastard it's for getting you to some medical treatment that might actually bail you. The bracelet version of this is set to detect when life functions cease, and will then inject the drug automatically.

AB - Antibiotics for more common human diseases, such as influenza virus. Of course, if they're anything like Ebola Zaire, an injection of this still won't save your ass, unless you take it only an hour after you get the disease.

XAB - Antibiotics for aliens and for weird diseases that cross species.

APD - Supposedly, these are universal "anti-poisons". APDs help your system get rid of any poison quickly, even the utterly toxic (like cyanide), although you have to purchase each type separately. There could be exceptions to this, of course, but hat's for you to find out.

ADD - ADDers are infamous drugs that make you high and temporarily increase your stats. The price of these varies greatly - they're generally highly illegal, especially on more "civilized" worlds. Good examples of mid-tech range ADDers are the varieties of anabolic steroids. Roll a die and add that number to a chosen stat, for six hours. You'll be exhausted, however, when the drug runs out.

PKD - Painkillers. They work for about six hours. They're also great for parties - spike the punch!

BSO - No, it's not just a bunch of bullshit; it's a burn cream that helps knit singed flesh. One dosage will keep the pain down and help the skin heal for about a day.

QRD - QRDs kick your system into overdrive and force wounds to heal at double-time. It's a really bad idea to play basketball when you're on this stuff, though. For the time it's working, approximately six hours, your entire system is geared toward healing and nothing else. You get lethargic, take a +20 to your Initiative, and act rotten.

Tempo - A drug to keep you awake, and more than a little hyper, for eight hours. After it wears off, if you haven't slept in more than 24 hours, you "voluntarily" take a nap. Okay, so you pass out. So what? This stuff will keep you wired!

Expeditor - Improved Tempo -- it lasts only an hour, but there are no side effects.

Stimulants - No, not caffeine. Anything from smelling salts to a sonic device, stimulants will wake up any unconscious person, unless the schmuck is comatose. The type of wake-up device varies by world and technology.

Anti-agathics - Halts aging for a year. These are a lot cheaper than the immortality drugs, which is something to keep in mind if you're a stubborn cheapass.

PMP - Medical Pack, you know a first aid kit. If you don't have one of these, you generally can't patch someone up, so give yourself a 10% to your First Aid Skill when you're missing a PMP.

PXMP - A Xeno-medical Kit. Much like other med kits, except that it has special drugs and items that can work with alien biochemistries. Patching up a non-human without a PXMP gives the same penalties as patching up a human without a PMP. It also costs seven times more than a normal med kit. Damn aliens - they're too expensive.

PMS - Having nothing to do with the grouchiness of a woman, a PMS is a sensor-fitted bracelet that has the auto-inject TKM device, as well as readouts for the wearer's current status - such as blood pressure, pulse, blood oxygenation, et cetera. This thing makes a paramedic's or doctor's life a lot easier. If you're in a high-tech hospital, you're likely to get one of these things and charged about six times more than usual for one, too.

Medi-jector - An air-pressure based drug injection device. Comes with 100 empty cartridges. On more

primitive worlds, you'll have to content with the old needle type, which is also less sterile.

DMS - Medical diagnostics device. This thing is absolute garbage to anyone who doesn't have any medical training, but if you have the First Aid Skill, using a DMS adds +5% to your roll.

FMK - This is a really fancy med kit, as it includes the disgusting accouterment required for surgery. You can saw people's legs off, and using the anesthetic is optional but suggested.



Are you BLIND? Well, if you don't have some of these items, you potentially are. There are plenty of situations in which plain, boring human sight (or other

racers' sight) is pretty damn worthless... like when the power goes out in the colony station, with the psychotic aliens in the ductwork.

ITEM	COST	ACTUAL	USEFUL	TRAIT
IRV/1.....	150	100m	personal	
IRV/2.....	175	150m	personal	
IRV/3.....	200	200m	personal	
IRV/4.....	225	250m	personal	
IRV/5.....	200	150m	vehicle	
IRV/6.....	225	250m	vehicle	
IRV/7.....	350	350m	vehicle	
IRV/8.....	450	500m	vehicle	
IRP/1.....	200	400m	personal	2 hrs /6
IRP/2.....	375	750m	personal	4 hrs /7-8
IRP/3.....	450	1000m	personal	10 hrs /9-10
IRP/4.....	750	1000m	personal	1 hr /6
IRP/5.....	1000	1500m	vehicle	4 hrs /7-8
IRP/6.....	1250	2500m	vehicle	10 hrs /9-10
Night Visor.....	500			

IRV - Infrared Vision devices, which allow you to see heat residues, particularly from living creatures with body heat. The costs depend on the sight range provided. Personal IRVs are small heads-up sets (see the movie *Patriot Games* for a good example of IRV). Their bulkiness depends on the technological know-how of your local planet. The bulky ones are a pain and obvious - plus, it's *easy* to blind someone wearing a personal IRV. Just shine a good light, not even a bright light, near them and it causes sight loss. Vehicle IRV rigs are better shielded from this effect, but

they're also significantly more expensive. They're really useful for a tank or armored car, though.

IRP - Infrared Projector device - these are commonly used on larger vehicles and portable rigs to give a substantially greater amount of IR sight range than an IRV setup offers.

Night Visor - Rather than true IRV, a night visor allows low-light vision, giving the capability to see as long as there is at least a tiny amount of light available.



Armor, as pointed out earlier, isn't devised to help you avoid getting hit – it's for when you klutz up and *get* hit. Considering your average person dodges like crap, armor is a good idea. Even if you dodge well, luck

will run out one day, and you'll get hit. Without further ado, here's armor, the stuff that saves your ass when you get hit.

ARMOR	COST	MOVE	DEF: H/H	PROJECT	ENERGY	HITS	REPAIR	TL
FLESH.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	var	0
LBA~1.....	375	0	2d6	2d6	2d6	10	10 / hit	5
LBA~2.....	750	0	1d6	3d6	2d6	20	25 / hit	5
LBA~3.....	1000	0	1d6	4d6	2d6	30	25 / hit	5
CBA~1.....	3000	0	2d6	3d6	3d6	50	20 / hit	6
CBA~2.....	4000	0	2d6	4d6	3d6	60	25 / hit	6
CBA~3.....	5500	~1	2d6	4d6	4d6	70	30 / hit	6
EXO~1.....	5250	~1	3d6	4d6	3d6	100	15 / hit	7
EXO~2.....	7500	~2	3d6	4d6	4d6	150	20 / hit	7
Ablative Armor..	3500	0	1d6	1d6	4d6	200	15 / hit	7
PAPA~1.....	75000	~3	4d6	5d6	5d6	500	25 / hit	8
PAPA~2.....	100000	~3	4d6	6d6	5d6	600	35 / hit	8
Reflex Armor....	45000	0	6d6	5d6	1d6	300	20 / hit	9
Cybersuit.....	100000	0	6d6	6d6	5d6	500	35 / hit	10
S~IR Cloaker....	1500	0	~~~	~~~	~~~	~~~	(inv.IRV)	7
S~Volocity.....	7000	0	2d6	5d6	~~~	~~~		8
S~Deflect.....	8000	0	~~~	~~~	6d6	~~~		8
S~Cloaker.....	20000	0	~~~	~~~	~~~	~~~	(~25%)	9
S~Absorb.....	25000	0	2d6	2d6	2d6	~~~		9
S~Absorb (+)....	32000	0	2d6	2d6	2d6	~~~		10
S~Barrier.....	40000	0	ALL	10d6	9d6	~~~	(R)	11
Jump Add-on.....	5000	0	~~~	~~~	~~~	~~~		7

Flesh – This means you ain't got no stinkin' armor. Go get some.

LBA – Light Body Armor, generally chest armor consisting of Kevlar or later materials. This stuff is designed for businessmen and other wimps who rarely see *real* combat, so you should probably get something else. The advantage of LBA is that it's rarely illegal, except on worlds when the government wants to be able to kill anyone it wants to, without warning.

CBA – Combat Body Armor... finally, some REAL armor! This is designed to really take damage, but accordingly costs more. In addition, it's sometimes illegal for chumps to own, since it's military grade gear.

EXO – Exo-skeletal armor. These are big suits of powered armor, which does slow you down, but takes a lot to be destroyed. This armor is illegal on a lot of worlds, and is pretty much impossible to hide, so if you're walking around in it, you're saying "I am a badass, and if you are trying to kill me, *I'm going to kill you.*" Sure makes a nice fashion statement.

Ablative Armor – Armor designed to take weapons like lasers well, and everything else not so well. This deflects and absorbs energy attacks, is relatively light, but takes damage quickly. In other words, it's crappy unless all your enemies like using "shiny light weapons," or something like that. On the other hand, they are more *legal* than a lot of other armors.

PAPA – BIG suits of power armor, that make an Exoskeleton look like *nothing*. PAPAs are so apparent that you couldn't hide in *any* crowd with one of these on. These are *always* military armor, meaning that your average citizen doesn't own one unless he's a psycho survivalist on Planet Hell or really trying hard to make a weird and particular fashion statement.

Reflex Armor – Ultra-rare, ultra-expensive, ultra-tech bad-ass *sweet* armor. It's called Reflex Armor because of its built-in computer system – it recognizes dangerous incoming projectiles, and changes that area of the armor to remove the most damage from the attack. Unfortunately, this stuff doesn't do shit for energy weapons, because they can fry the circuitry running the armor's "skin". Perfect for invasions of low-tech planets.

Cybersuit – The fancier (and hideously more expensive) version of Reflex Armor, Cybersuits have even better computers and better energy weapon defense. Sweet! Unfortunately, the price tag makes this pretty out-of-reach except for the really, really good mercenaries, elite military units, and guys who succeed at ripping off large banks.

S-IR Cloaker – This is a shield, but not in the conventional sense. A Cloaker is a shielding device, and it makes you look like a section of wall to IRV gear (see *Vision Aids*, above). It's also, unfortunately, easy to break.

S-Velocity – A special type of shielding device designed to remove momentum from dangerous projectiles and hand-to-hand attacks. Unfortunately, you can't remove velocity from light, so if you're wearing this, you should stay the hell away from the guys with the laser pistols. Oh, and it's also useless against those pesky sand worms.

S-Deflect – Deflection shield, bright and shiny for warding off energy attacks. This crap has the opposite problem of the Velocity shield, but if the chumps you're fighting don't have the sense to find a Tommy gun, use this. No, you can't mix the Velocity and Deflect shields – unless you're looking for a rather large explosion to get rid of a city or two.

S-Cloaker – This is another cool, whacked-out shield. If you're lucky enough to be wearing this extremely high-tech chameleon shield, an opponent's chance to hit or *see* you is reduced by 25% by the blurring effect the Cloaker provides.



S-Absorb & S-Absorb+ - The only difference between these two shields is that Absorb+ is higher tech, a little more expensive, and unlikely to break from a direct hit. These are energy shield devices, requiring a light suit that projects the field.

S-Barrier – This super-rare, ultra-tech, bad-assed piece of equipment takes every ounce of abuse an energy weapon can throw at it, and most of what anything else can, too. On top of all of that, it's unbreakable. Then again, for the price tag, it should be. This gear is generally experimental or illegal as hell. No one wants anyone short of military commando units having this kind of gear.

Jump Add-on – This is a special unit that can be added on to any armor that is Tech 7 or later. It's a cool-ass pack that gives the suit rocket-powered jumps. It works best when fully integrated with a central processing unit. These jumps let you go up as far as 300 feet. You can then drop on your opponents' heads for 3d6 crushing damage! It does, however, add a substantial amount of weight to the system. But who cares if the rest of your armor is powered?



Weapons – the fun toys that kill or maim whatever is annoying you. It is important to keep in mind that weapons are not always available on every planet, nor are they legal to buy everywhere. In fact, most weapons are restricted on civilized planets, and may only be carried with the proper permits. Also, taking

weapons off world is extremely hard to do. In both cases, bribes are usually the only way to go -- unless you're a hired goon of the local government, in which case you can casually walk around with 'em. After all, who's going to argue with you then?

WEAPON NOTES:

* = Recoilless weapon.

** = Bipod, tripod, or vehicle mounted

*** = Dally guns use 3 TH rolls and 1d6 rounds will hit the target.

- Grenade launchers may come equipped with regular projectile or laser weapons attached. Simply add the costs of these weapons together to get a general price.

Autofire:

N = No autofire abilities

S = Switchable autofire

A = Always autofire

- If 4 or more autofire shoots hit & a critical was rolled, use the shrapnel crit chart instead of the puncture chart. (The charts are at the end of the book.)

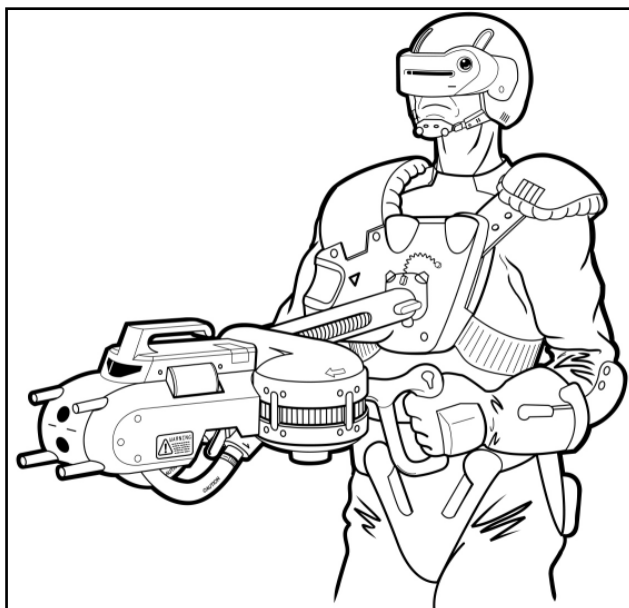
Stun Weapons:

- A character being subjected to a stun field is entitled to a roll to maintain conciseness. This percent chance roll is:

$$[CSR] - [POWER] + ([STUN \text{ FIELD LVL}] \times 10)$$

Dally/Gatling Guns:

- Dally guns are defined as those guns that have multiple barrels that spin at a high rate across a common receiver. This prevents over heating of the barrels and increases the fire rate to preposterous numbers. To reflect this, use 1d6 to determine the number of shots that hit a target. Note that the 2 TH rolls still apply as in normal auto-fire weapons, though 10+ rounds of ammo are used per round.



Particle Projectors:

- These weapons are all chest mounted due to their large size. They fire highly energized particles -- or anti-matter, for that matter -- through the atmosphere, actually cutting through it, thus, no minuses apply for varying atmospheres. These weapons are harder to aim and maneuver so they always loose initiative and require a skill to be used. (i.e. someone can't just pick one off a dead body and begin using it.)

Weapon Permit Classes:

This is a generic table to give you an idea of how dangerous it *is* to carry that destruction machine you call a gun (or lover). Each weapon on the below Tables have a number (or on **R**) designating the average legality of the item.

OPEN [A]	CONCEALED [B]	CONCEALED W/PERMIT [C]	POSSESSION	POSSESSION W/PERMIT [C]	PROHIBITED [D]
1	1		1		
2			2		
3		3	3		
4		4		4	
		5		5	
				6	
					7

- **[A]:** Carried, displayed, visibly holstered, or any other obvious possession in public.
- **[B]:** Includes unobvious transport methods, or holdout versions of weapon.
- **[C]:** Permits come in various categories, based on weapon, culture, etc. Ex: Police, military, ship-wayfarer
- **[D]:** Illegal on all UFP systems -- Heavy fines, jail terms for possession, possible death for use.
- **[R]:** Special restrictions apply. These weapons would be not normally be encountered in civilian situations.

WEAPONS: TECH 1-4

Tech 1-4 Crappy Weaponry is also known as the Primitive Shit (and we mean the capitalization). This stuff can be found in a lot of places, and in some of those places, it's regarded as primitive enough that you

won't get your ass in a sling for carrying it... even though you *can* still kill people. Most of these weapons do puncturing damage...

WEAPON NAME	COST	AMMO	TYPE	A	DAM	CRIT	TYPE	WPC
Arrow	1	1	Pro	N	2d6	Punct	'A'	1
Blowgun	5	1:2	Pro	N	Poison			1
.30+Buffalo Gun	135	1	Pro	N	3d6	Punct	'C'	2
.40 Duel Pistol	125	1:5	Pro	N	1d6	Punct	'A'	1
.32 Derringer	100	2	Pro	N	.5d6	Punct	'A'	1
.500 Express	175	2	Pro	N	5d6	Punct	'D'	3
.600 Express	225	2	Pro	N	5d6	Punct	'D'	3
Hurled Axe	25	1	Pro	N	2d6	Punct	'A'	1
Hurled Dagger	10	1	Pro	N	1d6	Punct	'A'	1
.40 Longrifle	115	1:5	Pro	N	3d6	Punct	'A'	1
.85 Matchlock	85	1:8	Pro	N	5d6	Punct	'B'	1
.75 Matchlock	75	1:8	Pro	N	4d6	Punct	'A'	1
.40 Musket Pistol	90	1:4	Pro	N	1d6	Punct	'A'	1
.75 Musket	90	1:4	Pro	N	4d6	Punct	'A'	1
.615 Musket Rifle	125	1:5	Pro	N	4d6	Punct	'A'	1
.38 Revolver	100	6m	Pro	N	1d6	Punct	'A'	1
.45 Revolver	110	6m	Pro	N	2d6	Punct	'B'	1
.22 Rifle	75	1	Pro	N	.5d6	Punct	'A'	1
.30 Mdm Rifle	100	1	Pro	N	2d6	Punct	'B'	1
.30 Mdm Carbine	100	1	Pro	N	2d6	Punct	'B'	1

.10 Shotgun	150	6m	Pro	N	---	-----	2
.12 Shotgun	135	6m	Pro	N	---	-----	2
.10 Shotshell	25	-	Pro	-	2d6	Shrap 'B'	-
.12 Shotshell	25	-	Pro	-	1d6	Shrap 'A'	-
.10 Slugshell	35	-	Pro	-	5d6	Punct 'D'	-
.12 Slugshell	30	-	Pro	-	4d6	Punct 'C'	-
.10 Flechette	35	-	Pro	-	3d6	Shrap 'C'	-
.12 Flechette	35	-	Pro	-	3d6	Shrap 'C'	-

Arrow – That is, ammo for a bow. We're so cheesy-assed here that we just included the cost for an arrow. We assume you already have the damn bow.

Blowgun – Generally a hollowed piece of wood, for which you use small thorns or shaped pieces of wood for darts. The darts themselves can't really do damage; you have to purchase poison for that. Since these are quiet, *sleep* poison would work well.

Buffalo Gun – This refers to the entire mid-to-large caliber 19th century to early 20th century firearms. They were all referred to by animal names because of the propensity to use such larger weapons for the purposes of hunting big game. The most famous are the buffalo guns and the elephant guns. They are single-shot -- and earlier ones are not rifled, meaning the range is crappy.

Dueling Pistols – Small, single-shot pistols originally introduced in Europe around the 1700's to replace the sword in duels. The point of a pistol duel was not to prove how awesome a shot you were, but to prove that you could stare down another man with a pistol at close range. Therefore, the range of a dueling pistol is absolutely crappy, and its stopping power is nothing compared to later pistols. They are single-shot, smooth (unrifled) weapons with long handles, and often ornately decorated.

Derringer – A very small holdout weapon, and the most family of the small (okay, tiny) firearms. Extremely easy to conceal, there's plenty of places where this "primitive" weapon would be illegal. Because of its tiny size, it only has two shots.

.500 and .600 Express – A particularly large and vicious type of rifle. For anyone who says that

primitive weapons suck, you should point one of these at them and fire. *Very* nice.

Axe, Hurled and Dagger, Hurled – Not puked, hurled. The only difference between a thrown axe and a hand axe is some balancing. Throwing daggers tend to be huge and weird looking, though.

Longrifle – A 19th century military and hunting rifle.

Matchlock Weapons – A matchlock is a very primitive firearm. Rather than having a hammer, a matchlock has a place to put a fuse (i.e. match) directly to the gunpowder -- light the fuse and aim. It's about as safe as it sounds.

Muskets – Crummy Musketeer weapons. Most muskets were flintlocks, meaning that they had a sparker instead of a *lit fuse* (see the matchlock description). The difference between a musket and a musket rifle is that a musket *rifle* has a *rifled* barrel, meaning that its range is better.

Revolver – What the hell do you think this is? It's a pistol. It's got a revolving chamber, hence *revolver*.

Carbine – A large, automatic rifle, somewhat stockier than a typical machine gun. Very unfriendly.

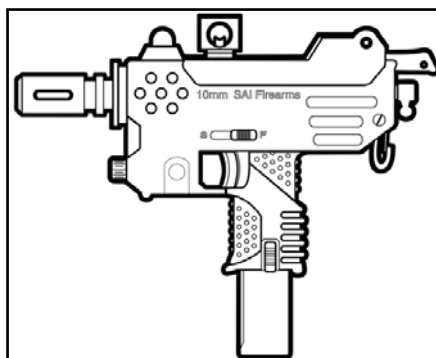
Shot shells – Shotgun shells, which "explode" open upon being shot and shower a target with lots of tiny spheres.

Slug shells – Slugs, you know, solid bullets rather than shot. Next question?

Flechette – Needle-like shot rather than ball shot (like a shotgun). These tend to rip through flesh, but don't do as well against any type of armor.

WEAPONS: TECH 5-6

Tech 5-6 Decent Weaponry is the stage of transitional firearms, where “slug throwers” (firearms) are starting to become outdated, but receive the last of their really cool advancements.



It's also where the first machine guns are introduced. The criminal fashion statement of this era was the UZI and the 9-millimeter pistol (shot sideways at close range of course).

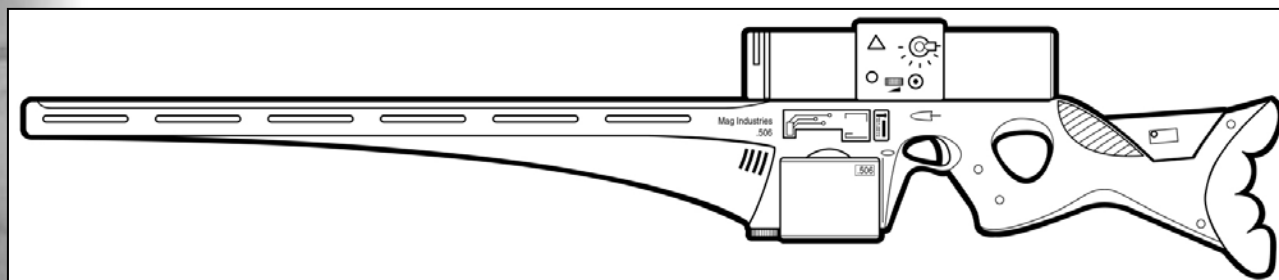
WEAPON NAME	COST	AMMO	TYPE	A	DAM	CRIT	TYPE	WPC
7.62 Assault Rifle	275	30c	Pro	N	4d6	Punct	'D'	6
5.56 Assault Rifle	275	30c	Pro	N	4d6	Punct	'D'	6
.357 AutoMagnum	240	10c	Pro	N	2d6	Punct	'B'	3
.44 AutoMagnum	285	10c	Pro	N	3d6	Punct	'C'	3
.32 AutoPistol	100	6c	Pro	N	1d6	Punct	'A'	3
9mm AutoPistol	150	6c	Pro	N	2d6	Punct	'A'	3
.45 AutoPistol	145	8c	Pro	N	2d6	Punct	'B'	3
.30 AutoCarbine	185	20c	Pro	N	3d6	Punct	'B'	3
5mm Body Pistol	250	10c	Pro	N	2d6	Punct	'A'	5
7mm Body Pistol	350	10c	Pro	N	3d6	Punct	'A'	4
5mm Body Machine Gun	500	30c	Pro	A	2d6	Punct	'A'	5
7mm Enforcer	375	10c	Pro	S	4d6	Punct	'B'	5
.30 H.P. Rifle	200	10c	Pro	N	3d6	Punct	'C'	6
.40 H.P. Rifle	250	10c	Pro	N	4d6	Punct	'D'	6
.50 H.P. Rifle	350	10c	Pro	N	5d6	Punct	'D'	6
9mm Machine Pistol	225	20c	Pro	N	2d6	Punct	'A'	2
9mm SMG	250	30c	Pro	S	2d6	Punct	'B'	6
.45 SMG	250	30c	Pro	S	2d6	Punct	'B'	6
.30 LMG **	450	30c	Pro	S	3d6	Punct	'C'	6
.30 MMG **	750	100b	Pro	A	3d6	Punct	'C'	6R
.50 HMG **	1000	100b	Pro	A	5d6	Punct	'D'	6R
9mm SMG/6	275	30c	Pro	S	4d6	Punct	'B'	6
7.62 LMG **	650	100b	Pro	S	4d6	Punct	'C'	6R
7.62 MMG **	1000	100b	Pro	S	4d6	Punct	'C'	6R
.50 HMG/6 **	1500	100b	Pro	S	5d6	Punct	'D'	6R
5mm Light Rifle	400	30c	Pro	N	3d6	Punct	'A'	4
7mm Medium Rifle	450	30c	Pro	N	4d6	Punct	'B'	4
7mm AR7 AutoRifle	525	30c	Pro	S	4d6	Punct	'B'	5
.22 Revolver	75	6m	Pro	N	.5d6	Punct	'A'	3
.38 'Special'	135	6m	Pro	N	1d6	Punct	'A'	3
5mm Sportsman	300	10c	Pro	N	3d6	Punct	'A'	4
7mm TranquilizerPistol	125	1m	Pro	N	Var	Punct	'A'	1
7mm TranquilizerRifle	200	1m	Pro	N	Var	Punct	'A'	1

Auto Weapons – These are, for the most part, simply faster firing (burst firing or fully automatic) and higher damage versions of older tech weapons.

Enforcer – A heavy switchable-automatic weapon, commonly used by militia and law enforcement (hence the name) and highly illegal to punks like most player characters... you know, like you.

H.P. Rifles – “H.P.” simply stands for “high powered” – these are advanced rifles, designed to handle stronger charges of gunpowder, and hence hit a lot harder.

Tranquilizer Weapons – These are designed to fire “tranq” injectors rather than normal bullets. Tranq’s can actually be set up with any type of poison or drug, but actual *tranquilizers* are easier to get, of course. Thanks to the need to keep animals under control, tranquilizer weapons are easy to get. For a better version of a drugging weapon, see the Tech 7 *Dart Rifle*.



WEAPONS: TECH 7

Tech 7 Cool Weaponry. At Tech 7, weaponry becomes really rockin’. It’s the last stage of just

flingin’ bullets around via gunpowder, and new ways of flingin’ death come into being.

WEAPON NAME	COST	AMMO	TYPE	A	DAM	CRIT	TYPE	WPC
10mm AMG LMG **	1000	100b	Pro	N	5d6	Punct	'C'	6R
10mm AutoMag	425	10c	Pro	N	5d6	Punct	'C'	4
10mm AutoFire	500	30c	Pro	S	5d6	Punct	'C'	6
7mm Cone Rifle *	1000	30c	Pro	N	6d6	Shrap	'C'	6
10mm Hv. Cone Rifle *	1200	20c	Pro	N	7d6	Shrap	'D'	6R
10mm Dally LMG ***	15000	200b	Pro	A	5d6	Punct	'C'	6R
10mm Dally Cone MG ***	18000	30c	Pro	A	4d6	Shrap	'B'	6R
10mm Dart Rifle	250	10m	Pro	N	DRUG	Punct	'A'	4
Flame Pistol	400	20c	Pro	N	5d6	Heat	'C'	6R
Flame Rifle	600	30c	Pro	N	5d6	Heat	'C'	6R
Heavy Flamer ** (v)	900	100c	Pro	N	7d6	Heat	'D'	6R
3mm Flechette Gun SMG	550	50c	Pro	S	4d6	Punct	'D'	6
10mm Heavy Rifle	585	30c	Pro	S	5d6	Punct	'C'	6
10mm Heavy Cabine	565	30c	Pro	S	5d6	Punct	'C'	6
12mm High-Power Rifle	650	10c	Pro	N	6d6	Punct	'D'	6
Gauss Pistol	5000	5c	Pro	N	6d6	Punct	'D'	6
Gauss Rifle	6500	20c	Pro	N	6d6	Punct	'D'	6
Gauss Needler	8500	100c	Pro	N	7d6	Punct	'D'	6R
20mm Grenade Pistol	950	5c	Pro	N	var	var		6
30mm Grenade Battery **	1250	10c	Pro	N	var	var		6
30mm Grenade Launcher	1450	10c	Pro	N	var	var		6
5mm GyroJet Pistol *	500	10c	Pro	N	5d6	Shrap	'B'	6

5mm GyroJet Rifle *	850	30c	Pro	N	5d6	Shrap	'B'	6
5mm GyroJet Carbine *	750	30c	Pro	N	5d6	Shrap	'B'	6
10mm Lt.Inf.Rifle **	2500	200c	Pro	A	7d6	Punct	'D'	7R
20mm Md.Inf.Rifle ** (v)	15000	200c	Pro	A	9d6	Punct	'D'+2	7R
40mm Hv.Inf.Rifle ** (v)	27500	200c	Pro	A	12d6	Punct	'D'+3	7R
3mm Mini-Needler	200	10c	Pro	S	4d6	Punct	'D'	6
3mm Needle Pistol	250	20c	Pro	S	4d6	Punct	'D'	6
3mm Needle Rifle	450	50c	Pro	S	4d6	Punct	'D'	6
45mm Rocket Rifle	1250	5c	Pro	N	var	var		6
70mm Rocket Launcher	1550	10c	Pro	N	var	var		6
80mm Rocket Pro Grenade	1750	10c	Pro	N	var	var		6
Stat Rifle	450	30c	Pro	S	7d6	Punct	'D'	7R
5mm Shock Dart	650	1	Eng	N	8d6	Elect	'D'	4
Stun Pistol	550	10c	Eng	N	.5d6	Unbal	'B'	4
Stun Rifle	800	30c	Eng	N	1d6	Unbal	'C'	5
Heavy Stunner** (v)	1500	100c	Eng	A	2d6	Unbal	'D'	6R
2mm Tangle Pistol	300	10c	Pro	N	Tangle			1
2mm Tangle Rifle	550	20c	Pro	N	Tangle			1

Dally Weapons – See the description at the opening of this section for more information on Dally weapons. Well? What are you waiting for? Go read it! Okay, too lazy? Well, Dally weapons are just auto-feed high-speed weapons that usually have multiple barrels that spin around to keep any one barrel from overheating at such high rates of fire. Great for mowing down the jungle brush.

Dart Rifle – A close cousin to tranquilizer weapons, a Dart Rifle can fire drug-loaded darts a long range without causing the cartridge to disintegrate. Since this is pretty important at times, you should probably consider spending your money, you cheapass. It's not always essential, despite the game title, to *kill everything* (yeah, right)!

Flame Weapons – Including the Heavy Flamer, flame weapons are designed with dangerous plasma discharge shots instead of bullets. Some rare (and somewhat more dangerous) flamer weapons are set up with pyrophoric liquids (ignites on contact with air). These more primitive flamers don't work at all in vacuum, but can be purchased at two-thirds the cost listed.

Gauss Weapons – Gauss weapons (a.k.a. Gauss needlers) are electromagnetic based needle-firing weapons, rather than chemical weapons. This makes them far more useful in non-standard atmospheres and in space, although a really good magnet could still fry a Gauss weapon. There is little to no recoil and no heat generated in the barrel, and the ammo clips have batteries built in as well as the needles.

Grenade Weapons – Not the grenades themselves (read on for those) – these weapons fire mini-grenades instead of just plain bullets or needles. In other words, they're scarier than shit, but the ammo depends on the grenades you pick. Read on for the grenade information – it's after all these damn weapons that you'll just want to skip now.

GyroJet Weapons – Not just another damn variant on firing just a plain bullet, these things fire *mini-rockets* (sometimes semi-guided) with a nice spin to them (hence, *GyroJet*). Note that dud ammo can be really, really dangerous in this case.

Mini-Needler – The Gauss version of a Derringer – that is, it's a small holdout weapon.

Needle Weapons – These are variants on older needle-fire weapons such as flechettes, being chemical based rather than electromagnetic (Gauss) based.

Rocket Weapons – Along with a standard rocket launcher, other rocket weapons can be equipped to fire various guided or *larger* rockets. Most of these rockets cannot be equipped in the smaller GyroJet weapons, even though these two types are close cousins. Get over it. The Rocket / Grenade combo listed will fire rockets *or* grenades, making it a friendly, but expensive weapon (since the ammo is so damn much).

Stat Rifle – An early electrolaser weapon (see the description of electrolasers under *Tech 8*). Although

they do a lot of damage, they're dangerous and extremely heavy, since the laser guide isn't as good as it is on later electrolaser weapons. This makes the shots much stronger, but more likely to arc and fry your loser ass.

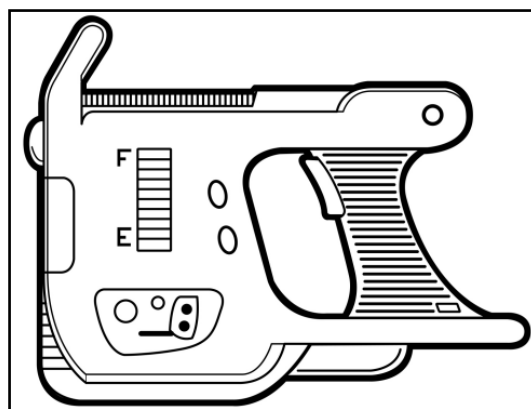
Stunners – Stun weapons are an improvement on old drug-based tranq weapons. Stunners use sonics (high-pitched sound) to mess with a person's sense of balance and awareness, throwing them off. Damage from this weapon doesn't normally kill or even hurt

much, other than maybe some eardrums -- those aren't important, really! Heavy stunners can knock down crowds.

Tanglers – Tangle weapons fire special capsules that spew really crappy sticky stuff, keeping people from moving. Since this stuff is designed to quell riots, anyone who gets stuck in a tangler web should expect to be there for the rest of the combat.... Fortunately, it does just ooze off eventually, and there is a special aerosol (100c a bottle) to remove this stuff.

WEAPONS: TECH 8

Tech 8 Really Cool Weaponry. At this stage, weaponry is extremely unfriendly and armor is pretty much a necessity. A good crew of bad-assed mercenaries (read: your group) can do a lot of damage with this stuff.



WEAPON NAME	COST	AMMO	TYPE	A	DAM	CRIT	TYPE	WPC
5mm Blast Pistol	2000	20c	Eng	N	3d6	Impact	'B'	4
7mm Hv. Blast Pistol	2500	20c	Eng	N	4d6	Impact	'B'	4
5mm Blast Carbine	3000	30c	Eng	N	3d6	Impact	'B'	4
7mm Blast Rifle	3500	30c	Eng	N	4d6	Impact	'B'	4
7mm Blast LMG	6000	50c	Eng	S	5d6	Impact	'C'	6R
10mm Blast MMG **	9000	100c	Eng	A	6d6	Impact	'D'	6R
15mm Blast HMG **	15000	100c	Eng	A	7d6	Impact	'D'	7R
20mm Hv. Blaster ** (v)	32500	200c	Eng	A	9d6	Impact	'D'+2	7R
7mm Dally Blaster ***	20000	150c	Eng	A	5d6	Impact	'C'	6R
Disruptor	2500	20c	Eng	A	3d6	Rad	'D'	5
Electrolaser Pisl	1200	10c	Eng	N	4d6	Spcl.		4
Electrolaser Rifle	1800	5c	Eng	N	4d6	Spcl.		4
Dinosaur Laser	4000	10c	Eng	1:2	6d6	Heat	'D'	4
Mil. Dino Laser	6000	20c	Eng	1:2	7d6	Heat	'D'	6
3mm Laser Pistol	1000	20c	Eng	N	3d6	Heat	'A'	4
5mm Laser Carbine	1750	30c	Eng	N	4d6	Heat	'B'	4
5mm Laser Rifle	2250	30c	Eng	N	4d6	Heat	'B'	4
5mm Laser LMG **	3500	50c	Eng	S	4d6	Heat	'C'	6R
7mm Laser MMG **	5000	100c	Eng	A	5d6	Heat	'D'	6R
10mm Laser HMG **	7500	100c	Eng	A	6d6	Heat	'D'	7R
20mm Hv. Laser ** (v)	22500	200c	Eng	A	8d6	Heat	'D'+2	7R
7mm Dally Laser ***	17000	100c	Eng	A	5d6	Heat	'D'	6R
ED Pistol	4000	10c	Eng	N	5d6	Heat	'B'	6
ED Carbine	5750	20c	Eng	N	6d6	Heat	'C'	6

ED Rifle	7000	20c	Eng	N	6d6	Heat 'C'	6
ED MG **	16000	50c	Eng	A	7d6	Heat 'D'	7R
Heavy ED ** (v)	25000	50c	Eng	A	9d6	Heat 'D'	7R
Gauss SMG	12000	50c	Pro	A	6d6	Punct 'D'+2	7R
Gauss Battle Rifle	15000	50c	Pro	N	9d6	Punct 'D'+2	7R
Plasma Rifle	5200	50c	Eng	N	5d6	Heat 'C'	6R
Scrambler	750	10c	Eng	N	2d6	Punct 'C'	5
SMD Pistol	3000	10c	Eng	N	NA	Rad 'B'	6
SMD Rifle	4500	20c	Eng	N	NA	Rad 'C'	6
SMD MG **	7500	50c	Eng	A	NA	Rad 'D'	6R
Heavy SMD ** (v)	12500	50c	Eng	A	NA	Rad 'D'	7R
SPD Pistol	2750	10c	Eng	N	4d6	Rad. 'C'	6
SPD Carbine	3500	20c	Eng	N	5d6	Rad. 'C'	6
SPD Rifle	4250	20c	Eng	N	5d6	Rad. 'C'	6
SPD MG **	6500	50c	Eng	A	6d6	Rad. 'D'	6R
Heavy SPD ** (v)	10000	50c	Eng	A	8d6	Rad. 'D'	7R

Blast Weapons – Heavy-duty charged particle weapons; they're basically upgraded beam or laser weapons. These suckers pack a significantly harder punch, but are slightly more dispersed in impact. The guns themselves tend to look large, somewhat crude, and very clunky, but they fire satisfyingly loudly.

ED – Energy Disrupter weapons – hell, I wonder what these do? Maybe they disrupt electron movement and burn things? The earliest of the disrupter-type weapons, and often highly illegal because of the relative lethality of the smallest ED weapon. Anyway, beam me up, Scotty!

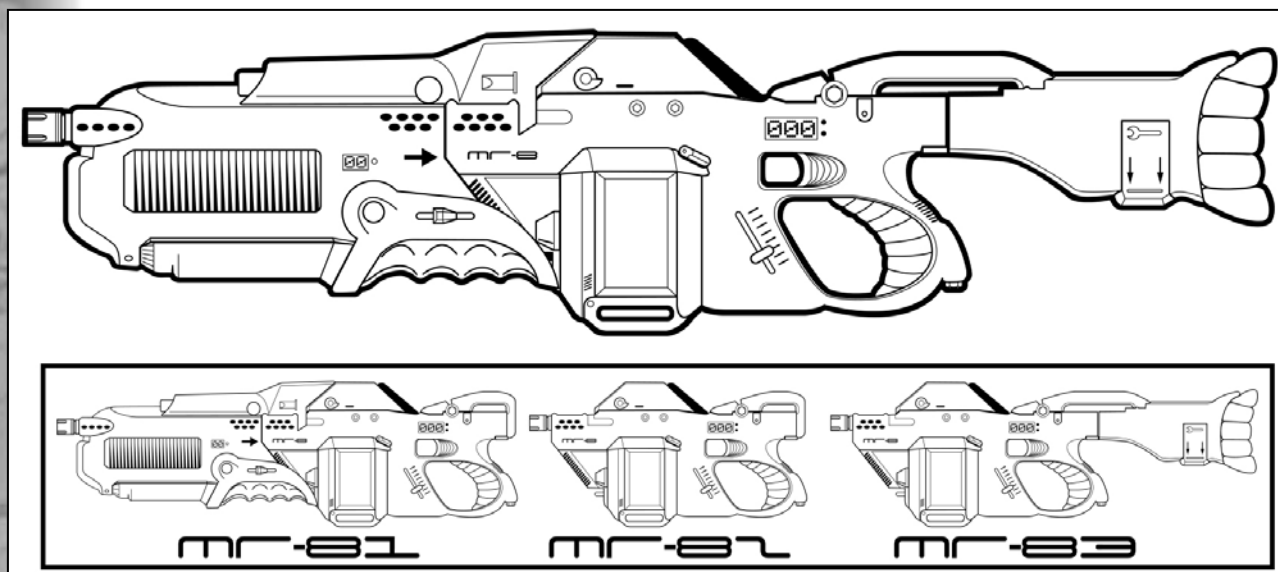
Electrolasers – Electrolasers are electric-impulse weapons guided by a laser beam. (Stat Rifles from Tech 7 are primitive Electrolasers, with crummy beam guidance.) Electrolasers work best in a desert, one of the crappiest places to live in the universe, and they're shitty against everything except metal armor. On the flip side, an Electrolaser shot has a good chance of stunning everything, and anyone in metal armor is dead meat, as your chances of hitting increase by 10%.

Lasers – Tech 8 coherent light weapons rock. They are bad assed, since at this stage, laser power has been nearly perfected, and weapons are easy to make. They tend to burn holes straight through things. The really fun ones are Dinosaur lasers – these can fry even the largest Xeno with a good shot.

Plasma Rifle – A somewhat advanced version of a Flamer. More stable and less likely to blow up in your face -- the shots are cleaner and fire further. Great at the family barbeque.

Scramblers – Designed with some of the same cool tech that made Disrupters, Scramblers are small, easily concealed flesh-fryers. Skip the chicken and go straight on to killing your opponents, however.

SPD – Sonic Protein Disrupter weapons... these things are evil simply because they're radiation damage, tearing living tissues apart at a dangerous fundamental level. In other words, you not only look bad after being shot by one of these, but you could be dying of cancer in a year because of it.



WEAPONS: TECH 9

Tech 9 Rockin' Gear is the stage at which most weaponry is truly *perfected* – therefore, you start

getting weird *extrapolations* of existing death toys. You know, the fun shit!

WEAPON NAME	COST	AMMO	TYPE	A	DAM	CRIT	TYPE	WPC
Ice Gun	600	15c	Pro	1:6	3d6	Shrap	'B'	4
Laser Crystal	200+	Spcl.	Eng	N	2d6	Heat	'A'	6
Nerve Pistol	1000	10c	Spcl	A	Spcl	Unbal		7
APRO Pistol	500	10c	Eng	N	BDF	Rad	'B'	6
APRO Rifle	900	20c	Eng	N	BDF	Rad	'C'	6
APRO MG **	1500	50c	Eng	N	BDF	Rad	'D'	6R
Heavy APRO ** (v)	2500	100c	Eng	N	BDF	Rad	'D'	7R
APRO Field Gen	17500	100hr	Eng	A	BDF	Elect	'D'+2	6R
3mm X-Ray Laser Pistol	1500	20c	Eng	N	4d6	Rad	'B'	4
5mm X-Ray Laser Rifle	3000	30c	Eng	N	5d6	Rad	'C'	4
7mm Dally X-Laser ***	20000	100c	Eng	A	6d6	Rad	'D'	6R

Ice Gun – This fun toy is a coil-based firing weapon that launches ultra-frozen needles. In fact, the gun can be designed to make its own ammo, by pouring water in. Although designed innocuously, it's the ultimate assassin weapon: the bullets are guaranteed to melt and leave no trace, other than the fact that someone used an Ice Gun.

Laser Crystal – An ultra-advanced laser device implanted under the skin of assassins or crazy people like *your character*. Although it's only good for one shot (and it burns a little of your skin away), it's impossible to spot without someone very *specifically* looking.

Nerve Pistol – Another version of disruption weaponry, a nerve pistol is specifically designed to

knock out living beings' nervous system. (That's why it's called a nerve pistol....) They tend to be small and somewhat innocuous looking, often not shaped like a weapon at all.

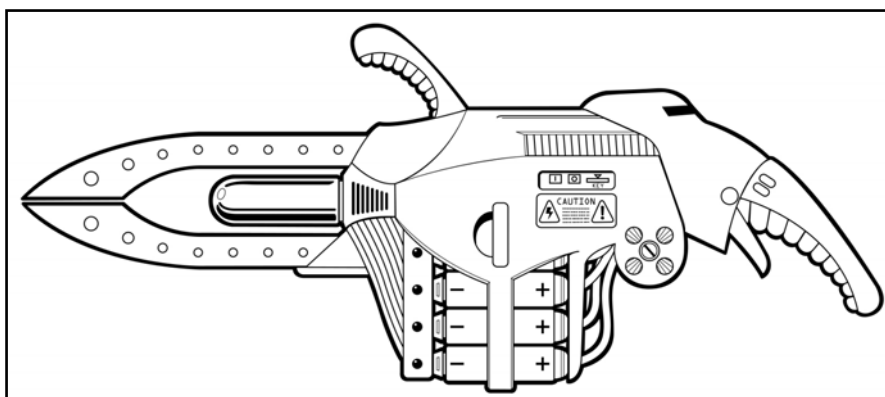
APRO – Anti-robotics weaponry (read your damn acronyms!). These don't do much damage to humans other than a minor shock and a bad headache (with the exception of the potential really bad crit). Against robots, however, a successful shot can knock them flat. It's very good for putting down mechanical rebellions and keeping the local satellite-based defense system from taking over a planet. An APRO Field Generator will knock out any robotics for an area around it, but are very expensive and its ammo cost is not per clip or shot, but per hour.

X-Ray Laser Weapons – Advanced lasers that fire concentrated x-rays rather than coherent light (i.e. visible light). This makes it a narrow, more accurate

beam that slices through armor in a way that could not but help please your average psycho killer.

WEAPONS: TECH 10

Seriously Wrong Tech 10 and 11 Weaponry. If you thought Tech 9 weaponry was weird shit, later scientists had their brains shoved up their butts and then twisted the world upside down. In the process, however, they came up with some of the best killing gear in the universe.



WEAPON NAME	COST	AMMO	TYPE	A	DAM	CRIT TYPE	WPC
Electron Pistol	2200	20c	Eng	N	4d6	Rad 'B'	4
Electron Rifle	3500	30c	Eng	N	4d6	Rad 'B'	4
10mm Fusion Pistol	3500	20c	Eng	N	5d6	Heat 'C'	6R
15mm Fusion Rifle	7500	30c	Eng	N	6d6	Heat 'D'	6R
20mm Fusion MG **	22500	100c	Eng	A	6d6	Heat 'D'	6R
25mm Hv.Fusion Gun**(v)	50000	100c	Eng	A	8d6	Heat 'D'+2	7R
PPC **	30000	100c	Eng	A	7d6	Heat 'D'	6R

Electron Weapons – These weapons skip the whole idea of lasers, electrolasers, or any of that other crap and go straight for firing just stripped-down electrons. Well, okay -- it still uses a laser guide. They actually can be fired on a stun setting to just knock out unarmored people... but that's no fun, so just leave it set to "kill" and shoot people normally.

Fusion Weapons – The ultimate version of a Flamer weapon, Fusion weapons fire super compressed plasma -- at fusion temperatures, hence the name, brains. These make very nice holes in virtually anything.

Particle Projection Cannon (PPC)– A heavy-duty version of the Electron guns, a PPC fires a lot larger and more havoc-wreaking blast. On the down side, these are **not** hand-held weapons; they look the part of the old-fashioned concept of *cannon*. They're generally mounted on the back of a vehicle or a tripod -- bipods aren't sturdy enough to handle one of these bad-assed mayhem devices -- *and that includes power armor, you wiseass.*

WEAPONS: TECH 11+

WEAPON NAME	COST	AMMO	TYPE	A	DAM	CRIT TYPE	WPC
Disintegrator Pstl	6000	10c	Eng	N	7d6	Spcl.	6R
Disintegrator Rifl	20000	10c	Eng	N	8d6	Spcl.	6R
Force Rifle	3000	20c	Eng	N	4d6	Spcl.	5
Hvy. Graser Pistol	3000	10c	Eng	A	5d6	Heat 'D'+2	6
Mil. Graser Rifle	6000	20c	Eng	N	7d6	Heat 'D'+2	6R
Dally Graser	40000	100c	Eng	A	9d6	Heat 'D'+2	6R
Assault Pulsar	20000	50c	Eng	A	8d6	Spcl.	6R
Heavy Pulsar	30000	100c	Eng	A	9d6	Spcl.	6R
Smart Gun	4000	10c	Pro	N	var	var	5
Tachyonic Pistol	5000	10c	Eng	N	5d6	Spcl.	5

Tachyonic Rifle	25000	40c	Eng	N	8d6	Spcl.	6R
Tachyonic Shotgun	20000	10c	Eng	N	Spcl	Spcl.	7R
Energy Web	50000	100min	Eng	N	Spcl	Spcl.	6

Disintegrator Weapons – If you *can't* figure out what this is, you probably deserve to be shot by one. They don't look like beam weapons, and they often don't even look like guns, but you point one of these at someone and they disappear. Or at least they appear to disappear, in reality they are still there, just in a billion of pieces. That's why their critical is special – it means *you're dead*. The major difference between the rifle version and the pistol version is that the rifle can do more damage because of having a larger power clip. That does make it heavier though... waah, cry me a river.

Force Rifle – A solid gravity-based beam weapon, getting hit by a force rifle feels like getting punched by a fist the size of a planet because of this these fairly bulky guns fling people around like rag dolls. Their criticals include getting flung into the nearest wall and getting knocked out.

Grasers – “Graser” is short for “Gamma-ray Laser”, which is much cooler than X-rays or plain old coherent beam. Reflective armors don't do much good, and these weapons burn through things that even an X-ray wouldn't penetrate. The criticals from these are completely nasty, and generally entail getting parts... or wholes... annihilated. Military-grade Graser and Dally Grasers are highly illegal for most anyone short of a long-standing army member to have. They're also some of the best weapons in the universe.

Pulsars – The reverse of a PPC, pulsars use antimatter to shred matter they come into contact with. This completely screws armor, as the bulkier the armor you have, the more you get screwed up. Pulsar shots explode on contact because of the disruption of the target's matter; a critical shot causes concussive damage equal to half (rounded down) of the weapon's normal damage, as well as getting the target flung into the nearest solid object. Pulsars are illegal as hell for anyone short of military; even mercenaries carrying these are distrusted or arrested. If you have one, however, you can tell the galaxy to kiss your ass – until you run out of power clips for it.

Smartguns – Smartguns go all the way back to GyroJet weapons for their inspiration; they launch smart bullets that are actually contra-gravity scanners with explosive materials. The downside to these is that they are big and heavy for only being pistols; the upside is you can program them to hit a particular person, based on heat pattern -- or by paying ten times the normal cost, genetic scans. This means you can fire one of these in a crowd and kill the one guy escaping you.

Tachyonics – A step beyond even grasers, the tachyonic weapons are very particular beam weapon type. Against plain, ordinary matter, they do relatively little. Against armored targets, they do their normal damage. In addition, tachyonic weapons ignore S-Absorb and S-Barrier armors automatically.

Tachyonic Shotgun (displacer beam) – This weapon fires a shot something like a shotgun, hence the name, and is classed as a launcher weapon. Whatever it hits is thrown *extra-dimensionally*. (Wherever the hell that is – it might *be* hell, for all we know.) That means that for all intents and purposes, unless you've got some weird way of getting whatever was hit back, it's gone for good. In addition, an extra-dimensional vortex sits on the spot of the former loser target. Anything that fits in a one hex area that gets near this spot gets sucked into the hole and is lost forever. The vortex goes away after a few minutes (i.e. combat is over.) Ultimate definition: this thing is a nasty piece of shit that can kill anything. If you are caught with one, most governments will shoot first and ask questions later.

Energy Web – Not as much a weapon as an *anti*-weapon. An Energy Web shot can cover an entire battlefield, but will hit at least 15 hexes of area. *Damn!* Any energy-based or powered weapons (Gauss, etc.) lose shots off their clip at a rate of one a round after being hit by the web (Ammo for needlers and the like won't be gone, though.). Powered gear, *including armor*, dies in the web and won't come back to full power until after escaping the web. Since it's expensive to operate this machine, and it's **very** not portable, weighing in at a minimum 50 pounds, it's rare as hell.



For you lunatics who relish the thought of throwing out the guns and just trying to run your opponents through, here you go: melee weapons. Some of the weapons

don't have descriptions; there's a sincere hope that you know what the hell these are by pure logic. If you don't, you don't deserve to use them.

HAND TO HAND: TECH 1-4

WEAPON NAME	COST	AMMO	TYPE	A	DAM	CRIT TYPE	WPC
Battle Axe	50	NA	H/H	N	2d6	Slash 'C'	1
Bayonet	25	NA	H/H	N	1d6	Punct 'A'	1
Club	10	NA	H/H	N	1d6	Impact 'A'	1
Dagger	10	NA	H/H	N	1d6	Punct 'A'	1
Foil	50	NA	H/H	N	2d6	Slash 'B'	1
Lance	15	NA	H/H	N	3d6	Punct 'D'	1
Mace	40	NA	H/H	N	2d6	Impact 'B'	1
Morning Star	50	NA	H/H	N	2d6	Impact 'C'	1
Pike	15	NA	H/H	N	1d6	Punct 'B'	1
Sword	35	NA	H/H	N	2d6	Slash 'B'	1
Great Sword	65	NA	H/H	N	3d6	Slash 'C'	1

Bayonet – A funky-ass dagger that was designed to get stuck on the front of a early, chemical-based rifle. This way, when you run out of ammo, you don't get stuck looking like an idiot trying to beat your opponent over the head with the stock of the rifle.

Foil – Although the term originally meant a light fencing practice weapon, in this case it's any fencing sword, like a rapier or saber.

Pike – Generic stats for any big polearm or weapon-on-a-stick. A pike happens to just be the most common type.

Sword – Any one-handed sword.

Great Sword – Any two-handed sword. Are you catching on now?

HAND TO HAND: TECH 7

WEAPON NAME	COST	AMMO	TYPE	A	DAM	CRIT TYPE	WPC
Monofilament Blade	750	NA	H/H	N	3d6	Slash 'D'	3
Stun Wand	500	NA	H/H	N	Paralysis		7
VibroBlade	1250	NA	H/H	N	4d6	Slash 'D'	3

MonoBlade – Short for “monomolecular edged blade”, this is a sword specially engineered to be *really damn sharp*. Other than that, it's just a sword.

Stun Wand – Electrical-impulse based stun batons (think cops). For the obvious reasons, all you can do with these is knock people out, not kill them. Later

Stun Wands are based off the same technology as the Force Rifle.

VibroBlade – Drop the rude jokes. Anyway, this is a powered weapon set up to vibrate thousands of times a second, shredding whatever they come in contact with in a chainsaw-like manner. Very useful as a general-purpose cutting tool.

HAND TO HAND: TECH 8

WEAPON NAME	COST	AMMO	TYPE	A	DAM	CRIT TYPE	WPC
Coagulator	4500	NA	H/H	N	6d6	Slash 'D'	5
ForceBlade	3000	NA	H/H	N	5d6	Slash 'D'	4

Coagulator – This weird weapon is medical technology gone wrong. Upon contact with the skin, the blade secretes a deadly chemical compound that starts eating apart proteins... in other words, enhancing the damage by shredding the target's body biochemically. Obviously, this weapon doesn't do much damage to non-living targets. Cousin to the SPD weapons.

ForceBlade – Aside from the bad jokes about some guy named Luke, Force Blades are based on the same technology as force rifles. When not in use, they're just a hilt, but when activated, a blade of energy, shaped by a magnetic field, pops into being. This makes these highly portable and deadly weapons... but if the battery dies, you're in trouble.

HAND TO HAND: TECH 9

WEAPON NAME	COST	AMMO	TYPE	A	DAM	CRIT TYPE	WPC
Neuronic Whip	50	NA	H/H	N	Pain Unbal		7

Neuronic Whip – Also known as a Neurowhip, these are close cousins to the nerve pistol -- go read about it. They don't do damage, they just cause agonizing pain

and knock people silly. Wonderful for those late night torture sessions.

HAND TO HAND: TECH 10

WEAPON NAME	COST	AMMO	TYPE	A	DAM	CRIT TYPE	WPC
LaserSword	12500	NA	H/H	N	7d6	Slash 'D'	6
LaserSword+	15000	NA	H/H	N	7d6	Slash 'E'	6

LaserSword – There's two versions of this weapon; the only difference is that one is a little less stable and less lethal on the critical hits. Laser Swords are the upgrade of a force sword; they have a real beam

weapon blade. Most are coherent-beam, the first type, but a few (at Tech 10 are experimental) are the + type - that is, X-ray and even graser.

GRENADES & EXPLOSIVES

I Love Blowing Things Up: Grenades and Explosives. For the sake of simplicity, here's all of the grenade and explosive weapons information, in one

listing. To check what Tech it is, you should read the chart. Thank you, and have fun with your massively destructive weapons.

GRENADES & EXPLOSIVES:

WEAPON NAME	COST	AMMO	TYPE	DAM	CRIT TYPE	WPC	TECH
Smoke Grenade	20	3hd	Pro	NA	NA	1	5
Fragmentation Grenade	45	3hd	Pro	6d6	Shrapnel	5	5
Flat Frag Grenade	25	3hd	Pro	4d6	Shrapnel	5	6
Flechette Mine	75	5hd	Pro	7d6	Shrapnel	5	6
Cluster Bomb	150	7hd	Pro	8d6	Shrapnel	6R	6
Stun Grenade	350	3hd	Pro	5d6	Unbal 'C'	4	7
Blast Grenade	350	5hd	Eng	6d6	Impact 'C'	6	8
Laser Spray Bomb	500	7hd	Eng	6d6	Heat 'C'	6	8
Warbler Grenade	50	10hd	Eng	NA	Sonic Scream	6	8
Hell Grenade	750	13hd	Eng	20d6	Rad 'D'+2	6	8

Smoke Grenades – These don't do damage, they just put up a smoke screen. Not only is this useful for escapes, but it also blocks fire from some beam-based weapons (read: lasers and electrolasers).

Fragmentation Grenade – Meet the original meaning of the word "frag". (Well, that *is* how you look after getting hit by one of these: small giblets on the sidewalk.) These are designed to explode with pieces of metal spewing in every direction.

Flat Frag Grenade – These are shape-charged grenades, designed to fire fragments out on a flat plane rather than up and out as well. Although they do less damage (as they're easy to get the hell away from), they still spew metallic death. An example good use of a flat frag (rather than a normal frag grenade) is when your buddy is on higher elevation, shooting downward, while your enemies are in a ditch.

Flechette Mine – The mine version of a frag grenade. Planted on the ground or in a box, a flechette mine fires flechette rounds in all directions when it goes off.

Cluster Bomb – The ultimate shrapnel-based weapon: cluster bombs are *uber*-flechette mines. Designed to fire various, randomly shaped bits of sharp metal everywhere, a cluster-bomb will turn anything living near it into small pieces of flesh.

Stun Grenade – Based on the same tech as the Stun Wand, a Stun Grenade releases an electric pulse that knocks out the nervous systems of people around the target. Although electromagnetically based, these are

generally too weak to affect machinery, except for a brief disruption. (Even a late 20th to early 21st century computer is shielded from such things.)

Blast Grenade – Close cousin to the ever-friendly blasters, blast grenades skip metal and explosives and go straight to flinging highly charged particles everywhere. These have the same great result, however: death. The only catch is that like a lot of blasters, the particles are guided by laser beams, and could be messed with by smoke or fog.

Laser Spray Bomb – Gee, I WONDER WHAT THIS IS? Upon detonation, this thing fires lasers in every conceivable direction, frying everything in its paths. This tends to burn down anything flammable in the area as well. A good smoke grenade can screw the lower-tech laser or electro laser grenades. Higher tech X-ray or graser bombs are not so easily fooled.

Warbler Grenade – Gently named, despite the horrible agony these inflict on hearing. This grenade sets off a sonic scream, which can be blocked by a really good set of earplugs, but still gives muscle aches. These don't do any real damage, though, but are great for stunning people and then convincing them to clear an area. (Another good warbler is a grenade which, when thrown, sets off a recording of elevator music. This also causes people to disperse.)

Hell Grenade – Also known as Portable Destruction Devices or just plain Mini-Nuke, a hell grenade annihilates its blast point by releasing deadly antimatter in a spin-pattern.



Add-ons are special gadgets and do-dads, which help with the various weapons. They're completely unnecessary for the purposes of operating and using a

weapon, so a cheapskate can skip them, but they make weapons *really good*.

WEAPON ADD-ONS: TECH 5-6

ADD-ON NAME	COST	PLUS	NOTES
Scope_____	25	+05	Lose initiative
Laser Scope_____	250	+10	Lose initiative

WEAPON ADD-ONS: TECH 7

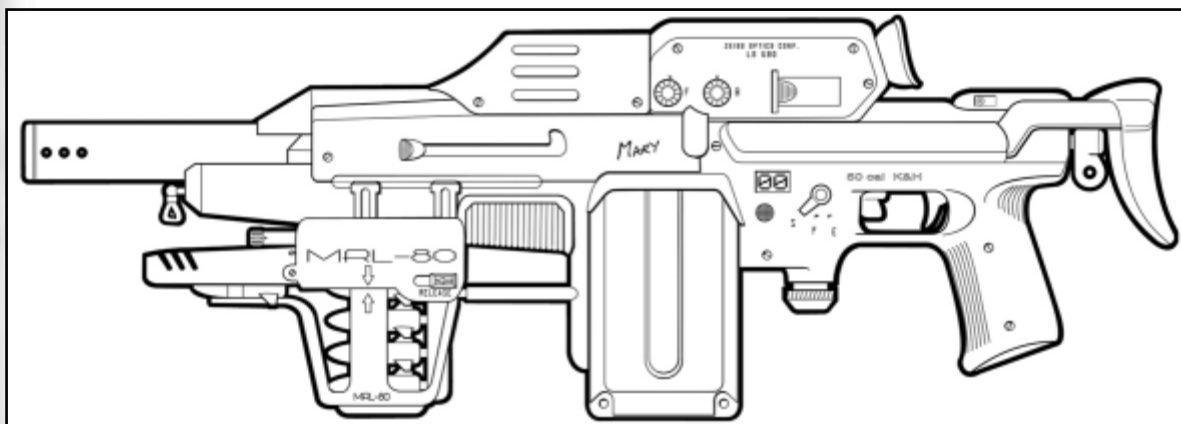
ADD-ON NAME	COST	PLUS	NOTES
Tracking Glove_____	350	+10	HUD interface
Tracking Sight_____	550	+15	Tri-Laser HUD interface
HUD Visor_____	500	---	Needed for HUD interface ADD-ON's

WEAPON ADD-ONS: TECH 8

ADD-ON NAME	COST	PLUS	NOTES
Personal Transponder_____	150	---	Keeps from striking allies
Recognition Pad_____	250	---	Weapon inoperative until ID'ed
Power Glove_____	2500	---	Can do crushing damage
AI Glove_____	5500	+10	Advanced HUD and comms

WEAPON ADD-ONS: TECH 9

ADD-ON NAME	COST	PLUS	NOTES
Power Helm_____	12000	+15	Super HUD Visor; see desc.



Scopes – Sighting devices that go a step beyond having a little iron sight stuck to the stock of your firearm. A basic scope is simply a metal-and-plastic magnifying piece with the crosshairs drawn on. A laser scope actually “paints” the target with a very faint (generally red) dot. Both give bonuses to your hit percentage, but you have to sack your Initiative. In other words, snipers love these; a guy already in a

firefight is going to want to just shoot. Putting one of these on a gun generally bumps the legality number up by one. Sights have to be modified to fit each particular gun; otherwise, you lose 2-5 points of the percentage bonus. In other words, you can't just switch them out in combat; you have to take time to fit them.

Tracking Glove, Sight, and HUD Visor – These are all part of an ornate “smart weapon” interface system. The required item is a HUD Visor, which lets you get input from a Glove and/or Sight. The Glove is worn on the hand firing the weapon, and allows the HUD Visor’s computer to judge about the direction and height you’ll be firing in when you pull the trigger. A Sight is built into the gun, and is a fancier version of the laser scope that plugs into the Visor. Both are still useful in a fight, but expensive and often highly illegal. Figure that having both will add 2 to a weapon’s legality class. Most Sights, like Scopes, are made for a particular weapon type, and can’t be swapped out in the heat of battle. Gloves, on the other hand, can be reprogrammed relatively quickly, using the HUD Visor.

Personal Transponder – These are small bracelets encoded with a radio signal – or, in high tech situations, other types of signals – which basically broadcasts, “HEY IDIOTS! THIS IS ME! DO NOT SHOOT ME!” or something like that. Whenever you are “painted” by a weapon hooked to a system to receive your radio signal, they’ll be warned (generally via a HUD Visor). The range is only about a mile, and the bad part of this is that if your *enemies* figure out the signal frequency, they can spot you and any of your buddies wearing these bracelets. In that case, they’ve gone from being “DO NOT SHOOT ME” to “VICTIM HERE”. In addition, once the frequency is known, an enemy can switch their own systems to that frequency to make himself immune to fire. And, finally for the icing on the cake, some detection systems will simply recognize signals in the area. Most coordinated groups that carry these change the frequency often, and in some cases simply disable them to avoid additional trouble.

Recognition Pad – This is an analyzer built into the handgrip of a gun. Early ones are based on fingerprints, while later ones are very basic genetic scans. A gun with a recognition pad can be set up to either disable the weapon if it’s not the owner, or if the owner is a violent and vengeful bastard, to *EXPLODE* when a non-owner uses the weapon. The cost is the

same, regardless. In rare instances, a melee weapon can be set up with the explosive type, but it costs five times as much. If someone is good enough at Computer Programming, he can pull the pad open and reprogram it.

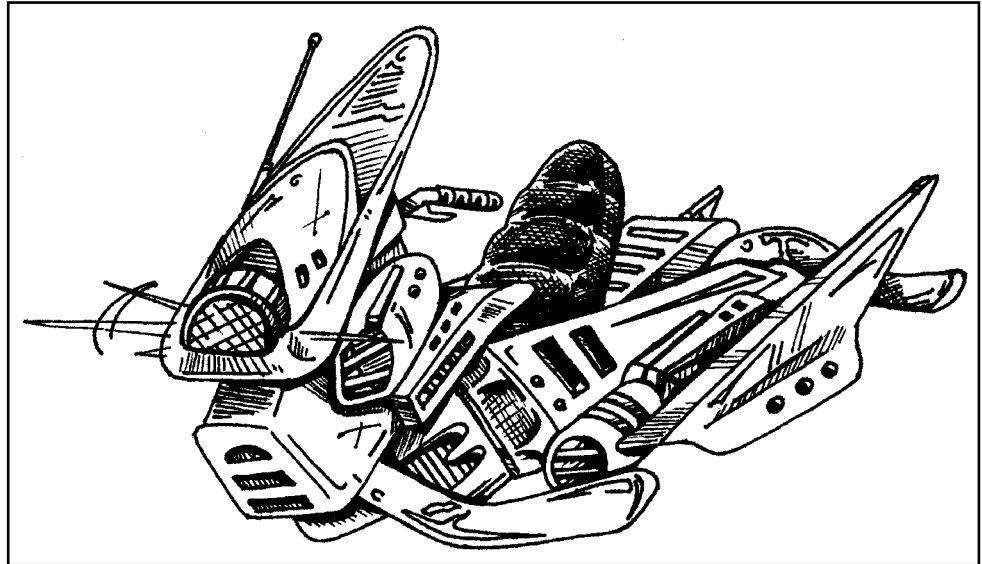
Power Glove – A large, exo-skeletal hand system used for strengthening the limbs and doing heavy work. Power Gloves give you a +15 POWER for the purposes of lifting and doing hand-to-hand damage, except that this does not add to weapons. In addition, however, you can lock the Glove on “GRIP” and it will hold something indefinitely. If you leave someone in this death grip, they continue to take crushing damage equal to your normal hand-to-hand damage *with* the Glove while it’s left on them. If it’s to the throat, the person dies as usual -- if it’s to a limb, after about 5 KP (NPCs) or 10 KP (PCs), the limb breaks.

AI Glove – An ornate, tight-fitting glove that goes over most of the arm. It can be used in place of a HUD Visor, and has the Tracking Glove traits built into it. The interface is ornate, with a miniature computer that has built-in communications and a basic database of survival information.

Power Helm – Ok, go out and get a full face cycle helmet -- I mean you, in reality, right now -- and a dark visor and slap that puppy on your head while you’re gaming. In game, this is a heavy-duty helm that can be put with any armor for the additional cost listed above. It’s essentially a very advanced HUD display system, able to handle multiple weapons. Coupled with the Gloves, a Power Helm is really dangerous, as it can recalibrate sensors on the fly for multiple weapons, avoiding lower-tech problems the Scopes and Tracking Sight have. In addition, it has a full communications suite and an advanced computer. The computer comes with a large database of software, including data on weapons, armor, worlds, survival techniques, and so on. A must have for any serious high-tech mercenary, unless he is a complete idiot who needs to be removed from the gene pool. Fortunately, not having one of these can insure that they are.



This section is for explaining some of the more interesting items that have appeared in our play testing worlds. All of the items listed below are strange, rare, and usually expensive equipment not found in the earlier sections. In some cases, that is because Players can't have them, or they are just too damn weird and ended up here. Some of these items require rare permits, some reek havoc, and some are just slang terms to describe enhanced versions.



Auto-Cabs aren't owned by anyone but the cab company. In a desperate ploy to cut costs, most high-tech worlds operate on automated cabs. You get in, close the door, and tell the computer (usually named Johnny) where you need to go. They're expensive, but they don't ask much in the way of questions. Unfortunately, they're also stupid, and they're not always great at evasion – and they record everything about where you're going and what happens on the way. A "cab hack" kit will allow a computer expert (or decker) to reprogram an Auto-cab to evade targets or erase destination records, but this is highly illegal. In addition, Auto-cab companies have no problem with sending out hitmen to eliminate those who steal or tinker with their cabs. The average Auto-cab ride cost is 2 credits per mile, and the passenger must pay for damages done to a vehicle during a trip. A highly illegal "cab hack kit" costs 1500 credits -- more on worlds where the local police have cracked down on the usage of Auto-cabs in crimes.

Decks are high tech laptops for interfacing with the central computer matrix. These require Computer Programming and Decking skills to be useful. Any Deck below Tech 9 *sucks*, giving a -10 to any skills. In addition, you need an interface jack and implants to operate a deck better and to actually be efficient in matrix combat. Matrix combat runs the same as any combat, except that you purchase programs as you

would weapons – just pick a weapon and purchase a "program" equivalent for ease.

Deck costs: Tech 7, 1000; Tech 8, 1200; Tech 9, 1500; Tech 10, 2500; Tech 11, 3500. Interface Jack (surgery and equipment): 10000. "Weapon" and "Armor" Programs: as per any mundane equivalents, but quarter the cost.

Grav Boards and Grav Cycles are the way that the *cool* people get around. Grav Boards are just rocket powered skate/snow boards with magnetic grip for the rider. Grav Cycles are cool cycles that go very fast and are very maneuverable. They're Tech 10 antigrav toys. Grav Boards can travel at up to 50 miles an hour -- 80 km/h, and that's why they require the damn magnetic grip surface -- and Grav Cycles burn up the air at up to 300 mph (480 km/h). A Grav Board costs 2000 credits and is only illegal in places that *suck*. Grav Cycles are *expensive as hell* at 25,000 Credits.

Hyper Velocity Spheroids are weird weapon-like devices let loose. Actually, they're computerized death machines, sprouting blades and other accouterments to annihilate anything they run across. You can't control one of these actively; you program a target into one and let it go. They're Tech 10 antigrav items, costing 5000 for a unit and 15000 for the programming computer. If you already have a

computer, you can purchase a special chipset and software for only 5000.

Neural Implants and Cybernetics are surgically enhanced muscles and organs and such.... Any of the special Weapon Add-ons can be purchased as implants, doubling the item cost. Certain weapons can also be implanted; any smaller pistol can be implanted into a limb by doubling the weapon's normal cost (but keep reading). The exception is the Laser Crystal; it's designed to be implanted, and that's built into the cost. Armor (except for the S-Barrier) may also be implanted, but again, the cost is doubled for the initial purpose, and armor repairs cost twice as much as well.

You know, these things are a pain in the ass, but they're so useful, they're here anyway. What do I mean? Well, cyberlimbs may be purchased.

Hand – Purchase +1 Power for the purposes of hand-to-hand damage for **1000 credits per +1**. **Base Cost: 7500**.

Arm – Purchase +1 Power for the purposes of hand-to-hand damage *and* carrying capacity, at the **cost of 1000 per +1 Power**. **Base Cost: 10000**. In *addition*, implanted weapons for this limb cost only 25% more, rather than doubling the cost.

Leg - Purchase +1 Power for the purposes of kicking damage, at the cost of **1000 per +1 Power**. In addition, for each point of Power bought, add +1 to Dex for the purposes of calculating MOVE. **Base Cost: 25000**. In *addition*, implanted weapons for this limb cost only 25% more, rather than doubling the cost.

Teaching suits are another exoskeleton device that helps force your movements. Sort of like a full body brace with joints, these supply quick training of physical skills in a hurry. The suit itself costs 1000 credits; a skill disc costs 50 credits. Teaching suits are Tech 8 items.



Critical Hit Damage types:

Each weapon has a critical hit type associated with it. When a roll to attack **succeeds by more than 50 points** over what was needed, a critical occurs. Based on the type of weapon these criticals vary in severity [A] letter defines severity within a particular critical type: [A] through [D], with [A] being the weakest and [D] being the most damaging/crippling.

Critical hits are normally a lot of fun and offer an opportunity for some nice gore to be added to the scene. Feel free to make them up as you go along, but we have supplied some tables here that you can roll a 6-sided die to determine an outcome.

CRUSH	Club, Ram
HEAT	Laser, Energy weapon
IMPACT	Blaster, some Grenades
PUNCTURE	Knife, Projectile, Bullets, Darts
RADIATION	SMD, Disruptors
SHRAPNAL	Missile, Grenade, Gauss, Bomb
SLASH	Sword
UNBALANCE	Stunner, Static, Noise

CRUSH Critical Table

	SEVERITY [A]	SEVERITY [B]	SEVERITY [C]	SEVERITY [D]
1	Your head is hit hard... giving you a ring to wake up to tomorrow.	That was a hell of a crack to the face, the big splat where you nose used to be won't let you forget this one.	Oh my God, your eyeball is completely squished. Best look after the other one.	Crrrunch, I'm sure you used to have a skull there before. Now your brain can see daylight.
2	That was a nasty smack in the back, and tomorrow's gonna hurt as much as today.	Shit, your back won't bend now. You're stiff as a board and you can feel it popping.	Crack, your spine used to be straight, but not anymore. If you're still alive you ain't moving much.	That used to be your back. You've seen worse back injuries, but only on dead people.
3	So your ribs are really badly bruised, stop your crying!	POP, there goes a rib. How many does that leave you, now?	A bunch of broken ribs shouldn't slow you down that much, but it will hurt like hell. How many ribs do you really need anyway?	They're only your ribs, what are you worried about? Oh, you mean the punctured internal organs?
4	Your gonna' be limping on that leg for a couple a' days.	Looks like you'll have to drag this bloodied and broken leg along behind you.	You remember a time, just seconds ago, that you had two fully functional legs. Well, not anymore!	Say bye bye to your leg, you won't be walkin' on that one anytime soon. What the hell, you've got another one!
5	A nasty knock between the legs, and you can feel those eyes watering already.	Doubled over in pain, and clutching your bleeding groin.... That's just below the belt...	That smack between your legs has definitely ruptured something. You can feel it all runny on the inside.	Ouch, that used to be genitalia between your legs -- now it's just an ugly smear.
6	You felt an arm bone break. Not good.	Your arms bruised and blood is spilling but at least it still moves. For now...	You're losing the argument with your arm, it just won't move at all. The blood spurting out is a bit of a clue.	How many bones did you have in your arm?... 'cause they're all in little tiny pieces now....

HEAT Critical Table

	SEVERITY [A]	SEVERITY [B]	SEVERITY [C]	SEVERITY [D]
1	<i>Singe</i> - Hey, careful you could set someone's hair on fire like that.	Shit, that was too close.... A moment later and your hair is on fire.	If your nose hadn't just burnt off you'd be smelling your own burnt and crispy face now.	Head shot! In fact, you can see the brain cooking in the burnt hole that you've made.
2	It may just be a nasty burn on the chest, but look at the mess it made of your clothes....	Hit to the chest, burning and crispy. Anyone for BBQ ribs – bring your own sauce?	A few fused ribs ain't really a problem. Them not being covered by flesh, now that could be a problem....	Don't look down, you really don't want too see this one. Guts are hanging out all over the place and the gaping hole goes right through.
3	ZZAP – oh dear, your arm appears to be a little burnt.	So you lost a hand, at least you wont bleed to death. Anyway, you can buy yourself a new hand.	Bet you didn't even know you could take off someone's arm with one shot did you?	It burns the flesh... My God your arm is actually glowing! POP! And the bones explode from the heat....
4	Your legs are on fire, quick get those pants off!	Just be thankful the hole goes right through. It even cauterized the wound for you.	The bastard, both legs with one shot. If you could stand up you'd kick his ass.	Pain is nothing new to you, but watching part of your leg melt before your eyes is a new one.
5	Sniff, sniff. Don't you just love the smell of smoldering flesh?	You know you shouldn't have bought that cheap armor. It's heating up fast and takes ages to remove.	So this is what it feels like to be cooked alive. Your blood is, quite literally, boiling.	HELP ME !!! I'M MELTING !!!
6	Bright light, bright light. It hurts the eyes. At least you'll get your sight back in soon.	This one's not cooked yet, turn up the heat... I hate it when they're bloody.	Crispy on the outside, crack, still oozing on the inside.	Wow, a head exploding just after an eye is melted out. You don't see that every day.

IMPACT / RAD Critical Table

	SEVERITY [A]	SEVERITY [B]	SEVERITY [C]	SEVERITY [D]
1	You are staggered.	Your non-weapon arm has been broken by the force of the blow.	I don't think your arm was supposed to go that far back. Best put it back into joint.	It looked just like a balloon being popped. Only with blood and brain being splashed around.
2	You are knocked back a few feet.	That blow knocked you on your ass about 10 feet from where you were.	A few of your ribs must have cracked and that blood in your mouth sure doesn't taste good.	I don't think anyone's going to identify the body. Well, strictly speaking there isn't one left.
3	You're spun around by the blow.	Yep, that definitely broke your thighbone. That's going to cost a lot to fix.	Stars? Who fired stars? Or are those birds? Wow, look at the sheep. You're knocked unconscious.	Blast to your head. If you don't have a helmet on, you're dead.
4	You are knocked on your ass.	That one broke your weapon arm and maybe even more. Damn it!	That one shattered your left leg.	My God, how can both your legs still be in one piece? It might have been lucky if either of them was still attached.
5	Smack to the head. You are stunned and miss your next attack.	Blow hits the back of your neck and you are paralyzed from the shoulders down. You are very unhappy.	That blow has broken something in your hip.	The blast crushes bone in your lower body. You find living a hard thing to do at this point.
6	That smack breaks your collarbone.	Must have damaged a few internal organs on that one. Your piss-filled pants are the least of your worries now.	Blast shatters your skull into thousands of lost particles.	All that was left was a pair of smoking boots.

PUNCTURE Critical Table

	SEVERITY [A]	SEVERITY [B]	SEVERITY [C]	SEVERITY [D]
1	That strike went right through your non-weapon arm.	A sharp pain in the back of the head and this time its not 'cause you're thinking too hard.	Minor thigh wound that causes a limp.	That grazing shot has unbalanced you. Lose initiative next round.
2	Strike on lower leg tears tendons and you lose your balance.	A sharp pain in the back of the head, and this time it's not 'cause you're thinking too hard.	Everything starts moving slow, but you can't seem to dodge the bullet. Smash, it hits your head, and crash! -- out the other side.	Chest wound that stuns you for a few rounds. Oh, and your paints are soiled.
3	That side wound hurts real bad and you don't think you'll be fighting back next round.	Minor chest wound that stuns you a bit.	Strike to lower leg that slashed muscle and tendons.	That strike left a gapping hole though your leg. It's quite unsettling to see the other side.
4	The strike shatters your elbow on your weapon arm. Thats smarts!	Strike shatters a kneecap and you fall to the ground.	Strike to the side of the head. You're knocked out for a few hours.	Bang ! They'll be picking brains up off the floor for days...
5	Damn, that's going to leave a permanent scar on your cheek. Hey, but now you can be called Scar-Face!	Strikes through your hip --don't even think about responding next round.	In the back, again and again. You'd think the bastards would stop ... screaming and gushing blood.	There went you arm and now you're making a mess spraying blood everywhere. You'd best cover that.
6	A burning pain in your ear... It's okay, it can't be <i>your</i> ear because yours is on the floor. Medic!	Major abdominal wound has stunned you, and you squeal in pain!	Strike through your kidneys. You drop to the floor -- and you'll die if not aided immediately.	Strike through your eyeball. Damn, you hate when that happens. Good thing you won't live to remember it.

RADIATION Critical Table

	SEVERITY [A]	SEVERITY [B]	SEVERITY [C]	SEVERITY [D]
1	You're reminded of being in the hospital as a kid, with the funny machine that scanned your brain.	Hair is worthless anyway. Tumor victims (like you) have it shaved off anyway.	Eyesight isn't terribly important, especially since you've got the ultimate case of afterimage.	It looked just like a balloon being popped. Only with blood and brain being splashed around.
2	The wind is knocked out of you, and you're on your ass. You look like an idiot, but at least you didn't suck it up badly.	Such a lovely, lovely tan. You've heard what too much sun tanning does, right? Expect cancer very soon.	Skip the black lung disease, you just got a case of mutated and mangled lung disease.	I don't think anyone's going to identify the body. Well, strictly speaking, there isn't one left. Lack of chest region does that.
3	Fortunately, irradiated arm is a terrible dish. Unfortunately, irradiated arm is what you own.	Hmm. Hand, no hand. No, it's there, you just can't feel it. Maybe that has something to do with all the nerves being irradiated to death.	Donate your arm to science after this fight; they'll want to know how it survived the dosage of radiation it just took, and you certainly won't want it attached.	I'd suggest donating your arm to science, but it's not there any more. Perhaps getting the equivalent of being held over a nuclear reactor does that.
4	Nothing apparent, but your kids are going to be very, very strange little mutants.	In this suit of armor, the phrase "irradiated crab" comes to mind. Hot, hot!	You are not having children. In fact, unless you get some cyberwear, you're not walking either.	My God, how can both your legs still be in one piece? It might have been lucky if either of them were still attached.
5	Skip having kids; they'd be irradiated mishaps and blights on the universe.	You think that anyone subjected to this dosage of radiation is generally locked up in a lead-coated box for life. It's the last thought, as your brain will be fried for a long time.	The cauterized, irradiated stumps you used to call legs are already sprouting tentacles and trying to leave the battle. They're smarter than you.	We'll be seeing you in a bad radiation-based mutant comic soon, I'm sure. In the meantime, you should consider getting a clone out of cold storage and trying to salvage what's left of your brain.
6	You know, you don't <i>look</i> badly hurt, but you know there's stuff destroyed on the inside.	There are these funny black-and-blue marks <i>all</i> over... No, wait, they're black, and eating away at your <i>flesh</i> !	You know... they say that radiation exposure can cause insanity. You're not insane. Your brain is mostly gone, so you can't be insane.	All that was left was a pair of smoking boots.

SHRAPNAL Critical Table

	SEVERITY [A]	SEVERITY [B]	SEVERITY [C]	SEVERITY [D]
1	You lucky bastard. A couple of scratches on your face and a little chunk of metal sticking out of your forehead.	Good thing your rib stopped that fragment. Could have been worse. Wonder if you should pull that out?	You double over with hits to the shin, thigh, and groin. You are prone and hopefully praying for a few rounds.	If your head was a magnet, it couldn't have been hit by more shrapnel. (Think pinhead but covered in blood and dead).
2	Strikes to shoulder/collar area. You're non-weapon arm is useless for now.	Blows along forearm and opposite shoulder. Arms less than useless now.	Sent spinning, you are struck in the spine, the kidneys, and lose a hand.	Your whole upper body now looks more like a Pin Cushion. With a big pin for each vital organ.
3	You're hit in the chest and side with fragments that are going to take a long time to remove.	You drop your possessions after being struck n the arms. You're bleeding heavily now.	Blows to both arms and chest break several indigenous bones. What great sound effects though!	The strike destroys your weapon and your arm separates from you body. I didn't know it could do that!
4	You won't be getting that lump of metal out anytime soon. Lets hope it stays still then...	If you get anymore metal in that leg you won't be able to lift it for the weight.	Could be a death from a thousand cuts, only a lot more blood and gore.	You wouldn't even get a Credit from the Body Bank for what's left of that leg.
5	Your scrotum is pinned to your leg, blood is pouring out and this was your lucky break.	Boom, what the hell was.. Legs and crotch peppered with red-hot shards of metal just before passing out.	Shrapnel from below. Bloody and ripped legs and singing soprano for the rest of your natural.	Shredded genitalia anyone. Even Eunuchs don't have it this bad
6	Tendons in both legs are slashed. You fall to the ground and smack you head too. Good think it knocked you out or that would have really hurt.	You are now a poor sucker without the lower half of your body and have a hole where your eye was to boot.	You take strikes to the chest and face. Lungs fill with blood, making breathing difficult at best. Poor fool expires in 2 messy rounds.	A steady stream of fragments nail your in the brain, neck, heart, abdomen and groin. Oh, and by the way, you're out of ammunition as something else exploded.

SLASH Critical Table

	SEVERITY [A]	SEVERITY [B]	SEVERITY [C]	SEVERITY [D]
1	'Tis but a flesh wound!	Slashed a muscle in your non-weapon arm. Best get that patched up quick.	Slash to your non-weapon arm leaves your sleeve bloody.	Decapitation, now that's a big word isn't it. Don't worry you won't have say it...
2	Those scars will look mighty fine to show off, except that you really managed to get outta real injury, coward!	Thanks to that sweet little slice, you can see clear to the bone, and your muscles are about to fall to the floor.	Let me put this gently. If you're one of those people who can pick up stuff with both feet, you need to learn to use one foot now.	You never considered that something could literally cost an arm and half your chest. But, since they're on the floor, it's time to consider a new medical plan, too.
3	A long slash across your chest which managed to open your shirt. Oh, boy, that's going to leave a scar.	Well, other than a foot and leg that look like they've been put into a shredder, you're okay.	A smooth, beautiful cut of meat that would make a perfect rump roast... if it wasn't <i>your ass</i> on the floor.	Let me put this gently. If you're one of those people who can pick up stuff with both feet, you need to learn to use one foot now.
4	Slash to the neck that just missed an artery. What luck.	Slash to your side must have hit some internal organs. Ouch!	A slash across the face has left you blind. You're going to need some major tech-eyes now.	Plop... that was the sound your limp severed hand made as it hit the ground. Shit, cyber hand replicas are expensive.
5	There are some serious and vital arteries in your legs, and yours have been cut. I hope you don't expect others to clean up your mess as you bleed to death.	Well, other than a foot and leg that look like they've been put into a shredder, you're okay.	The slash to your knee digs in and slices some tendons. Your leg goes limp and you fall over.	Your legs have been severed completely off. Your new nickname is going to be stumpy, that is if you can stop the bleeding and live.
6	That rat bastard just cut off your ear!	Slash to your nose and it's now dangling from your face. Yuck!	Damn, that severed your arm, can you believe that? Where the hell is your arm? Damn.	You are conscious as your body is sliced clean in half starting at your shoulder and down at an angle. You're dead, dead, dead!!

UNBALANCE Critical Table

	SEVERITY [A]	SEVERITY [B]	SEVERITY [C]	SEVERITY [D]
1	Loopy! If you stagger around enough, you'll look like an idiot playing hopscotch.	At least your brain is still operating. Your ears, well, they're not so good, and your nose is running. For now, you're stone deaf. (It's assumed you were already <i>tone</i> deaf.)	Welcome to the School for the Temporarily Blind and Deaf. I see you'll be attending about a month's worth of classes.	Ever heard the phrase, "got your ass in a sling"? Literally.
2	Ambidextrous? I think not. Monodextrous seems more likely at the moment. Pick a hand, any hand, it's out of it for now.	Arms aren't important. They just fire weaponry. I suppose that's why they hit your weapon arm, eh? At least in this case you'll get sensation and control back in a few hours.	You know, if you were planning on using your off-hand, you don't have one, because you don't have a primary hand either. They're there... but they're not.	Well, since half of your body is stunned (or ensnared), you can play at being a puppet-minus-a-puppeteer by flailing on the floor.
3	Nicely placed strike sends you sprawling on your face and leaves you fumbling for your weapon.	A blow to the side of your head crushes the ear area and leaves you wobbling for you balance.	Inspired back strike causes you to ungracefully stumble to an embarrassing prone position.	You know, so many nerves in your arm are out that it could be forever before you know it's there again.
4	Foot's asleep. Fortunately, your buddies are kind enough to poke it. Kick them with that foot later.	Foot's <i>dead</i> . A few nerves are shot in there, so you won't be using it for ... I'd say at least a few decades, after surgery.	Leg's – well, okay, your leg has been thrown in such a direction that it just broke. I really did think that some of these weapons were designed to be harmless.	Hmm. Comas would be more pleasant than being stunned for hours. In other words, <i>you want to be in a coma</i> .
5	Hello! You'll be sittin' on your ass for a while, buddy. Enjoy the crappy view for a few minutes; you're too dizzy (or stuck) to get out of it.	Hard strike to the head has you seeing stars and then you fall unconscious.	Awesome side shot sends you tripping sideways. You break your leg and roll 5 feet. You're stunned to say the least.	Amazingly, after getting knocked around so badly, you found the nearest spot to <i>fall from</i> . See you on the ground or in the nearest sewer.
6	Brutal hip strike knocks you down, tears a tendon, and shatters a joint. You're stunned of course.	A savage blow to the head has knocked you unconscious and you enter a coma.	Pinpoint strike breaks your neck. You fall back 5 feet, spin, and stumble to the ground. You're in shock and can't breathe.	A frightening strike to your temple knocks you back 20 feet. That's the last memory you will ever have.

SO LONG AND THANKS FOR ALL THE FISH...

Well, we hope you enjoy this game system as much as we do! Remember, it *is* just a game, so have fun and quit your bitching. We hope that you will keep an eye out (even send us submissions) for the addition of a space travel source book, a campaign setting book, fantasy rule set, as well as the completion of the short story presented at the beginning of this book!

We apologize if we offended anyone. All names have been changed to protect the innocent. Any likeness to any other game system is purely coincidental. Warning: this game may cause excessive fun. No llamas were injured in the writing of this book.

The End.

hk@rpghost.com

Name: _____

Player: _____

HYPER-KILLER

BRAINS

COOL

DEX

POWER

MOVE

RUN

JUMPJET

FLIGHT

BSR

CSR

DSR

PSR

(90-STAT = SR)

KP

CREDIT

LOCAL\$

GOLD

SKILLS

Skill

STAT AV

RANK

ROLL

(100 - STAT - RANK = ROLL)

WEAPONS

Weapon

Type

Ammo

Damage

ARMOR

Type

H-H

Project

Energy

Hits

Max

Current

EQUIPMENT

NOTES

CHARACTER NAME

NICKNAME

PLAYER	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
1	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100

Brains

Cool	
------	--

Dex

Power

Walk	

Run

Jump

Flight

KP per day

Wounds

Local	Global
1	1
2	2
3	3
4	4
5	5
6	6
7	7
8	8
9	9
10	10
11	11
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87	87
88	88
89	89
90	90
91	91
92	92
93	93
94	94
95	95
96	96
97	97
98	98
99	99
100	100

Credits

Armor

Flesh tech:
Cost: -

Hand to Hand ___ dice
Projectile ___ dice
Energy ___ dice

Experience

Assigned: _____
Remaining: _____

Weapons

Name	Skill:	Area:	Wpn Class
	ROF:	Damage:	
	Type:	Crit:	
Notes:			

Skills

SKILL NAME: _____ RANKS: _____

Name	Skill:	Area:	Wpn Class
	ROF:	Damage:	
	Type:	Crit:	

Notes:

Name	Skill:	Area:	Wpn Class
	ROF:	Damage:	
	Type:	Crit:	

Notes:

Name	Skill:	Area:	Wpn Class
	ROF:	Damage:	
	Type:	Crit:	

Notes:

Name	Skill:	Area:	Wpn Class
	ROF:	Damage:	
	Type:	Crit:	

Notes:

Dexter

CHARACTER NAME

ABILITY NAME SCORE

Brains 10

Cool 25

Dex 41

Power 15

Armor

S-Absorb (+) tech: 10
Cost: 32,000

DEFENSES: Absorbs:

Hand to Hand 2 dice
Projectile 10 dice
Energy 2 dice

Skills

SKILL NAME:	RANKS:
Quick Draw	52
Call shot	59
Weapon Skill: Energy Rifle	58
Weapon Skill: Energy Pistol	56
Weapon Skill: Projectile Pistol	47
Bluff	35
History: Street Smarts	15
Stealth	46

Dex

NICKNAME

MOVEMENT

Walk 8

Run 16

Jump 0

Flight 0

James

PLAYER

KP 50 *Recover 1.5 per day.*

Wounds

Local \$ 50

Credits 125

Experience 50

Assigned: 47
Remaining: 3

Weapons

Name	Skill:	Area:	Wpn Class
Electrolaser Rifle	ROF: 5c	-	
No Autofire Capabilities	Type: Energy	Damage: 4d6	4
Notes:	Crit: Special		

Name	Skill:	Area:	Wpn Class
APRO Pistol	ROF: 10c	-	
No Autofire Capabilities	Type: Energy	Damage: BDF	6
Notes:	Crit: Elect B		

Name	Skill:	Area:	Wpn Class
AutoMag (10 mm)	ROF: 10c	-	
No Autofire Capabilities	Type: Projectile	Damage: 5d6	4
Notes:	Crit: Punct C		

Name	Skill:	Area:	Wpn Class
Blast Grenade	ROF: -	5 hex diam	
-	Type: Energy	Damage: 6d6	6
Notes:	Crit: Impact C		

Name	Skill:	Area:	Wpn Class
VibroBlade	ROF: n/a	-	
No Autofire Capabilities	Type: Hand to Hand	Damage: 4d6	3
Notes:	Crit: Slash D		