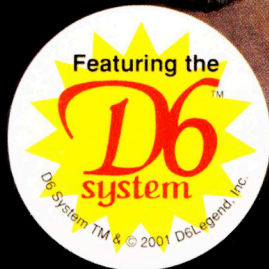


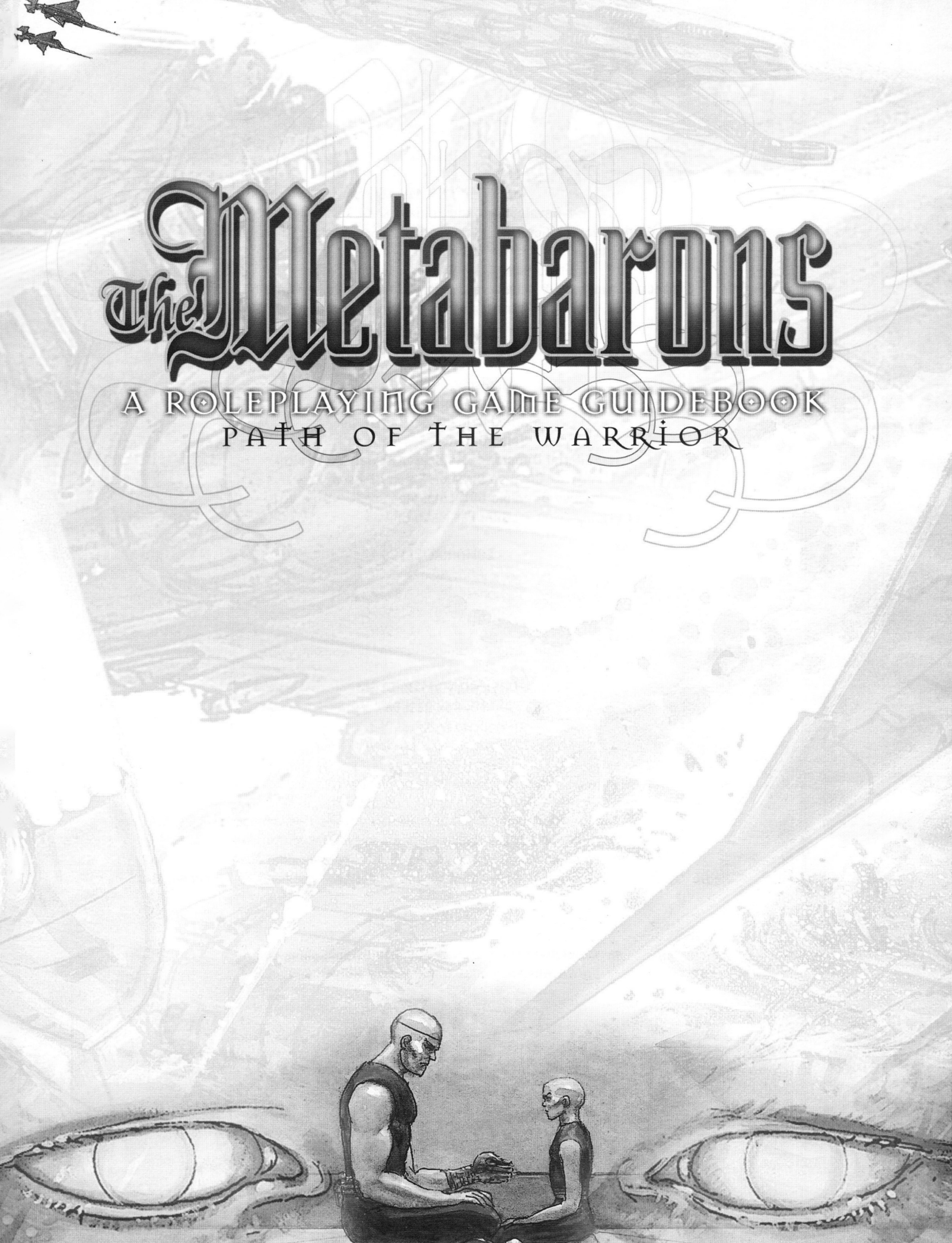
The Metabarons™

A ROLEPLAYING GAME GUIDEBOOK
#1 PATH OF THE WARRIOR



BASED ON THE EPIC COMIC SERIES
BY JODOROWSKY & GIMENEZ

WEG™



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A ROLEPLAYING GAME GUIDEBOOK
PATH OF THE WARRIOR



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GUIDE BOOK #1

PATH OF THE WARRIOR

Welcome to the *Metabarons Roleplaying Game Guidebook #1: Path Of The Warrior*. You hold in your hands the latest piece in the long history of the Metabarons Universe. For those of you who are experiencing these characters for the first time, here is a brief history: The Metabaron first appeared in May 1981 with the first French printing of Moebius' and Jodorowsky's *The Incal*. Six French volumes were released by Les Humanoïdes Associés in The Incal album series, each featuring the Metabaron, making him a prominent feature in the European comic book scene throughout the Eighties. *The Incal* was first seen on American shores in three soft-cover editions printed by Marvel/Epic in 1988; thus introducing the Metabaron to America.

As *The Incal* began to spawn sequels, the Metabaron remained an important figure in each volume. In time this supporting character became so interesting to the creators (as well as the fans) that Jodorowsky envisioned a series that would focus on the history of the Metabarons and the lineage of their bloodline. Along with artist Juan Gimenez, *The Saga of the Metabarons* was initially conceived as two French albums, but proved to be so popular with readers that new albums were created, as well as an American comic book series.

This Guidebook is tied directly to the American version of *The Metabarons*. The first five issues of the comic book series were recently collected into a trade paperback entitled *Path of the Warrior*. This book goes through those early adventures thoroughly and provides additional background, stats and information to enhance your campaign using the settings and characters from the trade paper-

back. The adventure put forth in these issues explores the beginnings of the Metabaron Clan, showing the battles, victories, and tragedies that are the foundation for this universe. This critically acclaimed story is full of incredible jumping off points for you to further explore while playing the Metabarons RPG. Fans of *The Metabarons*, who haven't yet discovered roleplaying, will love this book as well for the wealth of information found here that you can't find anywhere else.

This book is the second follow-up to *The Metabarons Roleplaying Game Rulebook* released in March 2001. In November 2001, we released *The Metabarons Gamemaster Screen and Companion Book*. We have a number of follow-up products in production and even more in the planning stages.

The classic D6 game system used in the original Star Wars roleplaying game directs your play here and will once again provide hours of fun and adventure. As in the Star Wars game, we suggest that you do not necessarily play one of the major characters, instead weave your campaigns around the rich subplots and supporting characters that populate these tales. To that end we recommend picking up a copies of *The Metabarons* comics and the trade paperback collections to fully enhance your game.

So go ahead and discover a universe that has an endless amount of possibilities to offer. A series of internationally beloved books could not contain the Metabaron Clan, can you?

-- Ian Sattler



MATERIALS FROM ISSUES #1 - #4

by Shawn Lockard

"Know your enemy and know yourself; in a hundred battles, you will never be defeated. When you are ignorant of the enemy but know yourself, your chances of winning or losing are equal. If ignorant both of your enemy and of yourself, you are sure to be defeated in every battle"

-- Sun Tzu

Knowledge is Power. And in the world of the Metabaron, it takes power to fight for your honor, against corruption, greed, and the Necro-Dream. This is a book of knowledge, focusing on the life of the Metabarons. The Metabarons, from Othon Von Salza, to the current, nameless, Metabaron have fought for and with honor against all manners of creatures, human and alien. Starting with this book, we will detail the challenges they faced, the foes they fought, the weapons they used and the weapons they fought against. You will learn of the ebb and flow of history, and read about the many forces of government and military that have had a direct influence on the way the universe has formed. You will read of marvelous wonders, unique places and creatures, heart-breaking tragedy, and the

power of the individual. You are one of the few, the distinguished, because you have the honor, and the self-respect that so many lack. You can learn from the Metabaron's struggle, not having to make the mistakes they made. And you may face things that the Metabaron's faced! The survivors of the race Canus are still scattered among the stars, Cyber-Cop's still have a hair trigger, and there are still numerous pirates throughout the galaxy.

What I have striven to bring you is the truth; pure, unflinching, ugly truth. Whether it is the traitorous Black Endoguard or the scheming Shabda-Oud. You should know what you are up against, what type of things are out there, and what people will do for their causes. You can see, between the lines, just how insidious the Necro-Dream is. I applaud you for standing up to it, and arm you with the knowledge you seek.

--Hwasn Drockal - Metabaronial Historian



IKU-TTA

Iku-Tta is without a doubt, the most loyal and obedient of what is quite a loyal and obedient race, the Canus. What truly set him apart from the others is his great wisdom. His knowledge of

the 'Way of the Flower' is remarkable for a layman, and would be respected among the clergy.

Iku-Tta is not an impressive specimen. While his frame is slight, under his servants' clothing is a wiry, resilient physique, the result of decades of loyal servitude.

Endurance and loyalty are not the only things that Iku-Tta has to offer his new lord. He is quite skilled in the medical arts, equivalent to a medical doctor. He was, before our arrival here, the tribe's physician, and has learned our methods frighteningly quickly. " - Kralex Brex, Planetary Caretaker, Planet Okhar, in his report to the Metabaron.

Iku-Tta served his lord well. His medical skills were quite useful, saving Othon's life after the injury that shattered his pelvic area. While not able to save any of the injured tissue, he was able to replace the destroyed area with a cybernetic prosthetic.

IKU-TTA

Agility	2D
Brawling	4D
Dodge	5D
Riding	5D
Running	4D
Knowledge	3D
Bureaucracy	4D
Cultures	4D
Scholar	
Religion	6D
Survival	5D
Willpower	6D
Mechanical	2D
Piloting	3D
Vehicle Operations	3D
Perception	2D
Hide	3D
Investigation	3D
Search	4D
Strength	3D
Climb/jump	4D
Lift	4D
Stamina	5D
Technical	4D
First Aid	7D
Medicine	5D
Psionics	0D

Medicine was not the only way that Iku-Tta served the Metabaron. He managed the household, he was the Metabaron's personal manservant, and personally supervised the therapy of the Metabaron's son, Bari. The combination of the horse, Shazam, and Iku-Tta's careful encouragement saw a marked improvement in Bari's mood.

Tragically, Iku-Tta's life came to an end due to the actions of his own daughters. When they attempted to kill Honorata, they shamed themselves, him, and his tribe. In an attempt to atone for their transgressions, he hung himself. Only the Metabaron's intervention kept the whole tribe from committing mass suicide right outside his fortress.

IKU-TTA'S DAUGHTER'S

Ika-Tua and Ika-Toa are the only daughters of Iku-Tta, personal servant of the Metabaron Othon. As beautiful as they are, they are twice as deadly. From an early age, they were trained to have total control over their bodies, making them both deadly killers and pleasurable lovers. Of course, while I cannot personally vouch for the latter, I can certainly verify their lethality. Having been marked for death unfairly by a rival, I woke up one night to see a shadowy figure standing above me, weapon drawn and pointed right at me. As I braced for the shot, I saw him quartered where he stood with lightning fast, nearly simultaneous sword blows. As I sat in shock in my bed, they apologized profusely for letting him get so close, and offered their lives as an apology. I would hear of no such thing, of course, and thanked them for their service that night. And I have slept soundly here ever since" - Kralex Brex, Planetary Caretaker, Planet Okhar, in his report to the Metabaron.

KRALEX BREX

When the Imperial Government takes control of a planet, whether by discovery or by military means, it sometimes is not suitable or ready for occupation. Sometimes, there is no pressing need for its use. Whenever something like this occurs, a Planetary Caretaker is appointed to oversee the necessary work and activities. The job of Planetary Caretaker is a political appointment. In the case of Okhar, a lush, unspoiled planet with peaceful inhabitants, the appointment was a reward for loyal service. Other, less enjoyable postings are often used as punishment, not unlike being stationed at Greenland on Paleo-Earth.

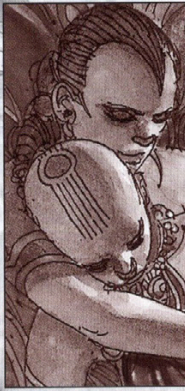
Kralex Brex is a loyal man who knows how to play the political game. He is quite stuffy, and a little snobbish in behavior, but he knows how to speak to others of status, and that has served him quite well. His goal is simply to be as rich and comfortable as he possibly can, and if a little bit of work, and a little bit of politicking keep him in the life he is accustomed to, so be it.

A practical man he is not. While he is in good physical shape, and well versed in a number of sports, he is not capable of driving his own transportation. What he is capable of, however, is making sure that the people that should be doing it

are. In the case of Okhar, this means that Othon had no problems settling on his new planet, as Brex made sure it was handled smoothly.

Stats: All stats 2D except:

Agility	3D	Cultures	5D
Knowledge	4D	Strength	3D
Bureaucracy	7D	Swimming	4D
Business	5D	Climb/Jump	4D

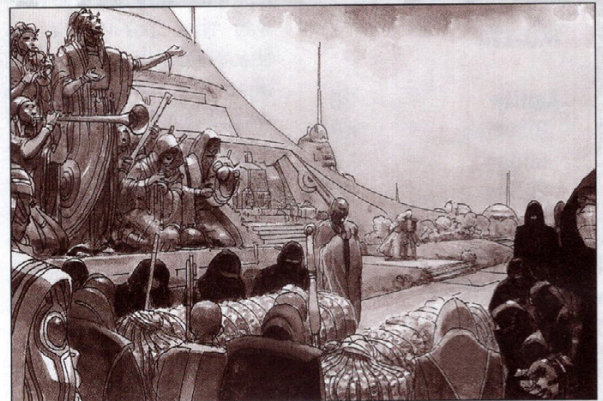


The sister's were Metabaron Othon's personal servants, and concubines. They spent the most time with him, assuring that he was never alone, and that he wanted for nothing. They developed a strong, protective bond with him. They considered themselves his personal protectors, an idea that would have certainly unsettled the Metabaron had he been told about it.

Their blind loyalty and their protectiveness proved to be their undoing. Jealousy and distrust of the Shabda Oud Witch Honorata led them to attempt to kill her and themselves, in order to save the Metabaron from what they perceived as her evil ways.

IKA-TOA

Agility	4D	Perception	4D
Archaic Weapons	5D	Hide	5D
Brawling	7D	Investigation	4D
Dodge	7D	Persuasion	9D
Fire Arms	5D	Search	5D
Martial arts	5D	Sneak	5D
Melee Combat	5D	Strength	3D
Throwing	6D	Climb/jump	5D
Knowledge	3D	Lift	5D
Intimidation	5D	Stamina	6D
Security Regulations	5D	Swim	5D
Survival	6D	Technical	3D
Tactics	4D	First Aid	6D
Willpower	6D	Personal Equipment	
Mechanical	2D	Repair	4D
Psionics	1D	Security	5D
Self Control	6D	Vehicle Repair	4D



CANUS

The Canus are the indigenous inhabitants of the planet Okhar. While the Empire's acquisition and protection of the planet is new, their occupation of it is anything but. Centuries of conditioning have made the Canus a servile, obedient and humble folk.

They are obedient because they were bred that way. Before the Empire had discovered Okhar, it was used as a secret pirate base for a couple of centuries. The pirates were able to influence their pliable, undeveloped minds, and put the locals to work for them. Okhar being as distant as it is from trade routes or developed planets, the pirates used the planet as a base of operations for many generations, until the Empire located it. The Empire has found the condi-

IKA-TUA

Agility	4D	Perception	3D
Archaic Weapons	5D	Hide	5D
Brawling	6D	Investigation	4D
Dodge	7D	Persuasion	8D
Fire Arms	5D	Search	5D
Martial arts	6D	Sneak	6D
Melee Combat	5D	Strength	4D
Throwing	6D	Climb/jump	5D
Knowledge	3D	Lift	5D
Intimidation	5D	Stamina	6D
Security Regulations	5D	Swim	5D
Survival	6D	Technical	3D
Tactics	4D	First Aid	6D
Willpower	5D	Personal Equipment	
Mechanical	2D	Repair	4D
Psionics	1D	Security	5D
Self Control	6D	Vehicle Repair	4D



tioning of the tribes to be convenient, and has left it intact.

The Empire has familiarized the tribes with modern technology, especially in the field of medicine. The Canus have learned rather quickly, but prefer to use their primitive methods unless ordered.

They exist in tribes all over the planet, sparsely populating the more habitable regions, especially those near water sources. The tribes are tasked with supporting themselves, and providing for their Master.

Their facial markings are tattoos that each individual receives in a coming of age ceremony. It mimics the markings of an indigenous animal called the drogus, which has traits quite similar to a Terra Prima domesticated paleo-dog.

They do not believe in hesitation or nervousness. Life unfolds at its own pace, and the Canus are patient to let that happen. They never seem to be in a hurry, yet they are always active. To quote one of their own proverbs: "Let not yourself be hasty or slothful. Advance too quickly and you catch up with death. Advance too slowly, and death catches up with you".



Canus Religion:

The Way of the Flower: Their religion, the Way of the Flower, is based on the inevitability of the cycle of life. It uses certain elements of nature as an example of life's many truths. Adherents of the religion believe that life is like a flower. He

that gives life, causes the flower to grow and be beautiful for a time, but eventually He will cause it to wither and die, for such is the way of things. So the 'great invisible' create a being for a purpose, so that he or she may perform their duties, and in doing so flourish. Eventually that being will fade and die, and move on into its own afterlife, an eternity that is to be much more pleasant than their previous life. They don't believe their physical existence to be their true life. In their true life (their afterlife) they say that they will exist without bodies.

The Way makes the Canus very hard workers, and a people that have very few needs. The simple life that their religion gives them shields them from the Necro-Dream. All the seductive, distracting things that ensnare most others hold no interest for followers of the Way.

The organization of the religion is very localized. Each tribe has a high cleric that often leads services, and is the advisor to the tribe in all things spiritual. Devout followers voluntarily assist the high cleric, with the possibility of becoming clerics themselves over time and through service. The Way of the Flower is the only belief system that the Canus have, and is so ingrained in their lives that its tenets are rarely challenged.

It is a certainty that clerics were part of the workforce that the pirates that occupied Okhar used, so it is highly likely that there are a few practitioners of The Way spread about the universe.

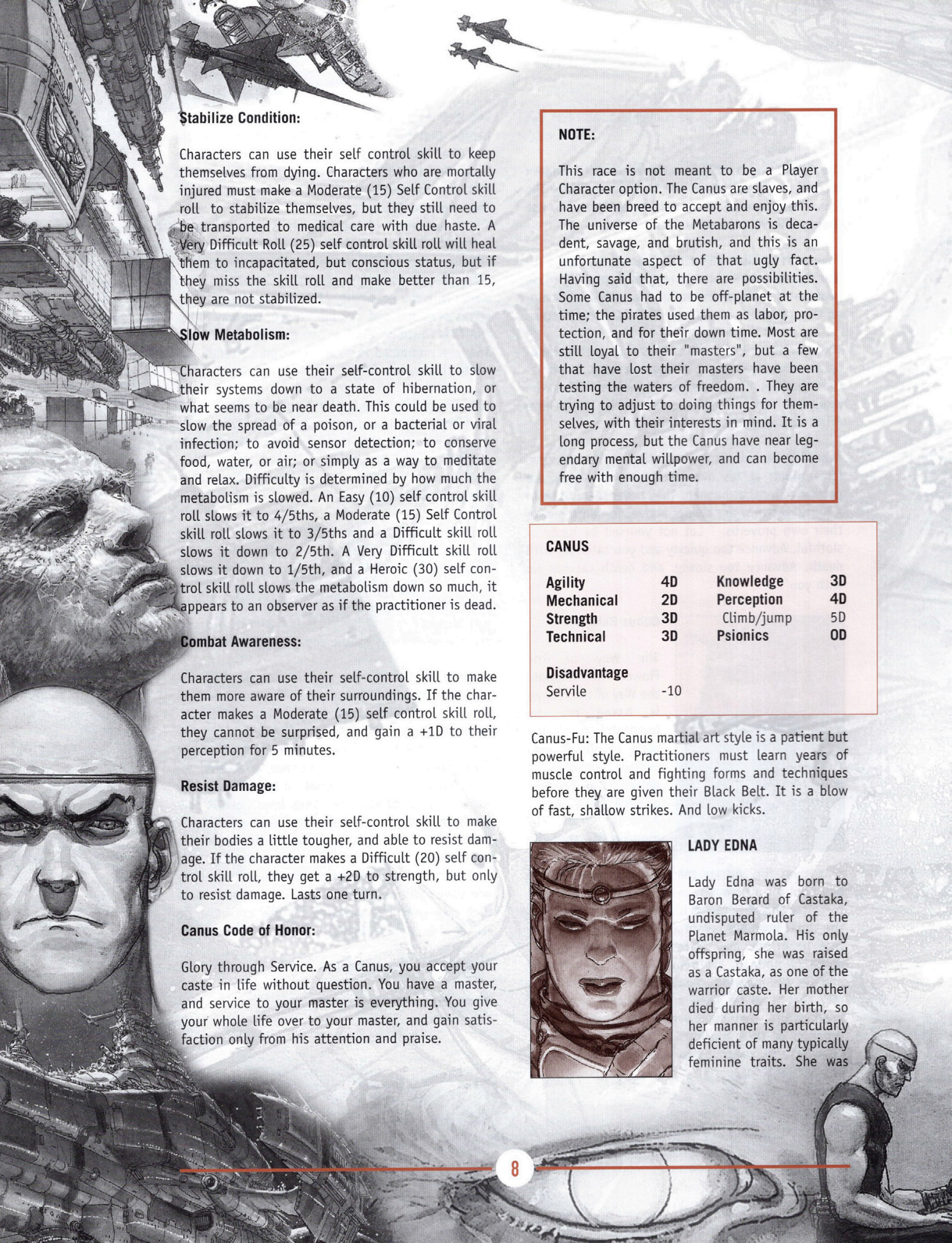
Canus Martial Arts:

There is no official name to the Canus style, simply because there isn't more than one style that needs distinguishing. The Canus value service to others most of all, and their art is that of total control of their body, so they can serve most efficiently. While this physical control has aspects other than physical, the rules focus on the combat applications.

Progress in the martial arts is measured by the amount of the Self Control psi skill a character has. Only a few are gifted, and fewer still have the mental discipline, so number of practitioners is naturally limited. Any practitioners that made it off planet would train others, even non-Canus, if ordered to, but without the right mindset, it would be nearly impossible to learn. The Canus have default skill levels in Energy and Influence, but never train themselves in their use, so those abilities are lost to them. Below is a list of the more commonly used combat abilities, with their difficulties listed. Only one power can be attempted per turn. Please note that this system is provided for use until the D6 Martial Arts book is released.

Physical Enhancement: P.89 in the Core rules.

Ignore Pain: P.88 in the Core rules



Stabilize Condition:

Characters can use their self control skill to keep themselves from dying. Characters who are mortally injured must make a Moderate (15) Self Control skill roll to stabilize themselves, but they still need to be transported to medical care with due haste. A Very Difficult Roll (25) self control skill roll will heal them to incapacitated, but conscious status, but if they miss the skill roll and make better than 15, they are not stabilized.

Slow Metabolism:

Characters can use their self-control skill to slow their systems down to a state of hibernation, or what seems to be near death. This could be used to slow the spread of a poison, or a bacterial or viral infection; to avoid sensor detection; to conserve food, water, or air; or simply as a way to meditate and relax. Difficulty is determined by how much the metabolism is slowed. An Easy (10) self control skill roll slows it to 4/5ths, a Moderate (15) Self Control skill roll slows it to 3/5ths and a Difficult skill roll slows it down to 2/5th. A Very Difficult skill roll slows it down to 1/5th, and a Heroic (30) self control skill roll slows the metabolism down so much, it appears to an observer as if the practitioner is dead.

Combat Awareness:

Characters can use their self-control skill to make them more aware of their surroundings. If the character makes a Moderate (15) self control skill roll, they cannot be surprised, and gain a +1D to their perception for 5 minutes.

Resist Damage:

Characters can use their self-control skill to make their bodies a little tougher, and able to resist damage. If the character makes a Difficult (20) self control skill roll, they get a +2D to strength, but only to resist damage. Lasts one turn.

Canus Code of Honor:

Glory through Service. As a Canus, you accept your caste in life without question. You have a master, and service to your master is everything. You give your whole life over to your master, and gain satisfaction only from his attention and praise.

NOTE:

This race is not meant to be a Player Character option. The Canus are slaves, and have been breed to accept and enjoy this. The universe of the Metabarons is decadent, savage, and brutish, and this is an unfortunate aspect of that ugly fact. Having said that, there are possibilities. Some Canus had to be off-planet at the time; the pirates used them as labor, protection, and for their down time. Most are still loyal to their "masters", but a few that have lost their masters have been testing the waters of freedom. . They are trying to adjust to doing things for themselves, with their interests in mind. It is a long process, but the Canus have near legendary mental willpower, and can become free with enough time.

CANUS

Agility	4D	Knowledge	3D
Mechanical	2D	Perception	4D
Strength	3D	Climb/jump	5D
Technical	3D	Psionics	0D

Disadvantage

Servile -10

Canus-Fu: The Canus martial art style is a patient but powerful style. Practitioners must learn years of muscle control and fighting forms and techniques before they are given their Black Belt. It is a blow of fast, shallow strikes. And low kicks.



LADY EDNA

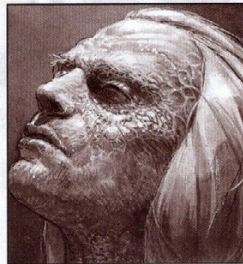
Lady Edna was born to Baron Berard of Castaka, undisputed ruler of the Planet Marmola. His only offspring, she was raised as a Castaka, as one of the warrior caste. Her mother died during her birth, so her manner is particularly deficient of many typically feminine traits. She was

as tough as she was beautiful, but she had met her match in Othon Von Salza. While Lady Edna's marriage to Othon was certainly happy, and full of love and deep commitment to each other, they only produced one offspring together, Bari. She was a skilled stonecutter, fierce warrior, and a woman of strong principles.

When the Black Endoguard, against the will of the Imperial couple, tried to negotiate for the epiphyte under threat of arms, Lady Edna called them cowards and implored them to turn their backs on their traitorous generals and remember their duty. They responded by firing in unison, all 1500 of them, and literally atomized her where she stood.

BARON BERARD OF CASTAKA

Baron Berard was the undisputed ruler of the Planet Marmola, and head of the warrior clan of the Castaka. He was part of a dying breed, a man whose loyalty, honor and courage are unquestionable. And he was the man who held the secret of epiphyte. To save Othon from the deadly results of a work accident, the Clan decided to release the technology. He later passed on his Castakan birthmark, and his wisdom to his son-in-law, then held his breath until he died.



KONRATH

Konrath, twin brother of Hohenhole, is part of Castaka Clan, and a member of its inner circle. He is a very simple fellow, precise, direct, and quite humorless. Baron Berard depends on him to keep things running smoothly, and more importantly, fairly. He is a hard worker, and Berard's trust in him is well placed.

He has been trained, like all of the Clan Castaka, as a warrior, and serves as the General of Marmola's armed forces. He supervises their training per-

sonally, and on occasion, instructs. The security of Marmola is very important to him, and this is a responsibility he takes very seriously. " Security Report to Magnate Jenessen, Overseer of the Tribold sector.

Konrath, like Hohenhole, were captured as kids from the Noble Von Salza's yacht when Othon stole it and assumed his identity. Othon took them under his wing, and they were loyal to him to the end.

Konrath died in battle helping to defeat the rogue Black Endoguard that had come to take the secret of the epiphyte. Baron Othon respected him and his sacrifice, and it is doubtful he ever forgot him.

HOHENHOLE

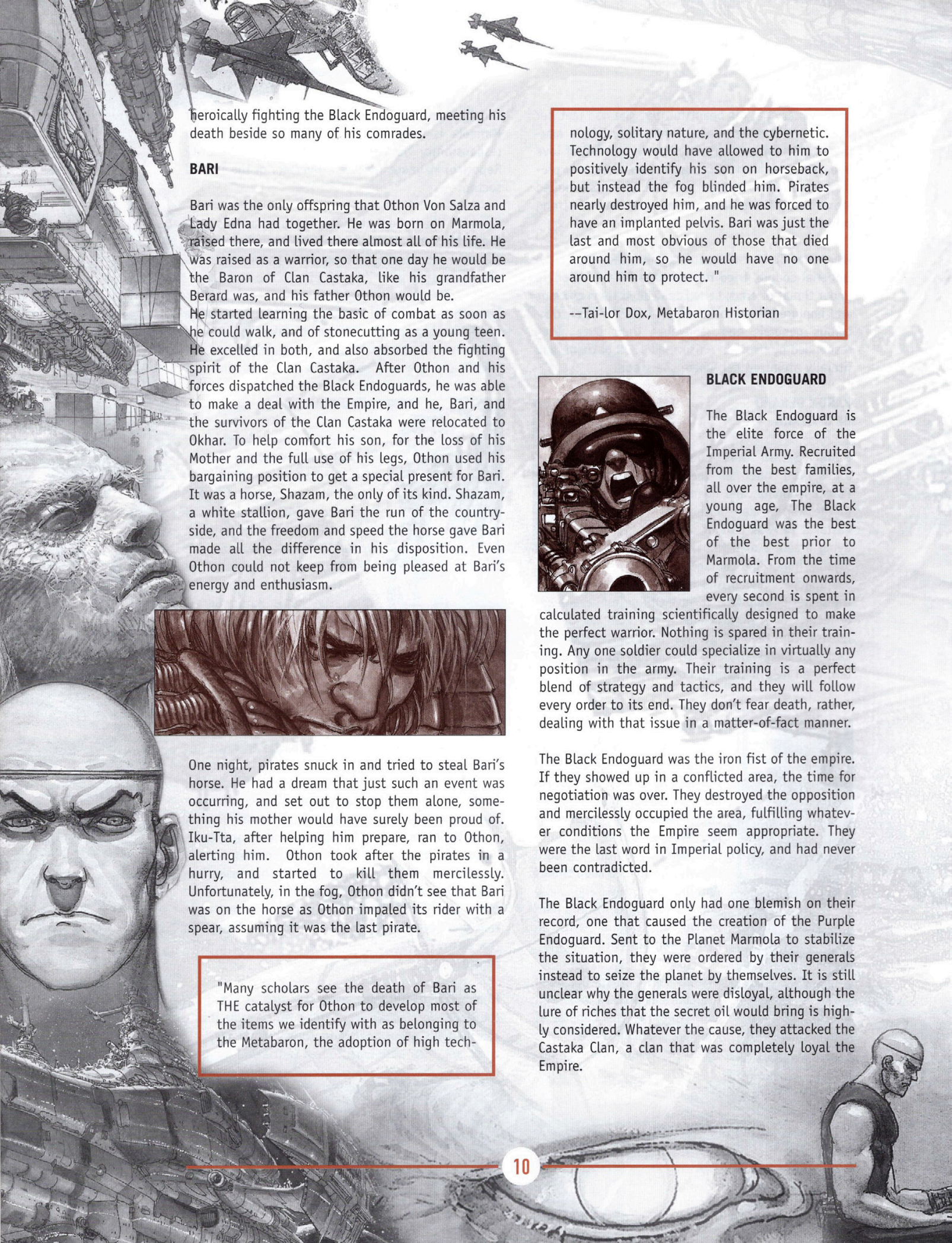
Hohenhole, twin brother of Konrath, is part of the Castaka Clan, and a member of its inner circle. He is a passionate man, prone to emotion, and sharp of wit. His easy-going jovial nature masks a serious side few ever see. A friend to all, he has the touch of the everyman that helps Baron Berard keep in touch with the more common individual.



He is a lover of the arts, a reader of the Paleo-classics. He is a Renaissance Man, in the finest Terra-Prima traditions. He is a skillful player of the fife, and often uses it in battle to rouse his fellow warriors.

In one of the few mutually agreed upon decisions the twins ever made, they joined Baron Berard's army. While he was as formidable and as spirited a fighter as Konrath, he is not as disciplined. He can be provoked, and is quite emotional. This makes him much more the carouser, befriending everyone he meets. He himself has said "The only people I meet that don't become my friend are the ones I meet on the business end of a weapon. And then I make exceptions".

Hohenhole, like Konrath were captured as kids from the Noble Von Salza's yacht when Othon stole it and assumed his identity. Othon took them under his wing, and they were loyal to him to the end. He died


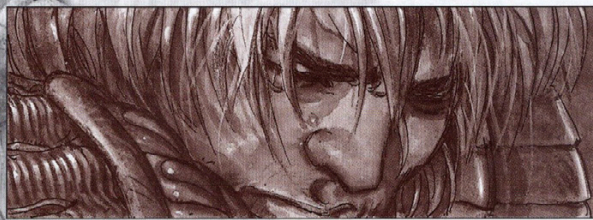


heroically fighting the Black Endoguard, meeting his death beside so many of his comrades.

BARI

Bari was the only offspring that Othon Von Salza and Lady Edna had together. He was born on Marmola, raised there, and lived there almost all of his life. He was raised as a warrior, so that one day he would be the Baron of Clan Castaka, like his grandfather Berard was, and his father Othon would be.

He started learning the basic of combat as soon as he could walk, and of stonecutting as a young teen. He excelled in both, and also absorbed the fighting spirit of the Clan Castaka. After Othon and his forces dispatched the Black Endoguards, he was able to make a deal with the Empire, and he, Bari, and the survivors of the Clan Castaka were relocated to Okhar. To help comfort his son, for the loss of his Mother and the full use of his legs, Othon used his bargaining position to get a special present for Bari. It was a horse, Shazam, the only of its kind. Shazam, a white stallion, gave Bari the run of the countryside, and the freedom and speed the horse gave Bari made all the difference in his disposition. Even Othon could not keep from being pleased at Bari's energy and enthusiasm.



One night, pirates snuck in and tried to steal Bari's horse. He had a dream that just such an event was occurring, and set out to stop them alone, something his mother would have surely been proud of. Iku-Tta, after helping him prepare, ran to Othon, alerting him. Othon took after the pirates in a hurry, and started to kill them mercilessly. Unfortunately, in the fog, Othon didn't see that Bari was on the horse as Othon impaled its rider with a spear, assuming it was the last pirate.

"Many scholars see the death of Bari as THE catalyst for Othon to develop most of the items we identify with as belonging to the Metabaron, the adoption of high tech-

nology, solitary nature, and the cybernetic. Technology would have allowed to him to positively identify his son on horseback, but instead the fog blinded him. Pirates nearly destroyed him, and he was forced to have an implanted pelvis. Bari was just the last and most obvious of those that died around him, so he would have no one around him to protect. "

--Tai-lor Dox, Metabaron Historian



BLACK ENDOGUARD

The Black Endoguard is the elite force of the Imperial Army. Recruited from the best families, all over the empire, at a young age, The Black Endoguard was the best of the best prior to Marmola. From the time of recruitment onwards, every second is spent in calculated training scientifically designed to make the perfect warrior. Nothing is spared in their training. Any one soldier could specialize in virtually any position in the army. Their training is a perfect blend of strategy and tactics, and they will follow every order to its end. They don't fear death, rather, dealing with that issue in a matter-of-fact manner.

The Black Endoguard was the iron fist of the empire. If they showed up in a conflicted area, the time for negotiation was over. They destroyed the opposition and mercilessly occupied the area, fulfilling whatever conditions the Empire seem appropriate. They were the last word in Imperial policy, and had never been contradicted.

The Black Endoguard only had one blemish on their record, one that caused the creation of the Purple Endoguard. Sent to the Planet Marmola to stabilize the situation, they were ordered by their generals instead to seize the planet by themselves. It is still unclear why the generals were disloyal, although the lure of riches that the secret oil would bring is highly considered. Whatever the cause, they attacked the Castaka Clan, a clan that was completely loyal the Empire.

Their disloyalty cost them dearly. All those deployed were exterminated. Any remnant offplanet was executed if caught. While they were highly trained and motivated, and up against a highly inferior force, they were completely annihilated. The Baron Othon Von Salza, soon to be the Metabaron, used combat strategies and tactics that Baron Berard had taught, tactics that dated back to the paleo-medieval era on Terra Prime, tactics that the Black Endoguards knew no counter for. The Clan Castaka used archaic weaponry, and close combat tactics, while the Endogaurd relied on power, technological weapons and their seemingly impenetrable armor. Ancient steel found the chinks in that armor, close in fighting removed their tactical advantage, and the fierceness of the Castakan warriors defeated them.

more individual thinkers, able to improvise and evaluate the integrity of their orders(although they also have control chips in their heads, just in case...) . The Purple Endoguard are a much smaller force that almost never leaves the Golden Planet. The Empire is determined not to repeat the Marmola fiasco.

They serve as the Imperial Couple's personal guards, and are responsible for their personal security at all time, even when travelling. They are the best, and they know it, yet very few of their number live to retire. They do not fear this end, however, viewing death as life's way to tell you that you made a mistake. Their hope is a spotless record, not a long life.

BLACK ENDOGUARD

Do not exist after Marmola – any remnants not deployed on Marmola (and thus destroyed) are fugitives from Imperial wrath

Agility	4D	Mechanical	3D
Brawling	5D	Gunnery	4D
Dodge	5D	Piloting	4D
Fire Arms	6D	Vehicle Operations	4D
Melee Combat	5D	Perception	3D+1
Knowledge	2D	Command	5D+1
Intimidation	4D	Search	4D+1
Tactics	4D	Strength	3D+2
Psionics	0D	Technical	2D

Move: 10
 Character Points: 7
 Multi-Cogan Rifle: (6D Damage), Combat Shock Knife (STR+1D+2 Damage, 5D+1), Endoguard Armor (+2D to STR to resist damage, -1D agility), helmet with range goggles (+4D to long range perception and search rolls) and comm headset.



PURPLE ENDOGUARD

Agility	4D	Mechanical	3D
Brawling	6D	Gunnery	5D
Dodge	6D	Piloting	6D
Fire Arms	8D	Vehicle Operations	5D
Melee Combat	6D	Perception	3D+1
Knowledge	3D	Command	7D+1
Intimidation	6D	Search	4D+1
Tactics	6D	Strength	3D+2
Psionics	0D	Technical	2D

Move: 10
 Character Points: 7
 Multi-Cogan Rifle: (6D Damage), Combat Shock Knife (STR+1D+2 Damage, 5D+1), Endoguard Armor (+2D to STR to resist damage, -1D agility), helmet with range goggles (+4D to long range perception and search rolls) and comm headset.

PURPLE ENDOGUARD

The Purple Endoguard were born in the Epiphyte Scandal. After the Black Endoguard turned traitor and were annihilated at Marmola another, more elite, and more reliable force, was created. The Generals disobeyed orders, and the Black Endoguard, following their training, followed orders without question. The Purple Endoguard is trained to be



METABARON OTHON VON SALZA

Othon Von Salza, the man destined to be the first Metabaron, started his existence as an orphan. He grew up tough and smart, and became a pirate. He then stole the identity of a noble by the name of Von Salza, along with his yacht. He married to Lady Edna soon after, and they had one son, Bari.

A techno-pontificate and his magnate broker arrived to oversee the removal and delivery of the marble necessary to erect a building for the Techno-Pope. The two visitors and their entourage watched as Othon and the rest of the Clan Castaka worked adeptly at cutting the blocks, using only hyper-lasers. Othon became impatient, and cut through the block ahead of the others, causing the massive block to start falling in his direction. He tried to outrun it, but the block came crashing down on him, pinning him to the ground and slowly crushing the air out of him.

While Othon made peace with his untimely end, the rest of the Clan argued whether to save him, and reveal the secret. Compassion overruled the warrior code, and they saved him, revealing the secret of the anti-gravity oil to all in attendance. Othon's pirate instincts urged him to kill all the witnesses,

but Baron Berard reminded him of his oath to the Emperor, so the visitors were allowed to leave unmolested.

The news was out, and the Clan Castaka could only wait for the inevitable onslaught. Berard chose not to wait, and after teaching Othon a final, crucial lesson, he transferred to Othon the mark of the Castaka, and then held his breath until he died.

Othon prepared for the assault, as multiple powers fought in orbit for the chance to seize the planet. When the Emperor's own troops, the Black Endoguard, turned traitor and attacked, Othon knew he had to prepare for the worst.

Berard's training in the old ways paved the way for his victory. Othon knew that he was outnumbered and outgunned. He and his forces outclassed the Endoguard forces by superior tactical thinking. The Endoguard relied on their ranged weapons; he fought amongst them at close range. The Endoguard thought their armor invulnerable to his "prehistoric weaponry", he showed them the chinks in their armor. The Clan Castaka was masters in that archaic weaponry, and the Endoguard had no defense for it. Coupled with the heroic ferocity that was bred into the Clan, they won, but at a very high price. Only Othon and his son Bari survived, and Bari had had his legs broken earlier by Othon, to prevent him from challenging the Endoguard in the brazen Bushitaka fashion his mother did.

Othon handed over the epiphyte as loyalty demanded, but not before he negotiated with the Emperor. He received in recompense a continuing royalty on the sale of the oil (which funded the Metabarons activities, and those of his heirs), a fresh planet to relocate to, and a gift for his son.

Othon relocated to the planet Marmola with Bari. The present arrived soon after, in the form of a white horse named Shazam, the only horse in existence in the known universe. Bari's spirits were lifted, and for a time Othon was again happy. And again, tragedy struck.

Pirates attempted to steal Shazam. Alerted by a dream, Bari rushed off alone to save his horse. Iku-Tta, Othon's head slave, quickly alerted Othon, who went out into the foggy night to reclaim the horse. He quickly killed what he thought were all the pirates, but as he grabbed Shazam's reins, he saw

that he had mortally wounded his own son, who had reclaimed his horse on his own. A brief second later, the last pirate fired at Othon, massively wounding his pelvis. Quickly dispatching the last pirate, Othon took the horse back to the residence.

While Othon survived the ordeal, he was fitted with a cybernetic prosthetic to replace his shattered pelvis, rendering him sterile. Bari died from his injuries. Othon was never the same. He focused on his role as the last of his warrior caste, finally integrating high technology into the Clan of One. This consumed his every moment, which prepared him for the next event in his life.

Pirates stole the Emperor's unborn child, and the Imperial family sent out a plea for rescue. Othon brazenly walked into their throne room, after walking past the Purple Endoguard as if they weren't there, and offered to retrieve the embryo for them. With superior tactics and a well-planned diversion, Othon retrieved the heir. When the Purple Endoguard that he commanded on the mission tried to take the credit, Othon stole the egg from them, and delivered it personally.

The Emperor's gratitude was so bountiful that he dubbed Othon the Metabaron. The Emporess, to show her gratitude, sent him a gift. Her gift was that of Honorata, a Shabda-Oud whose priestess. For the second time in his life, Othon was in love at first sight. He explained to her that he could not engage in physical relations with her, because the pirates had destroyed his reproductive organs along with the rest of his pelvis. Using powers gained in her training as a Shabda-Oud, she used a drop of his blood to impregnate herself, and they enjoyed bliss as they created a new life.



Honorata's due date was only days away when the Metabaron Othon's female servants, jealous of the Shabda-Oud "witch", kidnapped her and took her to the top of the Metabaron's residence. To protect him from Honorata, they jumped with her off the top of her home. The Metabaron fired a

bolt of epiphyte at his wife, and quickly flew up to save her. The shock sent her into labor, and when his son, Okhar was born, he was born weightless, the oil a permanent part of him. Othon, disgraced at what he saw as a inferior son, moved to kill him, but Honorata warned him he would be killing his only son. The stress of her miraculous conception had made her sterile. Othon sent them both away to train Okhar for seven years. Othon agreed that he would test Aghnar upon his return, and if he had become a true warrior, he could live.

GANTOR PIRATES [The horse thieves]



"For decades, conspiracy theorists have looked for a hidden motivation for the theft of Shazam, Bari of Castaka's horse. From the Shaba-Oud to the Techo-Technos themselves, they have dozens of theories on who may have hired the pirates for the mission. Decades of research by thousands of skilled investigators, detailed analysis of the evidence, even the then Metabaron's own investigation returned no such proof. We have to face facts. This tragedy, this event that provided the genesis for so much of the institution known as the Metabaron, was a simple act of theft. Whether the horse was to be ransomed back, or sold to another buyer we will never know."

-- Maylor Kren, Imperial Historian

The Gantor Pirates were a small, elite group of elite mercenary soldiers. Shazam, a completely unique and priceless creature, was their key to retirement. They used a contact within the Techno-Technos to get the hormones necessary to lead it away, and snuck onto the planet. Because of Othon's lack of technology, he had no alarms or sensors to alert him to their presence. Bari's dream did warn them. Bari managed to overpower the pirate riding the horse, and was about to steal it back from the pirates when

Othon, alerted by Iku-Tta, arrived. Othon killed all the pirates, but mortally wounded Bari in the process (he could not see in the heavy fog). The last surviving pirate managed to score a solid hit on Othon before he himself was killed, thus marking the end of the Gantor Pirates.



MAGNATE

A magnate is a person with rank, wealth and power. Talor Qrex, the Magnate that came to Marmola, had plenty of all three. And he was a broker for those with similar status and wealth. The Techno-Priest he escorted on his ship was just one of those people. But all the wealth and influence cannot buy safety.

As they watched the Castaka Clan cut up the marble, they witnessed the rock come crushing down on Othon, and they saw them use the secret oil, the epiphyte, to save his life. Realizing immediately just how important a discovery they saw, they made great plans. He took personal control of the communications capabilities of his ship, quarantined his crew, and left immediately after the last block had been cut.

At every step, Talor had taken every precaution to keep the information secret. They traveled at the highest warp, and flew directly to the Golden Capital. When they arrived, their worst fears were realized. As they pulled out of hyperspace, they could see the whole Black Endoguard hanging in space, waiting to jump. The Emperor already knew, and was sending forces out to claim it, as was his right.

Saddened that he would not be able to claim the big reward for his news, he made an appointment to see one of the Emperor's advisors about the value of some of the details only he knew. He went to sleep hopeful of some reward. He woke up with a knife at his neck and a Cogan rifle at his face. Under fear of death, he told them everything he knew. Unfortunately, he was killed anyway.

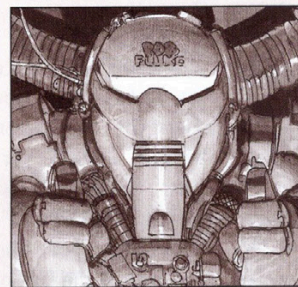
It was never proven officially, but all the evidence points to the rogue Endoguard Generals arranging his interrogation and death. Like so many other crimes, it was never followed up on, and remains a mystery.

CYBERCOPS

The Cybercops of the Metabaron's era are nothing like their Paleo-Era namesakes. They are not a part of the government, but rather are privately run companies that the Imperial Government hires to provide law enforcement. Their presence is limited to strategically important resources and locations (of which the Metabunker is one). Robocops provide the law enforcement in less important or affluent locations.

Cybercops do not patrol, but rather respond to alarms and surveillance, letting electronics handle the legwork. They are as well armed and trained as many military units, and have the authority to use that weaponry in the appropriate situations. Once alerted, they are not required to do anything but remove the threat, terminating it if necessary.

CYBERCOPS



Agility	3D
Brawling	4D
Dodge	5D
Fire Arms	5D
Knowledge	2D
Intimidation	4D
Tactics	4D
Mechanical	2D
Gunnery	4D
Piloting	5D

Vehicle Operations	4D
Perception	3D
Command	5D+1
Search	4D
Strength	3D
Technical	2D
Psionics	0D

Move: 10
Character Points: 7
Cogan Rifle: (5D Damage, STR + 1D damage bayonet), Personal (+2 to STR to resist damage, helmet and comm headset).

CYBERCOPS INSYSTEM PATROL FIGHTER

Class: Snub Fighter
Scale: Fighter
Length: 6 meters
Skill: Piloting
Crew: 1
Passengers: 0
Cargo: 50 Kilograms
Supplies: 1 Day
Stardrive: No
Maneuverability: 2D
Space: 10
Atmosphere: 400; 1,100 kph
Hull: 2D
Shields: None
Sensors: 50/1D
Ordnance:

1 Auto Cannon

Fire Arc: Fore

Skill: Gunnery

Fire Control: 3D

Space Range: 1-3/12/25

Atmosphere: 100-300/1.2/2.5km

Damage: 4D

Missile Launcher

Fire Arc: Fore

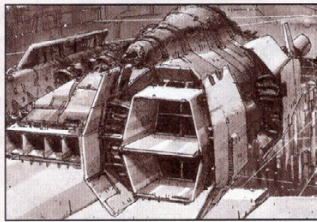
Skill: Gunnery

Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 1/3/7

Atmosphere: 3-100/300/700

Damage: 8D



If asked, the members of the royal court would give an infinitely different number of explanations for the Metabaron's behavior, but it all boils down to responsibility. It is a universe full of political intrigue and treachery, of corruption and graft, where life is a cutthroat game and it seems like everyone is playing. It takes all of the Supreme Endoguard's time to provide security for the biggest target in the universe, the Golden Planet, home to the Emperor and his wife. He is the highest military advisor, second in command to the Emperor, and personally responsible for the Honor Guard.

No one knows who the Supreme Endoguard is. Because of the Endoguards policy of only recruiting first-born sons, it is assumed that he is male. Persistent rumors include a robot, a woman, a figurehead for the Generals, and a random selection. All or none of these may be true, but no one outside the Endoguards knows, and no one inside is talking.



HONORATA

Honorata was a gift to Othon for the safe retrieval of the Emperor/Empresses' child. Shabda Oud trained, she was able to give the give birth to his child, even though he was sterile, by using a drop of his blood. She was also, due to her training, able to connect with Psi abilities so that they could still share the pleasure of intimate relations even with the loss of his genitalia. The linkage between the Emperess and the Shabda Oud thereby shown remains a carefully guarded mystery.

Honorata was able to carry Aghnar to term. Due to Iku-Tta's daughters, Aghnar was dosed with epiphyte while still in the womb, and was born nearly weightless. Othon wanted to kill their son, but Honorata knew that the miracle of their son's birth was not repeatable; now she too was sterile. She also revealed that the Shabda Oud had sent her to birth a hermaphrodite. A perfect androgen would allow them to overthrow the government and control it for themselves. According to their plan, Honorata was to kidnap the child and bring it to

SUPREME ENDOGUARD

The Supreme Endoguard is a puzzle that not even the Emperor knows the solution to. Never seen outside of his armor, rarely seen in person, he is the one secret that the Endoguard is allowed to keep, even after the disaster at Marmola (only because he was able to prove that he was not involved in that act of treachery).

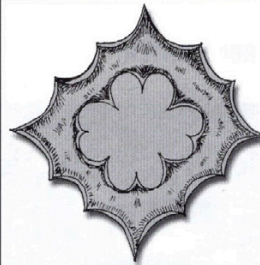
them once it turned seven years of age. She made a deal with Othon to train their son, Aghnar, not only to be a warrior, but in the ways of the Shabda Oud. If he could pass a trial of Othon's choosing after 7 years had passed, he would live, and they would protect him.

Honorata took Aghnar to the sacred mountain Anasirma, and trained him mercilessly in the cold clime. She knew that the warrior's way was hard, and that if he couldn't fight, he would not survive, so she set aside all her maternal instincts. Only once was she ever able to express those feelings to her son. Her training was effective, and Aghnar was able to pass all the tests Othon had for him.

PREHISTORIC WEAPONS

The use of obscure prehistoric weapons gave Othon Von Salza the edge over the Endoguard, and following that success, a few groups have taken to using them. Adherents to some honor codes, like Baron Berard, never stopped using the paleo-weapons. The following are a list of some of the more useful of these weapons, with notes and special rules

Balanced for throwing, this knife is smaller than the combat shock knife. The handle is smaller, and without a guard, and is symmetrical. Vibration would make the knife's flight path erratic, so there are no plans for a thrown shock knife.



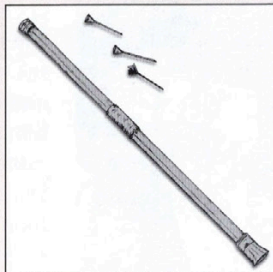
SHURIKEN

Type: Ranged Weapon
Skill: Archaic Weapons
Cost: 15 Kublars
Availability: Uncommon
Damage: 2D+1
Range: 6/18/24

A shuriken is a small, flat metal disk with numerous sharp edges, often in a star configuration. Easily concealed and quickly thrown, they are excellent for cover situations. They are nothing but sharp edges, requiring training before even routine handling to prevent injuries.

BLOWPIPE

Type: Ranged Weapon
Skill: Archaic Weapons
Cost: 25 Kublars
Availability: Rare
Damage: 2D+1
Range: 6/14/20



A blowpipe is a small hollow tube, specifically designed to pass a small needle or dart through the tube and straight to its target. It is not a particularly damaging weapon but it is often tipped in poison. It is an assassin's weapon, and not widely accepted by the various honor codes.

COMBAT DART

Type: Ranged Weapon
Skill: Archaic Weapon
Cost: 30 Kublars
Availability: Uncommon
Damage: 3D
Range: 5/10/15

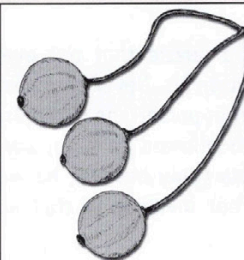


A combat dart is a heavy cylindrical tube, about as long as a cigar, with a large point on one end, and hard fins on the back to stabilize it in flight. Their bulkiness makes them difficult to conceal, but they are effective short distance ranged weapons.



THROWING KNIFE

Type: Ranged Weapon
Skill: Meele Combat
Cost: 35 Kublars
Availability: Uncommon
Damage: STR+2
Range: 5/10/15



BOLA

Type: Ranged Weapon
Skill: Archaic Weapon
Cost: 10 Kublars
Availability: Uncommon
Damage: 3D/5D Stun
Range: 4/8/12


The bola is a thrown archaic weapon. It is made from a couple of length of rope, with hard round stones at one end, and tied together on the other. It can be thrown to entangle, to hurt, or to knock-out its target. The bola is a versatile weapon, and a difficult one, requiring considerable dedication.

A halberd is a large metal blade mounted onto a sturdy pole, and is a two-handed weapon, unlike most of the others listed. The blade is designed so that it will be effective whether it is thrust or swung. This weapon, similar to the spear, allows the wielder to keep the attacker at arm's length, and like the spear, can be used to parry.



SPEAR

Type: Ranged Weapon
Melee Weapon
Skill: Archaic Weapons
Cost: 15 Kublars
Availability: Uncommon
Damage: 4D/STR+1D+2
Range: 5+15/25/40




TRIDENT

Type: Melee Weapon
Skill: Archaic Weapons
Cost: 300-500 Kublars
Availability: Rare
Difficulty: Easy (10)
Damage : STR+2D

A spear is a long (2m plus) pole with a sharp metal point. Designed to be thrown, its main use is as a ranged weapon, softening up the enemy before engaging in melee combat. It can also be used to keep an attacker away, or in close quarters, used like a staff, to parry.

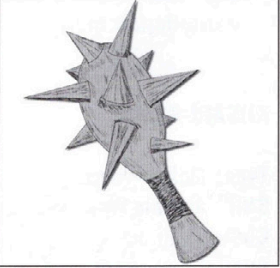
A trident is a three-pronged spear, designed to stick in a target (much like a pitchfork) and often ensnare them. The U shaped design of the prongs also allows for excellent parry capabilities at arm's length (+1D to parry). (Optional Rule: The wielder may try to "stick" the Trident, but at a -2D to the archaic weapons roll. If the attack is successful, and does damage, the weapon is stuck, and leaves the wielder in control of the opponent's movement. The opponent may try to unstick himself, with a successful willpower roll of moderate (15) or better).

BATTLE AXE



Type: Melee Weapon
Skill: Archaic Weapons
Cost: 250-750 Kublars
Availability: Rare
Difficulty: Easy
Damage : STR+3D

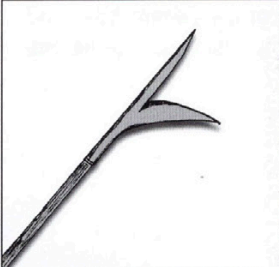
MACE



Type: Melee Weapon
Skill: Archaic Weapons
Cost: 75 Kublars
Availability: Uncommon
Difficulty: Very Easy (5)
Damage : STR+1D+2

The Battle-Axe is a fierce, aggressive melee weapon. Double bladed, and set on a large handle, it can only be wielded two-handed. It is difficult to parry with (-2D), and hard to swing more than twice in a 5 second turn.

A mace is a heavy club, usually made of steel or a durable alloy, with a large number of spikes attached to it for aggravated damage. Almost a half-meter long, it is an effective and menacing close combat weapon.



HALBERD

Type: Melee Weapon
Skill: Archaic Weapons
Cost: 200-400 Kublars
Availability: Rare
Difficulty: Easy (1)
Damage : STR+2D

WARHAMMER

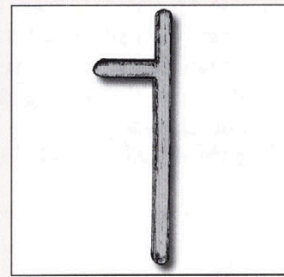
Type: Melee Weapon
Skill: Archaic Weapons
Cost: 200-300 Kublars
Availability: Uncommon
Difficulty: Easy
Damage : STR+3D



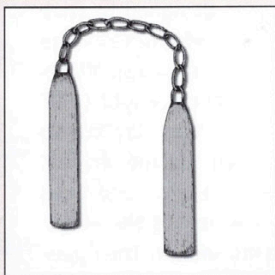
Set on a large handle, a warhammer is a large double-sided hammer made of solid steel. Like a battleaxe, a warhammer is a two-handed weapon, making it nearly impossible to swing more than twice a turn. It is quite effective not only as a melee weapon, but for breaking through unwanted barriers like walls and doors.

TONFA

Type: Melee Weapon
Skill: Archaic Weapons
Cost: 15 Kublars
Availability: Uncommon
Difficulty: Very Easy (5)
Damage : STR+1D



The tonfa is a short, square pole with a palm size handle attached at a perpendicular angle. It is used to subdue, or to parry. Among authority figures that use archaic weapons, it is a popular choice, for its effectiveness and directness.



NUNCHAKU

Type: Melee Weapon
Skill: Archaic Weapons
Cost: 55 Kublars
Availability: Uncommon
Difficulty: Moderate (15)
Damage : STR+1D

The Nunchaku is two short rods attached together by a small chain. Difficult to use and utilized in pairs, they allow for close, blunt strikes, and effect parrying (+1D bonus). Nunchaku experts impress many with their speed and crispness, while the novice can easily injure himself.

CALTROP

Type: Melee Weapon
Skill: Melee Combat
Archaic Weapons
Cost: 5 Kublars
Availability: Uncommon
Difficulty: Moderate (15)
Damage : Special (2D)

A caltrop is a small metal spiked ball that will always land with a point up and be immobile. The strategy is to drop them where the intended victim won't see them. They will step on them, and have to take the time to remove the painful edge from their foot. They are very effective to use while being chased. If the wielder makes his attack roll, then they are placed in the attacker's way. The attacker must roll a Dodge versus Moderate (15) if walking and Difficult (20) if running to avoid stepping on it. If the attacker steps on the caltrop, he must then use the current, and next turn to remove it before attacking. If the character spends a character point, he can remove it at the end of the current turn, and an Amarax point will let the character ignore the pain completely.

KUSARI-GAMA

Type: Melee Weapon
Skill: Archaic Weapons
Cost: 55 Kublars
Availability: Rare
Difficulty: Easy (10)
Damage : STR+1D+2



A Kusari-Gama is a combination of a scythe type weapon (curved blade on a short handle) with a hard weight on the end of a chain. The wielder can then entangle the opponent with one end and then attack with the other end. Each use of an end requires an attack each round.

STAFF

Type: Melee Weapon
Skill: Melee Combat
Archaic Weapons
Cost: 5 Kublars
Availability: Common
Difficulty: Very Easy
Damage : STR+1D



A staff is simply a long, sturdy pole, or rod. Any long pole can stand in, although quality staffs are specifically designed with the correct density, strength, weight and balance. They are equally useful for attacking as for parrying, and double as a convenient walking stick. Many paleo-warriors chose the staff instead of bladed weapons.

OPTIONAL RULES

Reach: Most long, pole mounted weapons can be used to keep the wielder out of arm's reach of his opponent. In the D6 system, this is represented by a bonus of +1D. When parrying swords or other formidable melee weapons, keep the weapon breakage rules (p.122 of the rulebook) in mind.

Descriptive Combat: The D6 rules system is not a precise or overly detailed system. Players could be encouraged to explain the action from their character's point of view, and the Game Master could award really good entries. This makes it easier for the Game Master to describe the combat scenes. Good descriptions also make it easier for the Game Master to moderate circumstances not covered by the rules. Good descriptions do not have to be heavily descriptive or flowery, and it is just fine to stick to the basics. "I thrust at the robot with my sword" is sufficient, " I attack with my sword" is not.

For example, a pirate, Drake, is attacking an NPC mercenary. Drake's player describes his attack as " a leaping attack with my sword swinging down onto the mercenary as I land. If I'm attacked, I'll parry with my sword." The GM takes this into account, and gets the die results for the actions. The GM can then describe the action like this: "As you leap through the air, the mercenary bring up his sword to parry yours. While he staggers under the force of your blow, his weapon holds, and blocks your attack. He attempts to attack you, but you easily block his sword".

Some basic adverbs include thrust, swing, parry, block, tackle, punch, kick, whip, throw <weapon>, grapple, choke, pin, or trip. More detail can be added by adding adjectives, like an overhead swing or a roundhouse punch, and specifying a target point, like chest, arm or head.

Entanglement: Using the melee combat, or archaic weapons skill, and the appropriate weapon, it is possible to tangle the opponent with the weapon, immobilizing him temporarily. Choosing to entangle subtracts two dice from the combat skill being used. If the attack hits, and damage would have been inflicted, the weapon entangles the target. The confined being has to win at a contest of skills between his strength and the damage of the weapon.

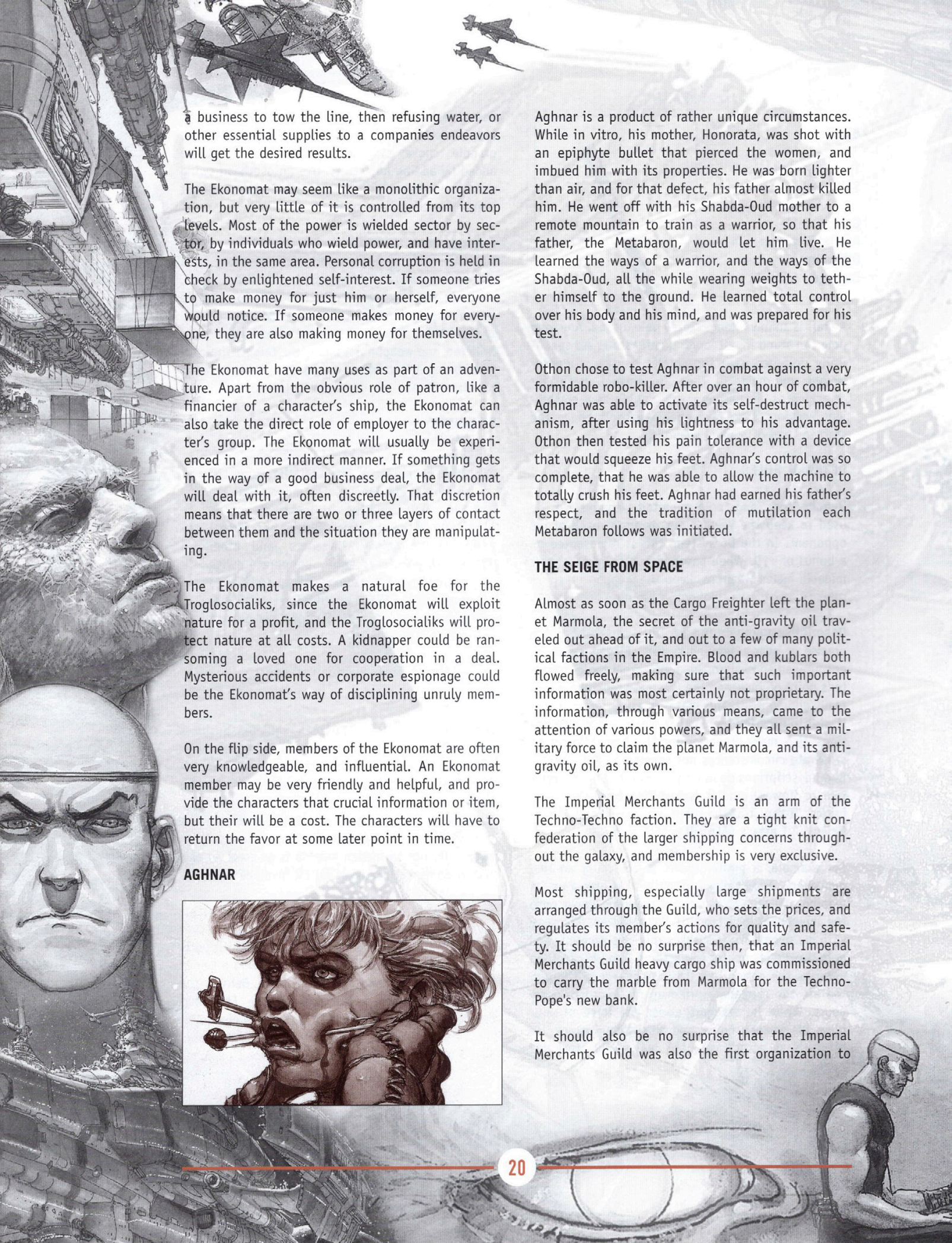
EKONOMAT

"The Ekonomat is the fuel that runs the engine of the Empire. The money that the Ekonomat provides, in loans of course, finances the expansion further and further into the galaxy. Maganats, and other entrepreneurs readily cooperate with agents of the Ekonomat, and even tithe to support it. Why would they part with kublars voluntarily? Simple, because it makes them money."

-- Sirown Tayex Guerilla Economist

The Ekonomat, on its surface, regulates business interactions, provides financing to worthy endeavors, provides a point of contact, and sometimes referees conflicts between businesses. It is a huge bureaucracy and is present on every active Endocity. Its express purpose is to support business in the Empire. It has an Imperially mandated monopoly on water. Its not so hidden agenda is to make money, and to continue making it for all involved.

The Ekonomat does this a number of ways. As stated previously, it gets a tithe from companies to support its basic infrastructure, which it also supports from water sales. The sale of water is also a key in its control over Imperial Economics. Behind the scenes, high-ranking members of the Ekonomat decide how and when planets will be developed. If the peer pressure of powerful people, the lure of easy financing, and exclusive rights won't persuade



a business to tow the line, then refusing water, or other essential supplies to a companies endeavors will get the desired results.

The Ekonomat may seem like a monolithic organization, but very little of it is controlled from its top levels. Most of the power is wielded sector by sector, by individuals who wield power, and have interests, in the same area. Personal corruption is held in check by enlightened self-interest. If someone tries to make money for just him or herself, everyone would notice. If someone makes money for everyone, they are also making money for themselves.

The Ekonomat have many uses as part of an adventure. Apart from the obvious role of patron, like a financier of a character's ship, the Ekonomat can also take the direct role of employer to the character's group. The Ekonomat will usually be experienced in a more indirect manner. If something gets in the way of a good business deal, the Ekonomat will deal with it, often discreetly. That discretion means that there are two or three layers of contact between them and the situation they are manipulating.

The Ekonomat makes a natural foe for the Troglosocialiks, since the Ekonomat will exploit nature for a profit, and the Troglosocialiks will protect nature at all costs. A kidnapper could be ransoming a loved one for cooperation in a deal. Mysterious accidents or corporate espionage could be the Ekonomat's way of disciplining unruly members.

On the flip side, members of the Ekonomat are often very knowledgeable, and influential. An Ekonomat member may be very friendly and helpful, and provide the characters that crucial information or item, but their will be a cost. The characters will have to return the favor at some later point in time.

AGHNAR



Aghnar is a product of rather unique circumstances. While in vitro, his mother, Honorata, was shot with an epiphyte bullet that pierced the women, and imbued him with its properties. He was born lighter than air, and for that defect, his father almost killed him. He went off with his Shabda-Oud mother to a remote mountain to train as a warrior, so that his father, the Metabaron, would let him live. He learned the ways of a warrior, and the ways of the Shabda-Oud, all the while wearing weights to tether himself to the ground. He learned total control over his body and his mind, and was prepared for his test.

Othon chose to test Aghnar in combat against a very formidable robo-killer. After over an hour of combat, Aghnar was able to activate its self-destruct mechanism, after using his lightness to his advantage. Othon then tested his pain tolerance with a device that would squeeze his feet. Aghnar's control was so complete, that he was able to allow the machine to totally crush his feet. Aghnar had earned his father's respect, and the tradition of mutilation each Metabaron follows was initiated.

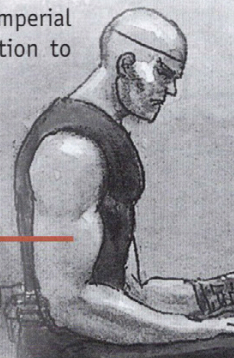
THE SEIGE FROM SPACE

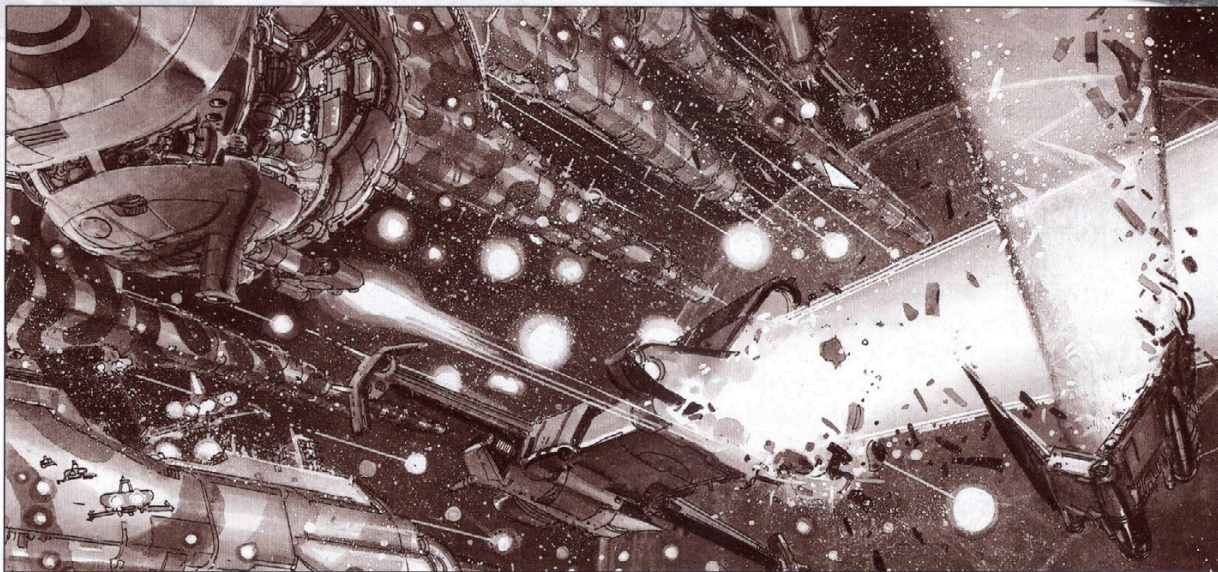
Almost as soon as the Cargo Freighter left the planet Marmola, the secret of the anti-gravity oil traveled out ahead of it, and out to a few of many political factions in the Empire. Blood and kublars both flowed freely, making sure that such important information was most certainly not proprietary. The information, through various means, came to the attention of various powers, and they all sent a military force to claim the planet Marmola, and its anti-gravity oil, as its own.

The Imperial Merchants Guild is an arm of the Techno-Techno faction. They are a tight knit confederation of the larger shipping concerns throughout the galaxy, and membership is very exclusive.

Most shipping, especially large shipments are arranged through the Guild, who sets the prices, and regulates its member's actions for quality and safety. It should be no surprise then, that an Imperial Merchants Guild heavy cargo ship was commissioned to carry the marble from Marmola for the Techno-Pope's new bank.

It should also be no surprise that the Imperial Merchants Guild was also the first organization to





get news of the miracle oil. As the Captain of the Cargo ship messaged in the ship's change in travel plans, he piggybacked the information onto the very same message, using a Techno-Techno cipher.

The Techno-Techno's immediately sent a force composed of mostly robots to take the planet, but as an old Paleo-Earth saying explains, the race is not always to the swift. As secretive as the Techno's can be, troop movements of that size cannot be easily hidden, and leaves many opportunities for discovery.

While the Technos are a tight-knit and loyal order, they still require supplies for their armies, and those supplies, and Maganat businessmen were more than welcome to oblige. The number and type of some materials ordered, along with the urgency they were needed was a clear signal to the suspicious Maganats involved that something was up.

Maganats were not going to be left out of yet another profit-taking opportunity by the Techno's, so they pooled their not insignificant resources to supplement their standing mercenary forces with enough hired military might to overpower the Technos. And if that was the only force that they had needed to deal with, they may have been successful.

This was not be, as the Troglosocialiks faction also joined the fray. The Troglosocialiks are believers in the sanctity and beauty of nature, and use every tool at their disposal to combat its despoilers.

A Troglosocialik agent was on the trip to Marmola,

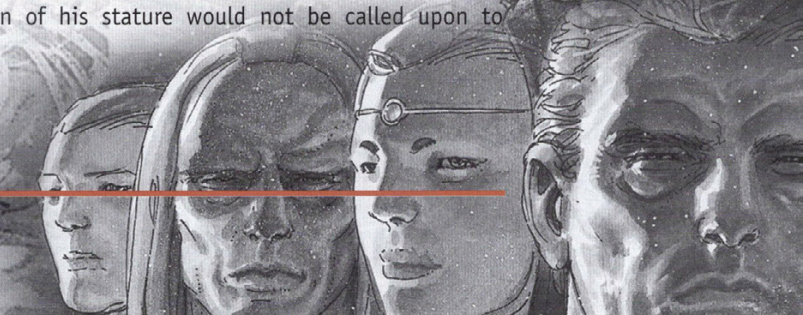
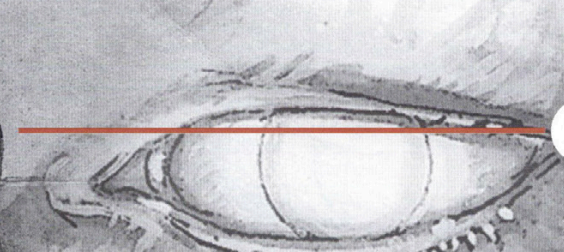
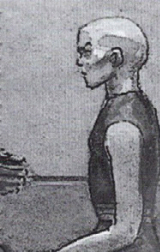
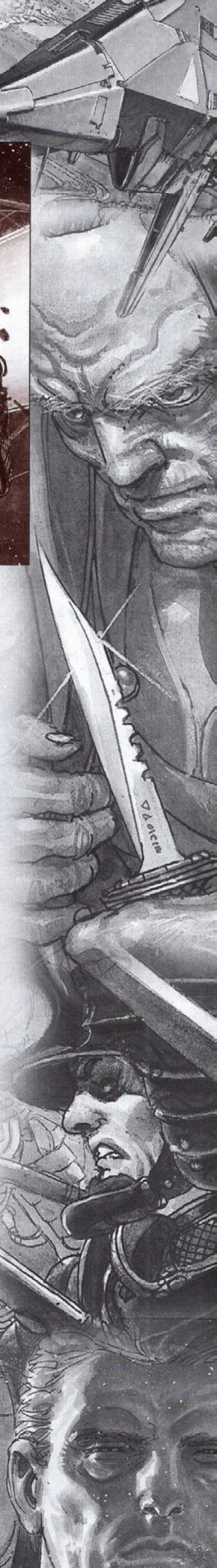
intent on sabotaging the attempt to further ruin the planet's natural beauty by harvesting its marble. In what became a fortunate turn of events, the Maganat ordered the agent, in the guise of a security officer, to be his personal bodyguard for the trip. While the Maganat disgusted him, he played his role, which put him in a perfect position to see the use of the epiphyte.

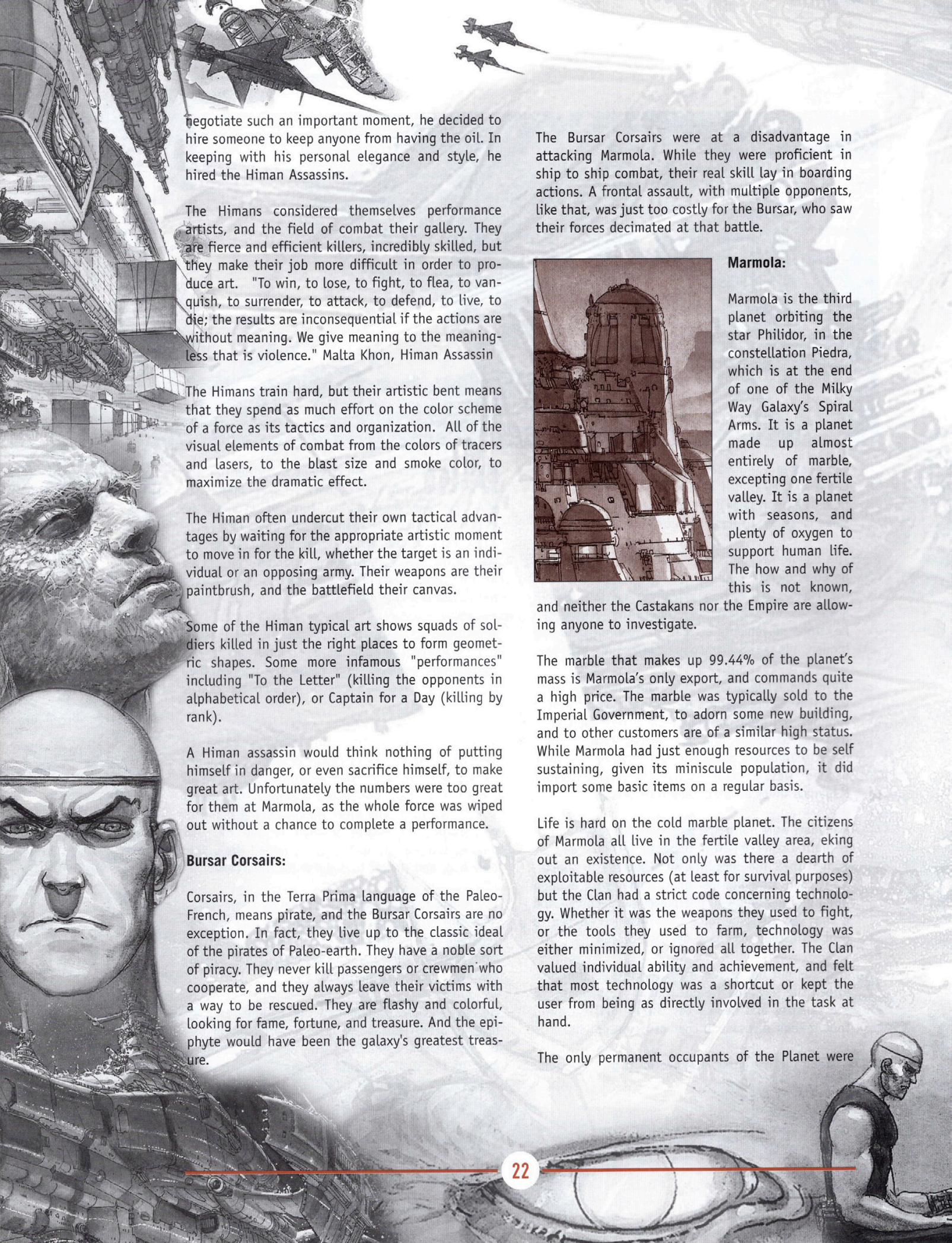
Knowing that the presence of the oil would mean the complete ruination of the planet as it was aggressively pumped from below the marble, they also sent a force in hopes of keeping the planet intact.

Others with less scrupulous motives came to Marmola. The Pirates of Laylor IV came there quite by accident. A large, and well-organized band of pirates, they had intercepted a supply ship on its way to Marmola, and after their personal brand of persuasion, the Pirates learned of the oil. The pirates, tempted by such a prize, rallied every ship they had, and set off to claim it for their own

The Himan Assassins were employed by Dalor Tem, a high-ranking diplomat who bought his way into the Imperial Government. Tem is rich enough to have a significant influence in the Ekonomat, but instead chooses a much flashier role.

His connections throughout the Empire, and his level of access inside the government brought him the information about the secret oil. Insulted that a man of his stature would not be called upon to





negotiate such an important moment, he decided to hire someone to keep anyone from having the oil. In keeping with his personal elegance and style, he hired the Himan Assassins.

The Himans considered themselves performance artists, and the field of combat their gallery. They are fierce and efficient killers, incredibly skilled, but they make their job more difficult in order to produce art. "To win, to lose, to fight, to flea, to vanquish, to surrender, to attack, to defend, to live, to die; the results are inconsequential if the actions are without meaning. We give meaning to the meaningless that is violence." Malta Khon, Himan Assassin

The Himans train hard, but their artistic bent means that they spend as much effort on the color scheme of a force as its tactics and organization. All of the visual elements of combat from the colors of tracers and lasers, to the blast size and smoke color, to maximize the dramatic effect.

The Himan often undercut their own tactical advantages by waiting for the appropriate artistic moment to move in for the kill, whether the target is an individual or an opposing army. Their weapons are their paintbrush, and the battlefield their canvas.

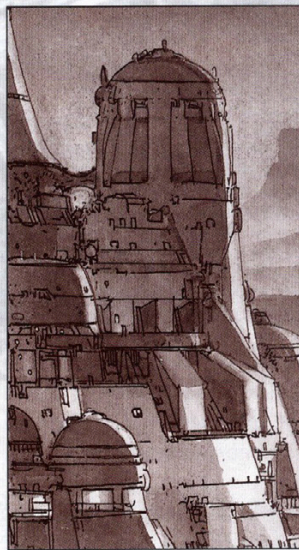
Some of the Himan typical art shows squads of soldiers killed in just the right places to form geometric shapes. Some more infamous "performances" including "To the Letter" (killing the opponents in alphabetical order), or Captain for a Day (killing by rank).

A Himan assassin would think nothing of putting himself in danger, or even sacrifice himself, to make great art. Unfortunately the numbers were too great for them at Marmola, as the whole force was wiped out without a chance to complete a performance.

Bursar Corsairs:

Corsairs, in the Terra Prima language of the Paleo-French, means pirate, and the Bursar Corsairs are no exception. In fact, they live up to the classic ideal of the pirates of Paleo-earth. They have a noble sort of piracy. They never kill passengers or crewmen who cooperate, and they always leave their victims with a way to be rescued. They are flashy and colorful, looking for fame, fortune, and treasure. And the epiphyte would have been the galaxy's greatest treasure.

The Bursar Corsairs were at a disadvantage in attacking Marmola. While they were proficient in ship to ship combat, their real skill lay in boarding actions. A frontal assault, with multiple opponents, like that, was just too costly for the Bursar, who saw their forces decimated at that battle.



Marmola:

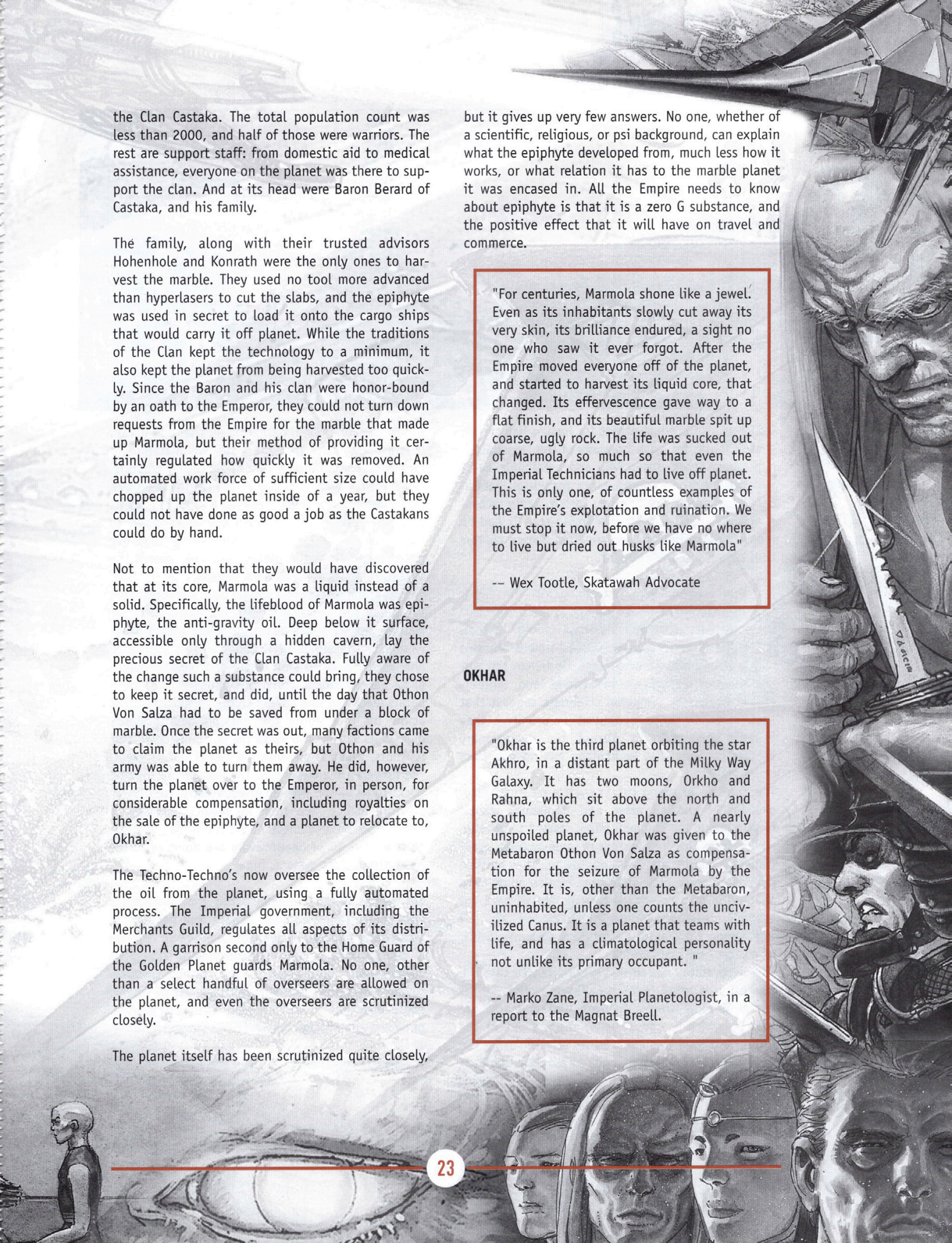
Marmola is the third planet orbiting the star Philidor, in the constellation Piedra, which is at the end of one of the Milky Way Galaxy's Spiral Arms. It is a planet made up almost entirely of marble, excepting one fertile valley. It is a planet with seasons, and plenty of oxygen to support human life. The how and why of this is not known,

and neither the Castakans nor the Empire are allowing anyone to investigate.

The marble that makes up 99.44% of the planet's mass is Marmola's only export, and commands quite a high price. The marble was typically sold to the Imperial Government, to adorn some new building, and to other customers are of a similar high status. While Marmola had just enough resources to be self sustaining, given its miniscule population, it did import some basic items on a regular basis.

Life is hard on the cold marble planet. The citizens of Marmola all live in the fertile valley area, eking out an existence. Not only was there a dearth of exploitable resources (at least for survival purposes) but the Clan had a strict code concerning technology. Whether it was the weapons they used to fight, or the tools they used to farm, technology was either minimized, or ignored all together. The Clan valued individual ability and achievement, and felt that most technology was a shortcut or kept the user from being as directly involved in the task at hand.

The only permanent occupants of the Planet were



the Clan Castaka. The total population count was less than 2000, and half of those were warriors. The rest are support staff: from domestic aid to medical assistance, everyone on the planet was there to support the clan. And at its head were Baron Berard of Castaka, and his family.

The family, along with their trusted advisors Hohenhole and Konrath were the only ones to harvest the marble. They used no tool more advanced than hyperlasers to cut the slabs, and the epiphyte was used in secret to load it onto the cargo ships that would carry it off planet. While the traditions of the Clan kept the technology to a minimum, it also kept the planet from being harvested too quickly. Since the Baron and his clan were honor-bound by an oath to the Emperor, they could not turn down requests from the Empire for the marble that made up Marmola, but their method of providing it certainly regulated how quickly it was removed. An automated work force of sufficient size could have chopped up the planet inside of a year, but they could not have done as good a job as the Castakans could do by hand.

Not to mention that they would have discovered that at its core, Marmola was a liquid instead of a solid. Specifically, the lifeblood of Marmola was epiphyte, the anti-gravity oil. Deep below its surface, accessible only through a hidden cavern, lay the precious secret of the Clan Castaka. Fully aware of the change such a substance could bring, they chose to keep it secret, and did, until the day that Othon Von Salza had to be saved from under a block of marble. Once the secret was out, many factions came to claim the planet as theirs, but Othon and his army was able to turn them away. He did, however, turn the planet over to the Emperor, in person, for considerable compensation, including royalties on the sale of the epiphyte, and a planet to relocate to, Okhar.

The Techno-Techno's now oversee the collection of the oil from the planet, using a fully automated process. The Imperial government, including the Merchants Guild, regulates all aspects of its distribution. A garrison second only to the Home Guard of the Golden Planet guards Marmola. No one, other than a select handful of overseers are allowed on the planet, and even the overseers are scrutinized closely.

The planet itself has been scrutinized quite closely,

but it gives up very few answers. No one, whether of a scientific, religious, or psi background, can explain what the epiphyte developed from, much less how it works, or what relation it has to the marble planet it was encased in. All the Empire needs to know about epiphyte is that it is a zero G substance, and the positive effect that it will have on travel and commerce.

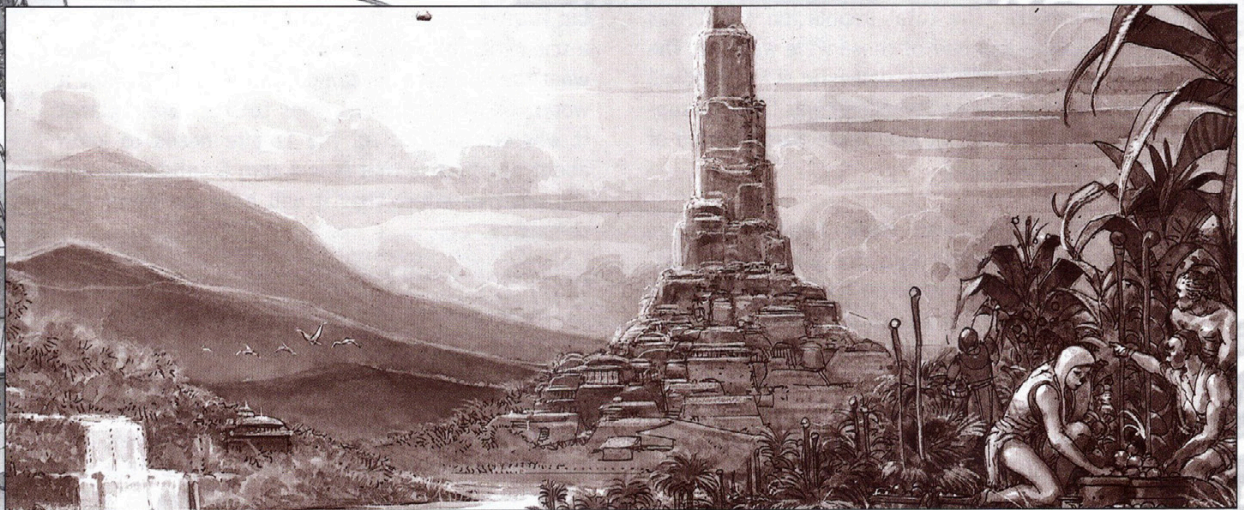
"For centuries, Marmola shone like a jewel. Even as its inhabitants slowly cut away its very skin, its brilliance endured, a sight no one who saw it ever forgot. After the Empire moved everyone off of the planet, and started to harvest its liquid core, that changed. Its effervescence gave way to a flat finish, and its beautiful marble spit up coarse, ugly rock. The life was sucked out of Marmola, so much so that even the Imperial Technicians had to live off planet. This is only one, of countless examples of the Empire's exploitation and ruination. We must stop it now, before we have no where to live but dried out husks like Marmola"

-- Wex Tootle, Skatawah Advocate

OKHAR

"Okhar is the third planet orbiting the star Akhro, in a distant part of the Milky Way Galaxy. It has two moons, Orkho and Rahna, which sit above the north and south poles of the planet. A nearly unspoiled planet, Okhar was given to the Metabaron Othon Von Salza as compensation for the seizure of Marmola by the Empire. It is, other than the Metabaron, uninhabited, unless one counts the uncivilized Canus. It is a planet that teams with life, and has a climatological personality not unlike its primary occupant."

-- Marko Zane, Imperial Planetologist, in a report to the Magnat Breell.



Okhar was an optimal planet for human habitation, even if it was far away from any of the Imperial hyperspace lanes. Its gravity and breathable gases were well within accepted norms for human habitation. It was in a steady orbit, with a stable tectonic structure, and it orbited a young star. It had no industrial facilities or even large population centers to threaten the environment.

And that environment was teeming with life. Okhar had an incredibly unique ecology. While on most other planets, most animals adapt closely to their environment and typically possess simple abilities with a strong offense or defense. On Okhar, the animal kingdom displays the benefits of long, uninterrupted evolution. Imperial scientists suggest that because the Canus have always been primitive, they haven't been able to disrupt the evolutionary process the way that technology has on countless other planets.

The Furrnok, or flying cat, is such a creature. After decades of chasing after, and frequently losing, birds as prey, the common feline started to develop wings. They now fly together in large swarms, especially at twilight, and feast on flowers. They have so dominated their prey, that most smaller birds have adapted in response to the furrnok. The Biznora, for example, developed longer thinner bodies, and tail feet, along with larger front talons to burrow with, to escape from the furrnok.

This adaptability has carried over to aquatic life. The Margott is a small fish with gills that function as hydrofoils and wings. Its main dietary staple are insects, which it consumes by leaping out of the water, and then skimming on its surface, using the wind and its aerodynamic body to propel it along. It

zooms quickly around, gathering all the food it can, before diving back into the water when its breath runs out. The Silaito, an eight tentacled creature, faced with a dearth of food at the depths it enjoys, now subsists on a diet of rocks and sand. It uses its powerful appendages to crush the rocks down to manageable chunks. Then their strong digestive juices break down the pieces, and they absorb the necessary minerals in to their system.

The plant life adapts in a similar way. The forest that surrounds the Castakan forest is dotted with the Marnala flower, a tall, beautiful bloom with a deadly secret. The aroma of its buds invites both man and animal alike to step closer and breathe deeply of its natural aroma. When this happens, the flower petals reach out and adhere to the victims skin. The acidic oil that emits the enticing aroma slowly digests its victim, and sucks the nutrients down into its roots, where it provides the flower nourishment. The flowers are a meter tall. The petals emit oil that sticks to its victim with an effective grip, treat as an 7D stun attack, and treat all results normally. If caught, the oil also anesthetizes the target. The target will lose 1D of health every 4-6 hours until the plant slowly eats away at him.

Weather is another element that has encouraged such interesting creatures. Okhar's weather is mild and pleasant. While its northern reaches do certainly get strong snowfalls, and its equatorial regions harbor many rain forests, the weather is rarely severe. This allows for many more species to survive and evolve than those with more inclement weather or severe climatological events like Ice Ages do.

It also has contributed much to the temperament of

the Canus. The Canus were Okhar's native humanoids, a submissive race of humans that had done little to further themselves or the planet. With a lack of harshness in the weather, and the natural abundance of plant and animal life, the Canus were quite passive and gentle.

The Canus are settled, in tribes, scattered throughout the globe. They usually gathered in tribes of a few hundred, and settle in one of the very fertile valleys dotting the landscape. They stay away from the harsher climates of the northern mountain ranges, and the hot zone near the equator. They built permanent structures out of wood, and lived a simple agricultural life, simply marking time until they passed on onto the afterlife. Service to others in their tribe made their life fulfilling. That was until the pirates came.

The Wayfarers, a rather amoral pirate gang, were using the out of the way planet as a secret base. The Canus, being the passive, obedient folk they are, accepted their authority just as quickly as they asserted it. The Canus acted as a support staff for the decades they used the planet. They hid the pirate's goods, tended to their domestic needs, provided simple medical help, and in some cases, acted as bodyguards.

Eventually, Imperial might reasserted itself out in Okhar's direction, and the Wayfarers activities on the planet were discovered. What pirates that were on planet were executed as a matter of course, but it is estimated that over two-thirds of their force was away at the time, leaving thousands of pirates, and hundreds of Canus unaccounted for. The Imperial Planetary Caretaker did what he could to remove traces of the pirate's occupancy, but it is almost certain that their are still pirate hideouts or material caches still undiscovered.

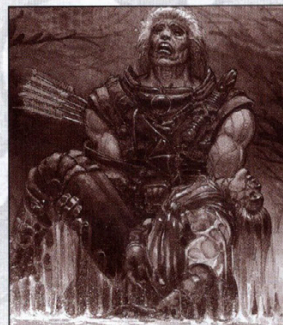
The Planetary Caretaker had a formidable task in making Okhar acceptable to the Metabaron. Okhar was chosen not only for its beauty, but also for its lack of technology. Moving Othon's fortress from Marmola to Okhar piece by piece was challenging, but the Planetary Caretaker had to make sure that the process left the surrounding areas untouched. He had to constantly remind the Imperial workers to take great care, and use temporary structures and Anti Gravity craft to avoid spoiling Okhar's natural beauty.

In the end Kralex Brex, the Planetary Caretaker, used the Canus for most of the difficult work. They were quick learners, obedient, unquestioning, and very mindful of the nature all around them. They learned

the technology required alarmingly quickly for Kralex Brex, but felt no need to implement that knowledge in their homes, feeling that it would keep them from the closeness they felt with their creator. They also felt it would disrupt the natural flow with their lives, and keep them from their ultimate reward.

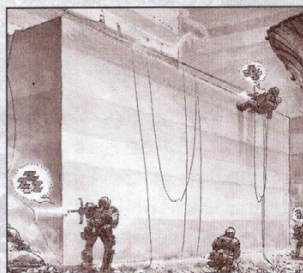
Not all of Brex's preparations were strictly for the Metabaron. Both moons hid secret, automated observation posts, with enough passive sensor packages to track all the activity on the planet's surface. The optic sensors alone could count the number of whiskers on a flying cat. Massive computers were installed in each moon's core to sort out the information, and sent nearly untraceable microbursts containing weekly reports. Brex offered the Metabaron the option of having a planetary defense system installed, but the Metabaron felt quite confident defending himself.

After the loss of his son, Bari, the Metabaron adopted technology as part of his warrior's code, and doing so, integrated it into his fortress. Lifts supplementing stairs, a collection of modern firearms to add to his armory of ancient weapons. But the greatest integration of technology was that of the Metabaron's Metacraft.




But the Metacraft was not the only machine to serve him closely. With the loss of the Canus as his personal servants, he employed robots to serve his needs. The Canus were then used to maintain the land, and deliver the desired foodstuffs, but were never again let inside the fortress.

Stone Cutting:



Stone cutting is a difficult combination of mountain climbing, and sculpting. Typically a job left for automation, stone cutting is done by



and by only one group of people in the galaxy, the Castaka Clan of Marmola. The Marble that makes up Marmola is itself unique in the universe, being both beautiful and very resist to damage. It also has an intangible, comforting warmth that many find soothing.

Cutting the stone into manageable blocks for loading is the goal of the stone cutter. On a virgin site, the stone cutters will climb an adjacent hill, and rappel down low enough to "top" the hill that they are going to cut into. Once the cuts are made, and the top drops away, the cutters fix their ropes lower on the adjacent stone, and lower themselves into the appropriate positions. They use the manual hyperlasers to cut the block out of the hill, meeting at intersection points at crucial times. If a cut is too slow or fast, then the weight of the stone can shift and become unbalanced, causing the stone to come down, crashing on someone.

If all the cuts are made correctly, then the stone just settles a few inches lower than it was, and is tied down in its current position. Care is taken not to cut new blocks too close to ready blocks; the vibrations can cause shifting that the ropes would not easily handle. After the stone is cut, all that is left is to load the marble onto the cargo ships.

But the loading was no ordinary occurrence. For decades, a grand party was thrown for the guest, providing all manners of delicacies, including grilled lizard and homemade whiskey. When the guests were fat and happy, and asleep, then the Stonecutters would use the epiphyte to make the enormous blocks of marble light enough for one person to move. No one had caught on to the Castakans trick until they exposed the secret by saving Othon.

The tool of choice is the manual hyperlaser. Actually cutting with a beam set to a much higher frequency than visible light, the visible beam is used to assist in targeting. The beam strength can be adjusted for depth of cut required. Calculating the beam strength is simple, if only because of the amount of experience all of the users have had with the marble.

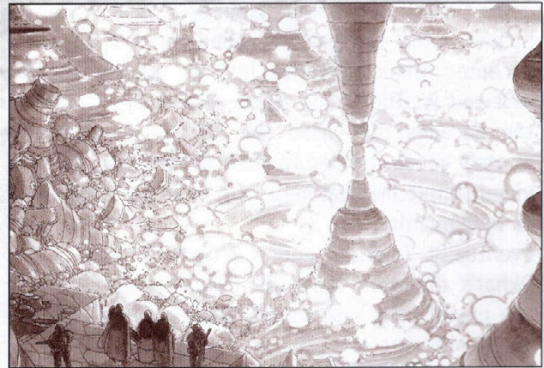
The manual hyperlaser has a built in power source good for a days work, and is no more uncomfortable or difficult to wield than a laser rifle. It does have a limited range, and is very awkward to use in the shoulder fire position.

Lupium: Lupium is a sweet nectar like alcoholic beverage that is a common, if expensive drink. Lupium is produced from the sap of the Lupimos tree, a hardy plant that flourishes well with little assistance. Each soil it is planted in, on each differ-

ent planet, makes the sap, and therefore the drink, taste different. Therefore, when referring to a particular bottles' vintage, it is accepted to mean the year and planet it was grown on..

The sweet, almost syrupy taste covers the alcohol content, and more importantly, minimizes the effects of a hang over, and in some cases keeps them away. Someone drinking an evening's worth of Lupium will still be completely intoxicated, but the hangover will be the equivalent of a light headache, instead of a migraine.

Lupium also does not travel well. Different gravity, acceleration forces, and hyperspace all affect the sap's potency. Almost without exception, if a Lupium is ordered, it is the local variety. So, if a certain planet produces a character's top vintage, the character will need to visit that planet.



Epiphyte was the lifeblood of Marmola, the savior of Othon, and greatest treasure in the galaxy. The revelation of its existence to the Empire revolutionized the Galaxy, changing it in ways only secondary to the discovery of hyperspace travel.

Epiphyte is an antigravity oil. One drop applied to a substance and a normal human being could lift an enormous block of marble over its head. While state of the art spacecraft had antigravity engines to lift them out of orbit, they were large, bulky affairs that only mimicked a sense of weightlessness. Epiphyte actually removes the effect of gravity from whatever substance it comes in contact with. This allowed starships to be built much smaller, with higher speeds, or more space for comfort or cargo.

But starships were not the only places that epiphyte was used. A personal vehicle benefited greatly from epiphyte based designs both in speed and in handling. Personal "jetpacks" were also created, simply by pushing out captured air from directional nozzles. Extravagant magnates built entire floating mansions on epiphyte.

And control of that substance, by the Empire and its Emperor, solidified it and his control over the galaxy. The group that controlled epiphyte could have ransomed the universe for it, upsetting the balance of power in the Imperial government. That is why, as soon as the secret escaped, so many different factions went to Marmola to claim it for their own. That Othon held his ground, and kept his oath of loyalty to the Empire, saved the Galaxy from being under the boot of the Black Endoguard. Epiphyte is a natural wonder that science has not been able to decode.

SPARRING ROBOT



To be ready for combat requires practice, and simulating a real attack is often impossible. Unless one is honor-less, killing a practice opponent is unconscionable, and most computer simulations, even in virtual reality, just isn't real enough for real life combat training. A sparring robot solves all these problems.

A sparring robot is an approximately human sized and shaped robot, 2 meters tall. It is a bit stronger than a normal human, but it is generally accepted that training against a more difficult opponent leads to better trainees. It is programmed to fight in thousands of different combat styles, both hand to hand, and armed. After the resurgence of interest in melee combat after the Marmola incident, archaic martial arts schools are also included. The robot can be set to fight at varying levels of lethality, from contact to first blood to unconsciousness or immobilization.

The sparring robot records all of its actions, and that of its practice partner, and can offer analysis when-

ever it is requested. It can also re-enact the whole combat with another sparring robot, to illustrate visually what it sees. The robot is exceptionally strong (for a human) and a bit more resistant to damage (due to its metallic alloy casing). The robot has no built in weapons, but is proficient in using all manner of hand held weapons.

SPARRING ROBOT

Agility	3D	Knowledge	2D
Brawling	6D	Martial Arts History	4D
Dodge	5D	Mechanical	1D
Melee Combat	5D	Perception	3D
Archaic Weapons	4D	Strength	5D
Martial arts	4D	Technical	1D

Move: 10

Size: 2 meters tall

Cost: 2,500 - 10,000 Kublars

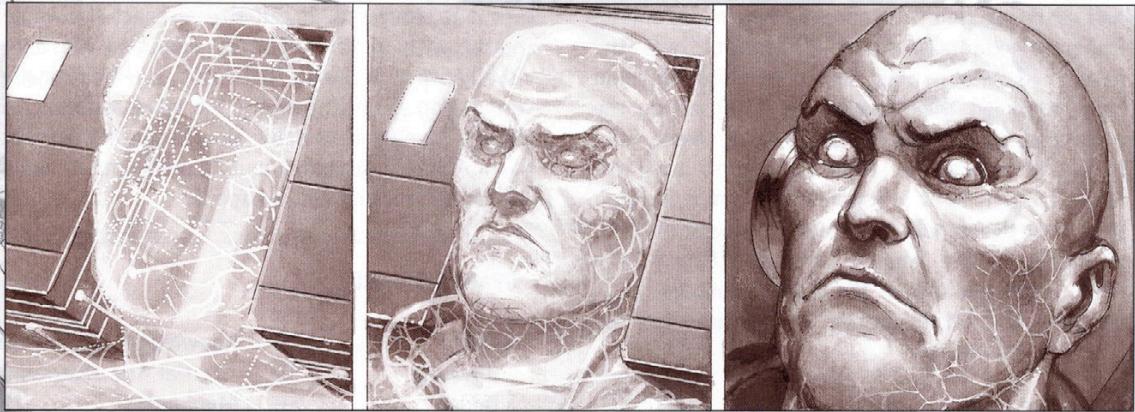
BIO-ELECTROGRAM

"The Metabaron is, to the best of our knowledge, the only man to solve the age old dilemma, how can you be in two places at the same time? He knew that, for as many defenses as were built into the Metabunker, that he was the best weapon he had. But what good is a base you can't leave? Untold fortunes later, the Metabaron was able to defend his own home, while being sectors away"

-- Quix Tanglor, Metabaron Historian

A Bio-Electrogram is a imperfect copy of an individual, using an experimental method that fuses energy together into temporarily stable matter. A very complicated set of electrical charges "program" the bio-electrogram's brain, updating it with current threat information. It has all of the physical and mental traits of the original, but none of the psionic powers, if any. Security systems will recognize it as the original person, down to fingerprints and optical scans.

The drawback of this process is life span. As soon as it is created, the bio-electrogram starts to fight



against the bonds that hold the body together. After three minutes, bonds break, and the whole being literally dissipates into the air, leaving an invisible cloud of charged particles.

The amount of energy it takes to create a bio-electrogram is staggering, comparable to the energy requirements for an Endocity at any given second. The form to be copied must be scanned thoroughly, using equipment only a Techno-Techno could love (or explain). The resulting energy pattern is stored in computer data banks, and once the machines power cells are charged, ready to activate at a moment's notice. The creation of the bio-electrogram drains the power cells, and another bio-electrogram cannot be created until they are recharged (approximately 45 minutes).

GUN SWORD

After Bari's death, Othon stopped relying purely on ancient martial arts weapons, and developed a whole assortment of Metabaronic weapons. These weapons were a merging of the ancient weapons with modern technology. The most famous and most used weapon among these is the gun sword.

Normally a pistol, it is t-shaped, with a large ammunition clip in the handle, and sights. Depress a thumb switch, and the compressed sword blade shoots up from the top of the pistol, and extends to its full meter length. The pistol assembly acts as the sword's hilt, but is still capable of firing. Activating or deactivating the sword blade takes an action.

The Metabaron was the only individual to use this weapon for many years, but since then, others have tried to emulate the design. The process is expensive, usually costing three times the base cost of the

weapon, and not very reliable. Defects, such as lower ammo capacity or jammed sword blade, are also common.

GUN SWORD

Type: Energy Pistol/Sword
Skill: Firearms/Melee Combat
Cost: 5000 Kublars
Availability: Rare
Fire Rate: 4
Range: 3-15/100/175
Damage : STR+1D



CARE AND FEEDING OF ROBOTS

Robots, as commonplace and dependable as they are, require a lot of maintenance to function. Robots, for all the technology involved, are still mechanical machines with diodes, fuses, cogwheels, gears, wires and circuits. All these parts must be on hand, or the possibility of a robot melt down, or other dysfunction arises.

Robots, even large, industrial robots, are programmed to act like human beings. The Electro-Emotion Diode gives the robot emotions to express, according to their unique natures. To mimic the way humans keep in balance, robots are designed to use an audio-gyroscope to provide their agility. Lastly, ultra coolant is the preferred beverage of most robots. It is used to reduce friction between moving parts, and as a beverage, is a cool, soothing drink, not unlike paleo-beer.

NEO-LUDDITES

"We fear for the future. Technology has taken our lives away from us. Machines do the work, machines to take the risks. Do any of us really know how to live, or do we spend our time avoiding life, in return for luxury? Does not technology make us complacent, satiating our curiosity, and dulling our sense. We say no more! We won't stop until we have thrown the off switch on the real power base."

-- Xim, Neo-Luddite protestor, before his arrest and summary execution for treason

The Neo-Luddites believe in the old Terra Prima saying, "Power Corrupts". They see the corrupting influence of technology all around them, and want to shake away man's dependence on technology, feeling that man has become complacent. When a galactic spy sold them the information about the Marmola invasion, they felt like they had an opportunity. Not only could they stop technology from advancing, but they could make their point in front of some of the most powerful factions in the galaxy.

The Neo-Luddites did not have any military with which to join the fray. Their plan was to send one cruiser coming in disguised as an aid ship. In reality, it was carrying a catalyst missile. A catalyst missile is launched into the sun, and once it finds its core, it starts a chain reaction that will annihilate the sun and every planet and starship in the system. The Purple Endoguard thwarted their plan, destroying the missile before it could reach the sun, and then destroyed the small ship that fired it.

Zacuda Frolex

- INCIDENT REPORT 1630GH12-1200A
TERRA 2014 - CITYSHAFT -
INVESTIGATOR BRAX DOGLIN

UPON ARRIVAL, DISCOVERED THAT THE THREE PROTO-NUCLEAR ATTACK CRAFT HAD BEEN DESTROYED, ATTEMPTING TO ATTACK THE METABUNKER STRUCTURE. AFTER A

QUICK QUERY TO THE POLICE CENTRAL LOGS, IT WAS REPORTED THAT AN ATTACK PROGRAM WAS LAUNCHED AUTOMATICALLY AGAINST THE METABUNKER. STANDARD PROCEDURES CLEARLY OUTLINED THAT THE ATTACK WAS ONLY TO BE LAUNCHED IN RESPONSE TO AGGRESSION FROM THE METABUNKER.

SEARCHED THROUGH SENSOR LOGS, SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS, AND AFTER RUNNING AN EXTERIOR INSPECTION PERSONALLY, FOUND NO EVIDENCE ANY ATTACK TOOK PLACE. "BORROWING" A COMPUTER SYSTEM TECH, WE WENT TO EXAMINE THE COMPUTER. TECH EXPLAINED THAT COMPUTER, WHILE ACTUALLY CLASSIFIED AS A MINOR SYSTEM (MINOR BT-4589102054562) THE INPUT FORMAT IS THAT OF A LARGE CITY FULL OF CONTROL BUTTONS, LITERALLY BILLIONS OF BUTTONS. UPON LOCATING THE BUTTON THAT TRIGGERS THE ATTACK, WE NOTICED AN INSECTOID CARCASS. A ZACUDA FROLEX CARCASS. BUT HUGE, AS BIG AS A MAN.

AFTER SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS, IT WAS DECIDED THAT A CONTAMINATED PARENT, OR EGG, HATCHED THIS MUTANT INSECT, WHICH, THROUGH A STRING OF COINCIDENCES, FOUND ITSELF FLYING WILDLY IN THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE PLANET'S LARGEST COMPUTER. IT CRASHED INTO THE BUTTON THAT ACTIVATED THE ATTACK PROGRAM. LUCKILY, THE METABUNKERS DEFENSES WERE ABLE TO HANDLE THE ATTACK. RECOMMEND VISUAL CONFIRMATION OF ATTACK BEFORE RETALIATION IN ANY FUTURE CIRCUMSTANCES.

MUTANT ZACUDA FROLEX

A typical Zacuda Frolex is akin to the paleo-wasp. The mutant version in the report had grown to three meters in length. Carnivorous, the typical Zacuda would eat other insects, while it is suggested that, had it lived, it would have threatened human life. It would fly down to its victim, bite down with razor sharp teeth, and then carry the prey away. Damage in surrounding areas suggested that the Zacuda Frolex had developed an appetite for computer hardware also.

MUTANT ZACUDA FROLEX

Agility	3D	Strength	4D
Perception	4D	Special Abilities:	
Search	5D	Bite	1D
		Claws	3D

Type: Mutant Bug
Move: 7 (walking), 35 (flying)
Size: 3 meters long
Orneriness: 6D

PROTO NUCLEAR UNITS

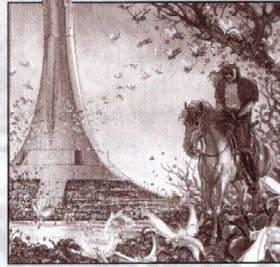
Having the Metabaron and his Metabunker be part of your precinct is quite a problem for law enforcement. The Cyber Cops of Terra 2014 had just that problem. Contingencies plans had to be made, they felt, to take the Metabunker down if necessary. And since they were being paid to be able to handle just that contingency, and paid well, they developed a solution.

At a cost that nearly erased their profit margin, the Cyber Cops produced three Proto Nuclear Fighter Craft, or Proto Nuclear Units. (One would have been sufficient, but three fighters was calculated to be the minimum number to ensure success, after projected combat casualties.) These fighters only carry one weapon, and it is specifically engineered to cut through the Metabunker's shield, and destroy the Metabunker.

When the pilot pulls the trigger, a contained nuclear reaction is ignited in the nose cone of the fighter, and the destructive energies are then channeled directly forward. The raw destructive force of fission should tear through the shields in under sixty seconds, but there is still time for a counterattack.

Using the fighters is a risky proposition for the pilots. Once their weapon is armed, it takes quite a long time for it to penetrate, leaving the fighter open for attack. The pilots are then sitting just behind a controlled nuclear explosion, and if something damages the shielding holding it in, the resulting explosion will leave no trace of the fighter or the pilot.

MAXI PROTONIC TOWER



After the loss of Bari, and the creation of the Metabaronic weaponry, he had his robots, and the Canus, convert the Castaka Fortress into a Maxi-Protonic Tower. It became a state of the art fortification in the center of the idyllic forests of Okhar, and was the forerunner to the Metabunker.

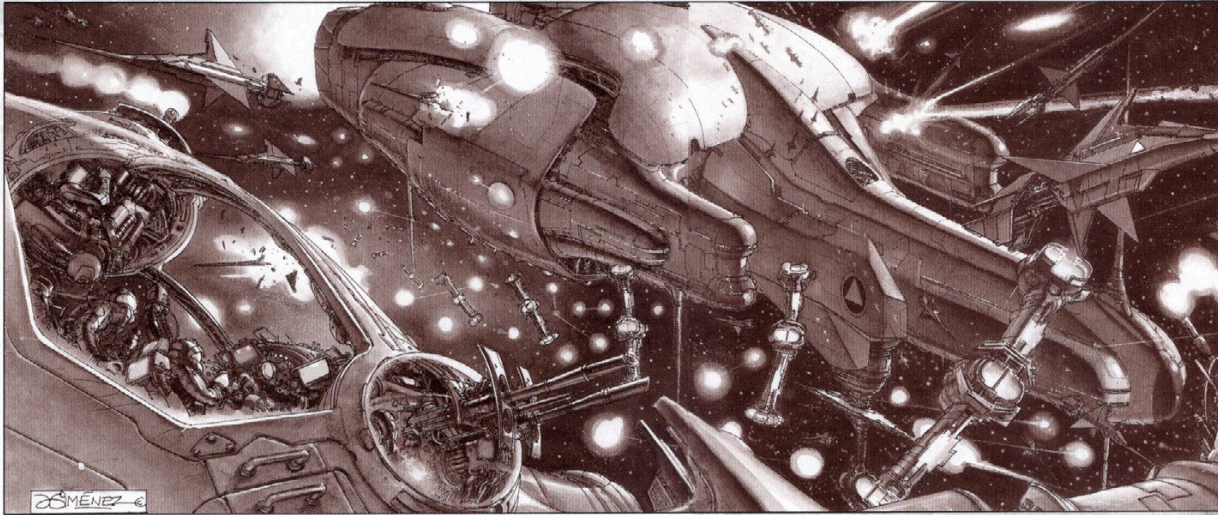
Ringling the fortress are concealed weapons batteries, capable of delaying an attacking force long enough to launch the Metacraft. The Metacraft, and the repair facilities are one level below the ground, with an elevator that moves between the two levels. Domestic needs, and the robot staff occupy the bottom third of the tower, followed by the MetaArmory and sparring area in its middle. The top third of the tower contain the Metabaron's living quarters, and top of the line communications equipment.

The Metabaron can control the tower, like other Maxi-Protonic equipment, directly. High-speed communication on the sub-atomic level allows him to exercise his control over all of his Maxi-protonic devices. The control is innate, making the tower, like the Metacraft, an extension of his being.

MOTHER COACH SHIP

The "Mother Coach", as she was called, was the largest capital ship the Imperial Government had ever constructed. In a specially designed "womb", its sole purpose was to carry and protect the Imperial Embryo that would, in time, be Janus-Jana, Emperress, hermaphrodite, and uniter of the Galaxy. But when the Mother Coach was called to service, it just had to get the embryo from the Hospital Planet to the Golden Planet.

At its core was a triple armored, shield protected area, nicknamed the "womb" that housed the embryo, and the medical staff that was attending it. This area had its own fusion generator, and enough supplies to go it alone for a year. Outside that inner core is a second shell, guarded by the thousand



fiercest Endoguards to serve the Emperor. Outside that ring (with each ring cocooned in armor) were the rest of the armed forces. The Coach also acted as a carrier, holding a reserve of Lancets. They also had over 20,000 soldiers on red alert, and the most weapons batteries ever to be placed on a starship.

That was not considered enough security, so the largest escort of Purple Endoguard Lancets ever assembled followed the Mother Coach. The Emperor was so proud of the accomplishments of the Hospital Planet, and the strength of the escort, that he told the whole galaxy the good news. Unfortunately, what is good news to one person, is a good opportunity to others.

From pride came the fall, specifically, an ambush from inside a hollow, mobile planet. A pirate, Namar, was using the planet as a base of operations, and when he heard the news, assembled as many other pirate groups as he could to attack the Mother Coach. When it came into range, the planet launched 100,000 Ostrov-Class Minifighters. Space literally swarmed with starships, and the Mother Coach was bogged down in what could become a siege.

The Emperor had to swallow his pride, and request help of his subjects. Othon volunteered, and defeated the pirates utterly. When the Purple Endoguard refused to let him lead the returning flight, he penetrated the Mother Coach, and removed the embryo, which he delivered himself. The ship, and its escort made it safely back to the Golden Planet long after Othon arrived, and the Mother Coach was put in reserves.

MOTHER COACH SHIP

Class: Capital Ship
Scale: Battleship
Length: 5 km
Skill: Piloting
Crew: 80,000,
Gunners: 1000, minimum 8,500/+20
Passengers: 20,000 troops
Cargo: 60,000 metric tons
Supplies: 15 years
Stardrive: Yes
Maneuverability: 1D
Space: 4
Hull: 12D
Shields: 4D
Sensors: 100D/3D
Ordnance:

100 Main Gun Batteries

Fire Arc: 25 fore, 25 aft, 25 port, 25 Starboard
Skill: Gunnery
Fire Control: 2D
Space Range: 3-20, 40, 80
Atmosphere: 6-40, 80, 160
Damage: 6D

60 Flak Cannons

Fire Arc: 15 fore, 15 aft, 15 port, 15 Starboard
Crew: 3 each
Scale: Fighter
Skill: Gunnery
Fire Control: 2D
Space Range: 3-10, 15, 30
Damage: 7D

32 Gauss Canon

Fire Arc: 8 fore, 8 aft, 8 port, 8 Starboard

Crew: 2 each

Skill: Gunnery

Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 2-10,30, 60

Atmosphere: 2-10,30, 60

Damage: 4D

20 Tractor Beam Emitters

Fire Arc: 8 fore, 8 aft, 8 port, 8 Starboard

Crew: 2 each

Skill: Gunnery

Fire Control: 2D

Space Range: 2-10,30, 60

Atmosphere: 2-10,30, 60

Damage: 4D

Crew Skill:

Astro-Nav	8D	Sensors	5D
Comm	6D	Shields	5D
Gunnery	5D	Command	9D
Piloting	6D		

Poly Radar: Poly radar are the eyes of any machine, and they are eyes with penetrating vision. Typical sensor packages search for motion, heat, energy emissions or the lack thereof. Poly radar, while including all of the above sensor packages, covers one more important facet. Poly radar can detect disturbances in the hyperspace sub-dimension.

Prohibitively expensive, both in material cost and power usage, the poly radar sends a signal wave into the hyperspace subdimension, and listens for any returns. Once calibrated to ignore all the hyperspace shadows of realspace matter (such as other planets or moons) the radar should detect a ship coming into the system. While there is no known way to cloak a hyperspace signature, crafty individuals have been able to hide behind the aforementioned shadows to escape detection, with a Difficult (20) Astro-Nav roll.

Starships can carry this type of sensor, but due to power and space requirements, the range is quite limited, and used more for avoiding obstacles, than detecting foes. The sensor package takes up the space equivalent to a squadron of fighters and is not standard equipment. They are manufactured by the Techno-Techno's, and can be purchased through them directly, or through middlemen, for a much

more exorbitant price. A new unit cost 75 million kublars.

Quantum Sensors: Much like weapons and armor, engineers have been coming up with better ways to hide something from view. The more advanced the technology, the more options one has. Quantum sensors are an attempt to see through current stealth technologies.

Quantum theory is used to predict the movement of atoms, and their component pieces. While it is currently impossible to know exactly where each electron will be at a given point in time, Quantum theory allows scientists to know the probability that an electron will be in a certain location. This theory is used in understanding fission and fusion.

What it can also do, is allow searchers to cast a very fine comb through a search area. Using powerful computers provided by the Techno-Technos, an area with a meter radius can be viewed at the subatomic level. The computer analyzes the movements it sees against what movements it thinks it should see. Filtering out real world variables (such as the varying radiation levels from the system's sun), they should be a match. If not, something was in that space that didn't show up on standard sensors.

Probability plays a part in the design of a quantum sensor web. Because it would be nearly impossible to scan a whole system with this technology, the sensors are located where statistically they should be able to catch an intruder. Foreknowledge of their locations is the only known way to avoid them. Just like the other technology listed, it is quite difficult to get, even through the Techno-Techno's. Each device is the size and shape of a coffin, and costs 100,000 kublars a piece. It would take approximately 1,000 of these to completely cover the area around a small moon, and many more to scan the complete area around an earth size planet. Often, these sensors are placed strategically, and sometimes camouflaged, to make fewer of them more effective.

Photonic barriers: As a byproduct of holographic technology, the Techno-Techno's were able to create a three dimensional light projection with substance. This "hard light" projection technology has had many applications over the years, besides creating convincing illusions. One of these applications is the photonic barrier.

A photonic barrier, simply put, is a type of force shield. Its advantage is that it can be shaped into any form or size, given sufficient energy, while regular shields more or less radiate out from a center point. They can be used to block off access, or just limit navigation choices. For example, photonic barriers can be placed where quantum sensors are not, increasing the odds that a pilot has to fly close to one.

Given a less transparent form, they are used as navigational aids. They can also be used in rescue missions to provide a safety net, slow down starships by providing resistance, or even be used as a place to land, temporarily.

But they are used the most of all as weapons. While the kinetic energy of ramming would not be effective to most large ships, atmospherically capable ships are smaller and moving very quickly upon re-entry. Hard light projections, much like mines, are scattered in the starships way like jacks. Again, the Techno Techno's permission and the exorbitant power requirements keep this from being used on all but the wealthiest and most powerful planets. Each projection unit is 275,0000 kublars, and is housed

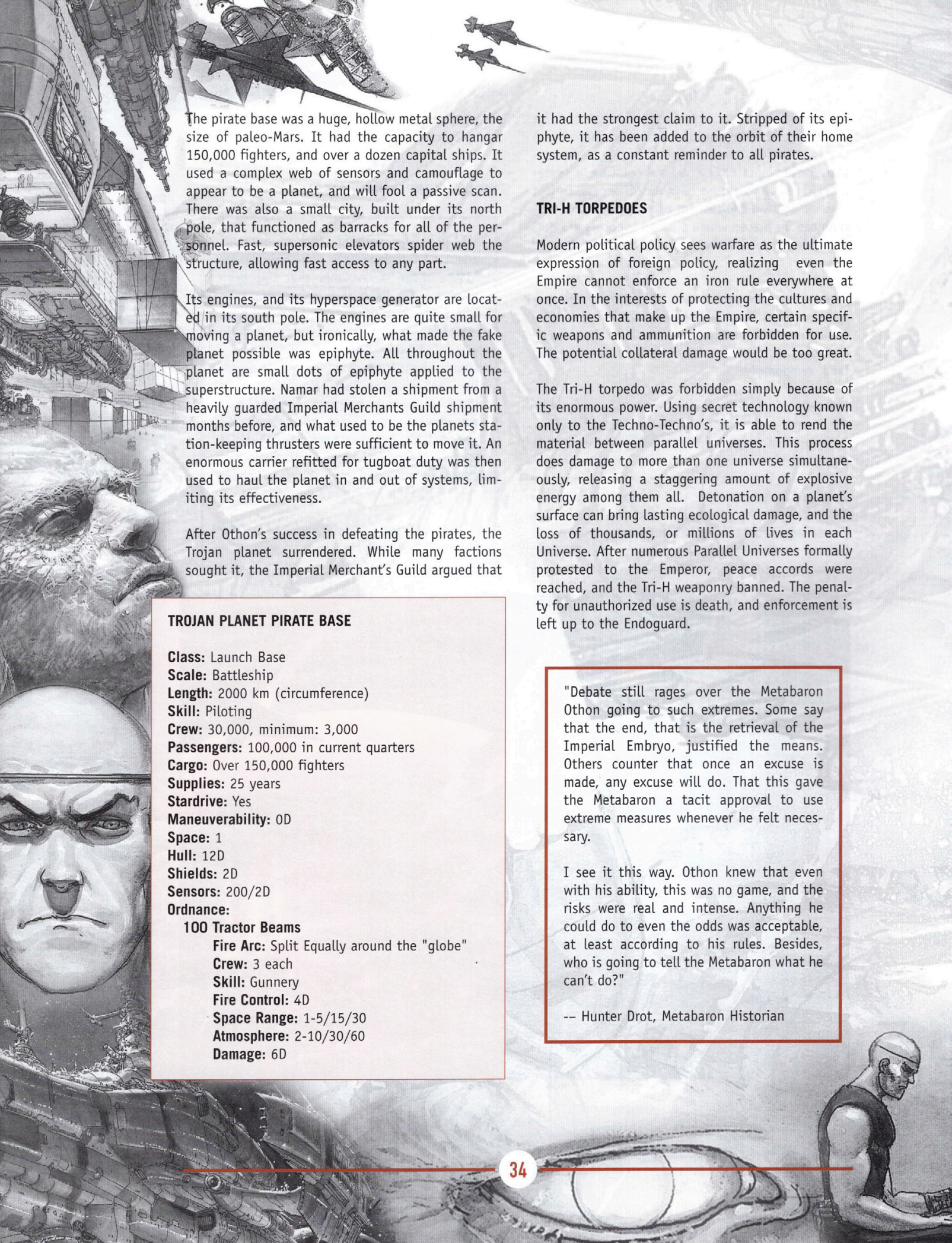
in a ten story tall "skyscraper" to provide the power, and projector required.

TROJAN PLANET PIRATE BASE

"My plan was nothing short of brilliant, admit it! I already have huge ship carrier in the shape of a planet that I've been using for huge ambushes before. And then the Emperor rubs his kid, his precious "Imperial Embryo" in everyone's face? No way. So I pulled in all of my "friends" I could, which is much easier with a payoff like that would've been. More ships than the Empire has bureaucrats. The hard part was cloaking the planet we replaced. We pulled it off, but only because they didn't look to close. Too secure with their precious Endoguard escort to worry about that. And then he showed up...."

-- Namar, Pirate, to a fellow inmate the day before his execution





The pirate base was a huge, hollow metal sphere, the size of paleo-Mars. It had the capacity to hangar 150,000 fighters, and over a dozen capital ships. It used a complex web of sensors and camouflage to appear to be a planet, and will fool a passive scan. There was also a small city, built under its north pole, that functioned as barracks for all of the personnel. Fast, supersonic elevators spider web the structure, allowing fast access to any part.

Its engines, and its hyperspace generator are located in its south pole. The engines are quite small for moving a planet, but ironically, what made the fake planet possible was epiphyte. All throughout the planet are small dots of epiphyte applied to the superstructure. Namar had stolen a shipment from a heavily guarded Imperial Merchants Guild shipment months before, and what used to be the planets station-keeping thrusters were sufficient to move it. An enormous carrier refitted for tugboat duty was then used to haul the planet in and out of systems, limiting its effectiveness.

After Othon's success in defeating the pirates, the Trojan planet surrendered. While many factions sought it, the Imperial Merchant's Guild argued that

it had the strongest claim to it. Stripped of its epiphyte, it has been added to the orbit of their home system, as a constant reminder to all pirates.

TRI-H TORPEDOES

Modern political policy sees warfare as the ultimate expression of foreign policy, realizing even the Empire cannot enforce an iron rule everywhere at once. In the interests of protecting the cultures and economies that make up the Empire, certain specific weapons and ammunition are forbidden for use. The potential collateral damage would be too great.

The Tri-H torpedo was forbidden simply because of its enormous power. Using secret technology known only to the Techno-Techno's, it is able to rend the material between parallel universes. This process does damage to more than one universe simultaneously, releasing a staggering amount of explosive energy among them all. Detonation on a planet's surface can bring lasting ecological damage, and the loss of thousands, or millions of lives in each Universe. After numerous Parallel Universes formally protested to the Emperor, peace accords were reached, and the Tri-H weaponry banned. The penalty for unauthorized use is death, and enforcement is left up to the Endoguard.

TROJAN PLANET PIRATE BASE

Class: Launch Base

Scale: Battleship

Length: 2000 km (circumference)

Skill: Piloting

Crew: 30,000, minimum: 3,000

Passengers: 100,000 in current quarters

Cargo: Over 150,000 fighters

Supplies: 25 years

Stardrive: Yes

Maneuverability: 0D

Space: 1

Hull: 12D

Shields: 2D

Sensors: 200/2D

Ordnance:

100 Tractor Beams

Fire Arc: Split Equally around the "globe"

Crew: 3 each

Skill: Gunnery

Fire Control: 4D

Space Range: 1-5/15/30

Atmosphere: 2-10/30/60

Damage: 6D

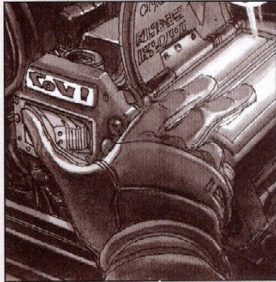
"Debate still rages over the Metabaron Othon going to such extremes. Some say that the end, that is the retrieval of the Imperial Embryo, justified the means. Others counter that once an excuse is made, any excuse will do. That this gave the Metabaron a tacit approval to use extreme measures whenever he felt necessary.

I see it this way. Othon knew that even with his ability, this was no game, and the risks were real and intense. Anything he could do to even the odds was acceptable, at least according to his rules. Besides, who is going to tell the Metabaron what he can't do?"

-- Hunter Drot, Metabaron Historian

TRI-H TORPEDOS

Scale: Battleship
Cost: 1 Billion Kublars
Length: 30 meters
Fire Control: 5D
Hull: 4D
Shields: 3D
Sensors: 75/2D
Damage: 20D



The Tri-H torpedo is an independent starship, and can be fired at a distance and correct its course to hit larger ships without the firing ship being in range of the target ship's weapons.

SHAZAM

Shazam is, in the eyes of the Technos and of Bari, a miracle. It was a pure white horse of a species extinct from the universe for over 20,000 years, since the sixth world war. Recreated from genetic samples stored in the Imperial Palace's Genetic Museum and the work of an army of Techno-Techno scientists at a cost of 100 tons of gold, it was a gift from the Emperor and the final payment for the secret of Marmola. A gift that Othon had negotiated for his son Bari, who he had disabled on Marmola so he would not die needlessly in the battle. The gift of Shazam gave Bari the freedom and mobility that he so desperately needed. It eased



many of Bari's troubles. But it also brought about his untimely end.

Pirates came to steal Shazam, and during the chase to recover him Othon, confused by the Fog, mistakenly killed his own son. Shazam, however, was unharmed, and was still reclaimed by Othon. He kept the horse, and rode him regularly as long as he was on Okhar. Most historians agree that riding Shazam was his way of remembering his son, the loss of whom he seemed to never have recovered from.

Shazam was recreated from the genetic material of "Swift Mover", the last winner of the Triple Crown. A thoroughbred, Shazam has incredible speed and stamina. His metabolism was adjusted for the differences in the environments between Terra Prima and Okhar (such as altitude and oxygen levels) and to be able to consume modern wheats. Shazam was trained and broken in traditionally, then sent to Okhar. His training included both the standard competition regimen (such as steeplechase) and combat abilities (Shazam will not be spooked by combat, including the use of firearms by his rider).

Shazam served his masters well. He was used by Honorata and Aghnar to travel to the sacred Mountain, where they were attacked by the carnivorous eodacytles. He was taken, but the distraction of such a tasty meal allowed Honorata and her baby to escape into a cave. Shazam is nearly irreplaceable. Being unique, and the sole responsibility of a large work team of Techno Technos, he is priceless. Any requests for further horses would require both a Maganat's fiscal wealth and further favors.

SHAZAM

Agility	4D	Strength	5D
Dodge	4D	Stamina	7D
Running	7D	Climb/jump	6D
Prception	3D	Swim	6D

Type: Racing Horse

Move: 25

Size: 1.6 meters tall

Orneriness: 0D

Special Abilities:

Area Knowledge: Shazam knows the area around the Castaka fortress completely, and can be counted on to get his rider home safely.



ANASIRMA

Anasirma is the sacred mountain of Okhar, found in the icy north. So cold that the native Canus never ventured there, it was the home of Eodactyls, woolly toads, for a short time, a would-be Metabaron and his mother. Despite its arctic clime,

Anasirma was the fire that forged Aghnar. Its harshness and his Mother's relentless training prepared him for the coldness that the rest of the universe would show him.

The cave they spent the first seven years of his life in did provide for their basic needs. Behind the ice that formed the cave's walls was slowly dripping water, and wild Horna berries, which grew out of the ice, provided the two with basic sustenance. They were able to hunt to supplement their meals, but for a time, that was all they had to live on.

These members of the Metabaron clan were not the only two inhabitants of that cave. Short blue creatures, known as woolly toads, came into the cave on the cold winter nights, seeking warmth, not caring whether it was from the fire or from the humans themselves. They are smart enough to speak, but incredibly docile. They traveled in a large pack, but were small and quite meek. The two ate nightly of the woolly toads, but Aghnar became attached to one of them, one he named Yippi. He became emotionally attached to it, like a pet, but at the age of five, his mother forced him to kill it, to teach him that "duty comes before love".

That was just one of many lessons that Honorata taught her son. They fought every day, sometimes in practice, sometimes surprise attacks meant to prepare Aghnar for combat from any time and from any quarter (including his own mother). While Honorata was teaching him the precepts of the Metabaron clan, she also imparted him all of her knowledge on the secrets of the Shabda-Oud. When his training was complete, he had total control over himself, both physically and mentally, and was well on his

way to becoming the greatest warrior in the Galaxy, and the one man capable of taking on the Shabda-Oud.

The Eodactyls, the creatures that almost killed Honorata when she arrived, became the mount that the two made their return to the Metabaron on. The Eodactyls were ferocious winged predators who preferred the cold climes of Anasirma (due to their metabolism), even with a scarceness of food. They hibernate, literally going into a state of drastically decreased metabolism, until their passive senses register prey. Travelling in mated trios (two males and a female) they awaken and swoop down on their prey, using sharp teeth and sharper talons to hook their prey. Honorata was originally able to escape them, at the cost of Shazam, her horse.

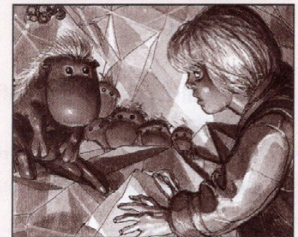
After a time, Aghnar was able to study the Eodactyls (at a distance), and he realized the need for a means of travel, if only for their return. After considering the irony, he decided to train one, and presented the idea to his mother. With his extensive knowledge of the Shabda-Oud "magic" that Honorata taught him, combined with his intense personal strength, he was able to dominate the eodactyl's will. After training it, he used it to hunt larger meals for the two. Eventually they rode it back to see Othon, leaving the cold climate behind them.

WOOLLY TOAD

Agility	2D
Perception	3D+2
Strength	2D

Type: Arctic Herbivore
Move: 3
Size: 0.4 meters
Orneriness: 0D
Special Abilities:

- Enhanced Smell: All woolly toads get a +2D when searching for plant life.
- Speech: Woolly toads can talk in a pidgin speech, forming short sentences.



EODACTYL

Agility	3D+2	Perception	4D
Brawling	4D+2	Search	4D+2
0-G Maneuver	5D+2	Strength	4D

Type: Winged Predator

Move: 35

Size: 6-9 meters long, 20-30 meter wingspan

Orneriness: 4D

Special Abilities:

Toothy Beak: Inflicts STR+2 damage

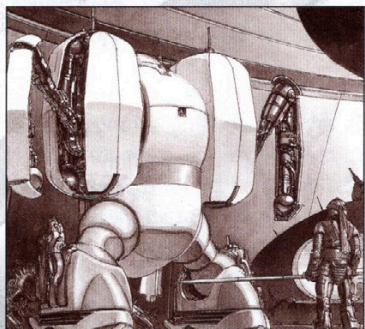
Talons: Inflicts STR+2D damage



ROBO-KILLER

Robo-Killers are a staple of military defense, especially in fringe worlds. They are, compared to human soldiers, easier to train, repair or replace. Their size, combined with the sheer number of weapons that the Robo-Killer wields, is effective, even against squads of attackers. The lack of ranged weapons is not a weakness, as it rarely works alone, but is more of a special unit, not unlike a heavy weapons specialist. Its considerable armor allows it to soak up enough damage to get close enough to an enemy unit to engage its many weapons. The lack

of ranged weapons also makes it a safe unit to be using inside a spaceship.



One of the most infamous uses of the robo-killer, of

course, was Othon's use of one as a test device. The Metabaron modified it in a number of ways before the test, the most important one being the addition of a self-destruct button in the center of its chest. He also tweaked the combat program to adjust it more closely to what he expected of Aghnar's fighting style. Lastly, it was programmed to start out using only one of its eight weapon appendages, and then add one every ten minutes until they were all deployed.

Aghnar had fought it for 71 minutes, armed only with a spear, when it caught one of his legs, removing the weights that were on them. Their loss made him much lighter, and with his newfound agility, he jumped to the top of the robot. He opened up its control center, and activated the self-destruct function from there, quickly jumping out the way of the resulting blast.

Robo-killers can be modified, and ones operating in zero gravity environments are issued jet packs that are bolted to their backs. Ranged weapons are not normally added, because the robot's programming would have to be modified to be able to accurately aim the weapons. The melee style weapons can be interchanged to the users consent, but each one is deadly, and they can all be used to attack at the same time, making the robo-killer effective against larger forces.

ROBO-KILLER

Agility	3D	Perception	3D
Brawling	4D	Search	5D
Melee Combat	6D	Strength	8D
Knowledge	1D	Technical	1D
Mechanical	1D		

Type: Combat Killer

Move: 10

Size: 12 meters tall

Cost: 45,000 kublars

Specialized Components:

8 Weapon Arms: 2 Swords, 2 Pikes, 2 Claws, 2 Groups of spikes: 9D damage per attack

Multiple Attacks: the Robo-Killer can attack with each weapon twice in one turn, and with no penalty dice for multiple actions.



Rite of Mutilation: The tradition of mutilation as a rite of initiation is one that began with the second Metabaron, Aghnar. It only comes after the child has completed all of his training, especially that of self control. It is the last test of the Metabaron's mettle, and a rite that links the father and son with a common experience.

Because his body was permanently imbued with epiphyte, and thus nearly weightless, he had to prove to his father, the Metabaron, that he was worthy to follow in his steps. Aghnar had to be capable of becoming an invincible warrior, or both Aghnar and his father would have died that day. The Metabaron Othon activated a Robo-Killer, specially modified for the test, and instructed his son to deactivate it by initiating his self-destruct sequence. Although he caused it to self-destruct in a rather unorthodox fashion, Othon was not satisfied but conceded that Aghnar had completed the test. Having proved himself worthy, the mutilation rite was carried out.

Aghnar sat in a chair, and had his legs, from the knee down, placed in a compression capsule. Once started, the capsule would continue to compress his legs until Aghnar stopped the machine, testing his capacity to resist the pain. He stayed in the machine so long that, although both Honorata and the Metabaron gave their assent, he did not stop the machine until he had effectively amputated his lower legs. Metal prosthesis, with the appropriate weights, were immediately attached, and the tradition was born.

"The Rite of Mutilation, barbaric as it may seem to us, was vital in teaching the youth an important lesson. Baron Berard taught Othon that a warrior must be prepared to sacrifice himself for victory. While he understood this after Berard's instruction, he lived it through the loss of both his son

Bari and his manhood, and he would be prepared to do so again to assist Aghnar. Othon knew that this lesson, while painful, must be learned by experience. Only then would Aghnar, or any future Metabarons, be able to walk the unforgiving path laid before them"

-- Tan Dor Lowt, Historian

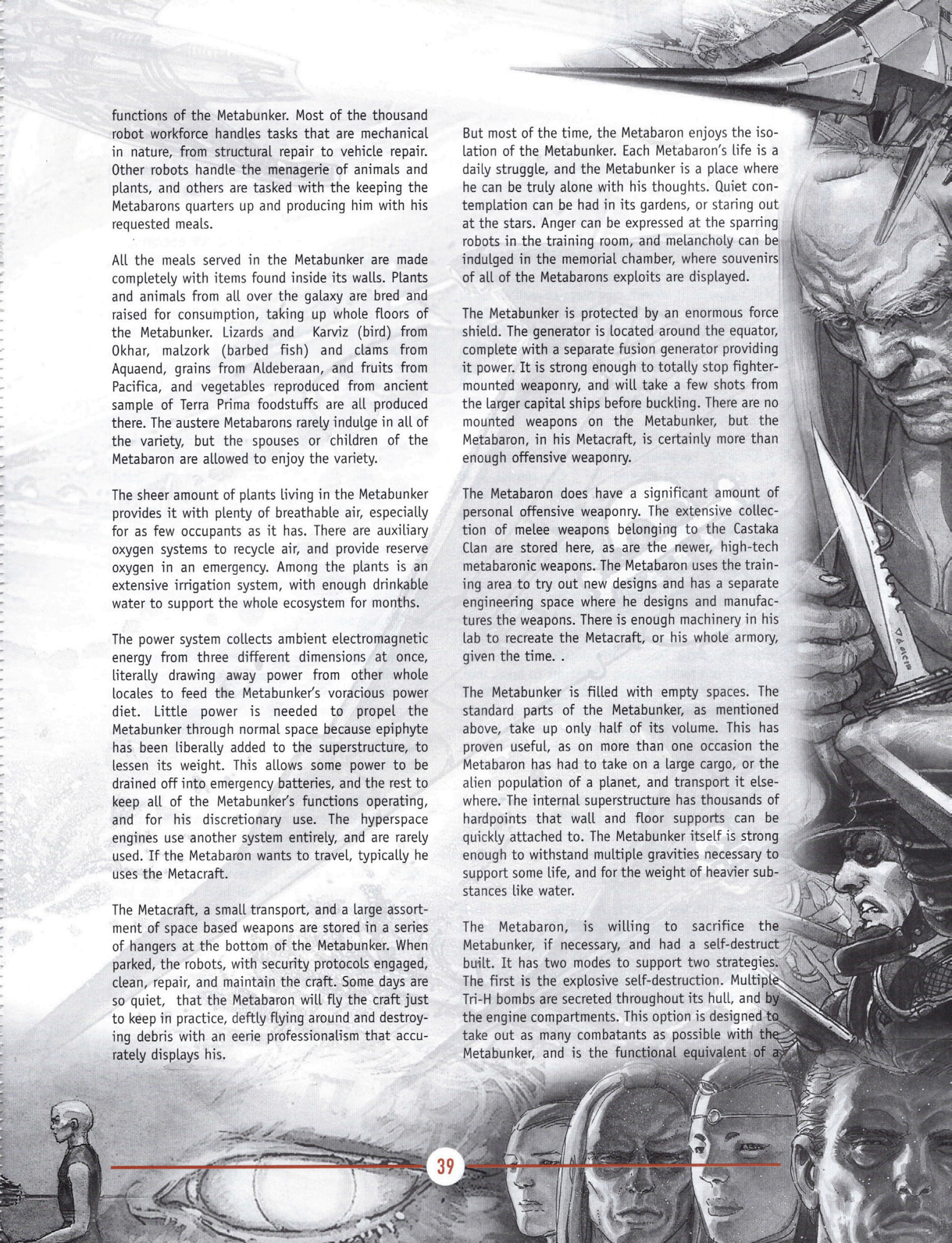
NAMAR THE PIRATE

Namar was the organizer and instigator of what was possibly the largest attempt at space-going piracy ever attempted, but that event was only the capstone to a life full of twists, turns and tragedies. Namar had been both a prince and a pauper, and had seen life from both sides of the law.

METABUNKER

The Metabunker is the Metabaron's homebase, his inner sanctum. Shaped like a diamond, this miles long structure is the repository for the all of the Metabaron's acquired knowledge and equipment, and considerably more. No human being outside of the Castaka clan has ever entered the Metabunker, although he is far from the only living thing on the Metabunker.

The Metabunker is an ever-shifting arrangement of rooms and floors, maintained by a small army of maintenance robots, overseen by Tonto, head supervisor, and the main point of contact between the Metabaron and the robot crew. While Tonto keeps Lothar by his side consistently, he does have a command staff of other robots that oversee the major



functions of the Metabunker. Most of the thousand robot workforce handles tasks that are mechanical in nature, from structural repair to vehicle repair. Other robots handle the menagerie of animals and plants, and others are tasked with the keeping the Metabarons quarters up and producing him with his requested meals.

All the meals served in the Metabunker are made completely with items found inside its walls. Plants and animals from all over the galaxy are bred and raised for consumption, taking up whole floors of the Metabunker. Lizards and Karviz (bird) from Okhar, malzork (barbed fish) and clams from Aquaend, grains from Aldeberaan, and fruits from Pacifica, and vegetables reproduced from ancient sample of Terra Prima foodstuffs are all produced there. The austere Metabarons rarely indulge in all of the variety, but the spouses or children of the Metabaron are allowed to enjoy the variety.

The sheer amount of plants living in the Metabunker provides it with plenty of breathable air, especially for as few occupants as it has. There are auxiliary oxygen systems to recycle air, and provide reserve oxygen in an emergency. Among the plants is an extensive irrigation system, with enough drinkable water to support the whole ecosystem for months.

The power system collects ambient electromagnetic energy from three different dimensions at once, literally drawing away power from other whole locales to feed the Metabunker's voracious power diet. Little power is needed to propel the Metabunker through normal space because epiphyte has been liberally added to the superstructure, to lessen its weight. This allows some power to be drained off into emergency batteries, and the rest to keep all of the Metabunker's functions operating, and for his discretionary use. The hyperspace engines use another system entirely, and are rarely used. If the Metabaron wants to travel, typically he uses the Metacraft.

The Metacraft, a small transport, and a large assortment of space based weapons are stored in a series of hangers at the bottom of the Metabunker. When parked, the robots, with security protocols engaged, clean, repair, and maintain the craft. Some days are so quiet, that the Metabaron will fly the craft just to keep in practice, deftly flying around and destroying debris with an eerie professionalism that accurately displays his.

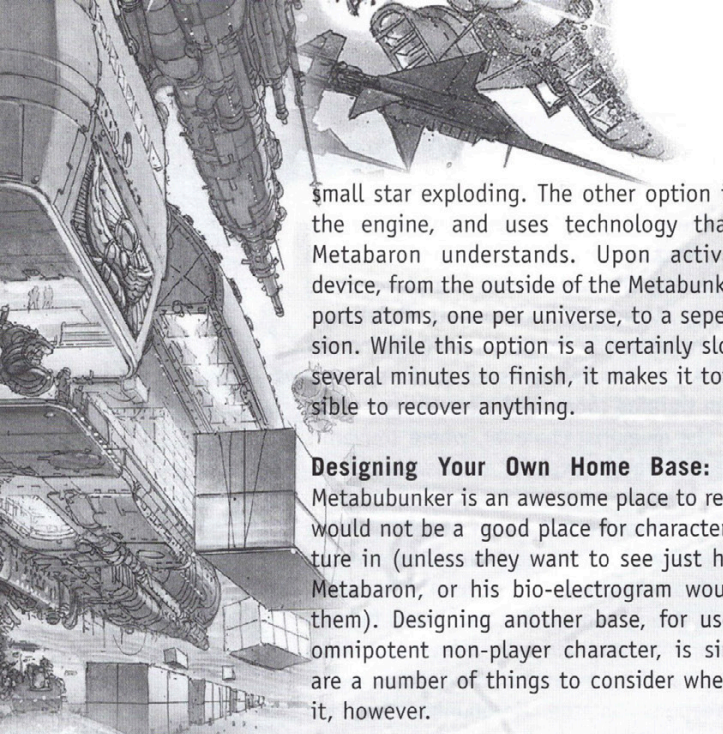
But most of the time, the Metabaron enjoys the isolation of the Metabunker. Each Metabaron's life is a daily struggle, and the Metabunker is a place where he can be truly alone with his thoughts. Quiet contemplation can be had in its gardens, or staring out at the stars. Anger can be expressed at the sparring robots in the training room, and melancholy can be indulged in the memorial chamber, where souvenirs of all of the Metabarons exploits are displayed.

The Metabunker is protected by an enormous force shield. The generator is located around the equator, complete with a separate fusion generator providing it power. It is strong enough to totally stop fighter-mounted weaponry, and will take a few shots from the larger capital ships before buckling. There are no mounted weapons on the Metabunker, but the Metabaron, in his Metacraft, is certainly more than enough offensive weaponry.

The Metabaron does have a significant amount of personal offensive weaponry. The extensive collection of melee weapons belonging to the Castaka Clan are stored here, as are the newer, high-tech metabaronic weapons. The Metabaron uses the training area to try out new designs and has a separate engineering space where he designs and manufactures the weapons. There is enough machinery in his lab to recreate the Metacraft, or his whole armory, given the time. .

The Metabunker is filled with empty spaces. The standard parts of the Metabunker, as mentioned above, take up only half of its volume. This has proven useful, as on more than one occasion the Metabaron has had to take on a large cargo, or the alien population of a planet, and transport it elsewhere. The internal superstructure has thousands of hardpoints that wall and floor supports can be quickly attached to. The Metabunker itself is strong enough to withstand multiple gravities necessary to support some life, and for the weight of heavier substances like water.

The Metabaron, is willing to sacrifice the Metabunker, if necessary, and had a self-destruct built. It has two modes to support two strategies. The first is the explosive self-destruction. Multiple Tri-H bombs are secreted throughout its hull, and by the engine compartments. This option is designed to take out as many combatants as possible with the Metabunker, and is the functional equivalent of a



small star exploding. The other option is built into the engine, and uses technology that only the Metabaron understands. Upon activation, this device, from the outside of the Metabunker in, transports atoms, one per universe, to a separate dimension. While this option is a certainly slower, taking several minutes to finish, it makes it totally impossible to recover anything.

Designing Your Own Home Base: While the Metabunker is an awesome place to read about, it would not be a good place for characters to adventure in (unless they want to see just how fast the Metabaron, or his bio-electrogram would dispatch them). Designing another base, for use by a less omnipotent non-player character, is simple. There are a number of things to consider when designing it, however.

1. Location, Location, Location. – If the character is tied to a location already, like a city capital or an ancestral home, then the location is chosen already. If the character travels the galaxy, he or she may chose to make their base portable, like the Metabunker. Otherwise, the character will choose a geographic location that makes them feel the most secure. Options include building into or on top of a mountain, underground, underwater, or even an open plain.

Example: Cendor Tib, an arms dealer, needs to have a warehouse for the Player Characters to break into, to steal back an item that Tib bought from a Pirate. The Game Master decides that he would prefer anonymity, so he has a base on a planet in a lifeless system, off of a less popular travel route. It costs him in time, but he feels it saves him on security.

2. Build or Buy – The base can be built new, with all of the latest equipment, or the NPC can use a pre-existing structure. Often, the character inherits, by family or by position, his base, and makes changes to fit his needs.

Example: The Game Master feels that Cendor Tib is operating on a shoestring budget, so he will use a pre-existing structure. He decides that Tib ran across an abandoned listening post. It is already inconspicuous and underground, and engineered to be undetectable on a passive scan. Tib just needed to repair some of the older equipment, and he had it up and running.

3. Defensive Capabilities- The base can have armor, or shields, anti-missile weaponry, mines, or even vehicle patrols. Its location can act as a natural defense, especially in the case of an underground structure. Cloaking or other camouflage is a natural defense.

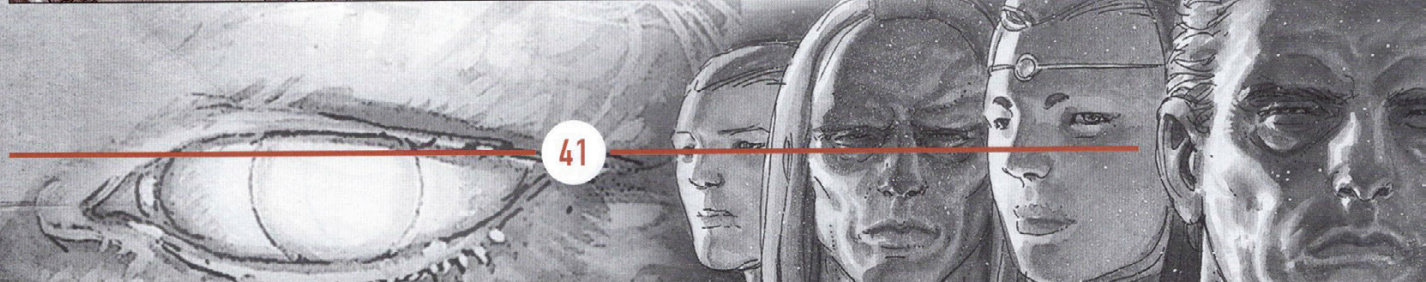
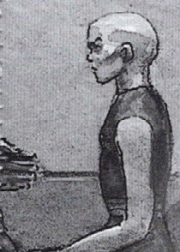
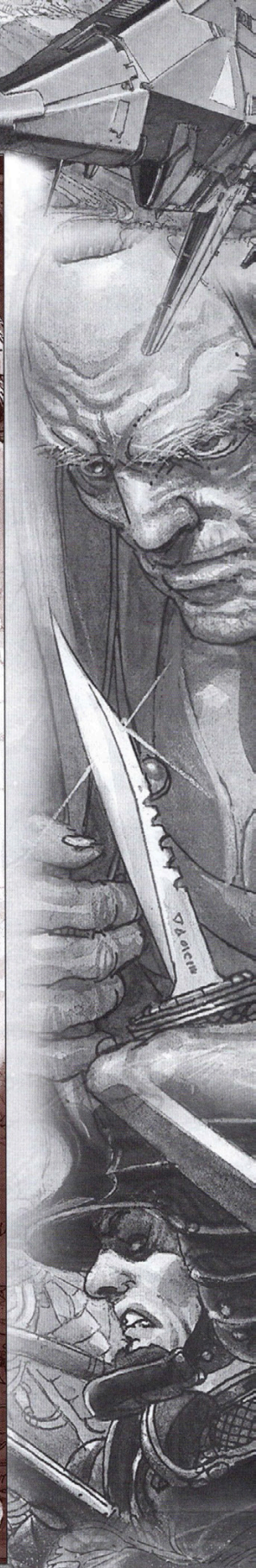
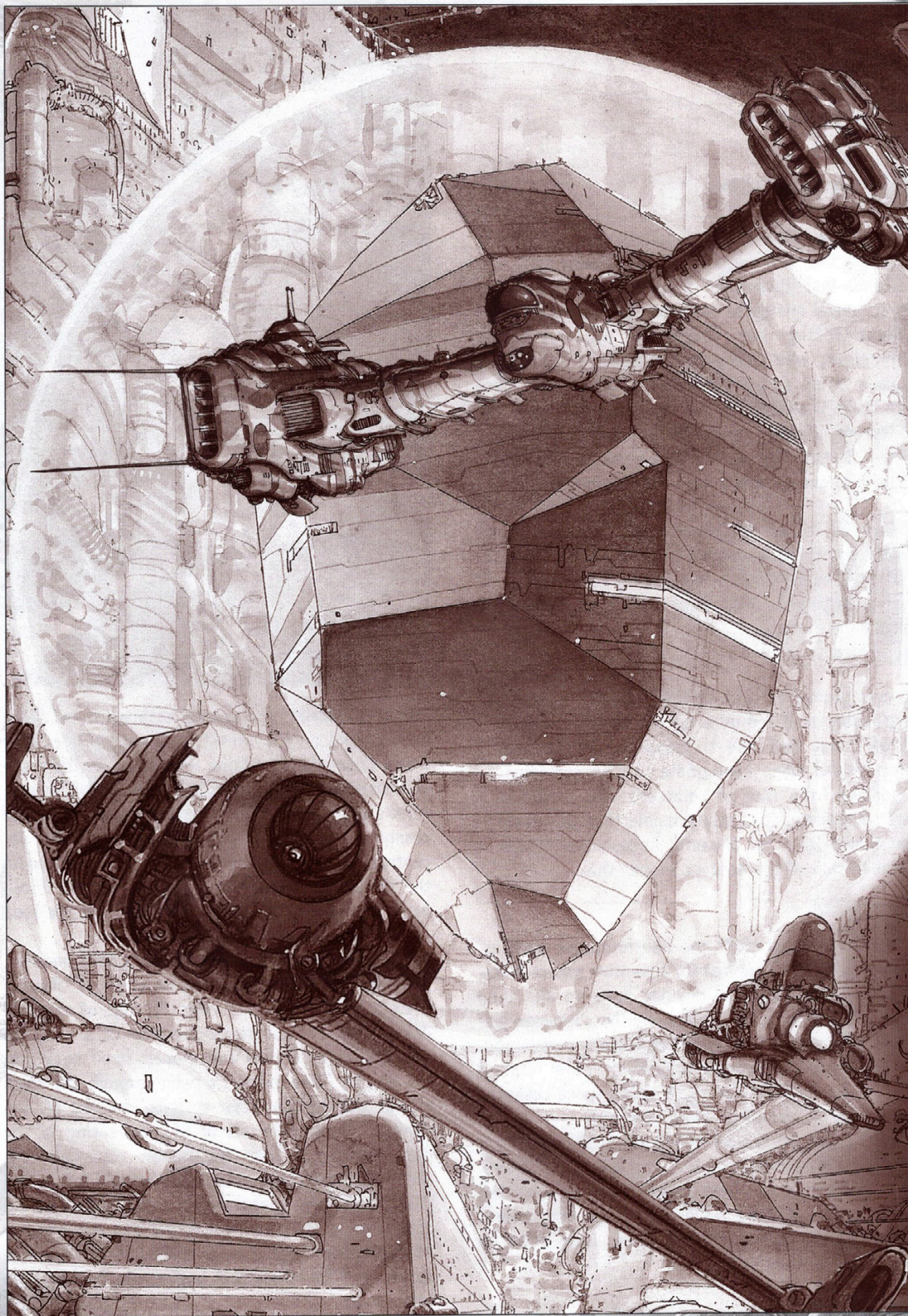
Example: The Game Master still has Tib operating on that small budget. He decides that the bases walls, and the fact it is built underground is enough defense for a commercial civilian base. He does note that it does not emit any signals that could be picked up by passive sensors. Someone would have to have a reason to look in the seemingly lifeless system. Tib should feel like he is the needle in the proverbial paleo-haystack.

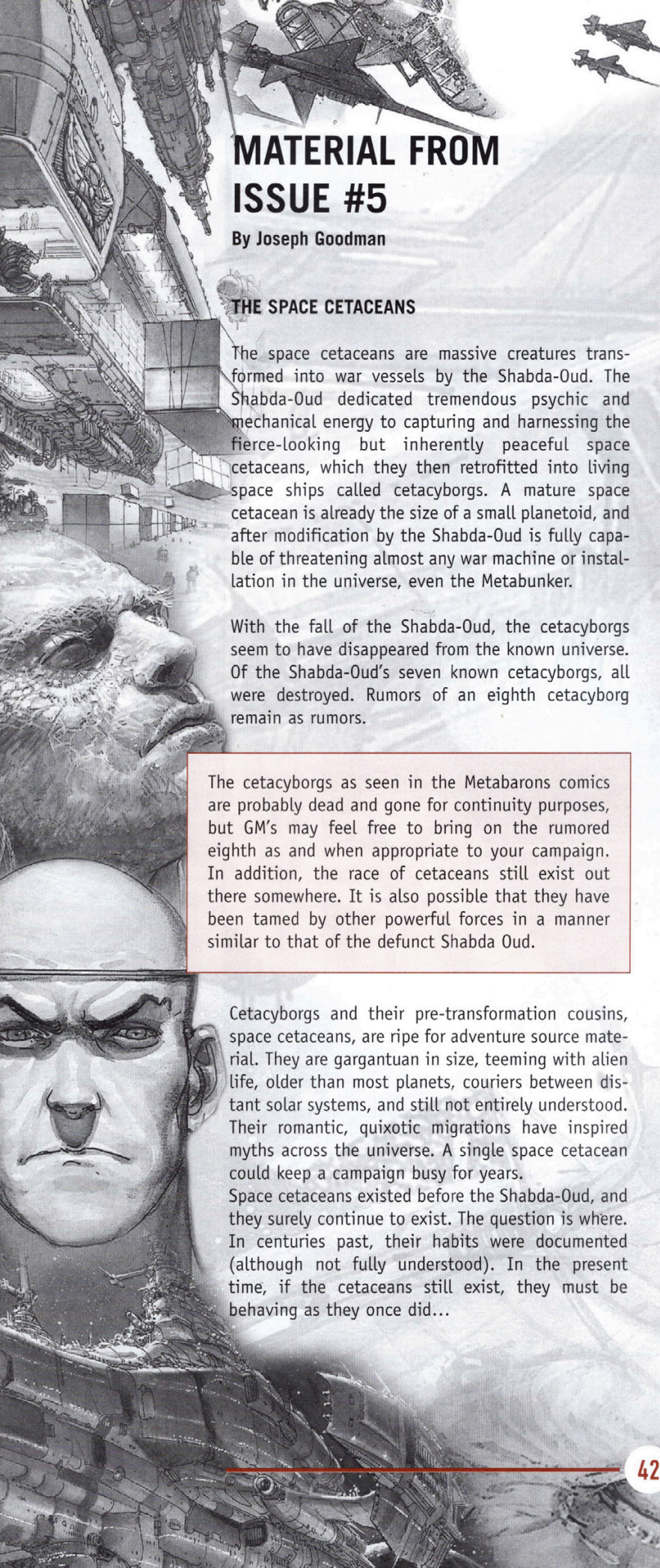
4. Offensive Capabilities – Cannons, missiles, spikes; whatever can be rigged up to point in the enemy's direction and cause destruction. It is important to leave some place for these weapons to shoot. Specifically, around any base should be large open spaces, providing the enemy no cover to hide in.

Example: The Game Master has Cendor Tib being as inconspicuous as possible. Mounting weapons would certainly be counterproductive to that. Tib does trade in military arms, however, so he has weapons when he needs them.

5. Support Staff – The larger the base, the more people will be needed to staff it. Cooks, mechanics, command, security; all of these people are required to make a base a long term reality. As in the Metabunker, robots can be used in their place, and may be more efficient, but they do have their disadvantages.

Example: Cendor Tib has a small crew of less than 20, with robots to do most of the heavy lifting. The rest provide security, keep a watch on the sensors, and take turn preparing dinner. A few are pilot capable, and one is a doctor. The crew is moderately proficient in firearms, and would hold off a foe long enough to call for help.





MATERIAL FROM ISSUE #5


By Joseph Goodman

THE SPACE CETACEANS

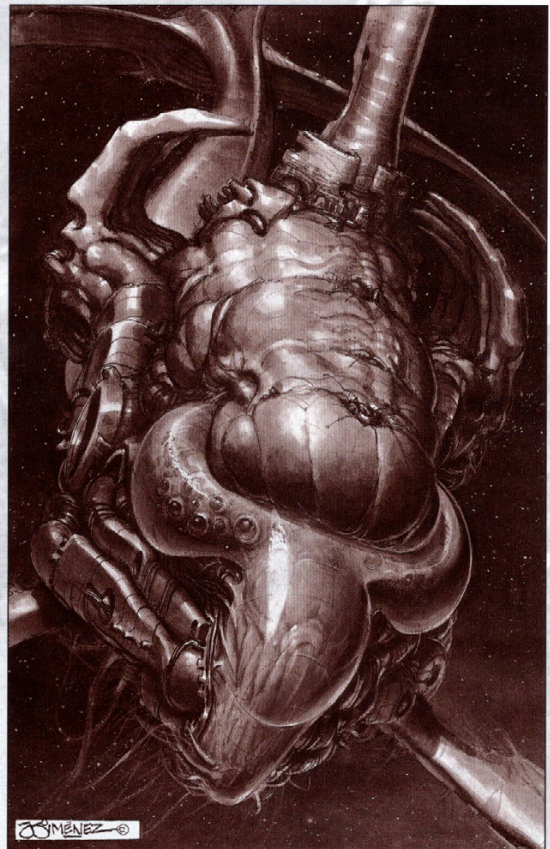
The space cetaceans are massive creatures transformed into war vessels by the Shabda-Oud. The Shabda-Oud dedicated tremendous psychic and mechanical energy to capturing and harnessing the fierce-looking but inherently peaceful space cetaceans, which they then retrofitted into living space ships called cetacyborgs. A mature space cetacean is already the size of a small planetoid, and after modification by the Shabda-Oud is fully capable of threatening almost any war machine or installation in the universe, even the Metabunker.

With the fall of the Shabda-Oud, the cetacyborgs seem to have disappeared from the known universe. Of the Shabda-Oud's seven known cetacyborgs, all were destroyed. Rumors of an eighth cetacyborg remain as rumors.

The cetacyborgs as seen in the Metabarons comics are probably dead and gone for continuity purposes, but GM's may feel free to bring on the rumored eighth as and when appropriate to your campaign. In addition, the race of cetaceans still exist out there somewhere. It is also possible that they have been tamed by other powerful forces in a manner similar to that of the defunct Shabda Oud.

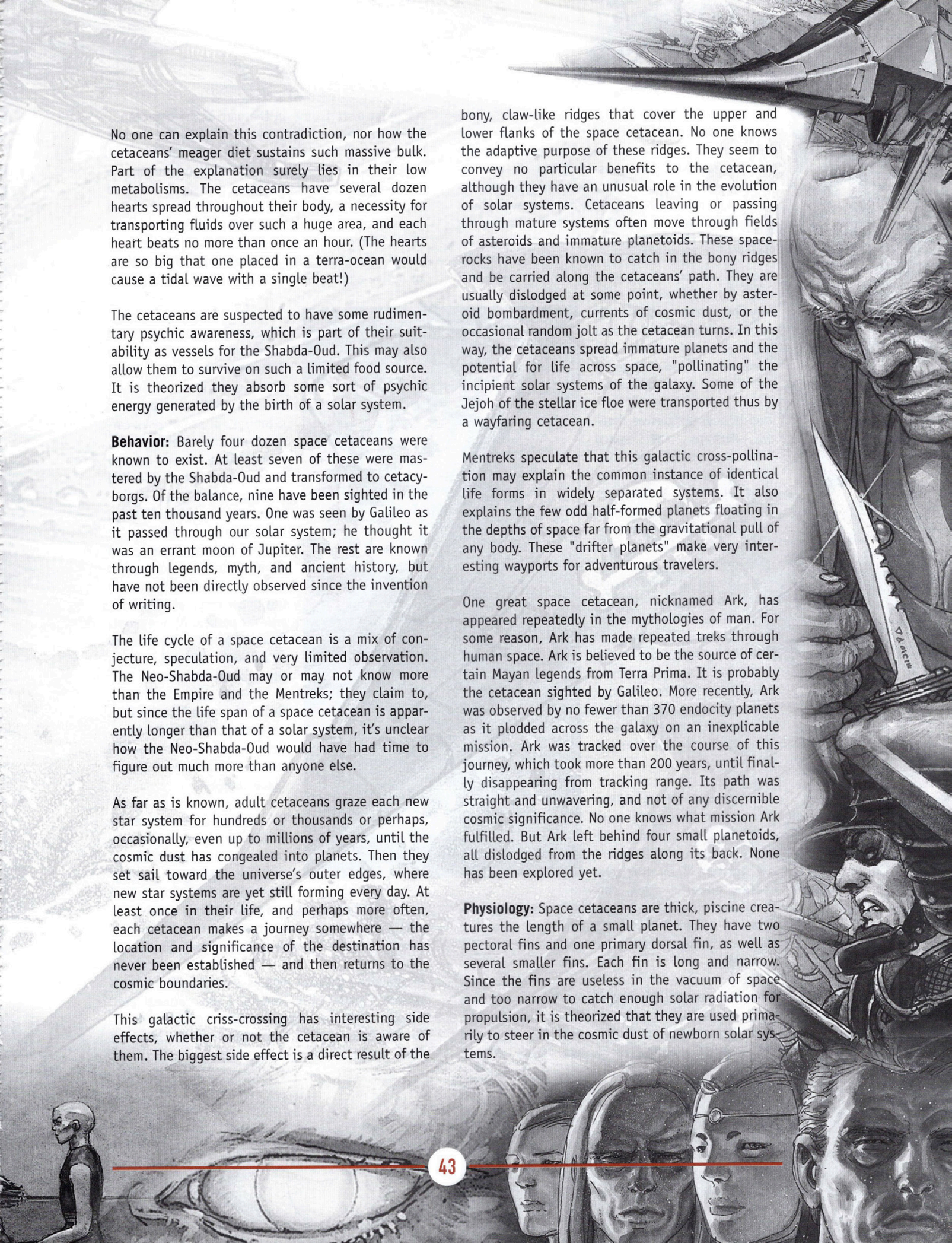


Cetacyborgs and their pre-transformation cousins, space cetaceans, are ripe for adventure source material. They are gargantuan in size, teeming with alien life, older than most planets, couriers between distant solar systems, and still not entirely understood. Their romantic, quixotic migrations have inspired myths across the universe. A single space cetacean could keep a campaign busy for years. Space cetaceans existed before the Shabda-Oud, and they surely continue to exist. The question is where. In centuries past, their habits were documented (although not fully understood). In the present time, if the cetaceans still exist, they must be behaving as they once did...



Native Habitats: The space cetaceans, as once known, feed on the tiniest fragments of life. They cruise the universe, sifting what they can from the void of space. They are usually found in the universe's youngest planetary systems, where the thick cosmic sludge orbiting still-young stars has not yet centrifuged into planets. They are also common in the stellar ice floe, where they munch on frozen molecules of life, as well as other areas where food can be found in the depths of space.

Space cetaceans waft and float through the vacuum, drifting with the barest minimum of effort, altering their course only as they near the edge of a cosmic dust cloud. With a ponderous slap of a tail, the cetacean turns around and propels itself back into the sludge. They prefer to swim through the thick cosmic dust of new solar systems, feeding off the subparticulate chemicals of life fermenting in the solar radiation. These microscopic chemicals, the predecessors of the amino acids that will form when the planets have coagulated and cooled and pooled their oceans, stand in great contrast to the anatomy of the space cetaceans: powerful jaws, enormous teeth, and barrel-shaped bodies the length of a large moon.



No one can explain this contradiction, nor how the cetaceans' meager diet sustains such massive bulk. Part of the explanation surely lies in their low metabolisms. The cetaceans have several dozen hearts spread throughout their body, a necessity for transporting fluids over such a huge area, and each heart beats no more than once an hour. (The hearts are so big that one placed in a terra-ocean would cause a tidal wave with a single beat!)

The cetaceans are suspected to have some rudimentary psychic awareness, which is part of their suitability as vessels for the Shabda-Oud. This may also allow them to survive on such a limited food source. It is theorized they absorb some sort of psychic energy generated by the birth of a solar system.

Behavior: Barely four dozen space cetaceans were known to exist. At least seven of these were mastered by the Shabda-Oud and transformed to cetacyborgs. Of the balance, nine have been sighted in the past ten thousand years. One was seen by Galileo as it passed through our solar system; he thought it was an errant moon of Jupiter. The rest are known through legends, myth, and ancient history, but have not been directly observed since the invention of writing.

The life cycle of a space cetacean is a mix of conjecture, speculation, and very limited observation. The Neo-Shabda-Oud may or may not know more than the Empire and the Mentreks; they claim to, but since the life span of a space cetacean is apparently longer than that of a solar system, it's unclear how the Neo-Shabda-Oud would have had time to figure out much more than anyone else.

As far as is known, adult cetaceans graze each new star system for hundreds or thousands or perhaps, occasionally, even up to millions of years, until the cosmic dust has congealed into planets. Then they set sail toward the universe's outer edges, where new star systems are yet still forming every day. At least once in their life, and perhaps more often, each cetacean makes a journey somewhere — the location and significance of the destination has never been established — and then returns to the cosmic boundaries.

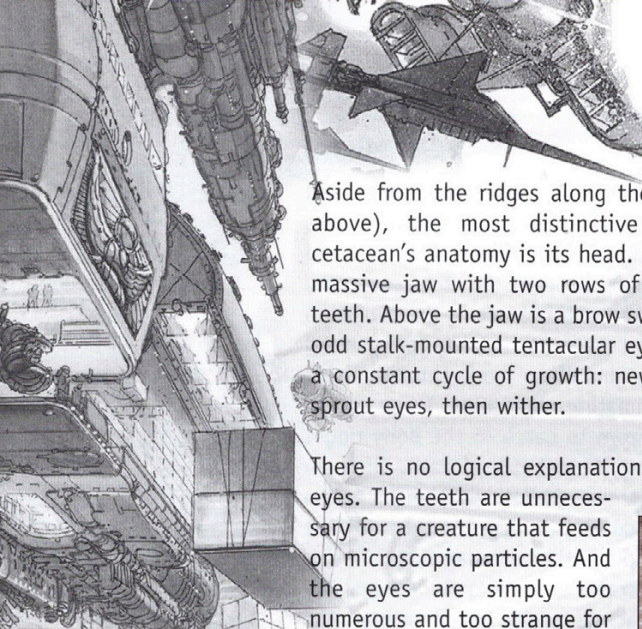
This galactic criss-crossing has interesting side effects, whether or not the cetacean is aware of them. The biggest side effect is a direct result of the

bony, claw-like ridges that cover the upper and lower flanks of the space cetacean. No one knows the adaptive purpose of these ridges. They seem to convey no particular benefits to the cetacean, although they have an unusual role in the evolution of solar systems. Cetaceans leaving or passing through mature systems often move through fields of asteroids and immature planetoids. These space-rocks have been known to catch in the bony ridges and be carried along the cetaceans' path. They are usually dislodged at some point, whether by asteroid bombardment, currents of cosmic dust, or the occasional random jolt as the cetacean turns. In this way, the cetaceans spread immature planets and the potential for life across space, "pollinating" the incipient solar systems of the galaxy. Some of the Jejoh of the stellar ice floe were transported thus by a wayfaring cetacean.

Mentreks speculate that this galactic cross-pollination may explain the common instance of identical life forms in widely separated systems. It also explains the few odd half-formed planets floating in the depths of space far from the gravitational pull of any body. These "drifter planets" make very interesting waypoints for adventurous travelers.

One great space cetacean, nicknamed Ark, has appeared repeatedly in the mythologies of man. For some reason, Ark has made repeated treks through human space. Ark is believed to be the source of certain Mayan legends from Terra Prima. It is probably the cetacean sighted by Galileo. More recently, Ark was observed by no fewer than 370 endocity planets as it plodded across the galaxy on an inexplicable mission. Ark was tracked over the course of this journey, which took more than 200 years, until finally disappearing from tracking range. Its path was straight and unwavering, and not of any discernible cosmic significance. No one knows what mission Ark fulfilled. But Ark left behind four small planetoids, all dislodged from the ridges along its back. None has been explored yet.

Physiology: Space cetaceans are thick, piscine creatures the length of a small planet. They have two pectoral fins and one primary dorsal fin, as well as several smaller fins. Each fin is long and narrow. Since the fins are useless in the vacuum of space and too narrow to catch enough solar radiation for propulsion, it is theorized that they are used primarily to steer in the cosmic dust of newborn solar systems.



Aside from the ridges along their flank (described above), the most distinctive part of a space cetacean's anatomy is its head. The head features a massive jaw with two rows of thirty six obelisk-teeth. Above the jaw is a brow swimming with forty-odd stalk-mounted tentacular eyes. The eyes are in a constant cycle of growth: new stalks bud, grow, sprout eyes, then wither.

There is no logical explanation for the teeth and eyes. The teeth are unnecessary for a creature that feeds on microscopic particles. And the eyes are simply too numerous and too strange for the life of a space cetacean.

This is only persuasive theory. Perhaps the space cetaceans exist in more than one dimension at once. They grow eyes for each dimension they inhabit, then the eyes die as they leave it for another dimension. Their teeth are used for devouring prey invisible in our dimension — which would explain the disjoint between their size and the diet that we can see. This theory would also expand the usefulness of space cetaceans as vessels for the Shabda-Oud. Perhaps the Neo-Shabda-Oud know the answer. If so, they have not divulged it.

The interior of a space cetacean is thoroughly toxic to humans. As a result, not much is known of their internal structure. Their stomachs contain powerful acids, and their sheer size makes it possible for very large parasites to inhabit their innards. There are reports of them coughing up space-leeches the size of the asteroids.

Defenses, Attacks, and Weaknesses: Space cetaceans are so huge that they are practically invulnerable. Their skin is thicker than many planetary crusts and has resisted ground-zero nuclear blasts without

apparent disturbance on the part of the cetacean. The only space cetacean ever to be killed is the one destroyed by the Metabaron. No cetacean has ever entered combat except after transformation into a cetacyborg. Even then, cetacyborgs were defeated primarily through psychic defeat of the Shabda-Oud in control, not the destruction of the cetacean itself. After the Shabda-Oud are subjugated, the dazed cetaceans usually wandered off with no signs of native aggression.



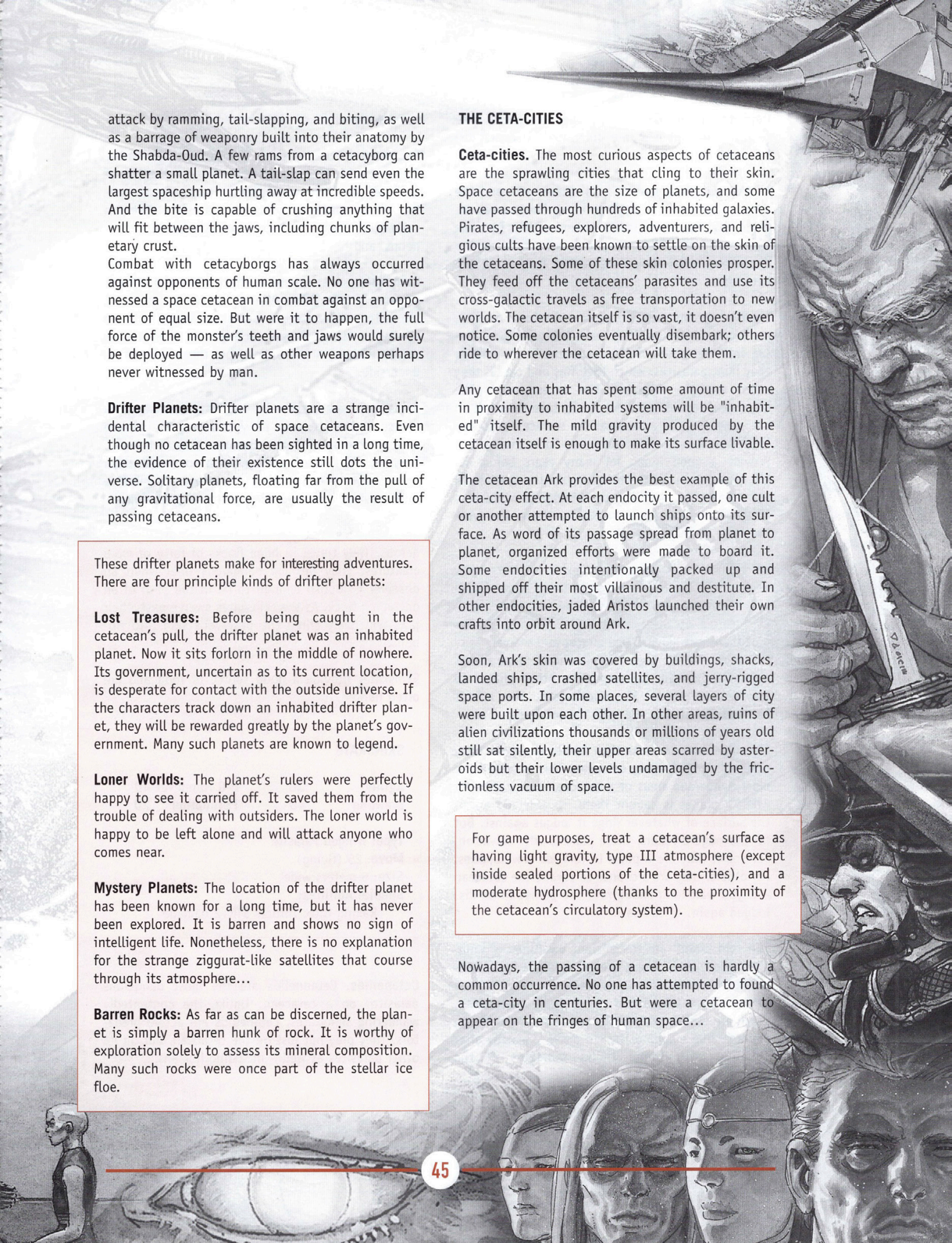
On a few occasions, cetaceans have threatened inhabited space. They have drifted close enough to planets to exert their own gravitational pull on orbiting satellites, in some cases carrying off the satellites with them. They have caused havoc as they plodded through trade lanes, oblivious to the frantic ships around them. When Ark crossed human space, its huge shadow caused several eclipses, inducing panic in the upper rings of the endocities it passed. At one point, its open mouth inadvertently swallowed several ships which came too close.

In every case, authorities have responded with force. Never once has it made a difference. Nothing fazes a space cetacean.

For defenses, therefore, it should be noted that space cetaceans are imperturbable and protected by an impregnable skin. Their only known

weakness is destruction of their internal organs, but only the Metacraft has attempted (much less survived) a voyage into the creature's toxic insides.

A cetacean's primary attacks consist only of inadvertent threats: sheer bulk and gravitational pull. Despite their size, they are rather mild-mannered. The full force of their anger has only been observed after transformation to cetacyborgs. Cetacyborgs



attack by ramming, tail-slapping, and biting, as well as a barrage of weaponry built into their anatomy by the Shabda-Oud. A few rams from a cetacyborg can shatter a small planet. A tail-slap can send even the largest spaceship hurtling away at incredible speeds. And the bite is capable of crushing anything that will fit between the jaws, including chunks of planetary crust.

Combat with cetacyborgs has always occurred against opponents of human scale. No one has witnessed a space cetacean in combat against an opponent of equal size. But were it to happen, the full force of the monster's teeth and jaws would surely be deployed — as well as other weapons perhaps never witnessed by man.

Drifter Planets: Drifter planets are a strange incidental characteristic of space cetaceans. Even though no cetacean has been sighted in a long time, the evidence of their existence still dots the universe. Solitary planets, floating far from the pull of any gravitational force, are usually the result of passing cetaceans.

These drifter planets make for interesting adventures. There are four principle kinds of drifter planets:

Lost Treasures: Before being caught in the cetacean's pull, the drifter planet was an inhabited planet. Now it sits forlorn in the middle of nowhere. Its government, uncertain as to its current location, is desperate for contact with the outside universe. If the characters track down an inhabited drifter planet, they will be rewarded greatly by the planet's government. Many such planets are known to legend.

Loner Worlds: The planet's rulers were perfectly happy to see it carried off. It saved them from the trouble of dealing with outsiders. The loner world is happy to be left alone and will attack anyone who comes near.

Mystery Planets: The location of the drifter planet has been known for a long time, but it has never been explored. It is barren and shows no sign of intelligent life. Nonetheless, there is no explanation for the strange ziggurat-like satellites that course through its atmosphere...

Barren Rocks: As far as can be discerned, the planet is simply a barren hunk of rock. It is worthy of exploration solely to assess its mineral composition. Many such rocks were once part of the stellar ice floe.

THE CETA-CITIES

Ceta-cities. The most curious aspects of cetaceans are the sprawling cities that cling to their skin. Space cetaceans are the size of planets, and some have passed through hundreds of inhabited galaxies. Pirates, refugees, explorers, adventurers, and religious cults have been known to settle on the skin of the cetaceans. Some of these skin colonies prosper. They feed off the cetaceans' parasites and use its cross-galactic travels as free transportation to new worlds. The cetacean itself is so vast, it doesn't even notice. Some colonies eventually disembark; others ride to wherever the cetacean will take them.

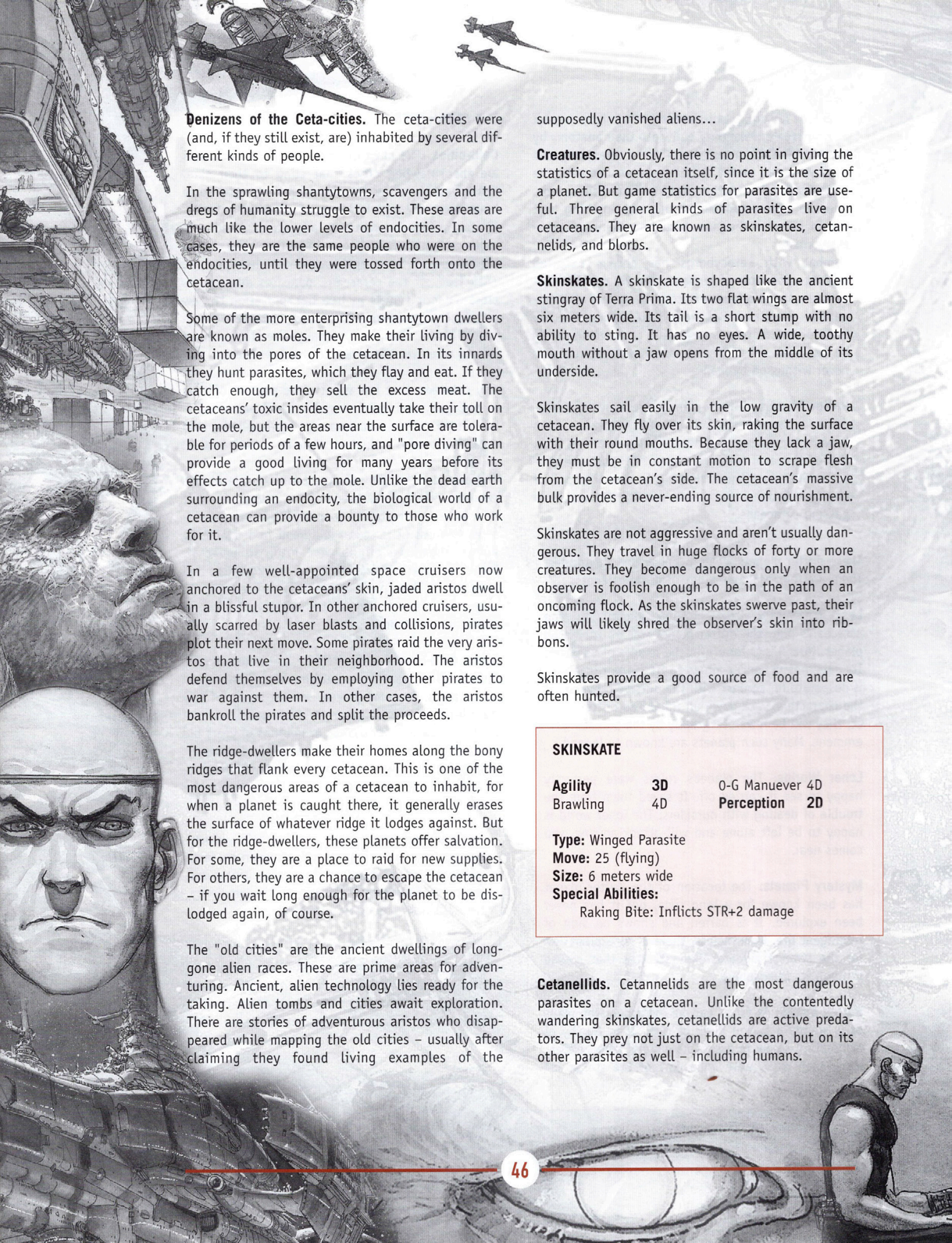
Any cetacean that has spent some amount of time in proximity to inhabited systems will be "inhabited" itself. The mild gravity produced by the cetacean itself is enough to make its surface livable.

The cetacean Ark provides the best example of this ceta-city effect. At each endocity it passed, one cult or another attempted to launch ships onto its surface. As word of its passage spread from planet to planet, organized efforts were made to board it. Some endocities intentionally packed up and shipped off their most villainous and destitute. In other endocities, jaded Aristos launched their own crafts into orbit around Ark.

Soon, Ark's skin was covered by buildings, shacks, landed ships, crashed satellites, and jerry-rigged space ports. In some places, several layers of city were built upon each other. In other areas, ruins of alien civilizations thousands or millions of years old still sat silently, their upper areas scarred by asteroids but their lower levels undamaged by the frictionless vacuum of space.

For game purposes, treat a cetacean's surface as having light gravity, type III atmosphere (except inside sealed portions of the ceta-cities), and a moderate hydrosphere (thanks to the proximity of the cetacean's circulatory system).

Nowadays, the passing of a cetacean is hardly a common occurrence. No one has attempted to found a ceta-city in centuries. But were a cetacean to appear on the fringes of human space...



Denizens of the Ceta-cities. The ceta-cities were (and, if they still exist, are) inhabited by several different kinds of people.

In the sprawling shantytowns, scavengers and the dregs of humanity struggle to exist. These areas are much like the lower levels of endocities. In some cases, they are the same people who were on the endocities, until they were tossed forth onto the cetacean.

Some of the more enterprising shantytown dwellers are known as moles. They make their living by diving into the pores of the cetacean. In its innards they hunt parasites, which they flay and eat. If they catch enough, they sell the excess meat. The cetaceans' toxic insides eventually take their toll on the mole, but the areas near the surface are tolerable for periods of a few hours, and "pore diving" can provide a good living for many years before its effects catch up to the mole. Unlike the dead earth surrounding an endocity, the biological world of a cetacean can provide a bounty to those who work for it.

In a few well-appointed space cruisers now anchored to the cetaceans' skin, jaded aristos dwell in a blissful stupor. In other anchored cruisers, usually scarred by laser blasts and collisions, pirates plot their next move. Some pirates raid the very aristos that live in their neighborhood. The aristos defend themselves by employing other pirates to war against them. In other cases, the aristos bankroll the pirates and split the proceeds.

The ridge-dwellers make their homes along the bony ridges that flank every cetacean. This is one of the most dangerous areas of a cetacean to inhabit, for when a planet is caught there, it generally erases the surface of whatever ridge it lodges against. But for the ridge-dwellers, these planets offer salvation. For some, they are a place to raid for new supplies. For others, they are a chance to escape the cetacean – if you wait long enough for the planet to be dislodged again, of course.

The "old cities" are the ancient dwellings of long-gone alien races. These are prime areas for adventuring. Ancient, alien technology lies ready for the taking. Alien tombs and cities await exploration. There are stories of adventurous aristos who disappeared while mapping the old cities – usually after claiming they found living examples of the

supposedly vanished aliens...

Creatures. Obviously, there is no point in giving the statistics of a cetacean itself, since it is the size of a planet. But game statistics for parasites are useful. Three general kinds of parasites live on cetaceans. They are known as skinskates, cetanellids, and blorbos.

Skinskates. A skinskate is shaped like the ancient stingray of Terra Prima. Its two flat wings are almost six meters wide. Its tail is a short stump with no ability to sting. It has no eyes. A wide, toothy mouth without a jaw opens from the middle of its underside.

Skinskates sail easily in the low gravity of a cetacean. They fly over its skin, raking the surface with their round mouths. Because they lack a jaw, they must be in constant motion to scrape flesh from the cetacean's side. The cetacean's massive bulk provides a never-ending source of nourishment.

Skinskates are not aggressive and aren't usually dangerous. They travel in huge flocks of forty or more creatures. They become dangerous only when an observer is foolish enough to be in the path of an oncoming flock. As the skinskates swerve past, their jaws will likely shred the observer's skin into ribbons.

Skinskates provide a good source of food and are often hunted.

SKINSKATE

Agility	3D	0-G Manuever	4D
Brawling	4D	Perception	2D

Type: Winged Parasite

Move: 25 (flying)

Size: 6 meters wide

Special Abilities:

Raking Bite: Inflicts STR+2 damage

Cetanellids. Cetanellids are the most dangerous parasites on a cetacean. Unlike the contentedly wandering skinskates, cetanellids are active predators. They prey not just on the cetacean, but on its other parasites as well – including humans.

A cetannelid is a swollen red worm roughly one meter in diameter. Length varies from four to one hundred meters. At both ends is a tight, wrinkled opening much like a toothless mouth. When relaxed and distended, the skin that forms this mouth can open to almost ten meters wide. It can be instantly contracted in a scooping, whip-like motion that tosses its contents down the cetannelid's throat. A target thus enveloped is subsequently crushed and digested. The muscles around the mouth are strong enough to crush a small armored fighting vehicle.

Cetannelids hunt in two ways. First, they set ambushes. They open their mouth and put it in a place where something is likely to pass. Such places include the bases of pores on the cetacean's skin; openings in buildings and passageways; and gaps in the creature's innards. The red color of the worm blends in to many areas of a cetacean's innards. When something passes, the mouth snaps shut and the cetannelid swallows its prey. If the attack misses, the cetannelid swiftly opens its mouth again and tries to snap up the target. Alternately, the cetannelid affixes itself to a cetacean's artery and bites until the artery bursts in its mouth. It then gorges on the flow of blood until satiated. Strangely, the abundant supply of such sustenance does not satisfy cetannelids, and they still hunt humans and other parasites.

CETANELLID

Agility	2D	Perception	3D
Brawling	3D	Strength	6D

Type: Solitary predator
Move: 10 (squirming)
Size: 4-100 meters long
Special Abilities:

Toothless bite: Inflicts STR+2D damage

Blorbs. Blorbs are the most docile of the parasites, and the best tasting as well. They are what most moles hunt.

A blorb is a round, bulbous creature about a meter across. Blorbs have several thin feelers emerging from one end, and four pudgy feet surrounding a small orifice on the other end. They inhabit the soupy matter of a cetacean's innards, where they

move through a sort of swimming, crawling motion. They survive by absorbing nourishment through their orifice. They show no aggression whatsoever and have almost no reflexes.

BLORB

Agility	1D	Perception	1D
Brawling	0D	Strength	2D

Type: Docile parasite
Move: 5 (swimming and crawling)
Size: 1 meter diameter
Special Abilities:
None. Blorbs have no attack.


CETACYBORGS

Creation. The cetacyborgs are the grand triumph of Shabda-Oud psychic technology. Each cetacyborg is a single, massive, living weapon. Equipped by nature with the strength of a planet, and enhanced by the Shabda-Oud with psychic weaponry, they are virtually indestructible.

The creation of the first cetacyborg was only possible thanks to the Shabda-Oud's psychic abilities. The original Shabda-Popess, the first witch of their order, psychically seduced a cetacean mother who was in the process of giving birth. The cetacean mother fell in love with the Shabda-popess, as did her seven baby space cetaceans as they were born. Once their loyalty was unquestioned, they were converted into cetacyborgs.

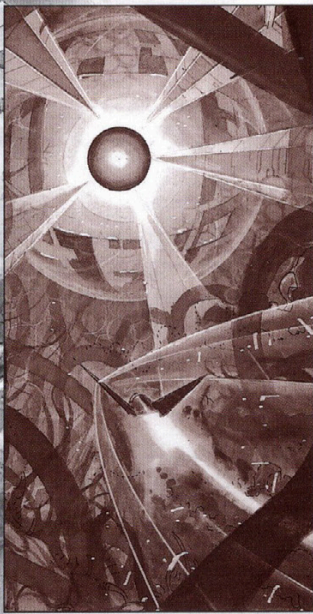
The conversion process is long and arduous. A loyal space cetacean is one thing; converting it into a living cybernetic vessel is quite another. Using their mental powers, the Shabda-Oud probed the structure of the cetaceans. They assessed their physical anatomy, nervous systems, psychic potential, and energy flows. By doing so, they learned of the cetaceans' chemical processes, interdimensionality, and inherent nature.

After this exhaustive probe, the Shabda-Oud entered the minds of the cetaceans, both literally and figuratively. A team of powerful witches opened a breach into each cetacean's instinctual behaviors. At the same time, young initiates donned powerful armor and dove into the creature's brain. There, they "wired" it, connecting its natural neural impulses to



a complex artificial processor. This processor, called the servo-brain, linked both technologically and psychically to the Shabda-Oud, gave the witches access to every physical impulse of the creature, from the slightest twitch to the mightiest tail swipe. It was thus that the organic cetaceans were transformed into cetacyborgs.

Technological Modification. The servo-brain became the central link between the Shabda-Oud and their cetacyborg vessels. The cetacyborg suddenly found all of its impulses mediated by the influence of the Shabda-Oud. Although its sheer mass made it powerful enough to overcome even their domination, the injection of low doses of pentalina could keep it under control.



Pentalina is a psychically created drug. It can be only be created by a Shabda-Oud at the fifth or greater Mohn. It has very little effect on any creature other than a cetacean. Against a cetacean, however, it is an extremely potent soporific. A cetacean affected by pentalina is completely stupefied, and very easy to control.

Because it interacts directly with the cetacean's nervous system, the servo-brain makes it possible for the cetacean to control mechanical equipment by thought alone. Thus, the Shabda-Oud equipped their cetacyborgs with all manner of cybernetic equipment which even a stupid space whale could control.

One such enhancement was the row of launch pads along the cetacean's side and spine, which controlled an array of web lasers. Connected to the same mental impulse center which caused an unmodified cetacean to defend itself, the web lasers launched whenever the creature felt threatened. Another enhancement was the propulsion system. Powerful engines were fitted to the cetacean's lower torso and tail. The same instinctual impulse that caused it to move its tail for propulsion now activated the engines as well.

All of these impulses could be controlled by the Shabda-Oud as well as the cetacean. They could cause the cetacean to move and attack as they saw fit. They controlled its every impulse. They regulated its activities. They had, quite literally, the most powerful living weapon imaginable.

The Nodules. The final stage in the creation of the cetacyborg was the nodules. A series of deep rods was implanted in the cetacean, along the length of its spine. Each of these nodules stretch deep into its core, penetrating the spinal nervous system and tapping directly into the creature's psychic anchors. Even a creature as simplistic as a cetacean has a nervous system holding untapped Mohn. The nodules tapped that Mohn and brought it out. The cetacean itself was incapable of using the energy the nodules unleashed. But the Shabda-Oud were. Constructing barracks, launch pads, and attack platforms at the tops of the nodules, the Shabda-Oud were able to concentrate their powers of attack exactly where the cetacean's own unleashed Mohn would enhance them even more. The cetacyborgs became not just a massive weapon, but a lightning rod for concentrating the power of the Shabda-Oud.

THE NEO-SHABDA-OD

The Neo-Shabda-Oud are the bitter, fallen remnants of the once-great Shabda-Oud. Now scattered and hunted throughout the universe, they work slowly and tirelessly toward re-establishing their dominance. Their powerful predecessors, the Shabda-Oud order of witches, are dead and gone. But some factions managed to escape destruction, and they still roam the universe, seeking the power they once had.

The Witches. Each Neo-Shabda-Oud is a witch who must live her life in complete secrecy. The witches unlock their psychic potential by implanting needle rods in their skulls. The rods, made of a black, ebony-colored wood from the stellar bank, pass through certain very specific areas of the brain, focusing and enhancing mental activity in those areas. With training and practice, the result is massively enhanced psychic ability.

But because of these rods, the very secrecy that the Neo-Shabda-Oud desire is endangered. The witches brand themselves as such by the rods that protrude from their heads. To this head, they dress as nuns, or occasionally conceal themselves with other sorts of headgear. They must always remain hidden, for



they are still hunted for the sins of their distant grandmothers.

The Neo-Shabda-Oud continue the tradition of their forebears as worshippers of their sacred male god, one of the alien species called Jejoh. He was long ago adopted as the perfect male specimen by the Shabda-Oud head priestess. A huge, muscular beast, Jejoh acted as the Shabda-Oud's inseminator until the order was destroyed. Now, the Neo-Shabda-Oud mate with locals. They always abandon their husbands and boyfriends, leaving or killing them in order to raise their female children into their order.

ORGANIZATION. The Neo-Shabda-Oud order is ruled by a coterie of ten powerful, ancient psychic masters. These reverend mothers govern their order from shriveled, weakened bodies. But their mental powers are nonpareil. They train witches, who in turn train other witches, and so on, down to the novice initiates in the fields and ghettos of obscure planets. This hierarchy of witches follows the eight levels of psychic power. The Neo-Shabda-Oud activate these eight levels, called Mohn, with the implant of each successive wooden rod, then they achieve reliable use of their new powers through arduous practice. The reverend mothers have access to the most inchoate regions of their mental processes, and are absolute psychic masters. The priestesses below them, at the seventh Mohn, aspire to the eighth level of mastery. And so on down the scales of prowess and hierarchy.

At the most local level, the Neo-Shabda-Oud are organized into scattered covens with little central governance. Each coven is composed of witches from a local planet or system. They gather in varying degrees of organization. Some have defined positions within their local organizations: trainees, head mother, mother superior. Meetings are furtive and surrepti-




tious. In some cases, the witches never meet, preferring to communicate using psychic powers. Each witch lives on her own, perhaps raising a daughter or niece into the fold, but otherwise without regular contact with outsiders.

Each coven is ruled by its most powerful witch. These witches in turn report to other more powerful witches. "Report" is in this sense a casual relationship; most covens are left on their own unless they unexpectedly take on some sort of significance to the reverend mothers.

ASPIRATIONS. The Shabda-Oud order was once a driving power in the universe. They were unimaginably powerful. They fomented plots to spawn an impostor hermaphrodite and install him-her as a puppet Emperress. Their dramatic separation from the Techno-Technos, of which they were originally a part, resounded throughout the universe. Their cetacyborg juggernauts struck terror into even the mightiest fleets.

But now they are crushed and shattered. Their numbers are diminished. Their god is dead. They are outlawed, hunted, and persecuted.

The goals of the Neo-Shabda-Oud diminish in scope as one descends along the hierarchy. The ancient reverend mothers seek restoration of their power and, ultimately, a position from which to launch once more their plots and schemes to rule the universe. But the poor, novice psychics of the first Mohn, the weakest Neo-Shabda-Oud, sometimes seek nothing more than modest personal safety and a decent living. They are recruited from the desperate and destitute, and usually want very little. Somewhere between these extremes of galactic conquest and personal safety lies the mixture of ambition and security that governs the aspirations of most Neo-Shabda-Oud.



PLOT HOOKS. In game terms, characters will probably encounter the Neo-Shabda-Oud for one of these reasons...

Secrecy. The characters somehow discover a Neo-Shabda-Oud witch, and the witch tries to silence them. Although bribes and blackmail are possible resorts, most of the time the witch will attempt to kill the characters.

Survival. In some way, the characters threaten a witch's way of life. Perhaps they compete with her livelihood. The witch fights back in self-defense – and she brings the rest of the coven with her...

Revenge. One of the characters or their associates wronged the Neo-Shabda-Oud at some point in the recent or distant past. Now that the witch has gained extensive psionic abilities, she has come seeking revenge.

Artifacts. The days of Shabda-Oud glory left many powerful relics. The witch has somehow learned of one such artifact and is pursuing it. Perhaps the characters have also heard of it. Or perhaps the characters actually possess it, unaware of its powers.

Power Grab. On very rare occasions, the Neo-Shabda-Ouds make an overt grab for power. Usually they control political lackeys whom they maneuver into power.

Potential. The Neo-Shabda-Oud carefully seek out potential sympathizers. They have identified one of the characters as having psychic potential and the right sense of honor code to perhaps someday become a friend or ally of the Neo-Shabda-Oud – or perhaps even a witch herself. Or perhaps they believe a non-psychic character will aid them in some way.

Training. The witches' reputation for psionic prowess is well known throughout the galaxy. The characters may actually try to seek out the Neo-Shabda-Oud in order to learn from them. This is foolish, of course, since the witches will only train those who join their order. But the characters may not know this up front... and after learning it, perhaps they are willing...

GAMEMASTER CHARACTERS. Here are four gamemaster characters that you can use in Neo-Shabda-Oud adventures.

The Old Witch. The old witch is a shambling, unsteady old woman. She looks to be at least eighty or ninety standard years old. Her thinning, bone-white hair is covered by a wide bonnet or sun-hat

which she always seems to wear. One of her eyes is usually shut tight, and when it does open it reveals only a white, pupil-less orb. The other eye wanders slightly. She walks with a cane in both hands, and is usually accompanied by her great-granddaughter, who helps her with errands.

In reality, of course, the old woman is a powerful Neo-Shabda-Oud priestess of the fourth Mohn. There are very few psychics in the system who can match her powers. Her physical state is indeed in great decay, but her mind is strong enough to enhance her physical abilities when the need arises. With the aid of her "great-granddaughter" (actually an apprenticed witch), she has very little to fear.



The locals avoid the old woman. People who get on her bad side always seem to suffer misfortune. Yet she is notorious among the local authorities for being the victim of crimes. She is routinely robbed, assaulted, and cheated. Strangely, her assailants consistently give themselves up to the authorities and confess, usually with a great deal of twitching and strange, unnatural tics. Little do the locals realize that the old woman disposes of her enemies through psionic manipulation. The "criminals" who rob and assault her are forced to, then handily disposed of when they are arrested by the police.

The old woman is the head priestess of the system's Neo-Shabda-Oud. She coordinates the training of nearly a hundred witches, scattered throughout the area and several nearby planets. She organizes their schemes, searches out new recruits, and reports on their activities to even higher priestesses.

In an adventure, the old witch is usually not a direct threat. She is more of a manipulator. She arranges for the characters to do her bidding, whether they realize it or not. For example: As the characters stroll through the city streets, they may notice her being mugged down a side alley. If they jump to her defense, her assailant attacks them and they are naturally forced to kill him in self-defense. The old witch engineered the entire episode: she arranged a meeting with an enemy or used-up pawn, used influence to force an attack just as the characters

were passing by, then sat back and watched the results...

After the characters save her, the old witch may invite them into her home. There, she introduces them to her fetching great-granddaughter and tells them her sad tale: how her husband died in the war, how he left behind a small fortune which was recently stolen, how if the characters could only retrieve it, she would repay them...

THE OLD WITCH

Old, worn clothes; interesting but apparently worthless jewelry.

Agility	1D	Perception	5D
Sleight of Hand	3D	Hide	6D
Knowledge	5D	Con	6D
Bureaucracy	5D+2	Sneak	6D
Willpower	7D	Strength	1D
Mechanical	2D	Technical	2D
Psionics	8D		

Move: 8

Character Points: 3

The Broker. The broker is a well dressed man with an office in the best part of town. The office features a wide, spotless desk, a secretary who always seems to be out for the day, and interesting pieces of decorative art. There is never any paperwork to be done, and whenever the broker is at his desk, he is always on the vid-comm. His only visitors are furtive young women with strange hats.

No one in the area knows exactly what the broker does, nor what the name of his firm ("Amalgamated Brokerage Operations") really means. But he is well dressed, clean shaven, very polite, and very responsible looking, so no one spends too much time inquiring.

In reality, the broker is one of the few men trusted by the Neo-Shabda-Oud. He does for them what discretion dictates they must not do for themselves. He arranges meetings, travel, bribes, and bonds; buys and sells sensitive weapons and equipment; and acts as a representative, chaperone, or agent, as needed.

What makes this all the more interesting is that the broker does not know that his clients are Neo-Shabda-Oud. Nor does he know of their psionic abilities.

He knows them only as an unusual society of women that pays very well for his services. He has his suspicions, of course – who hasn't heard of the Shabda-Oud? – but he keeps them to himself and admits nothing. It is always in the client's best interest to remain anonymous, of course.

The broker has other clients as well, but their business importance has diminished as he has started working more and more with the nuns.

The broker will enter adventures as a mysterious contact. He arranges things. He needs the characters to pick up a package, or deliver a box, or pay a bribe. The characters will never know why, nor whom his clients are. The characters will have contact with his clients only in the event of a grave error, a stupendous mistake, or a calculated move on the part of the Neo-Shabda-Oud.

The broker serves as a good way to introduce characters to the Neo-Shabda-Oud without their realizing it. If they do well on an assignment, he will call them back with more work. Soon, they may be working regularly for him. Then, when something goes terribly wrong, the Neo-Shabda-Oud are revealed and suddenly the characters realize they're in much deeper than they ever imagined...

THE BROKER

Expensive tailored clothes, hand vid-comm, io board, quiver-shiv, defense pistol.

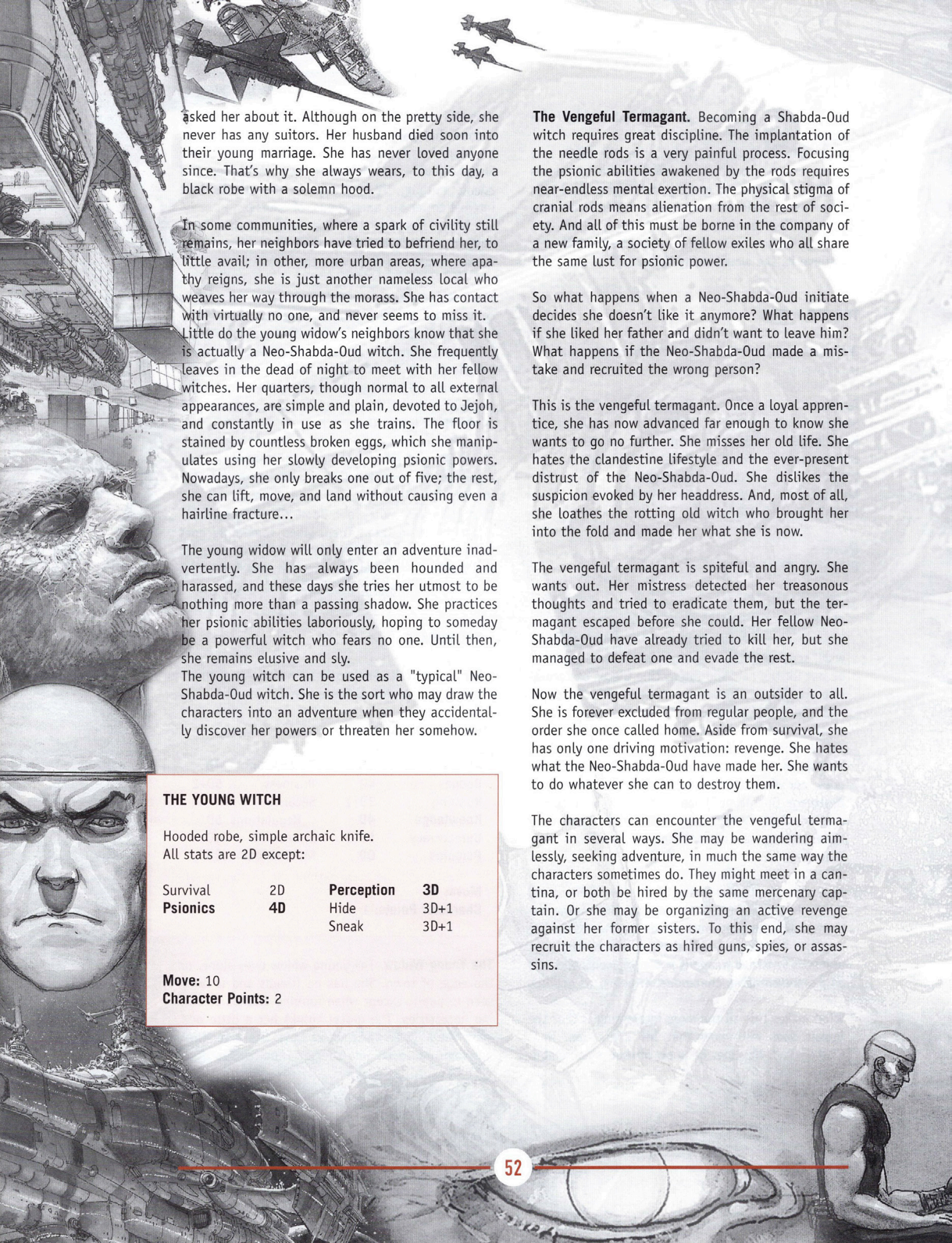
All stats are 2D except:

Agility	3D	Perception	4D
Dodge	4D	Business	5D+2
Running	3D+1	Security	
Knowledge	4D	Regulations	6D
Bureaucracy	5D+3	Streetwise	4D
Psionics	0D	Mechanical	3D

Move: 10

Character Points: 1

The Young Widow. The young widow lives alone, on the edge of town. She has no friends and is never seen in public except when running errands or buying necessities. The grocer thinks her a little odd, since she buys an awful lot of eggs. She is taciturn, not inviting social intercourse. Thus he has never



asked her about it. Although on the pretty side, she never has any suitors. Her husband died soon into their young marriage. She has never loved anyone since. That's why she always wears, to this day, a black robe with a solemn hood.

In some communities, where a spark of civility still remains, her neighbors have tried to befriend her, to little avail; in other, more urban areas, where apathy reigns, she is just another nameless local who weaves her way through the morass. She has contact with virtually no one, and never seems to miss it. Little do the young widow's neighbors know that she is actually a Neo-Shabda-Oud witch. She frequently leaves in the dead of night to meet with her fellow witches. Her quarters, though normal to all external appearances, are simple and plain, devoted to Jehoh, and constantly in use as she trains. The floor is stained by countless broken eggs, which she manipulates using her slowly developing psionic powers. Nowadays, she only breaks one out of five; the rest, she can lift, move, and land without causing even a hairline fracture...

The young widow will only enter an adventure inadvertently. She has always been hounded and harassed, and these days she tries her utmost to be nothing more than a passing shadow. She practices her psionic abilities laboriously, hoping to someday be a powerful witch who fears no one. Until then, she remains elusive and sly.

The young witch can be used as a "typical" Neo-Shabda-Oud witch. She is the sort who may draw the characters into an adventure when they accidentally discover her powers or threaten her somehow.

THE YOUNG WITCH

Hooded robe, simple archaic knife.
All stats are 2D except:

Survival	2D	Perception	3D
Psionics	4D	Hide	3D+1
		Sneak	3D+1

Move: 10
Character Points: 2

The Vengeful Termagant. Becoming a Shabda-Oud witch requires great discipline. The implantation of the needle rods is a very painful process. Focusing the psionic abilities awakened by the rods requires near-endless mental exertion. The physical stigma of cranial rods means alienation from the rest of society. And all of this must be borne in the company of a new family, a society of fellow exiles who all share the same lust for psionic power.

So what happens when a Neo-Shabda-Oud initiate decides she doesn't like it anymore? What happens if she liked her father and didn't want to leave him? What happens if the Neo-Shabda-Oud made a mistake and recruited the wrong person?

This is the vengeful termagant. Once a loyal apprentice, she has now advanced far enough to know she wants to go no further. She misses her old life. She hates the clandestine lifestyle and the ever-present distrust of the Neo-Shabda-Oud. She dislikes the suspicion evoked by her headdress. And, most of all, she loathes the rotting old witch who brought her into the fold and made her what she is now.

The vengeful termagant is spiteful and angry. She wants out. Her mistress detected her treasonous thoughts and tried to eradicate them, but the termagant escaped before she could. Her fellow Neo-Shabda-Oud have already tried to kill her, but she managed to defeat one and evade the rest.

Now the vengeful termagant is an outsider to all. She is forever excluded from regular people, and the order she once called home. Aside from survival, she has only one driving motivation: revenge. She hates what the Neo-Shabda-Oud have made her. She wants to do whatever she can to destroy them.

The characters can encounter the vengeful termagant in several ways. She may be wandering aimlessly, seeking adventure, in much the same way the characters sometimes do. They might meet in a cantina, or both be hired by the same mercenary captain. Or she may be organizing an active revenge against her former sisters. To this end, she may recruit the characters as hired guns, spies, or assassins.

THE VENGEFUL TERMAGANT

Simple robe and headdress, simple archaic knife, defense pistol.

All stats are 2D except:

Sleight of Hand	3D	Perception	3D
Survival	3D	Hide	4D+2
Psonics	4D+2	Sneak	3D+1

Move: 9

Character Points: 3

ADVENTURE IDEAS

The cetacyborgs, space cetaceans, ceta-cities, and Neo-Shabda-Oud are ripe for adventure. Here is a sampling of ideas for incorporating them into your campaigns. A more detailed adventure follows in the next section.

The plot hooks that follow are divided into two sections. The first section, Learning the Legends, presents ways in which characters can hear of space cetaceans and Neo-Shabda-Oud in the first place. They're not always common knowledge, you know; in some places, they are now merely children's stories and ancient myths or fables.

The second section, Adventures, describes why and how the characters will actually encounter a space cetacean or Neo-Shabda-Oud. These are basic plot lines that you can base adventures on.

LEARNING THE LEGEND

The Architectural Relic. The local planet was once a hotbed of Shabda-Oud activity. Now, many years later, remnants of their presence remain. The characters stumble across an old landmark that was once occupied by the Shabda-Oud. It could be a church, house, convent, or even a small fortress. It is located in a part of town that is now crumbling and decrepit, but which was once vibrant and alive. The characters notice it because its magnificent spires and wrought iron clearly distinguish it from the hovels nearby. Although now occupied by squatters, it still contains wall paintings, books, videos, and other relics that tell the story of the Shabda-Oud and their cetacyborgs.

The Proclamation. The local government has always had trouble with subversives. They routinely scapegoat one cult or another in order to wipe them out. This sort of reactionary authoritarianism only encourages the formation of other cults, of course, which in turn create more problems. The latest scapegoat cult is to be the Neo-Shabda-Oud. The government announces a crackdown and severe penalties for anyone found associating with the order. Of course, the generosity of the witches towards those willing to defend them increases in direct proportion to the government's crackdown. Once the crackdown begins, the characters can find out plenty simply by asking around, and they can quickly choose a side in the battle by approaching the government, or being sympathetic when somehow entangled by the witches' plans...

The Old Pilot. On the course of some voyage, the characters meet an old pilot. Although now retired, he once led voyages all over the known universe. He tells them stories of Ark, the mysterious space cetacean, and the path it followed. He knows of other pilots who followed the cetacean's path, hoping it led to the golden sea, a glorious place where the space cetaceans originate (or so he believes). Or perhaps he knows the other pilots planned to join a utopian ceta-city established on Ark's skin. Now that he is old and without a home, he wishes he had followed. If only someone would supply him with a ship, he's sure they could find Ark...

ADVENTURES

The Artifact. Somehow, over the course of their adventures, the characters acquire a curious artifact. A six inch long hunk of unknown metal shaped like a teardrop, it illuminates when pointed toward a certain section of the sky. Soon the characters find themselves pursued by mysterious enemies (Neo-Shabda-Oud, of course). It's obvious the artifact is important, but to whom? And why? If they set off in the direction of the illumination, the characters will be led to the remaining space cetaceans – and pursued by restless Neo-Shabda-Oud...

Techno-Techno Investigation. The Techno-Technos have somehow acquired part of an alien device with unusual powers. They will not reveal the source of their discovery or the nature of the device, but they believe the rest of its parts lie in an alien ceta-city. Discovering the ceta-city, which is probably lost forever, is not a good use of Techno-Techno resources.



so they hire the expendable characters to do the job. The characters are given navigation instructions to where the Techno-Technos believe the ceta-city once was. Of course, the characters have an extremely difficult time getting there, and when they do get there, it is simply empty space. But there is a strange trail of drifter planets forming a galactic arrow in the direction of the space cetacean. If a character passes a skill test and notices this pattern, they can follow the drifter planets to the cetacean...

The Hunt. The Endguard has discovered a previously unknown space cetacean. Possibly the last of its kind, it seems to be dazed or wounded. It appeared from nowhere and is slowly drifting into occupied space, and the Endguard isn't sure how to stop it. The characters are hired to try to find a way to destroy it. Of course, the only way is to inject it with pentalina and then steer it in another direction – and the only way to get pentalina is to find a Neo-Shabda-Oud who is willing to supply it. Alternatively, the characters don't find a way to control the cetacean, but they do encounter ancient ceta-cities on its surface. This can be a way to introduce a dramatic new event into the campaign – the space cetacean will cause all sorts of reactions in the systems it passes through, and may lead to

other adventures involving the Neo-Shabda-Oud.

The Orphan. Similar to The Hunt, above, but the space cetacean is actually a cetacyborg halfway through the transformation process. It was to be the eighth member of the Shabda-Oud's fleet, but was never completed when the order was destroyed. It is enraged and uncontrollable, and lashes out at anything that comes near. As the characters approach to investigate, they encounter Neo-Shabda-Oud witches who have come to finish the job their predecessors started: turning the giant creature into a controllable cetacyborg. Perhaps the characters even discover ancient Shabda-Oud witches who have lived on the creature in the farthest reaches of space for centuries...

The Kidnapping. The characters have been kidnapped. When they come to, they are in a decrepit, run-down shanty town. The sky is the color of open space, clouded only by the thinnest of atmospheres. As they characters begin to get a sense of their surroundings, they realize they must be on an asteroid. Then, with further exploration, they realize the truth: they are on a cetacean!

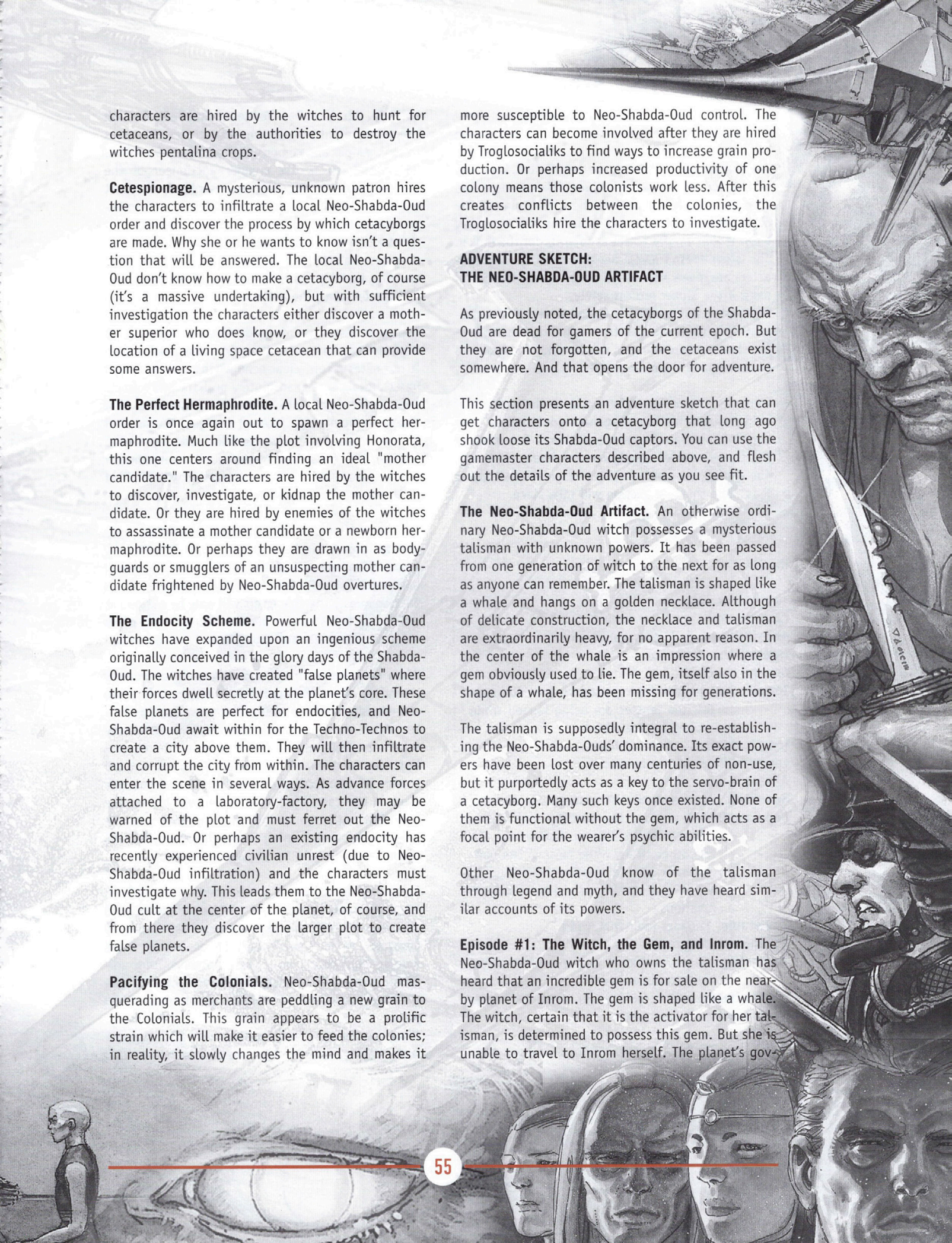
The adventure can answer three central mysteries: How did the players get there? Why are they there? And how can they leave? The intertwining answers will make up the adventure. Here are some suggestions:

Pirates have set up a base on a cetacean drifting ever closer to human space. They kidnapped the characters in the course of a regular raid, intending to sell them as slaves. Now, however, the characters have the chance to escape. But the only way out is through the deep belly of ceta-cities established by races long gone...

Or perhaps the planet where the characters resided before the kidnapping has been sucked into orbit around the cetacean. Somehow it has lodged in the cetacean's side ridges. The characters were knocked unconscious by the impact, and kidnapped in a raid on the planet by the creatures inhabiting the ceta-cities. Now they must make it back to the planet before it becomes dislodged.

Pentalina Blockade. A Neo-Shabda-Oud cult has hit upon an ingenious scheme: although their cetacyborg fleet is dead, there is no reason why they couldn't create others. To that end, they have started researching cybernetics, hunting for surviving space cetaceans, and cultivating pentalina. The





characters are hired by the witches to hunt for cetaceans, or by the authorities to destroy the witches pentalina crops.

Cetesponage. A mysterious, unknown patron hires the characters to infiltrate a local Neo-Shabda-Oud order and discover the process by which cetacyborgs are made. Why she or he wants to know isn't a question that will be answered. The local Neo-Shabda-Oud don't know how to make a cetacyborg, of course (it's a massive undertaking), but with sufficient investigation the characters either discover a mother superior who does know, or they discover the location of a living space cetacean that can provide some answers.

The Perfect Hermaphrodite. A local Neo-Shabda-Oud order is once again out to spawn a perfect hermaphrodite. Much like the plot involving Honorata, this one centers around finding an ideal "mother candidate." The characters are hired by the witches to discover, investigate, or kidnap the mother candidate. Or they are hired by enemies of the witches to assassinate a mother candidate or a newborn hermaphrodite. Or perhaps they are drawn in as bodyguards or smugglers of an unsuspecting mother candidate frightened by Neo-Shabda-Oud overtures.

The Endocity Scheme. Powerful Neo-Shabda-Oud witches have expanded upon an ingenious scheme originally conceived in the glory days of the Shabda-Oud. The witches have created "false planets" where their forces dwell secretly at the planet's core. These false planets are perfect for endocities, and Neo-Shabda-Oud await within for the Techno-Technos to create a city above them. They will then infiltrate and corrupt the city from within. The characters can enter the scene in several ways. As advance forces attached to a laboratory-factory, they may be warned of the plot and must ferret out the Neo-Shabda-Oud. Or perhaps an existing endocity has recently experienced civilian unrest (due to Neo-Shabda-Oud infiltration) and the characters must investigate why. This leads them to the Neo-Shabda-Oud cult at the center of the planet, of course, and from there they discover the larger plot to create false planets.

Pacifying the Colonials. Neo-Shabda-Oud masquerading as merchants are peddling a new grain to the Colonials. This grain appears to be a prolific strain which will make it easier to feed the colonies; in reality, it slowly changes the mind and makes it

more susceptible to Neo-Shabda-Oud control. The characters can become involved after they are hired by Troglodites to find ways to increase grain production. Or perhaps increased productivity of one colony means those colonists work less. After this creates conflicts between the colonies, the Troglodites hire the characters to investigate.

ADVENTURE SKETCH: THE NEO-SHABDA-LOUD ARTIFACT

As previously noted, the cetacyborgs of the Shabda-Oud are dead for gamers of the current epoch. But they are not forgotten, and the cetaceans exist somewhere. And that opens the door for adventure.

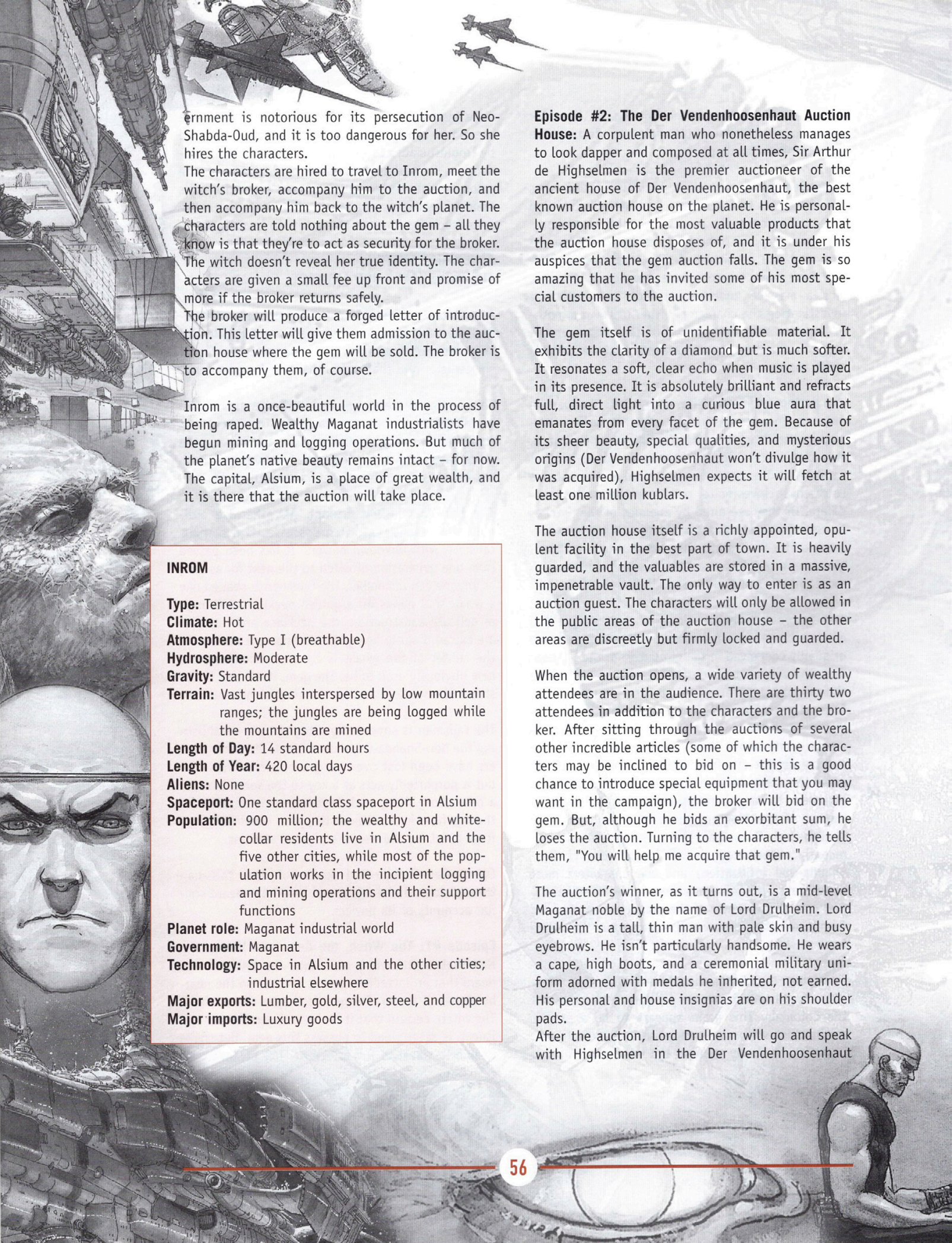
This section presents an adventure sketch that can get characters onto a cetacyborg that long ago shook loose its Shabda-Oud captors. You can use the gamemaster characters described above, and flesh out the details of the adventure as you see fit.

The Neo-Shabda-Oud Artifact. An otherwise ordinary Neo-Shabda-Oud witch possesses a mysterious talisman with unknown powers. It has been passed from one generation of witch to the next for as long as anyone can remember. The talisman is shaped like a whale and hangs on a golden necklace. Although of delicate construction, the necklace and talisman are extraordinarily heavy, for no apparent reason. In the center of the whale is an impression where a gem obviously used to lie. The gem, itself also in the shape of a whale, has been missing for generations.

The talisman is supposedly integral to re-establishing the Neo-Shabda-Ouds' dominance. Its exact powers have been lost over many centuries of non-use, but it purportedly acts as a key to the servo-brain of a cetacyborg. Many such keys once existed. None of them is functional without the gem, which acts as a focal point for the wearer's psychic abilities.

Other Neo-Shabda-Oud know of the talisman through legend and myth, and they have heard similar accounts of its powers.

Episode #1: The Witch, the Gem, and Inrom. The Neo-Shabda-Oud witch who owns the talisman has heard that an incredible gem is for sale on the nearby planet of Inrom. The gem is shaped like a whale. The witch, certain that it is the activator for her talisman, is determined to possess this gem. But she is unable to travel to Inrom herself. The planet's gov-



ernment is notorious for its persecution of Neo-Shabda-Oud, and it is too dangerous for her. So she hires the characters.

The characters are hired to travel to Inrom, meet the witch's broker, accompany him to the auction, and then accompany him back to the witch's planet. The characters are told nothing about the gem – all they know is that they're to act as security for the broker. The witch doesn't reveal her true identity. The characters are given a small fee up front and promise of more if the broker returns safely.

The broker will produce a forged letter of introduction. This letter will give them admission to the auction house where the gem will be sold. The broker is to accompany them, of course.

Inrom is a once-beautiful world in the process of being raped. Wealthy Maganat industrialists have begun mining and logging operations. But much of the planet's native beauty remains intact – for now. The capital, Alsium, is a place of great wealth, and it is there that the auction will take place.

INROM

Type: Terrestrial

Climate: Hot

Atmosphere: Type I (breathable)

Hydrosphere: Moderate

Gravity: Standard

Terrain: Vast jungles interspersed by low mountain ranges; the jungles are being logged while the mountains are mined

Length of Day: 14 standard hours

Length of Year: 420 local days

Aliens: None

Spaceport: One standard class spaceport in Alsium

Population: 900 million; the wealthy and white-collar residents live in Alsium and the five other cities, while most of the population works in the incipient logging and mining operations and their support functions

Planet role: Maganat industrial world

Government: Maganat

Technology: Space in Alsium and the other cities; industrial elsewhere

Major exports: Lumber, gold, silver, steel, and copper

Major imports: Luxury goods

Episode #2: The Der Vendenhoosenhaut Auction

House: A corpulent man who nonetheless manages to look dapper and composed at all times, Sir Arthur de Highselmen is the premier auctioneer of the ancient house of Der Vendenhoosenhaut, the best known auction house on the planet. He is personally responsible for the most valuable products that the auction house disposes of, and it is under his auspices that the gem auction falls. The gem is so amazing that he has invited some of his most special customers to the auction.

The gem itself is of unidentifiable material. It exhibits the clarity of a diamond but is much softer. It resonates a soft, clear echo when music is played in its presence. It is absolutely brilliant and refracts full, direct light into a curious blue aura that emanates from every facet of the gem. Because of its sheer beauty, special qualities, and mysterious origins (Der Vendenhoosenhaut won't divulge how it was acquired), Highselmen expects it will fetch at least one million kublars.

The auction house itself is a richly appointed, opulent facility in the best part of town. It is heavily guarded, and the valuables are stored in a massive, impenetrable vault. The only way to enter is as an auction guest. The characters will only be allowed in the public areas of the auction house – the other areas are discreetly but firmly locked and guarded.

When the auction opens, a wide variety of wealthy attendees are in the audience. There are thirty two attendees in addition to the characters and the broker. After sitting through the auctions of several other incredible articles (some of which the characters may be inclined to bid on – this is a good chance to introduce special equipment that you may want in the campaign), the broker will bid on the gem. But, although he bids an exorbitant sum, he loses the auction. Turning to the characters, he tells them, "You will help me acquire that gem."

The auction's winner, as it turns out, is a mid-level Maganat noble by the name of Lord Drulheim. Lord Drulheim is a tall, thin man with pale skin and busy eyebrows. He isn't particularly handsome. He wears a cape, high boots, and a ceremonial military uniform adorned with medals he inherited, not earned. His personal and house insignias are on his shoulder pads.

After the auction, Lord Drulheim will go and speak with Highselmen in the Der Vendenhoosenhaut

office. He will arrange to have the gem picked up the next day by his guards. After making arrangements, he will leave the auction house, accompanied by his personal assistant Artur. They will meet Lord Drulheim's private driver and be ferried away in his open aircar.

The broker is familiar with the auction house and fills in the characters on the details. Stealing the gem there is virtually impossible, since the house security staff is impressive. But he knows the procedure, so he advises the characters that Lord Drulheim's will transport the gem away the next day. The characters are to stay with him until the attack.

The next day, the characters and the broker attack Lord Drulheim's guards in broad daylight. The broker is impressively armed with expensive military weapons. You can equip and profile the guards in proportion to the strength of the characters they're facing. Make it a good fight, but make sure the characters win. In the end, they should go careening off in the guards' captured vehicle.

Once the characters have possession of the gem, the third episode begins.

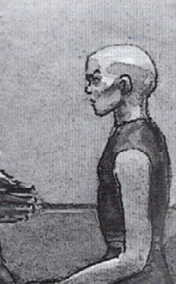
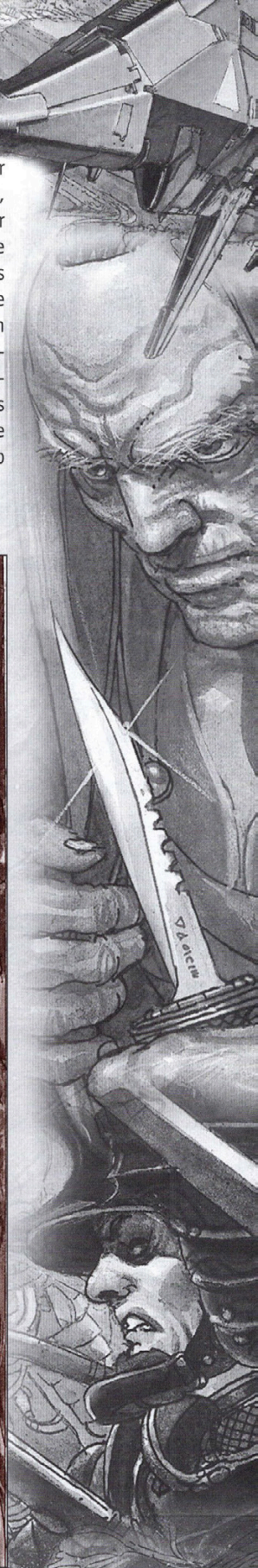
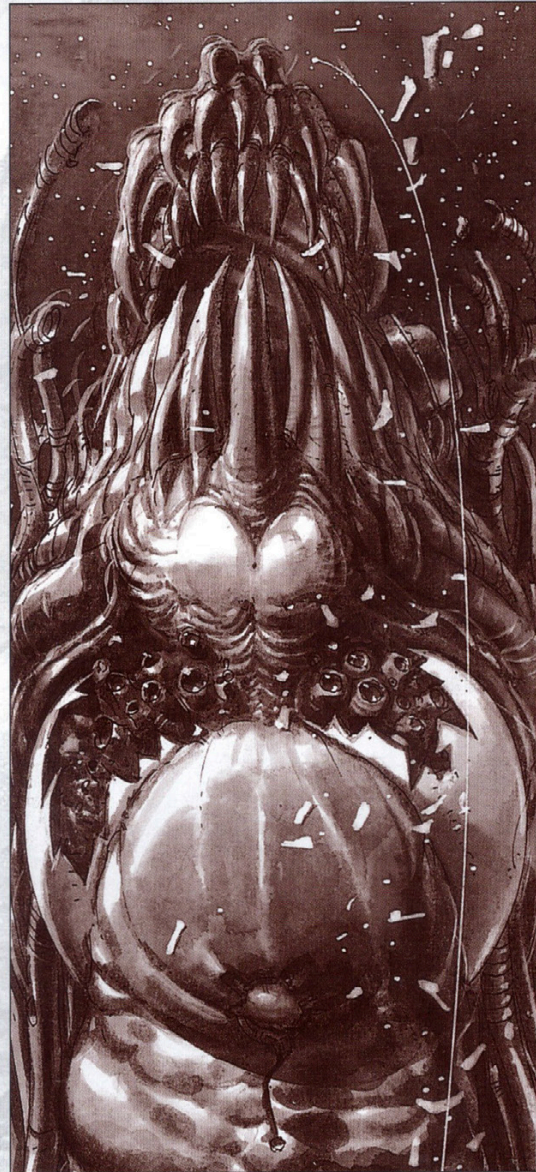
Episode #3: Transportation. After a series of hair-raising chases, the characters make it back to the Neo-Shabda-Oud witch with the broker in tow. But just as they enter her house, a cadre of local guards pull up. It's a raid – the witch has been discovered as a Neo-Shabda-Oud!

This is where the characters discover the witch's true nature. Surrounded and unable to escape, she unleashes her psionics against the authorities. At some point in the battle, the characters notice the whale-shaped gold talisman around her neck. As she is wounded and on the verge of death, she removes the talisman and begs the characters to insert the gem into its place. They do – and suddenly they are all transported to a control room of some sort.

The Ceta-City. The characters are transported to the main control room of a cetacyborg. Of course, they don't know that. If they explore the quarters and rooms around the control room, they will eventually realize where they are: the legendary eighth cetacyborg, the last and never-finished weapon of the Shabda-Oud. It is basically a space cetacean with partial modification, but largely intact.

Where in the universe are the characters? They don't know! The eighth cetacyborg has been lost for years, and even the Endoguard doesn't know where it is.

The characters may be able to get some idea of their location from the constellations. But even then, they don't have any transport. A good part of their adventures should now revolve around exploring the cetacyborg and getting back to their home turf. This is where you can introduce the ceta-cities, space cetacean parasites, and, if you desire, the talisman that may actually control some portions of the cetacyborg's activities. The servo-brain was never finished, but that doesn't mean the jets in the tail fins weren't. Perhaps the characters can even steer the cetacyborg back to civilized space... the rest is up to you!



COMIC CONTINUITY AND THE METABARONS RPG

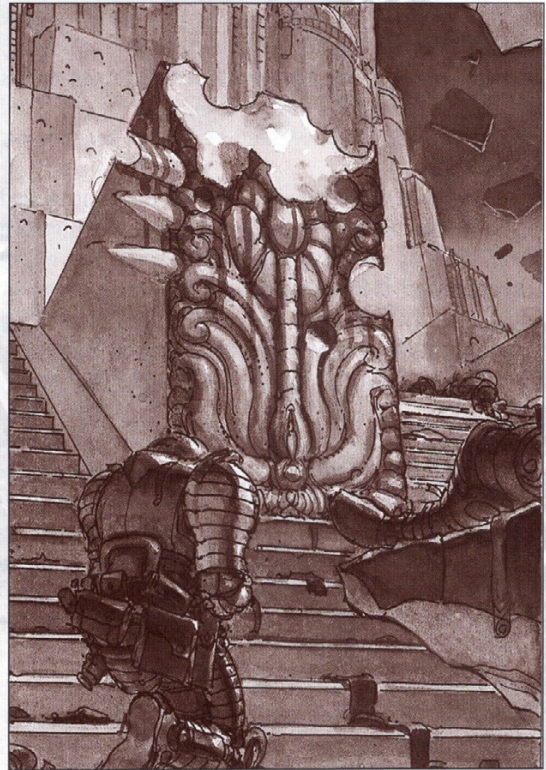
By Scott Palter

Start with this as a basic premise: the core of the Metabarons Universe is the comics. Everything else is built around that core – the RPG, the upcoming novelizations, and the still more hypothetical projects to follow. Therefore the storyline of the Metabarons must proceed as written. However, Jodorowsky has created a vast Universe of which he uses only small pieces for his comics. What is left to game in is vast.

It is our entire Universe less a few planets and a few dozen key characters. Everything else is potentially in play.

Having said that, we will now hedge a bit. We at D6Legend recommend that you do NOT attempt to play the High Politics of the Empire. Do not play an Endoguard, one of the key people at Court, a TechnoTechno or the leadership of any of the pillars. Do not play the Emperress or a Metabaron. Do not play the two robots. We have NOT provided you with enough information on them to accurately role play those characters and especially their interactions with each other. This had to have been left vague enough to allow scope and novelty for Jodorowsky's future creations.

So what do you do if your players insist? Some GM's would still refuse, but let us say you are a more accommodating, democratic sort. Accept that you are no longer playing in the correct universe. What does this mean? Comics continuity no longer con-



trols your campaign. Just as you cannot be a partial virgin (you either are or are not), you cannot sort of follow continuity. You either do or you don't.

If you don't, then the comics are just another example of source material, more vivid because of the wonderful graphics. You can then have fleets of Cetacyborgs, parties that are all clones of the Metabaron with his stats, blow up the Golden Planet, etc. You have a space opera with the trappings of the Universe of the Metabarons.



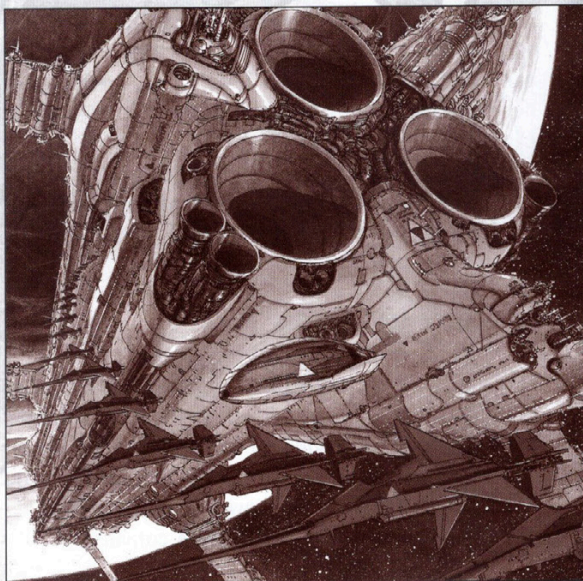
Some tips if you take this course:

1. Try not to play the actual Metabarons. They have the stats of demigods. This sounds like fun. It is actually very boring. They cannot fail at anything for any length of time. The fun of role playing is to have to work through characterization and cooperation to achieve group goals and tell a vibrant, dynamic adventure story. Where is the dramatic tension in an unbeatable character?

2. Try to keep the struggle between the pillars as much in balance as you can. There is a tendency in gaming to want to keep upping the stakes. (We got this from Hollywood where "pushing the envelope" has been a trademark for decades). In this adventure you blow up a space station, so for the next adventure you have to blow up an asteroid. Applied to social structures it has the following disadvantage – it is FAR easier to destroy than to build. A few months of active campaigning can clearly wreck the Universe as Jodorowsky has written it. That Universe is an interlocked baroque structure of competing but cooperating power centers. In destroying it, you and your party will acquire treasure, weapons, reputation, power. You will also be playing in an SF dystopia functionally not much different from thousands of "After the Fall" stories of the 60's through 80's. (A great civilization – think Rome, think the modern world after a thermonuclear or environmental holocaust, think the dinosaurs after the asteroid hit Yucatan- dies. The few survivors enter a Dark Age where they squabble over the remaining crumbs and dream of recapturing the Golden Age that was lost. Remember that belief in a better future is a fairly modern and definitely Western concept – for most of history, most of the world believed we lived in Fallen Times after a lost and never to be recaptured Golden Age). The world of the Metabarons, with the multiple competing pillars of society, is highly unique. It is worth your extra work as a GM to keep your party from trashing it. However, given the size of a Universe, trashing it in a system or even a sector doesn't hurt the story line as long as you keep the HQ planets of the various pillars off limits. Rome can still be Rome regardless of how many minor provincial garrison towns you let the barbarians or rebels or alien space bats destroy. The Jodoverse is still itself regardless of whether the Human Empire and its affiliated League of Colonial Planets actually controls 100% of the backwaters of every galaxy every minute of every day. Indeed, bizarre backwaters just give the

whole a more picaresque flavor. Minor kingdoms could rise and fall in these outbacks without the centers of power taking note of their brief incandescent lives. We plan on offering such an outback in the J Bar Sector Sourcebook, a few of whose locations occur in the adventure in this book.

3. Even ruined, the pillars and parts of the Jodoverse should keep as much of their correct feel as possible. The TechnoTechnos should stand for ultimate evil. The Ekonomat should stand for the hidden hand of vast wealth. The Maganates should be vast wealth's open face. Metabarons should follow their destiny, not be minions of other forces. The Empire should attempt to balance the forces. The Colonials should be places of relative backwardness mixed with barbaric splendor. The whole should be baroque, intricate, decadent but splendid.



CONVERSION BETWEEN CLASSIC D6 AND LEGEND

By Nikola Vrtis

USING THE LEGEND SYSTEM

If you like the success-failure system of the D6 Legend system variant, then this guide will help you convert the basic game mechanics presented in the Metabarons Roleplaying Game to the Legend System. Naturally, no conversion is perfect, so gamemasters should adjust values as appropriate for their individual perceptions of the worlds they are trying to emulate.

Of necessity, this conversion guide is short and therefore does not cover every game mechanic. The difficulty and modifier conversion sections will help you in most instances. In those cases this guide can't help you, make your best guess, basing your decision on similar items or situations in your world of choice.

Note that the D6 system used in the Metabarons Roleplaying Game is called the D6 Classic system here.

DIFFICULTY CONVERSION

In general, divide the highest number of the current level by three and round down. If you have a Classic difficulty number, divide by three and round down. If this method produces a number you think is too high, subtract 1 from the new Legend number. The chart provides a more accurate conversion.

Legend	Classic
1	Very Easy (1-5)
2, 3	Easy (6-10)
4, 5	Moderate (11-15)
6	Difficult (16-20)
7, 8	Very Difficult (21-25)
9, 10	Heroic (26-30)
11+	Very Heroic (31+)

MODIFIER CONVERSION

The Legend modifier equals one for every five in the Classic modifier. The chart gives some examples. All modifiers are for plus or minus the number listed. For modifiers that are die codes, use the number in front of the "D" as the Legend modifier.

Legend	Classic
1	1-5
2	6-10
3	11-15
4	16-20
5	21-25

CONVERTING CHARACTERS

If you are just switching to D6 Legend, then you only need to convert each character's die code; there's no need to change attribute or skill names. If you are converting a few characters from one D6 world using one D6 system to the Metabarons Roleplaying Game, you'll need to change attributes, skills, and die codes. You will need to make your best guess as to how the attributes and skills map to each other. If the attribute of a skill changed when converting to the new game world, subtract the attribute from the skill in the old game world and add it to the correct attribute in the new game world. Should it appear that one attribute or skill maps to two attributes or skills, use the same die code for both attributes or skills (or drop one of the skills, if it's not appropriate for the character concept). Should two attributes or skills map to one attribute or skill, then convert the die codes, add them together, and divide by 2 (rounding up). This is the die code of the single attribute or skill. If you regularly convert characters from one world to another, you might want to create a list of how the attributes and skills change.

To convert D6 Classic die codes to D6 Legend: If the pips are 0 or 1, drop the pips to get the Legend die code. If the pips equal 2, then add one to the number in front of the D to get the Legend die code. The chart offers some examples of how this formula works.

Legend	Classic
1D	1D, 1D+1
2D	1D+2, 2D, 2D+1
3D	2D+2, 3D, 3D+1
4D	3D+2, 4D, 4D+1
5D	4D+2, 5D, 5D+1
6D	5D+2, 6D, 6D+1
7D	6D+2, 7D, 7D+1
8D	7D+2, 8D, 8D+1
9D	8D+2, 9D, 9D+1
10D	9D+2, 10D, 10D+1

BODY POINTS OR WOUNDS

Body Points

Body Points are a measure of the physical and mental damage a character can sustain. Damage is subtracted from the total. When the character reaches zero, she is knocked out and dies within 15 minutes. For a less deadly version of the game, allow characters to subtract a roll of their Strength from the damage total before taking the amount off their Body Points. It's rare to have Body Points go above the initial amount after the hero has been created (due to a new power, magical spell, or other effect). Roll your hero's Strength (including a Wild Die). Next, compare each face of the roll to the chart below to determine the number of Body Points gained from each die. Remember, a critical success on the Wild Die means you can add 6 to the result and roll again until you get something other than that symbol.

Add together the corresponding value from each die. Then add 20 to this number. This is the maximum amount of Body Points your character can have.

Result	Number of Body Points
Critical Failure	3
Failure	4
Success	5
Critical Success (and another roll)	6

Wounds

Whenever damage is done to a character, determine the damage total (the base damage value result plus any modifiers). The defender then rolls his Strength and adds any modifiers (such as Armor Value). Subtract the defenders roll from the damage total and compare it to the appropriate chart below.

Damage Total Strength Roll By	Effect
0-1	Stun
2	Wounded
3	Incapacitated
4	Mortally wounded
5	Dead

Damage Conversion Physical-Based Damage

For D6 Classic damage listed as "STR+" a modifier, drop the Strength part and convert the modifier to get the D6 Legend damage value. The basic formula for this type of damage is: If the number of pips equals zero or one, add 1 to the number in front of the "D"; if the number of pips equals two, add 2 to the number in front of the "D." The chart lists some examples. Adjust as needed.

Unarmed attacks (such as punches, kicks, etc.) in D6 Legend have a damage value of 1D plus the Strength bonus.

Legend	Classic
STR bonus only	+1
1D	+2
2D	1D
2D	1D+1
3D	1D+2
3D	2D
3D	2D+1
4D	2D+2
4D	3D
4D	3D+1
5D	3D+2
5D	4D
5D	4D+1
6D	4D+2
6D	5D

Legend	Classic
6D	5D+1
7D	5D+2
7D	6D
7D	6D+1
8D	6D+2
8D	7D

Strength Bonus

Instead of rolling Strength to determine damage, D6 Legend gives a bonus based on the character's Strength. This bonus equals one-half of the character's Strength, rounded down.

Other Damage Types & Wounds

For other types of damage values in D6 Classic and D6 Legend, convert the die code using the character conversion chart.

Other Damage Types & Body Points

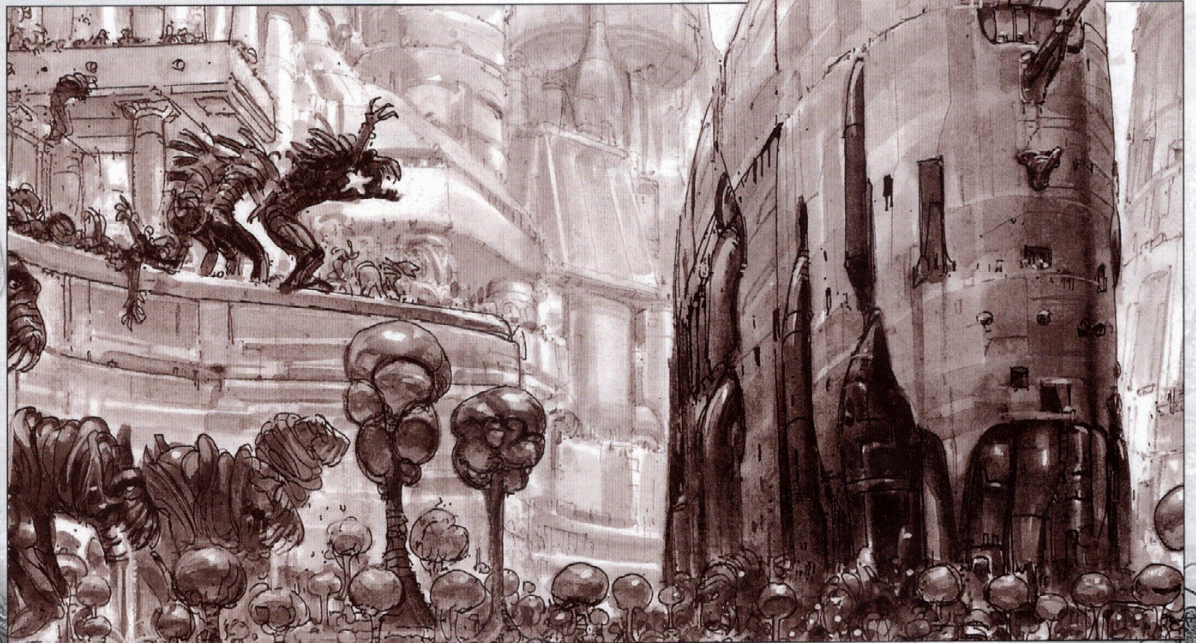
To convert from D6 Classic to D6 Legend: Multiply the number in front of the D by 3 and add the pips to the total. This is the die code of the damage for the item.

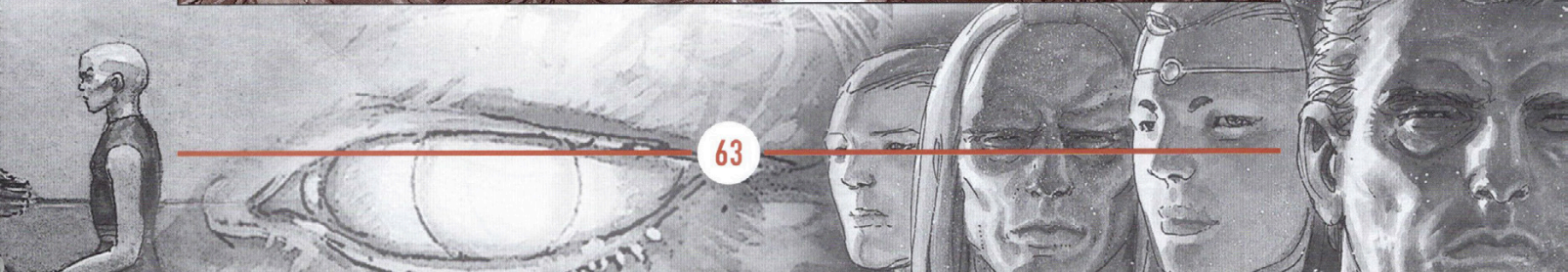
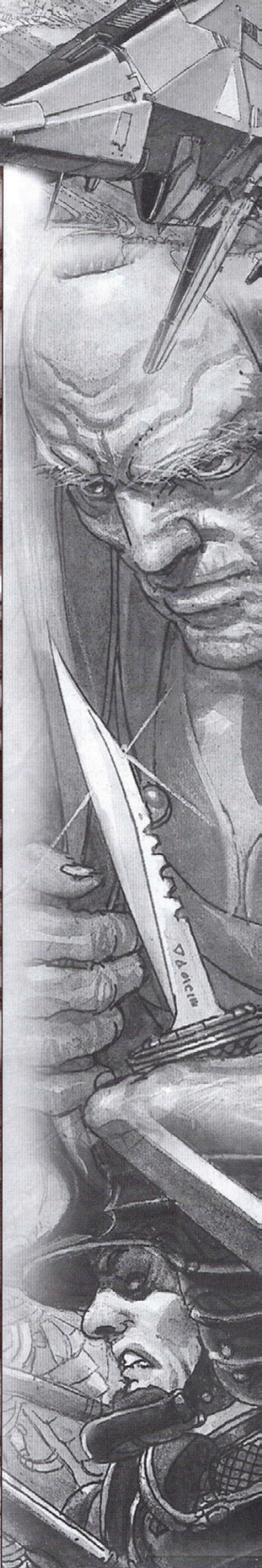
ARMOR CONVERSION

To convert from D6 Classic to D6 Legend: Multiply the number in front of the D by 8 and add the pips to the total.

EFFECT VALUE

The Effect Value is a game mechanic introduced in D6 Legend and is important to determining damage totals. The Effect Value equals the skill total minus the difficulty value. Gamemasters may allow this Effect Value to be added to another roll (such as allowing a successful brawling attack to modify the damage result), but that is entirely up to individual gamemasters.







ADVENTURE: THE PIRATE NECKLACE

by Shawn Lockard with Scott Palter

Only the GM should read past this point unless the party has already played the adventure:

OVERVIEW

For this adventure, the characters are doing a "favor" for Namar, the Pirate Lord.

He will basically order them to retrieve his wife, lost to him after a shocking kidnapping. She is wearing a necklace that, unknown to her (or so he thinks and so you tell the player's down till when she tells them the opposite, probably after the final battle – see below), contains information vital to her husband's plans.

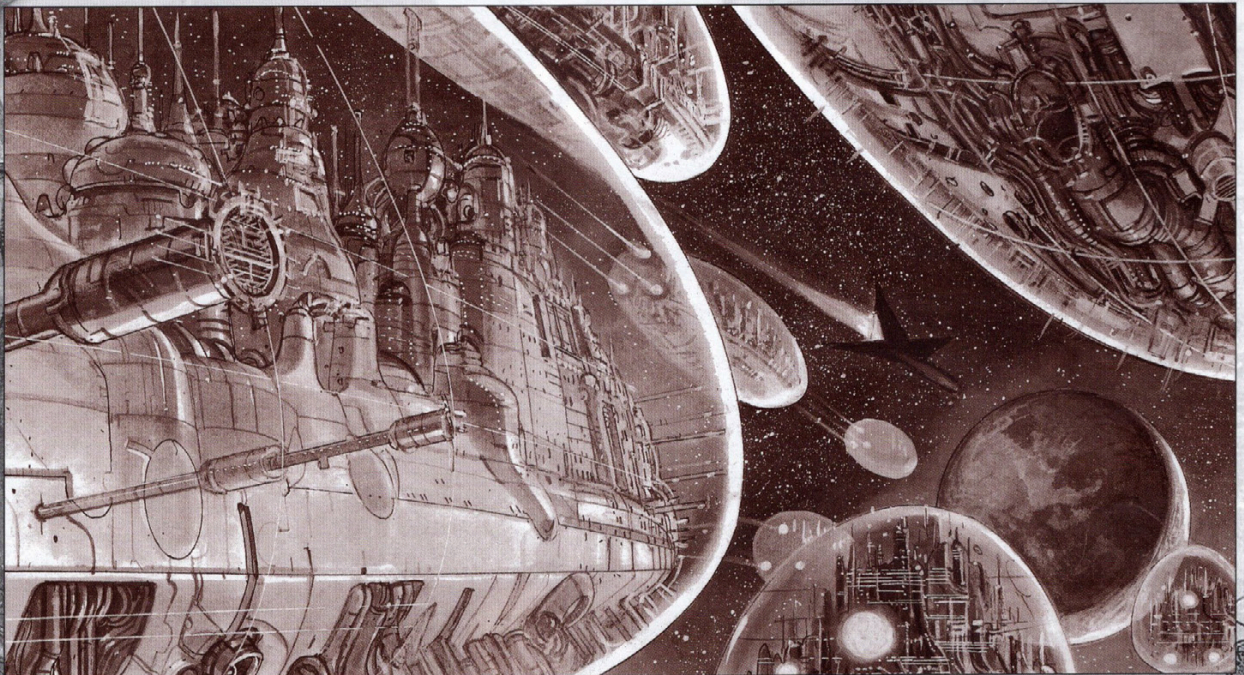
The characters will have an expectation of being VERY well paid for their time and efforts. They also expect a certain amount of reciprocal gratitude. Namar is a powerful pirate, thus being owed a favor by him is a considerable asset. The GM may also arrange things so that the party may already owe Namar a favor, especially if they have missed a few payments on their current ship or had to rely on pirate contacts in a tight spot earlier in their adven-

tures. Particularly heroic characters may take the job to save the Pirate's wife from her kidnappers simply because it is the honorable or decent thing to do.

In fact they are expendables being sent on a suicide mission who will in all probability be killed as soon as they clearly accomplish the mission or report back as having failed. As GM you do NOT convey this to the player's but neither do you divert them excessively from coming to this conclusion on their own.

GM NOTE:

This adventure can be used as both stand alone and as a way of weaving comics continuity into your campaign. Do not worry about whether they actually recover the treasure. If they don't, it turns out Namar had other teams out doing the identical job. If they won't part with the necklace, Namar gets an emergency rush replacement from the black tech lab. Although you don't emphasize this while playing, it, there is simply no way they can ruin the Pirate attack in the comics.



NOTE:

In terms of the current comics' timeline, Namar is a figure from the past. The events in the comic involving Namar and his attack on the Imperial 'embryo', is at least 150 to 200 years in the past of events in the current comics. Still, in the Metabaron's world, the character might still be alive. He wouldn't necessarily even look that much older, he would have either recloned himself or taken youth drugs to keep his appearance. You might want to reattach the story to the current timeline, saying only that it is the same character from the comics, only 150 years later. (Or four generations of Metabarons... they tend to die off pretty quickly.) For those who want to center their campaign in the current timeline, the quest for the missing wife and necklace now are for some different purpose having nothing to do with the assault on the Imperial embryo foiled by the Metabaron.

FURTHER NOTE:

As continuity is NOT at risk in the case above it is now possible for the necklace to actually not reach Namar and thus for the attack to be foiled. Thus the adventure can in a sense mean more by meaning less to overall continuity.

PARTY COMPOSITION:

This adventure plays with any party. It will play better if the party includes the following:

Combat types, especially those with subtlety, tactical skill and melee weapons are recommended. A pilot with a ship is very useful, as the adventure spans a few planets. A persuasive leader with high perception skill is also quite useful. Lastly, someone with computer background, with a smattering of other knowledge of skills would round out the group quite nicely. (see templates at end of adventure for examples).

The further the party is from the ideal above the more work you as the GM should be doing in the initial pirate briefing to cover that by showing why their courage in (fill in some past exploits) gave Namar reason to believe they could succeed anyway. The truth is that the party is merely the best that one of many minions of Namar's was able to press-gang on short notice.



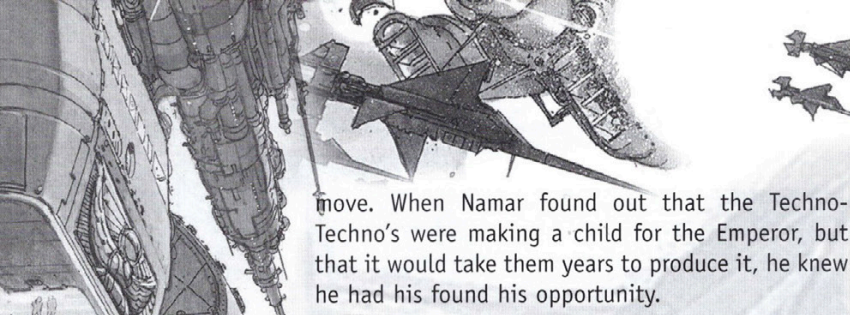
Namar is actually aware of this and will be quite shocked that this particular party finds the wife and necklace. He'd have been MUCH more careful with them had that been his expectation. If the party is missing a pilot and a ship, the GM can have Namar provide them. For the pilot, use the stats for the "Common Contract Pilot" in the Rule Book, p.219. For a ship, they can use a Pirate Ostrov, p.258. At least one character, in a position to speak for the group, should have good Perception skill, especially in Persuasion. Again, if no one in the party has this, give this skill to the contract pilot. If there is no contract pilot, Namar insists on sending along a rep / watchdog whose template includes this skill grouping. This is essential for the scene with Nibbler, a crucial information source.

If your party mix is significantly weaker on combat dice, the GM should feel free to modify the opposition accordingly. The purpose of this adventure is to take the party through a series of difficult situations but not those requiring legendary heroics to survive.


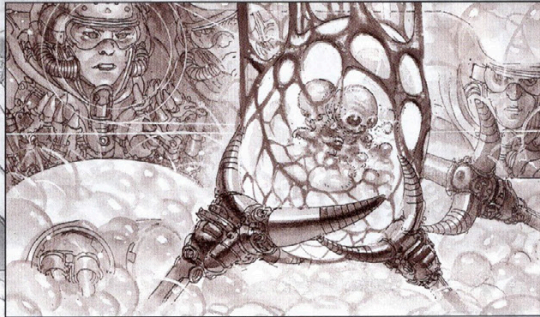
Summation: If the party lacks the pilot, computer skills or skilled negotiator, the GM WILL attach the necessary NPC's to remedy the lackings. Note: the NPC's should have their own perhaps not fully disclosed agendas in these matters.

PLOT OVERVIEW:

Namar is a Pirate Prince who has grandiose plans of eventually ruling the Universe. Due to earlier misfortunes and misadventures, he was denied readmission into the Maganats, and has been slowly plotting his revenge for decades. Using vast assets remaining from his family's still vaster former holdings plus his own ill-gotten gains, and a network of contacts, he is assembling an armada to make his

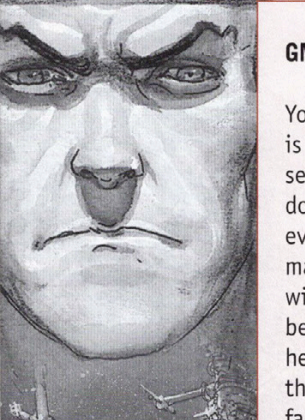


move. When Namar found out that the Techno-Techno's were making a child for the Emperor, but that it would take them years to produce it, he knew he had his found his opportunity.



Stealing the embryo, and keeping it long enough to ransom it, would take an ingenious plan. Namar realized that the only way to stage an ambush large enough to fight the Imperial fleet would be to hide in a planet. A movable, hyperspace capable planet had never been done before, and presented numerous design challenges. After a year of work by the smartest minds he could locate outside of the Techno-Techno organizations, a special hyperspatial field formula was developed taking advantage of the perfectly circular shape. The formula greatly reduced the energy requirements for the field, allowing the planet to use engines small enough to allow space for his forces.

Namar relocated (imprisoned at gunpoint) the scientists to a closely guarded black facility in an otherwise uninhabited system (nobody gives up a tech team this good after one use),



GM NOTE:

You may want to drop a hint to the party that there is such a black facility. The rumor itself is worth selling on the info market. Tracking the facility down, even if they don't actually raid it, would be even more valuable. Of course the joys of the info market being what they are, the party's association with this adventure makes them prime candidates to be stalked by other parties who bought or otherwise heard of the rumor of this facility and want to get the location and defense setup from the party. The fact that your group doesn't know either isn't likely to be much of a defense is it?...

and hid the formula in a data crystal in his wife's necklace. He hid it in plain sight, with the most highly guarded possession he owned. It was worn around the neck of Iona, his wife. That is until a week ago, when the Kromax kidnapped her.

They took her back to their stronghold, and sent their ransom demands (an obscene amount of kublars). The characters are sent to infiltrate the Kromax stronghold and retrieve Iona (and the necklace). Namar would normally have sent his own forces, but too many of them were killed in the attack. (Or so he says. He's actually hoarding troops for his big attack).

GM NOTE:

This is happening before the attack in the comics. Party should be repeatedly reminded that time is of the essence. Only tell them afterwards (final debriefing unless they figure it out sooner) that they are only one of many backup contingency plans.

The characters are to be instructed to take comfort in the fact that most of the Kromax are already dead, killed in the attack that captured the necklace.

When they arrive at the Kromax fortress, filled with a sense of dread in fighting such ferocious enemies, they are confronted by the barely functional automated defenses. Able to destroy them, they move in, expecting to fight an experienced and entrenched foe. What they find are the ruins of a spectacular battle. The characters find a survivor who explains that another force, clad in environmental suits and wielding mostly archaic combat weapons, decimated the Kromax, and took only Iona. The survivor doesn't know who they were, but suggests contacting Nibbler, a friend of his.

Nibbler is a member of a rat race, quite literally. An alien with an extremely low profile, he is a survivor of an exterminated race. He deals in knowledge, often of a restricted or security covered kind / he's a datalegger or infomerchant, and has a patch into the Imperial Network, which he analyzes all the time. If the characters overcome his normal paranoid suspicions, he can be bargained reasonably with to give them all the information they need about their new foe, the Crimson Core. After all, a datalegger always needs sources, customers, touts, favors, etc. He's a businessman even if because of

past history a most careful and distrustful one.

Chief among all this information is a way to find the Crimson Core. Nibbler is aware of where they pick up supplies. The characters follow the next logistics pickup, and are lead to the Crimson Core headquarters. The characters must then attack the base with only melee weapons. When they find Iona, she resists attempts at rescue, attempting to blow the small planetoid up around them. The characters must save her from her suicidal attempt to evade recapture, and deliver her to Namar. If the characters learn the true nature of the necklace, and deliver it and her, he may well try to kill them (a very likely possibility).

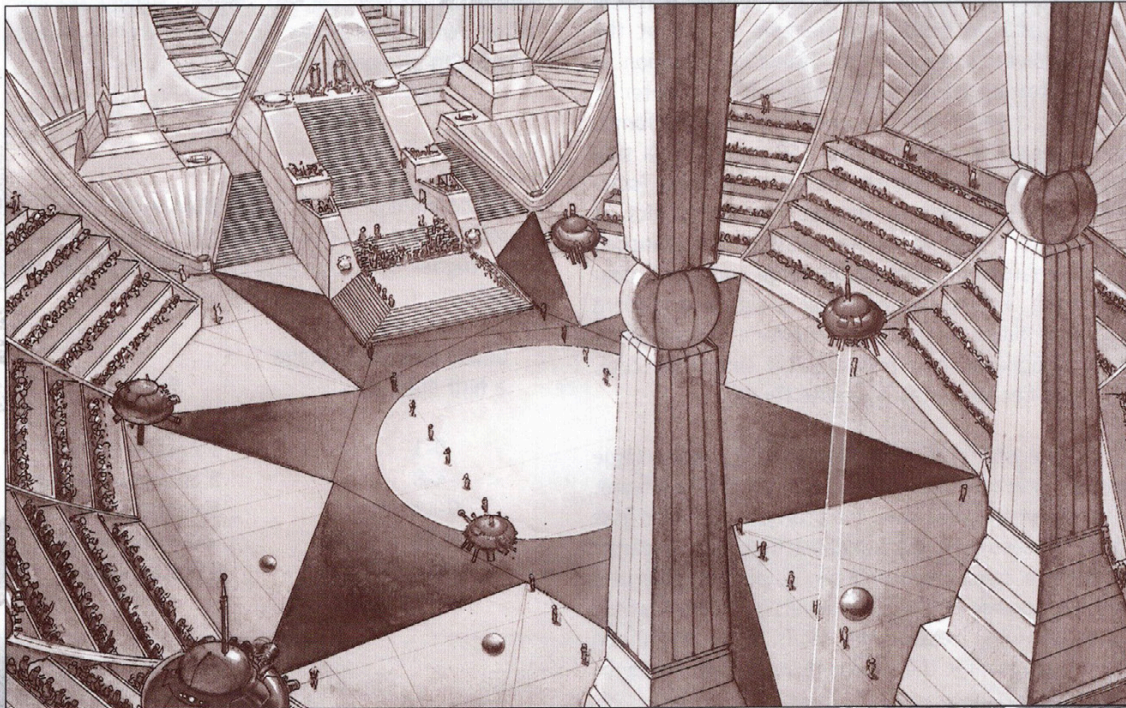
Hiring: There is no actual hiring of the party. They are kidnapped / pressganged into service.

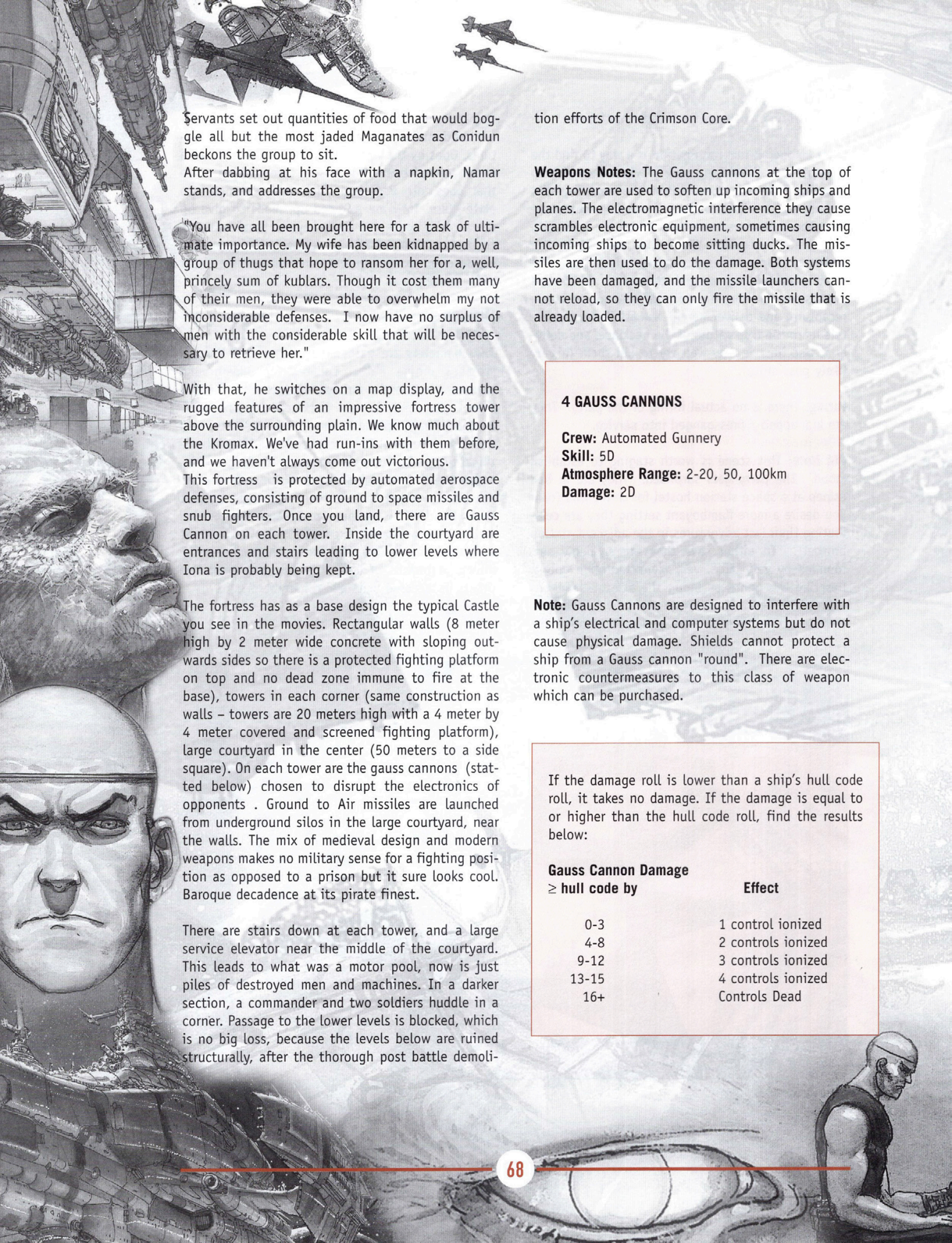
GM Note: This scene is worth staging to establish mood. The party gets surprised. They are in bed asleep at a space station hostel for ship crews (or if you desire a more flamboyant setting they are celebrating their last adventures in the adjacent station brothel). In either case they are suddenly surrounded by very large, very menacing alien goons. Describe the goons as being the size of demigods sporting more weapons than the pawn shop at a pirate's bazaar. Behind them comes the pirate emis-

sary, a nondescript human – medium height, medium build, middle aged male. No distinguishing features. Goes by the name of Conindun. Dressed like a minor administrator but a soft commanding voice that goes into your brain like acid etchings into plate glass. They are rounded up, made to give up the security codes and comp keys to their own ship (if such a ship exists), herded onto an unmarked nondescript space ship and taken somewhere under VERY heavy guard.

MISSION BRIEFING:

The characters are gathered together into Namar's spacious dining hall. Located far underground beneath his splendid fortress headquarters, the hall shows the split in his background – barbaric, baroque Pirate splendor and kitsch conflicts with the muted Maganate high corporate high tech functionality. Elaborately carved doors fronting nondescript corporate meeting rooms. Each style is overdone and nothing is done to mitigate the stylistic clash. Heads of his enemies lacquered and bejeweled vie with sedate super expensive paleoEarth art as wall decorations. One light fixture in ornate special effects waterfalls of luminescence up against two others in recessed matt black metallic plastic.





Servants set out quantities of food that would boggle all but the most jaded Maganates as Conidun beckons the group to sit.

After dabbing at his face with a napkin, Namar stands, and addresses the group.

"You have all been brought here for a task of ultimate importance. My wife has been kidnapped by a group of thugs that hope to ransom her for a, well, princely sum of kublars. Though it cost them many of their men, they were able to overwhelm my not inconsiderable defenses. I now have no surplus of men with the considerable skill that will be necessary to retrieve her."

With that, he switches on a map display, and the rugged features of an impressive fortress tower above the surrounding plain. We know much about the Kromax. We've had run-ins with them before, and we haven't always come out victorious. This fortress is protected by automated aerospace defenses, consisting of ground to space missiles and snub fighters. Once you land, there are Gauss Cannon on each tower. Inside the courtyard are entrances and stairs leading to lower levels where Iona is probably being kept.

The fortress has as a base design the typical Castle you see in the movies. Rectangular walls (8 meter high by 2 meter wide concrete with sloping outwards sides so there is a protected fighting platform on top and no dead zone immune to fire at the base), towers in each corner (same construction as walls – towers are 20 meters high with a 4 meter by 4 meter covered and screened fighting platform), large courtyard in the center (50 meters to a side square). On each tower are the gauss cannons (stated below) chosen to disrupt the electronics of opponents. Ground to Air missiles are launched from underground silos in the large courtyard, near the walls. The mix of medieval design and modern weapons makes no military sense for a fighting position as opposed to a prison but it sure looks cool. Baroque decadence at its pirate finest.

There are stairs down at each tower, and a large service elevator near the middle of the courtyard. This leads to what was a motor pool, now is just piles of destroyed men and machines. In a darker section, a commander and two soldiers huddle in a corner. Passage to the lower levels is blocked, which is no big loss, because the levels below are ruined structurally, after the thorough post battle demoli-

tion efforts of the Crimson Core.

Weapons Notes: The Gauss cannons at the top of each tower are used to soften up incoming ships and planes. The electromagnetic interference they cause scrambles electronic equipment, sometimes causing incoming ships to become sitting ducks. The missiles are then used to do the damage. Both systems have been damaged, and the missile launchers cannot reload, so they can only fire the missile that is already loaded.

4 GAUSS CANNONS

Crew: Automated Gunnery

Skill: 5D

Atmosphere Range: 2-20, 50, 100km

Damage: 2D

Note: Gauss Cannons are designed to interfere with a ship's electrical and computer systems but do not cause physical damage. Shields cannot protect a ship from a Gauss cannon "round". There are electronic countermeasures to this class of weapon which can be purchased.

If the damage roll is lower than a ship's hull code roll, it takes no damage. If the damage is equal to or higher than the hull code roll, find the results below:

Gauss Cannon Damage

≥ hull code by

Effect

0-3	1 control ionized
4-8	2 controls ionized
9-12	3 controls ionized
13-15	4 controls ionized
16+	Controls Dead

2 SURFACE TO AIR MISSILES

Automated: Gunnery Skill 5D
Atmosphere: 50-100/300/700

SNUB FIGHTER

Class: Snub Fighter
Scale: Fighter
Length: 6m
Crew: 0
Passengers: 0
Maneuverability: 0D (reduced from 3D)
Space: 6 (reduced from 10)
Atmosphere: 150 (reduced from 400)
Hull: 1D (reduced from 2D)
Shields: None
Sensors: 50/1D
Ordnance:

1 Laser Cannon

Fire Arc: 1 fore
Crew: Automated
Skill: Gunnery 5D
Space Range: 1-10/15/30
Atmosphere: 10-100/1.5/5Km
Damage: 1D (reduced from 6D)

The fighter has been damaged, and is effectively toothless, although it won't appear that way in combat. The automated systems will launch the ship first, then the missiles and the gauss cannon when the ship goes into the atmosphere.

KROMAX SOLDIER

Use typical Mercenary stats with the following changes:

Dodge 6D
Firearms 7D

Weapons include Multi-Cogan Rifle:

Laser 6D damage
Grenade 4D+2
Quiver Bayonet STR+1D+2

The Kromax are a well-disciplined mercenary group with a low profile. Their commander is strict, but effective. She is a cautious, contemplative soul who still has the courage to take the risks necessary to achieve his ambitious goals. They pay off quite profitably, which makes the Kromax a very tight group, willing to do what is asked.

If the party take the two proffered Kromax volunteers as NPC's use these stats BUT in addition each may make Berserker attacks. On a Berserker attack the NPC ignores any nonmortal wounds or battle damage while either firing on or advancing on an enemy in combat. She will not seek cover or dodge or take any defensive or evasive action. She will advance on or attack the nearest Crimson Core member until killed, then the next, then the next. Berserker attack initiates on a roll of 1-3 as soon as any Crimson Core member is in sight or fires on or attacks the party. If a Kromax is in Berserker attack, the second Kromax goes into Berserker attack. Do NOT tell the party about this added feature, it will spoil the surprise...

Our best intelligence suggests that, after the bloody battle they fought to get her, they are down to about 20-25 soldiers.

To: Namar
From: Cunidin

Preliminary intelligence indicates that the Kromax were better equipped than we thought, but with a smaller force size than we estimated. Their casualties assaulting our stronghold could not have left that many survivors. A complete squadron of snub fighters, anti-aircraft missiles, laser and gauss cannons, anti-missile emplacements and shield generators make up the core of the extensive defenses. .

Force size: Those escaping from here with Madame Iona numbered less than a dozen. Allowing for standard home base garrisoning and a few strays that would give them 25-40 to hold against the party we're sending out based on best intelligence..



Namar continues, "The odds are stiff, I know, but your reputations indicate you are up to the challenge."

With that, he turns to Conidun, and says "Take care of their needs, provide them with travel co-ordinates, and send them on their way"

Conidun is available to answer any questions that the players have, but there isn't much more he will add. If asked for supplies, he will get them for the group. Requests for expensive weaponry or other exotic or expensive or rare equipment will be deflected deftly, with Conidun offering to lend them the expensive, hard to get stuff BUT the party must sign guarantees to return in useable condition or pay premium prices to repay.

If none of the characters have a ship, Namar will provide one, a dilapidated old gunboat, with only half of its armament functional. Again, the party are offered much better on loan if we press with again premium repayment prices if not returned. Basically Conidun is behaving like a typical suit, penny-pinching once the boss is out of the room.

If the party has already decided that they are NOT carrying out Namar's mission, there may be a temptation to use this hire as a free re-equipment of their party. After all if Komar is going to be their enemy anyway, it doesn't matter how many bad IOU's they sign with him. There are two ways to handle this:

1. Use time factors. If they get too obviously greedy, you can roll for what items Conidun can get quickly. Best character's best persuasive attribute or skill plus two dice for desperation against a roll of 25 for each item.
2. Remind the players that bad debts can always be sold to people who specialize in recovery and repossessions. Do they really need still more enemies?

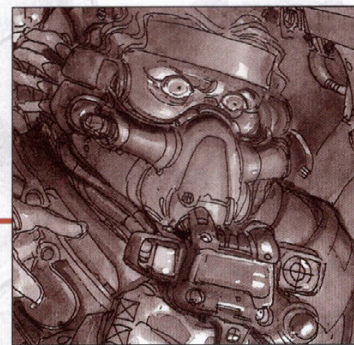
With all the preliminaries out of the way, the characters are ready to travel onto Citicia VI and confront the Kromax.

NAMAR:

Namar is the Pirate Prince, and one of the most powerful individuals outside of the traditional power structure of the Empire. His motivation for these actions is simple. It is a motive older than the Empire. It is revenge.

Namar was born Cidric Hughes to the ArchiGrand Baron Thrumbolt Hughes, a powerful maganate who owned and personally ran an impressive array of manufacturing facilities. From simple kitchen implements to complex transportation systems, if it could be built without the aid of the Techno's, Hughes had a company building it somewhere in his base galaxy. He had even started to quietly hire capable engineers and other mechanically gifted people, thinking to one day challenge the stranglehold that the Techno's had on science. He apparently wasn't quiet enough. Instead, the TechnoTechnos just widened their grasp ever so slightly, and then crushed him in their ever-tightening grip.

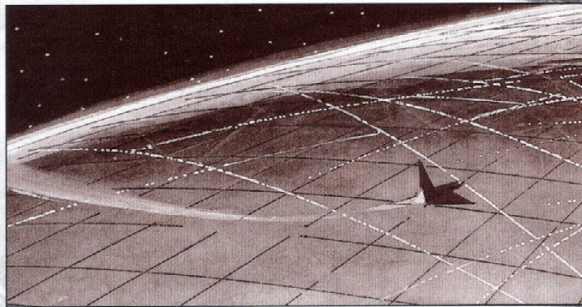
Calling in favors, they had Hughes disgraced, and branded a traitor, by falsifying sales records to indicate transaction with rebels and aliens. After a public execution of him and his wife, the Empire seized all of his assets that a quick search could locate, and stripped the Hughes family of rank and privilege, forever soiling the family name. Cidric, in his early teens, was left kublar-less, in the care of an aunt, after having watched his parents die. The whole



affair was handled as a minor annoyance. The son was left to plot revenge and the secret holdings weren't located. Very slipshod. Very typical of degenerate Imperial politics. The pillars often do not choose the brightest minions for fear of betrayal. Cidric, with an altered appearance and a falsified background, changed his name to simply Namar. He used every shred of knowledge he had absorbed from his father to establish himself as a Magnate. That shrewdness, combined with his natural persuasive abilities and a burning desire to prove himself rocketed him to the top. Just as he was appointed to the position of Maganate Liaison to the Empire, a stepping-stone to gaining permanent Maganate status for his family and future line, his original background was brought to light. As he was about to be dismissed, he gave a fiery speech promising vengeance on them, the Empire, and all the other conspiratorial cowards involved the atrocities inflicted on he and his father.

Namar dissolved his companies, many of them held under fronts or other private holding schemes, and converted quickly over to piracy. His inside knowledge of the Maganates, combined with incredible resources, resulted in most efficient, and profitable illegal enterprise in the history of the Empire. Instead of competing with his fellow pirates, he worked with them. Sometimes he hired them to cover locations unprofitable for himself, sometimes just to keep them operating. He built a huge network, ever working to the goal of revenge.

When he learned that the Imperial Couple were attempting to have a baby, and that the process of fertilization was to take a decade, he knew he had his chance. He had found a weakness to exploit, and he had the resources to do it. He is planning an ambush with a planetoid sized Trojan horse. Plans crucial to the completion of that planet are around his wife's neck, a fact that only he seems to be aware of.



APPROACHING THE STRONGHOLD

After a day's travel in hyperspace, the player's ship reaches the planet. The fortress is located in the middle of a sparsely populated region of the planet, which itself is underpopulated, remote, and largely out of touch with Imperial affairs. Other than that it is a standard Terra type in a Sol type system. Low population. Little produced there of any worth. The sort of system that could vanish from a galaxy with no one noticing for a few millennia.

As the ship approaches the fortress, laser batteries fire. The pilot will need to roll a dodge of better than 15 to avoid taking damage from them. Two can target the ship at a time, and they will fire every turn until the ship lands (they cannot depress more than 15 degrees above the horizon). They have extensive countermeasure suites (be sure to describe in your GM's briefing) but in fact they are operating on remote with nothing in the suite being operated.

Whether the party disembarks inside or outside of the courtyard, four jet-packed robots greet them, heavily armed and intent on the character's destruction. Stats:

JET-PACKED ROBOTS

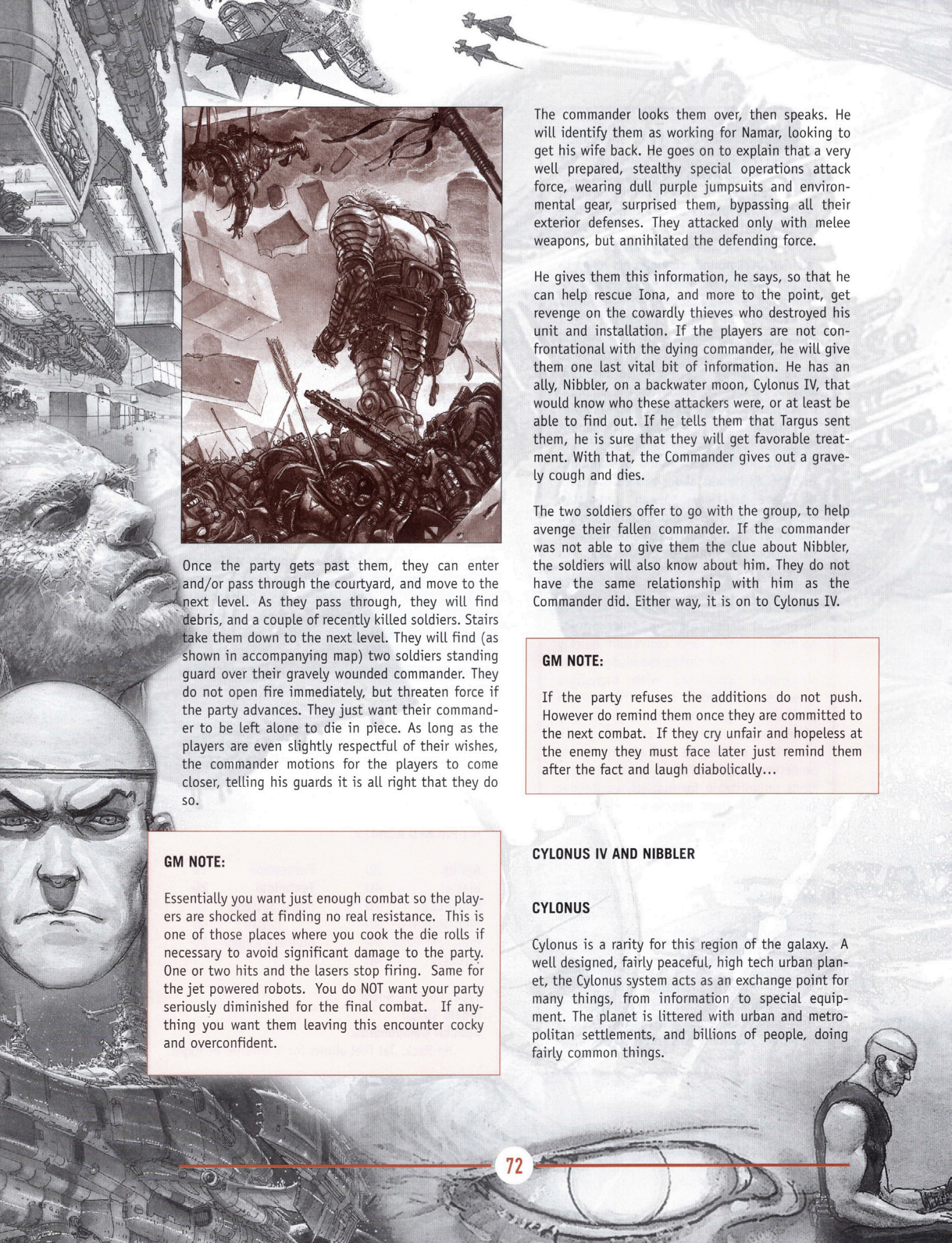
Agility	2D	Perception	1D
Blaster	4D	Technical	2D
Knowledge	1D	Flight Systems	
Mechanical	2D	Repair	4D
Pilot: Jet Pack	4D	Gunnery Repair	3D
Strength	4D		

Type: Combat Robot

Move: 10/50

Special Components:

Jet Pack: Jet fuel allows for 5 minutes of flight.



Once the party gets past them, they can enter and/or pass through the courtyard, and move to the next level. As they pass through, they will find debris, and a couple of recently killed soldiers. Stairs take them down to the next level. They will find (as shown in accompanying map) two soldiers standing guard over their gravely wounded commander. They do not open fire immediately, but threaten force if the party advances. They just want their commander to be left alone to die in piece. As long as the players are even slightly respectful of their wishes, the commander motions for the players to come closer, telling his guards it is all right that they do so.

GM NOTE:

Essentially you want just enough combat so the players are shocked at finding no real resistance. This is one of those places where you cook the die rolls if necessary to avoid significant damage to the party. One or two hits and the lasers stop firing. Same for the jet powered robots. You do NOT want your party seriously diminished for the final combat. If anything you want them leaving this encounter cocky and overconfident.

The commander looks them over, then speaks. He will identify them as working for Namar, looking to get his wife back. He goes on to explain that a very well prepared, stealthy special operations attack force, wearing dull purple jumpsuits and environmental gear, surprised them, bypassing all their exterior defenses. They attacked only with melee weapons, but annihilated the defending force.

He gives them this information, he says, so that he can help rescue Iona, and more to the point, get revenge on the cowardly thieves who destroyed his unit and installation. If the players are not confrontational with the dying commander, he will give them one last vital bit of information. He has an ally, Nibbler, on a backwater moon, Cylonus IV, that would know who these attackers were, or at least be able to find out. If he tells them that Targus sent them, he is sure that they will get favorable treatment. With that, the Commander gives out a gravelly cough and dies.

The two soldiers offer to go with the group, to help avenge their fallen commander. If the commander was not able to give them the clue about Nibbler, the soldiers will also know about him. They do not have the same relationship with him as the Commander did. Either way, it is on to Cylonus IV.

GM NOTE:

If the party refuses the additions do not push. However do remind them once they are committed to the next combat. If they cry unfair and hopeless at the enemy they must face later just remind them after the fact and laugh diabolically...

CYLONUS IV AND NIBBLER

CYLONUS

Cylonus is a rarity for this region of the galaxy. A well designed, fairly peaceful, high tech urban planet, the Cylonus system acts as an exchange point for many things, from information to special equipment. The planet is littered with urban and metropolitan settlements, and billions of people, doing fairly common things.



Cylonus is a very nearly completely paleo-Earth normal atmosphere, near 1.0 gravity, and is 1/3 land and 2/3 water. The weather is very calm relative to PaleoTerra (little axial tilt and a favorable positioning of land, ocean, air currents, etc.) , which seems to be reflected in the demeanor of its citizens. Very few things on the planet are extravagant, but for someone who travels the rest of the J Bar Cluster (known sweetly in the rest of the Human Universe as Hell's Back Porch), Cylonus must seem to rival the Golden Planet

CYLONUS

Type: Terrestrial

Climate: Temperate in most settled areas

Atmosphere: Breathable

Hydrosphere: Normal

Gravity: Normal

Terrain: Urban, Mountain, plains – normal Terran mix under heavy human construction

Length of day: 25 hours

Length of year: 380 local days

Aliens: None native to planet. Small colonies of many types resident or transient.

Spaceport: Standard Class

Population: 20 Billion

Planet Role: Culture/Technological Center

Government: Council of Oligarchs with Ornamental Prez nominally over them

Technology: Space (slightly ahead of Human Universe norm but much of that is most carefully hidden)

Major Exports: Service, Water (from rest of system)

Major Imports: Starships, high technology manufactures, works of art and culture, fugitives with cash or liquid assets

ALIEN RACE: RETOND

Attribute Dice	12D	Perception	2D/4D
Agility	2D/4D	Technical	2D/4D
Knowledge	2D/5D	Strength	1D/3D
Mechanical	2D/4D		

Type: Biped, Alien Mammal

Move: 10

Special Abilities:

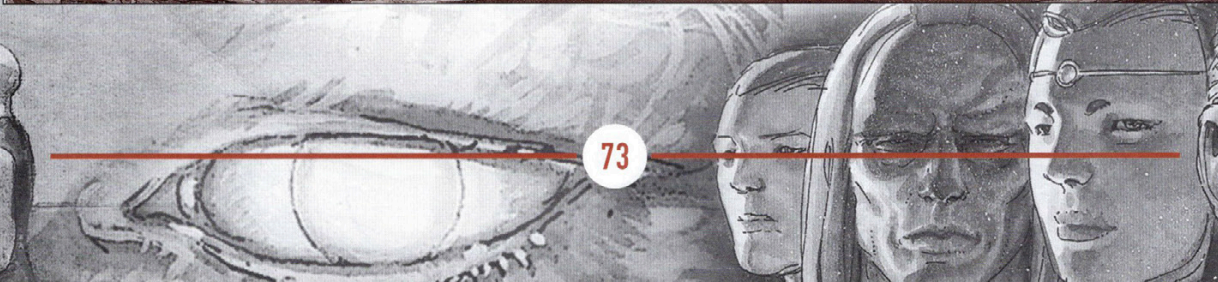
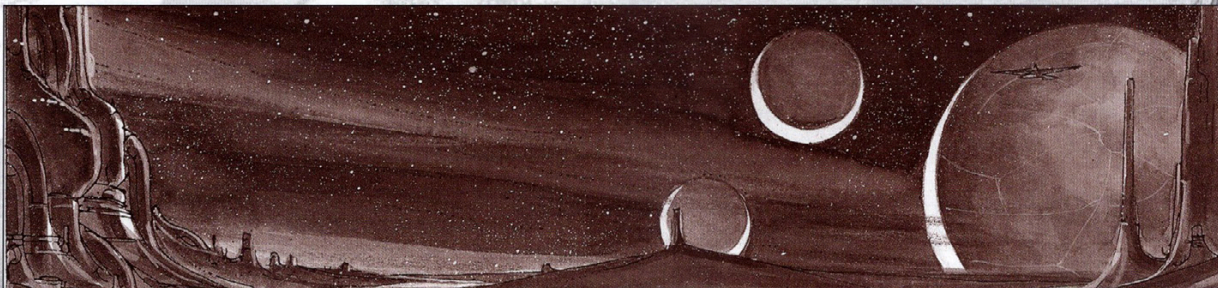
Perfect Memory: Retond's have near perfect visual memory. Barring trauma or excitement during the activity, the Retond can recall anything they see, even decades later. All the paleo-adages about elephant's memory applies in this "mouses" case. This applies to data screens flowing at high speed, single faces in a crowd, etc.

Story Factors:

Hunted Race: Due to their natural expansiveness, the Empire feels the need to exterminate every last Retond. The few surviving ones have gone into hiding, or to settle on an obscure planet.

The Retond are excellent gatherers, and have an uncanny ability to ferret out interesting things. They are, typically, a fairly skittish race, much more likely to go along than to fight.

The Retond appeared on the Rim nearly a decade ago. Skeptical, suspicious minds immediately labeled them a threat to the security of the Empire, and, as is common in the universe of the Metabarons, exterminated them.





NIBBLER

Agility	2D	Perception	3D
Knowledge	4D	Technical	4D
Mechanical	2D	Strength	2D

Nibbler is one of the few living Retonds remaining within the known Human universe, and that luxury is provided by the fact the he has disguised his very existence since he moved to Cylonus IV. His natural Curiosity, coupled with an uncommon technical aptitude has allowed Nibbler to become one of the premier dataleggers in the J Bar. He operates under many names there, and does all of his contact via computers.

Nibbler was captured by a mercenary captain during the great purge, and instead of being executed, he left Retond to use an old hideout, the abandoned research center he now occupies.

Nibbler is quite paranoid, and refuses to ever come out in person, hiding behind the facade. The only person he trusts is Commander Targus, which the PC's can use to their advantage if they can play the scene with subtlety.

CYLONUS IV

Cylonus IV is the fourth moon of the planet Cylonus. Its is barren and waterless, and abandoned by the planet below. A decades old research facility is built into the moon, and is the hiding place of Nibbler. The facility is two levels, but the second is completely support equipment, water reclamation, fusion generators, food reprocessing and the like. The first level starts with an airlock. This is where the players will spend much of their time in negotiations with Nibbler. If they say the right things, Nibbler will let them in. They will be able to take off their suits, and although the air is a little musty, it is certainly breathable.

Walking past a hall full of lab rooms, the characters will make it back to the far end of the installation, a massive control room. They will notice security

blasters covering many of the halls. Nibbler, a man-sized rodent, occupies a hover chair, and moves deftly from system to system. This control area is tied into the communications network, and he can intercept any communication that goes to or away from the planet.

Nibbler is a Retond, a rat-like humanoid. He resides alone on an abandoned research station on the moon of Cylonus IV, which orbits a bustling and profitable planet, Cylonus. He is in hiding, afraid (rightfully) that the Empire wants to exterminate him as they did the rest of his race. He is extremely skilled in technology, and is an expert in computer systems. From the orbiting moon, he is able to intercept most of the transmissions to and from the planet. He uses that information, and his investigative skills to provide information to certain people, like the dead commander. He is an infomerchant or datalegger. He buys and sells data. He will expect payment for service part of which is future references / touting.

Nibbler answers the station door through an intercom (see map). If the characters mention they knew the commander, and explain their mission, they will be let in. If they deal well with Nibbler without providing references, they will have to negotiate at the door, but for a much higher cost, he will give them most of the information they seek. Attacking or threatening him is not a good choice, because the base is booby-trapped, and Nibbler is already pretty paranoid.

Nibbler knows of the group that attacked that Kromax. They are the Crimson Core, a very pro-nature group that has appointed itself as a watchdog of science. They have committed raids against most companies, destroying devices or stopping development on technologies that push the borders of science. He knows of no reason they would go out of their way to kidnap someone like Iona, but they are unmistakably them.

Nibbler can investigate via the computer, and quickly find what looks to be a supply run, and one that times out well with the supplies needed for the raid. He is, if the characters are friendly, a font of information. If not, he only identifies them as the Crimson Core, gives them the most basic of background information, and charges them an exorbitant

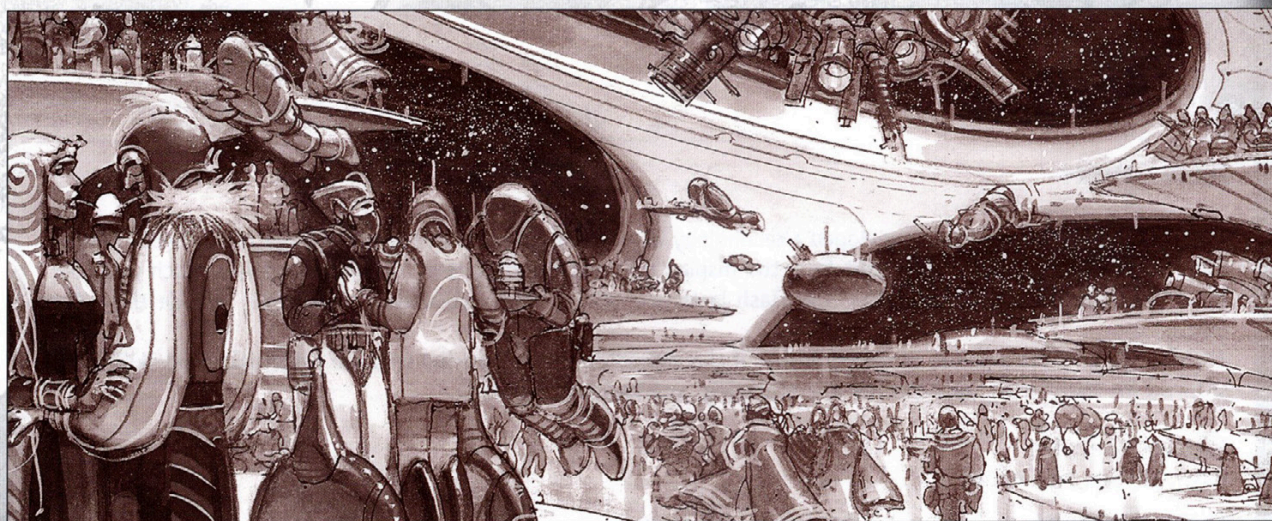
rate (using up almost all the money Namar provided – however, a good bargaining session can get him to take a large part on this in an IOU drawn on Namar but guaranteed by the players. Nibbler has found

that his information is useful enough that intelligent people will try not to defraud him.) to give them the supply run lead.

The Crimson Core believe that they are followers of the Skatawah Code of Honor. They believe that the Empire is pushing the bounds of science, and have appointed themselves watchdogs of all humanity. They have attacked the Techno's more than once for various research projects. When Iona contacted them about the warp formula inside the crystal, they knew they must act. They planned a kidnapping, to cover the theft of the crystal, when the Kromex beat them to the kidnapping.

They are dangerous, especially to the players, as they are fanatical to their cause, and would not hesitate to give their lives, as well as yours, to further their beliefs.

Skatawah and the Crimson Core: The Crimson Core think they are true followers of Skatawah. They actually follow a perverted form of the Skatawah Code of honor. A true character player code of honor should never lead to fanatic behavior, bordering on grossly illogical or irrational reactions. An honor code is a guide to achieve freedom and enlightenment. The Crimson Core have misunderstood Skatawah. In doing so, they have gone off the deep end, and become radicals that only adhere to a dogma and thus have lost their personal freedom or free will, as well as their true Amarax. A true Skatawah group would resemble more a tribe of Shawnees or Sioux, hardy warriors but not dogmatic minions of a mindless creed. You cannot follow an honor code if you don't have true Amarax. This will all be better explained in the Honor Code Sourcebook due out next year.



SUPPLIES!

Following the trail further, the players go to Darkbolt station, a layover point that serves as a supply point for many travelers who do not want to have Imperial or other major interests monitor their transactions. Darkbolt is also in the J Bar Cluster. It was built by a pirate that operated in the cluster who realized that the area got a lot of traffic, but had no good place to stop. Through less than legal means, he built quite a large station in what has become a central location. The rent is exorbitant, and collected with vigor, but all the renters find considerable profit in the location. The party are told by Nibbler to watch Dinaldi's, a discrete emporium specializing in large varied orders – in other words someplace that outfits whole units rather than sells specific items, looking for men wearing environmental suits. Eventually, the Crimson Core supply pickup team will arrive, and arrange for a shipment to be delivered to their ship. Flexibility is key here, as the characters can perform many actions. As long as their actions don't lead to the destruction of both the Crimson Core ship and crew, there should be a way to track them back to their planet. They can be followed, of course, and the ship has the co-ordinates pre-programmed in it. The crewmembers would commit suicide before revealing the location, however.

Darkbolt is a great bazaar, and anything that the players need can be gotten here, for a price. They will have a day before their target shows up (and Nibbler confirms this, their supply runs are regular). Nibbler will have suggested purchasing melee weapons, and acquiring the flash memory required to use them.

FLASH MEMORY

Techno-Techno's, decades ago, developed a technology that would allow the temporary use of a skill, directly loaded into the brain. A quick burst of light from the display rod, and the subject is, depending on how much was paid for it, an expert on the chosen skill. The Flash lasts one week. This is commonly unavailable outside the J Bar Cluster.

The drawback to the process, however, is that if the character rolls a 1 on the wild die while using the skill, he is stunned for the current turn and the one following, and he loses the skill.

Legality: Restricted

Cost: 500-100,000 kublars

SMUGGLING ONTO THE SHIP

If the characters try to sneak onto the ship, there is a security system to be overcome. If a player can overcome the ship's password (via a Difficult Security Systems Roll) they can stowaway with very little chance of discovery. The crew will only look to make sure all the cargo is secured. As long as the characters hide well and don't make obvious mistakes, they should fare well. The crew on the supply is a victim of "need to know". They know nothing of the raid that took Lady Iona. They are drones doing a milk run to a place they are well known and feel safe at. They can spill nothing of use if captured and interrogated. They don't even know the interior defenses of their own base.

They will also not notice tracking devices attached to their ship or inserted into their cargo if an Easy Roll for security is made.

There are 4-8 such drones per trip. Their ship is well defended but not especially fast.

DRONE

Agility	2D	Gunnery	3D
Knowledge	1D	Perception	2D
Culture	2D	Strength	3D
Languages	2D	Lifting	4D
Mechanical	2D	Technical	2D
Piloting	3D	Flight Systems	
		Repair	4D

Type: Servant Robot

CARGO SHIP

Class: Cargo Hauler

Scale: Fighter

Length: 40m

Skill: Piloting

Crew: 3

Passengers: 10

Cargo: 250 metric tons

Supplies: 2 months

Stardrive: Yes

Maneuverability: 1D

Space: 2

Atmosphere: 225; 650 kph

Hull: 5D

Shields: 1D

Sensors: 75/2D

Ordnance:

4 Flak Cannons

Fire Arc: 2 fore, 2 aft

Crew: 1 Each (drones)

Skill: Gunnery

Fire Control: 1D

Space Range: 1-10/15/30

Atmosphere: 10-100/1.5/3km

Damage: 6D

ATTACKING THE BASE

However they get there, the base is going to be difficult to attack. The base is hidden inside a comet, making a fairly stable orbit around the star Wedron, an obscure system in the Outer Rim. The environment inside the asteroid is designed for Taloxians (a human offshoot) and is mildly poisonous to humans, and quite excitable. So excitable, in fact, that most electronic weaponry will cause an explosion that will use up all the air. This necessitates the characters wearing breathing apparatus, and using only archaic weapons.

The comet doesn't have any external security to prevent a ship from landing, but it will be detected immediately, and a handful of the fighters will be sent to investigate. The asteroid is composed of four levels, the docking level and storage, the living areas, the training area, and the base support systems. The 24 warriors, if warned, will divide themselves between the decks. 10 will stay on the training floor, six in the living area, and 6 will move to

attack. The last two will try to hide Iona on the support systems level, hoping that the machinery there will help to confuse any scanners, and that their brethren will have weeded some of the foe out.

Map Notes:

The base has four levels. The top level is the docking area. It is one large, open area, approximately 200 meters deep, and 50 meters wide. Energy hookups, tools, and parts are kept at either end, with lengths of cable running to the landed ships. There are two elevators and 6 sets of stairs that lead away from this level.

Level two is the training area. The area is split in half (a hall runs down the middle, as well as around all the walls. One half is split between a temple and smaller classrooms, the other side is split between a sparring room, and an archery range. The elevators and stairs continue through here.

Level three is where all the living quarters are. Every room is the same size, and bunks up to two people. There are 30 of these suites, and a communal open cafeteria situated in the middle.

Level Four is a maze of machinery, only two of the stairs and the elevators make it this far. There is a rather large fusion engine here powering the base's functions. Life support is also housed down here. This level should feel like a maze, and a few "access tubes" should allow you to make some shortcuts, if you knew them already.

If the characters were stealthy, and snuck on the base through the ship, they would find eight warriors asleep in their quarters, 6 training, four coming to get the cargo, and 4 more relaxing in the living area. Iona would be found in the training area, watching intently, and occasionally asking questions.

When the characters get to Iona, she will tell the characters to leave, and try to explain why. If forced, she will resist. She firmly believes (see sidebar) that she was right to have the Crimson Core kidnap her, and wants to rid herself of the crystal as soon as she can see it safely destroyed. If the players were somehow able to sneak up on her, unawares, and no alarm had been set, they may overhear her talking to someone about her gratitude for the rescue, and re-iterate her beliefs in their cause.

CRIMSON CORE WARRIORS

The Crimson Core warriors are well trained in the ancient arts of hand to hand combat, which suits them well, as modern firearms set off their atmosphere. As such, they usually wear armor pieces (so they don't restrict mobility) and weapons of their choice, typically a sword.

Agility	3D	Scholar:Metaphysics	4D
Melee Combat	6D	Investigation	5D
Archaic Weapons	5D	Search	6D
Martial Arts	5D	Sneak	6D
Dodge	5D0-G	Technical	2D
Maneuver	4D	Strength	4D
Knowledge	3D	Climb/jump	6D
Mechanical	2D	Lift	5D
Prception	4D	Stamina	6D
Hide	5D		

Equipment:

Armor (pieces) +2 to STR, Sword: Strd+2D, Knife: +1D, length of rope

Alternate strategy: The players can exploit the atmosphere and deliberately blow the station. This will make for a much easier battle, a VERY dead Iona and a VERY blown crystal. If they take this tack the GM should remind them that they are no longer Namar's little helpers and have made an enemy for life. However, if the party has already come to that conclusion you may want to take this time to review what promises they have made against their honor code for possible conflicts. Some players are never going to take to being shanghaied into an adventure and this may be the point where their rebellion surfaces.

THE BIG DECISION

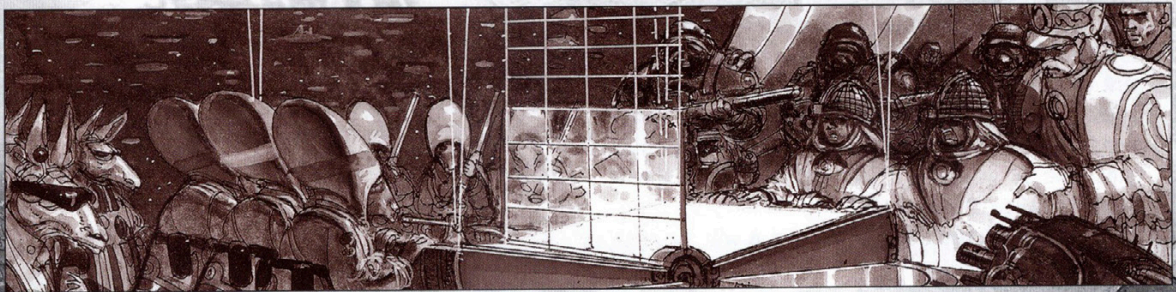
Presume the players have played the battle so as to get Iona back. After the battle, the players have an

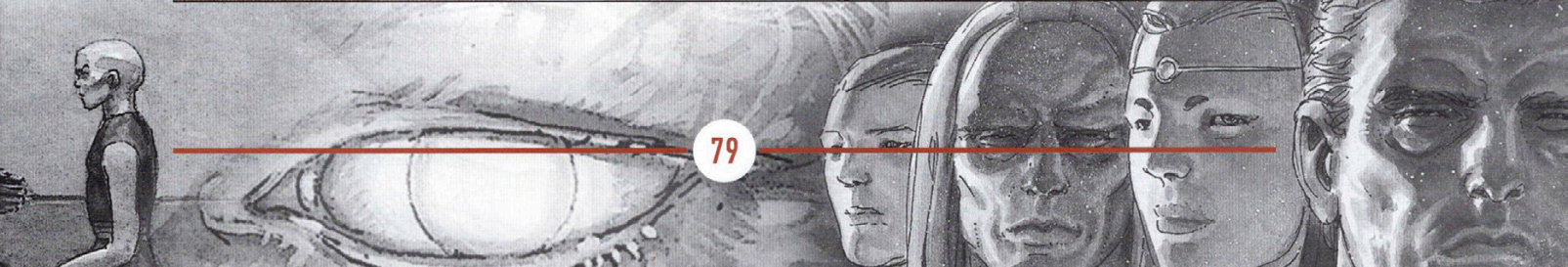
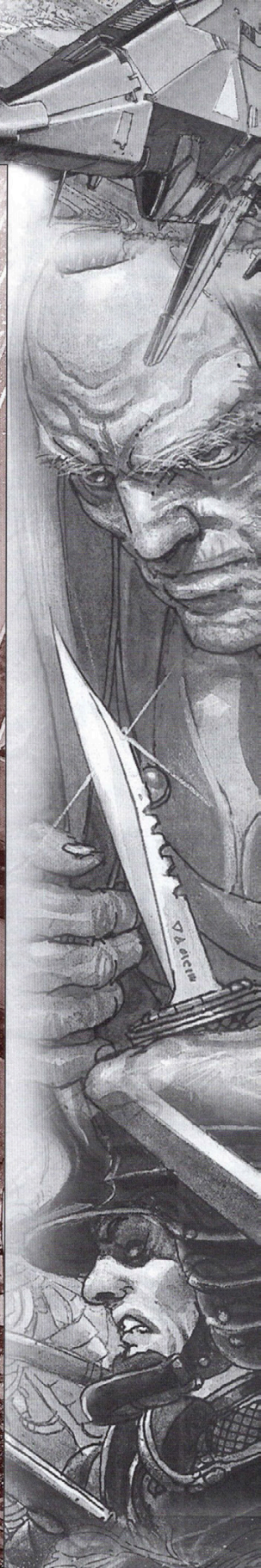
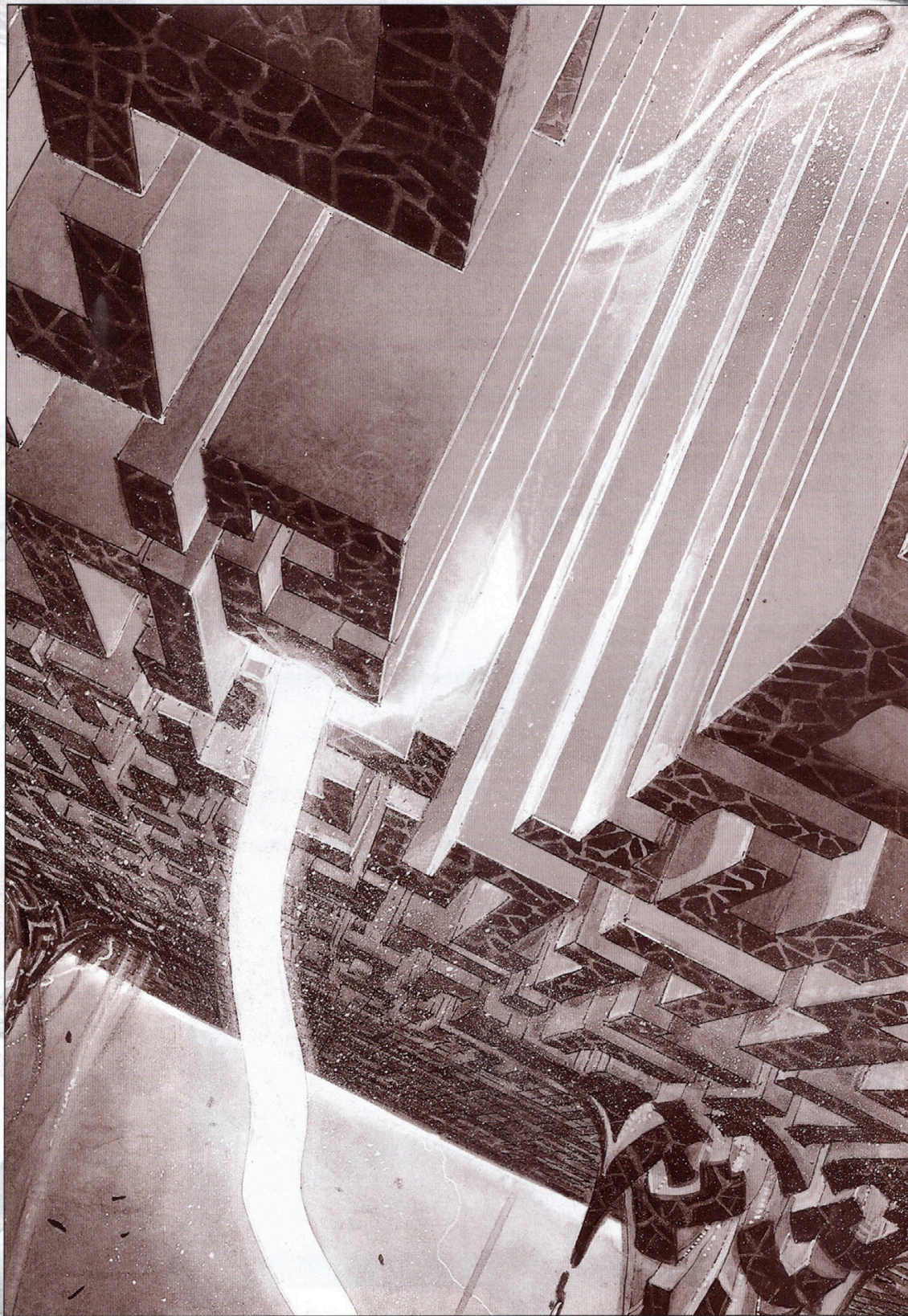
important decision. If they allow Iona to speak, they have very secret information that Namar has killed before to keep secret, and they have his wife. If they don't return both of these, Namar will hunt them down. If they try to convince Namar that they didn't find anything, he won't believe them; he has spies everywhere. If they return Iona /and or the necklace, they stand a good chance of getting killed even if they don't let on that they know about its contents. Besides, they have no means to keep her from telling her "estranged" husband out of spite. If they do let on, Namar will want to kill them on the spot.

Namar will try to kill them after they deliver the goods. Unfortunately, his forces are so depleted (see following) that an organized withdrawal will be possible. If they do not return the crystal, they will be hunted aggressively until it is reclaimed. That eventuality could be used as a springboard for a series of adventures. Namar is a powerful individual, who has lots of enemies and allies to be discovered.

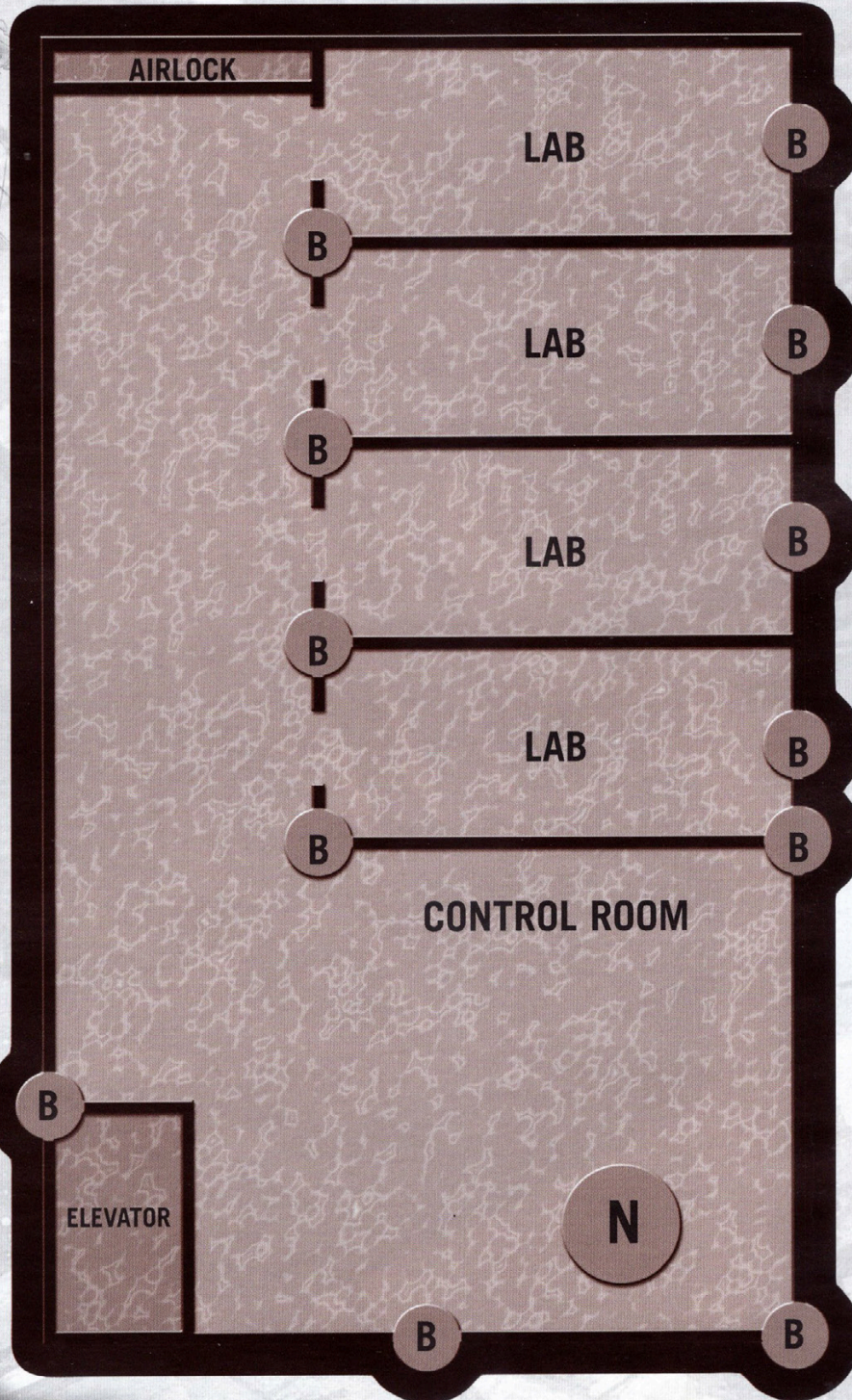
Namar has hired some emergency help to eliminate you if the need arose. The GM can use the Typical Mercenary Entry on P.218 for the opposition. There are two more of them than there are members in the party, and while they will try earnestly to kill the party (on Namar's orders only), they will not pursue if the characters escape.

If the characters return the necklace without returning themselves (gagged wife with crystal sent to the base in a robot shuttle for instance), Namar will still place a bounty on their heads, but not high enough to draw them the incredible attention they would be getting if they kept it. Protecting Iona, if she does not return, will be difficult. Namar will eventually figure out her plot, and will pay well to see it ended, for good. The crystal stores the information in each lattice, so anything less than complete ionization will provide a useful fragment. Only Nibbler will be able to provide this information, and won't think of it until he asked.





NIBBLER HEADQUAERTERS LEVEL 1



B Wall attached rotating autoblaster

N Nibbler in holo chair

Control Room is packed with common gear, computers, supply cabinets, work stations but very little furniture

NIBBLER HEADQUAERTERS LEVEL 2

HALLWAY

BACKUPS AND OTHER SUPPORT

ARMORY

WATER RECLAMATION

FOOD REPROCESSING

FUSHION GENERATOR

LIFE SUPPORT

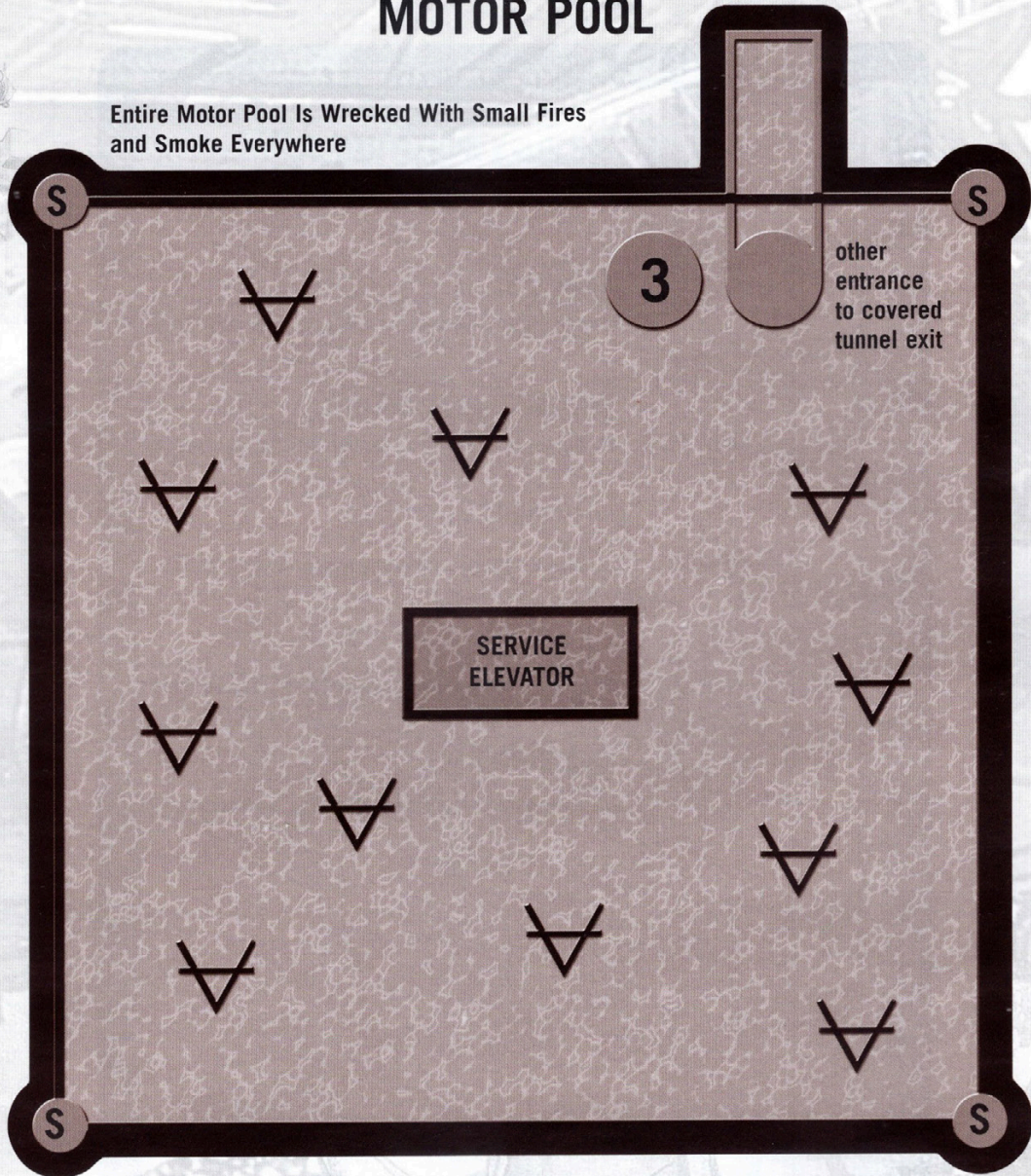
SUPPLY ROOM

ELEVATOR

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KROMAX FORTRESS (first underground level) MOTOR POOL

Entire Motor Pool Is Wrecked With Small Fires and Smoke Everywhere



Service Elevator is on Motor Pool Level. It is wrecked and basically unreparable. Stairs to lower levels are blocked by wreckage and unexploded ordnance.

S Stairs

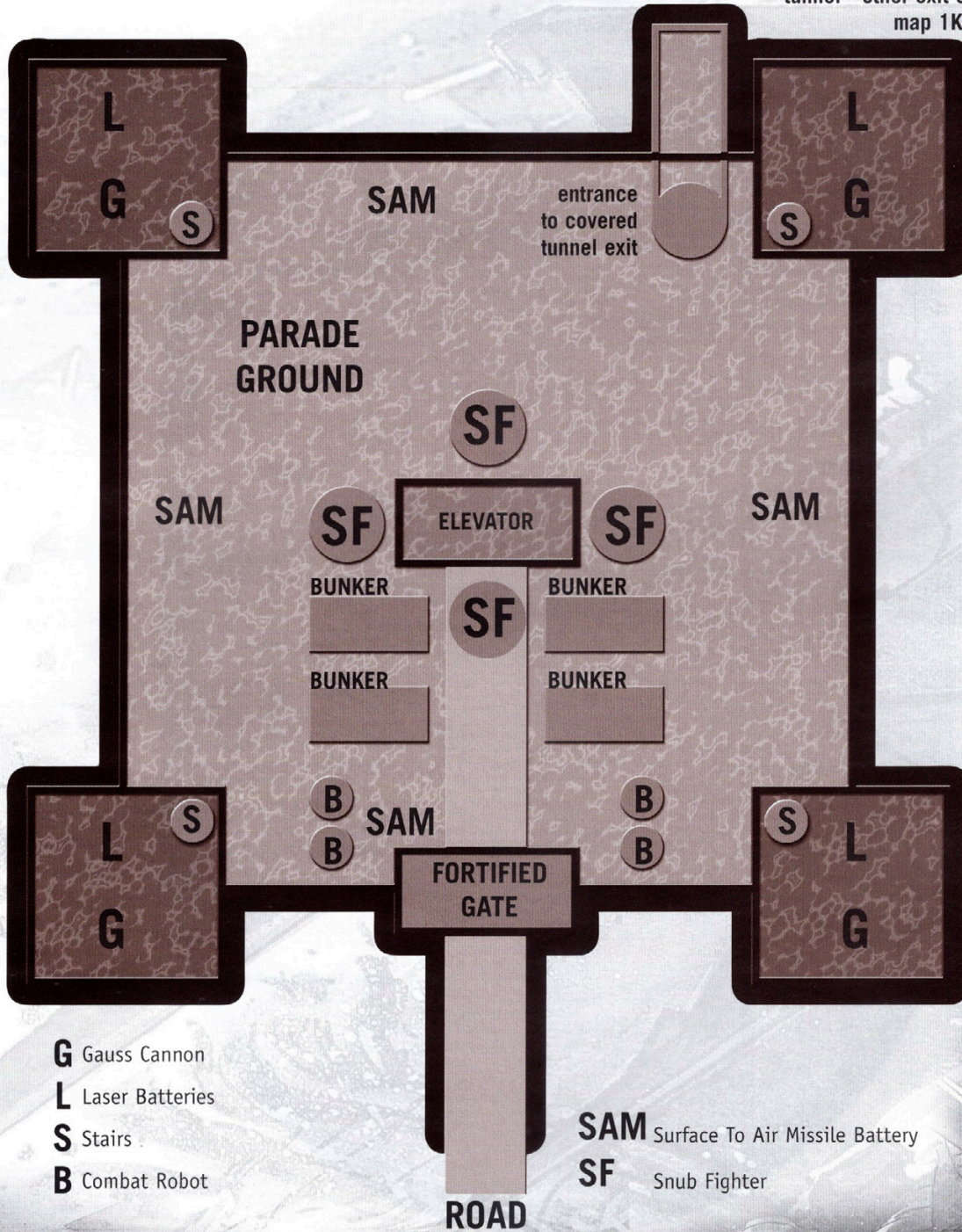
3 last 3 Komax

▽ wrecked, burning vehicles

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KROMAX FORTRESS (surface level)

tunnel - other exit off
map 1Km

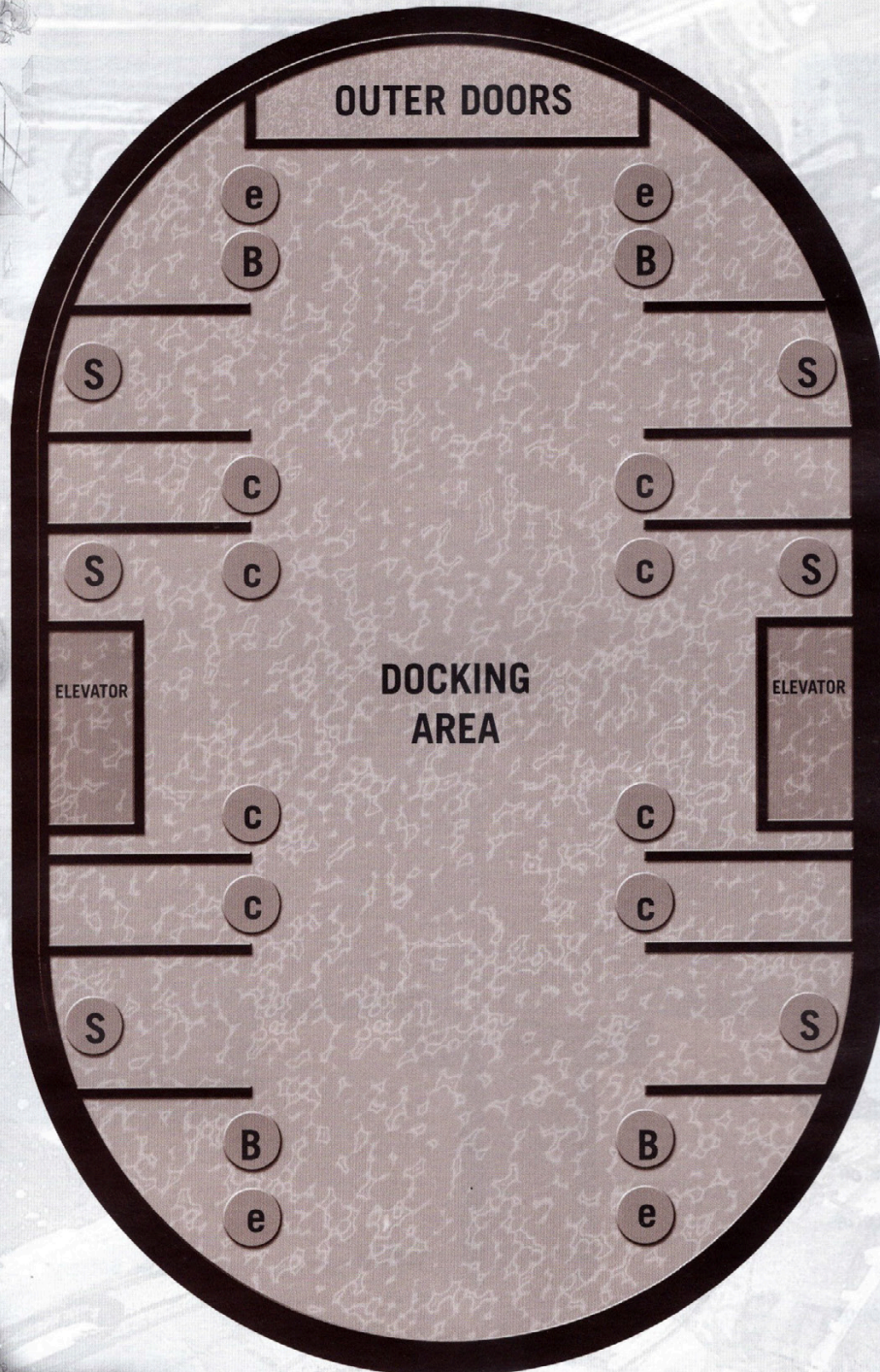


- G** Gauss Cannon
- L** Laser Batteries
- S** Stairs
- B** Combat Robot

- SAM** Surface To Air Missile Battery
- SF** Snub Fighter

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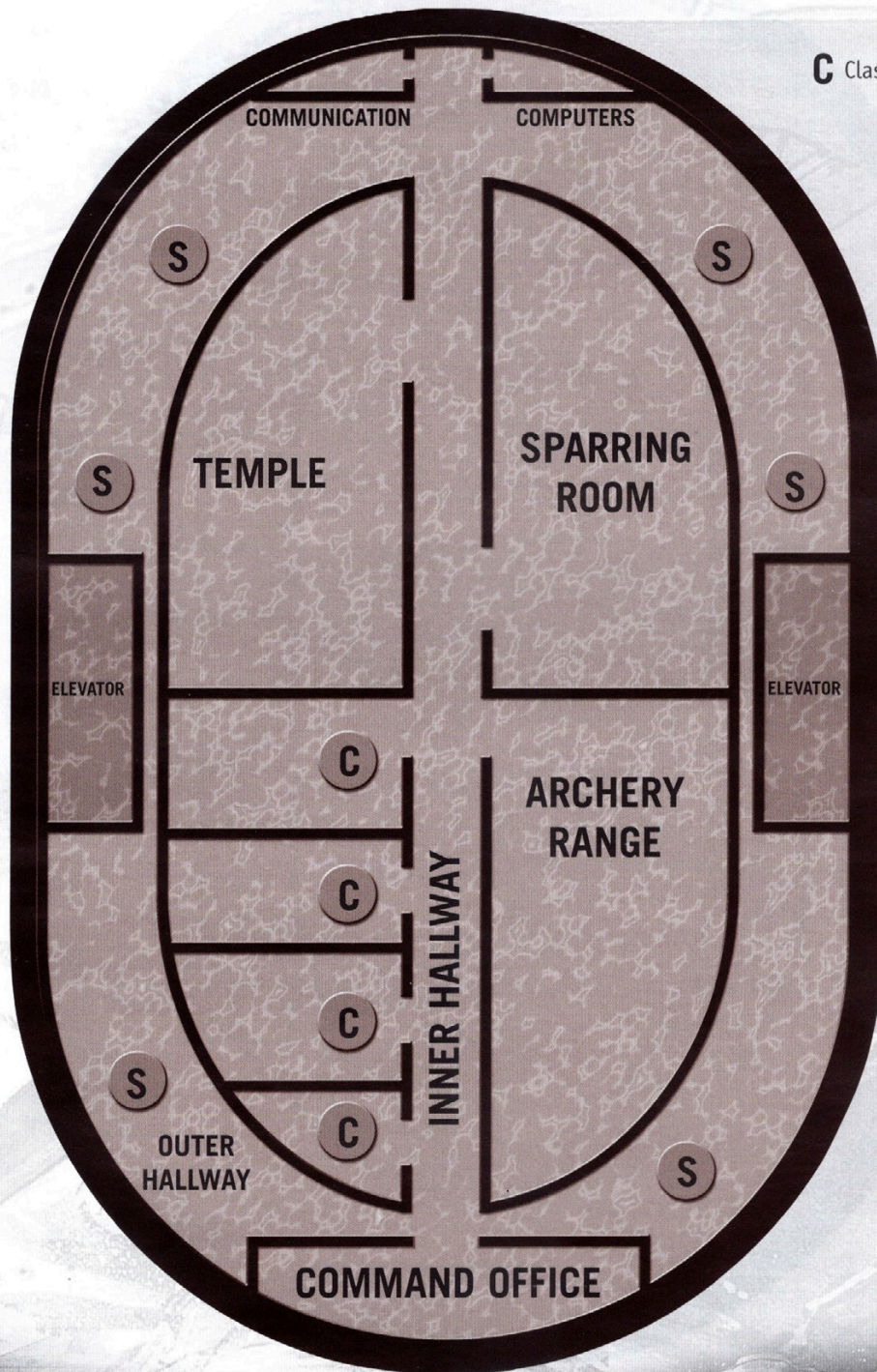
CRIMSON CORE BASE LEVEL 1 DOCKING BAY



- e** energy hookups
- B** Working bays including tools, testing equipment, storage areas
- S** Staircase
- c** multiline cables for docking hookups

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CRIMSON CORE BASE LEVEL 2



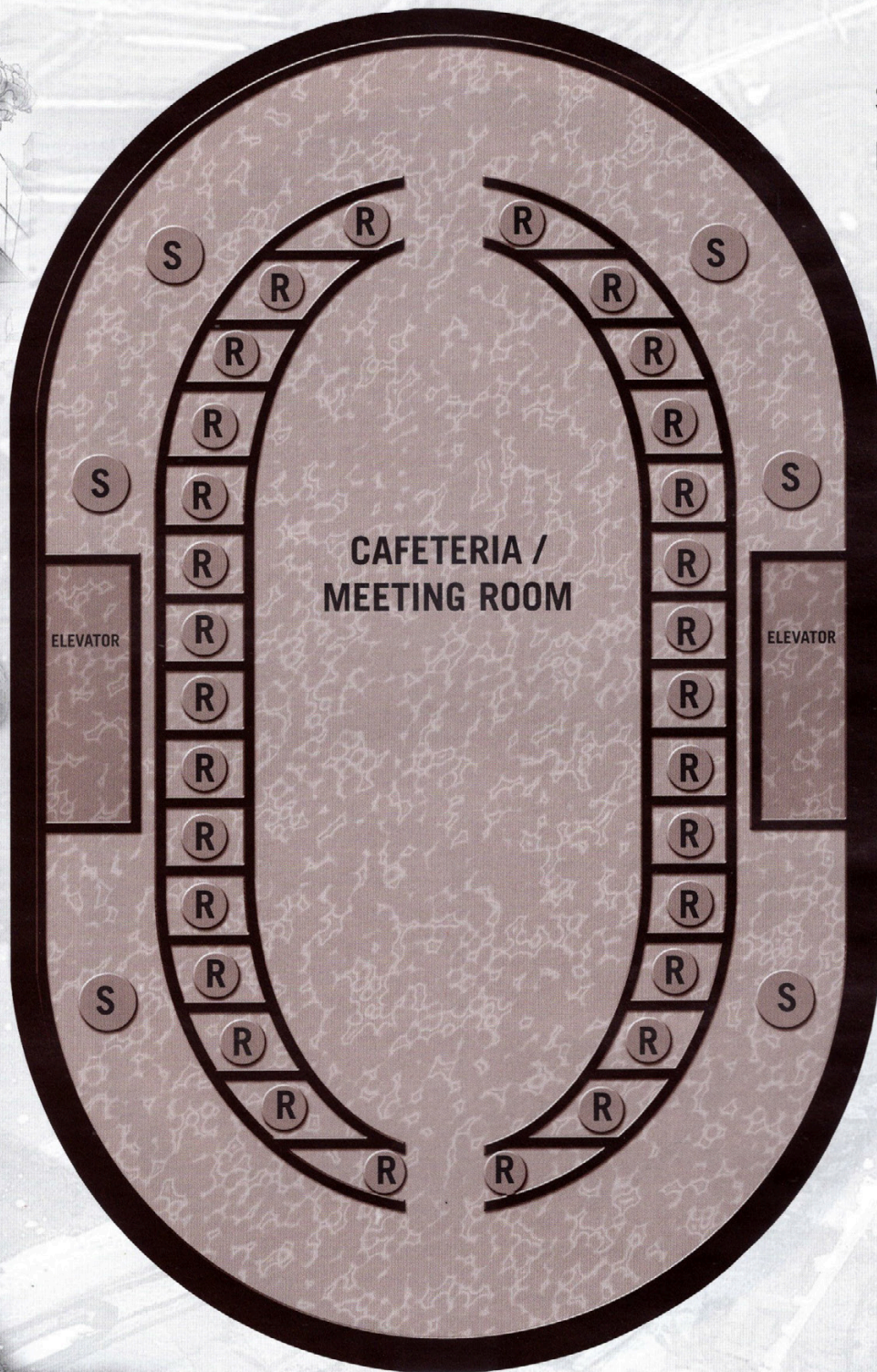
C Classroom

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CRIMSON CORE HQ LEVEL 3

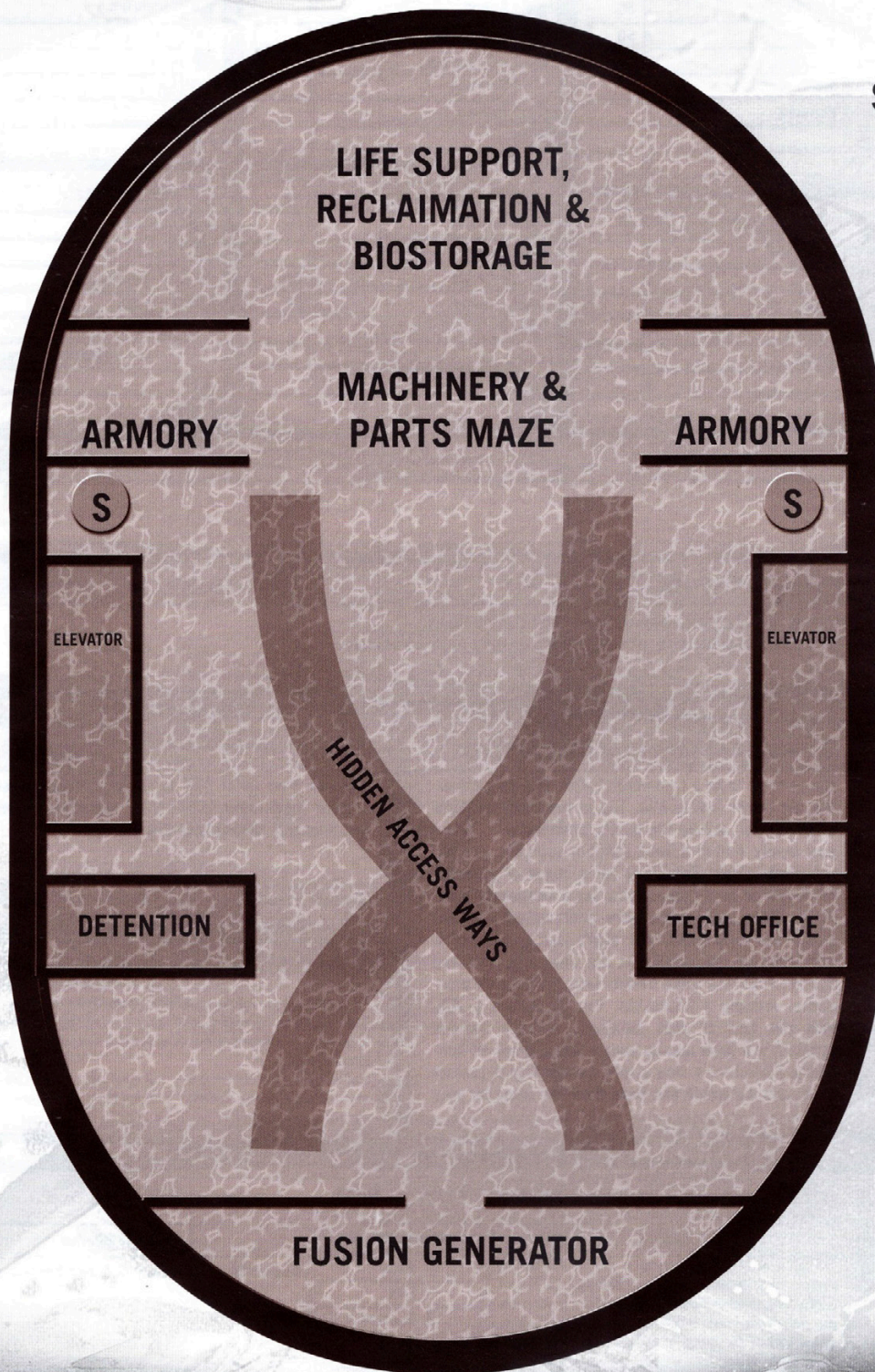
S Staircase

R Rooms
(all have doors facing in)



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CRIMSON CORE HQ LEVEL 4



S Staircase

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TM

Character Name		Gender Female	Move	10
Gerlinda Dulac		Age 27	Amarax points	1
Type	Species	Height 5'10"	Necro-Dream points	0
Free Pilot	Enhanced Human	Weight 160 lbs.	Character points	6

AGILITY		4D
Brawling		5D
Dodge		5D
FireArms		
Melee Combat		
Running		

KNOWLEDGE		2D
Aliens		
Astrography		
Intimidation		
Survival		
Tactics		

STRENGTH		
Climb/Jump		
Lift		
Stamina		
Swim		

PERCEPTION		3D
Command		
Con		
Hide		
Search		
Sneak		

MECHANICAL		4D
Astr-Nav		5D
Comm		
Gunnery		6D
Piloting		6D
Vehicle Operation		

TECHNICAL		2D
Armor Repair		
Demolitions		
Firearm Repair		
First Aid		
Gunnery Repair		
Person Equipment Repair		

PSIONICS

SPECIAL ABILITIES
 Your family genotype was altered for quick reaction times. Add 2 dice when piloting to all combat rolls or rolls to avoid collision

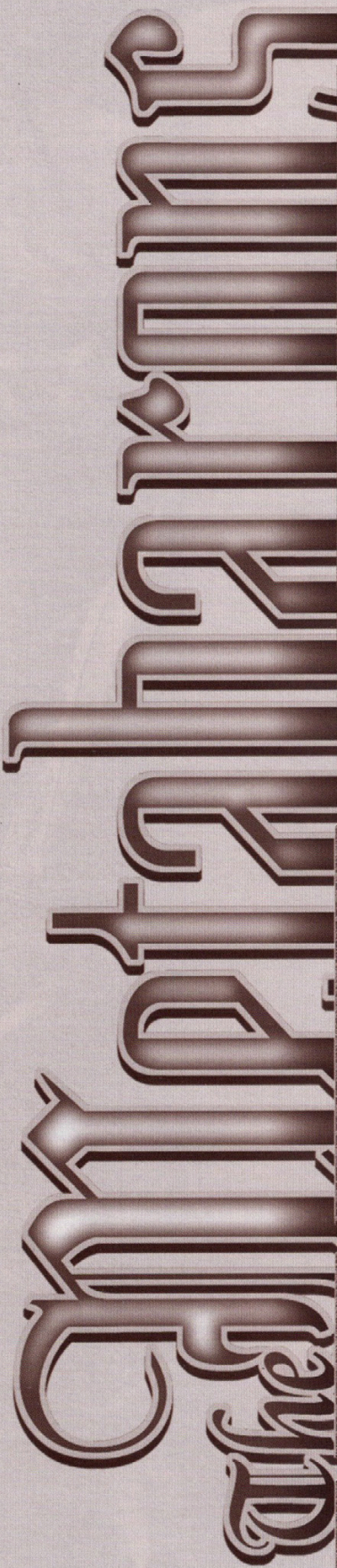
BACKGROUND and DESCRIPTION
 You grew up to be a commercial pilot, like your father, and his father before him. Top of the class in flight academy, you served the family business well. When your family died in a freak starship accident, you felt cut adrift, alone. Searching for a sense of purpose, you hired on as a combat pilot for a mercenary company. While your skills were appreciated, and the group was successful, you didn't feel a connection with most of the people in the company. You and another merc you made friends with, left to work elsewhere, forming a friendship. You purchased a ship with the last of your holdings. Through various scrapes, you have met up with a whole group of honorable adventurers. You would do anything to protect them, and the would and have done the same for you.

EQUIPMENT
 Armored Vest (+1D STR to resist damage, torso only, combat shock-knife (STR+1D+2 damage); comm headset, jumpsuit, suprapistol (5D damage)
Home Planet New Zion IV, J Bar Cluster

GROUP and CONTACTS
Personality: You fellow crewmates sometimes call you "Mama Bear" as a joke. You keep close tabs on everyone, and would fight ferociously to protect them. Friendly and sympathetic, you have a heart of gold.
Connections: The current party. You have been slowly coming into your own as a group, forming a common bond as brothers in arms.

HONOR CODE Rayah		
Values	Priorities	Interdictions
The survival of your designated group is your key motive, in spite of whether you belong to a family, pirate gang, mercenary unit, or Maganat Corporation. The individual must remember the group's interest, and is part of the group in everything he does.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> Party Self Mission Patron 	Quote: We don't leave our own behind. Ever!

KUBLARS
 500 in currency on person
 6,000 in safe hideaway on ship
 30,000 in the J Bar Cluster Credit Union Bank of Commerce on Cylonus – no passbook or account ID – to use requires DNA print plus the spoken code phrase "Be cool for twenty hours"



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TM

Character Name		Gender	Male	Move	10
Pavel Islamovich		Age	38	Amarax points	1
Type	Species	Height	6'2"	Necro-Dream points	0
Sniper	Human	Weight	215 lbs.	Character points	5

AGILITY		4D
Brawling		
Dodge	6D	
FireArms	6D	
Melee Combat		
Running	5D	
Throwing		
O-G maneuver		

KNOWLEDGE		2D
Aliens		
Intimidation		
Security Regulations		
Survival		
Tactics		

STRENGTH		4D
Climb/Jump		
Lift		
Stamina		
Swim		

PERCEPTION		3D
Bargain		
Gaming		
Hide		
Search	4D	
Sneak	5D	

MECHANICAL		3D
Comm		
Exoskeleton Opr.		
Gunnery		

TECHNICAL		2D
Demolitions		
Exoskeleton Repair		
Firearm Repair		
First Aid		
Person Equipment Repair		

PSIONICS
 Precognition (specialized) 1D –
 If roll successfully against precognition (5 or better), target may not use Dodge when fired upon by you.

SPECIAL ABILITIES
 Sniper's moves. If not spotted, it takes a roll of 25 or better to spot this person before he fires. Difficulty drops three for each round of consecutive fire (track of fire partially shows location). This does not count additional difficulty if given time to build a proper hide or has a gilly suit or other observation countermeasures.

BACKGROUND and DESCRIPTION
 Life has always been a struggle for you. Often outnumbered, whether it was in a schoolyard or a battlefield, you have had to think tactically. Soon, instead of wading into combat, you had developed remarkable skill in the rifle, using it, and your careful, tactical thinking to defeat your foes. You knew that this skill is much more useful in a team, and joined a tight-knit group you knew would appreciate your skill

EQUIPMENT
 Combat Shock-Knife (STR+1D+2 damage), High Powered Cogan Rifle (6D), Sniper Sights (lowers difficulty of a aimed shot by one level of difficulty per turn, until range penalty is negated).
Home Planet Novi Mervistan II, J Bar Cluster

GROUP and CONTACTS
Personality: Deliberate, cautious, but all for the goal of victory. You see things as a puzzle to be solved, and given enough time, you have the tools to solve them.
Connections: You have been working with your current group for a while, and it is a good fit. You appreciate their abilities, and they appreciate yours.

HONOR CODE			Bushitaka
Values	Priorities	Interdictions	
Inspired from the way of the warrior of the Castaka Clan, The bushitaka requires its followers to act as warriors in combat and in all aspects of life. For the warrior the highest virtue, his constant objective, is victory. (He's more of a Ronin style Bushitaka).	1. Mission 2. Party 3. Self 4. Patron	Quote: If I can see it, I can hit it.	

KUBLARS
 3,000 on his person (credit stick from Novi Mikoyan Armaments, Novi Mervistan II)
 7,000 in gold in storage at Itzak's Safe Holdings, Outer Station Novi Mervistan system (bearer receipt is microchip embedded under callus on pad of right foot)

TM

Character Name		Gender Male	Move	10
Curtis LaFrance		Age 45	Amarax points	1
Type	Species	Height 5'10"	Necro-Dream points	0
Smooth Talk. Ex-Beauracrat	Human	Weight 155 lbs.	Character points	5

AGILITY	3D
Dodge	4D
Melee Combat	
Running	
Sleight of Hand	

KNOWLEDGE	4D
Aliens	
Bureaucracy	5D
Business	
Language	
Security Regulation	
Streetwise	5D

STRENGTH	2D
Climb/Jump	
Stamina	

PERCEPTION	4D
Bargain	6D
Con	6D
Gaming	
Hide	
Investigation	

MECHANICAL	3D
Comm	
Piloting	
Vehicle Operation	

TECHNICAL	2D
Comp/interface repair	
Person Equipment Repair	
Security	

PSIONICS
 1D precognition (market haggling) (on successful roll of 5 or better)
 GM will tell him other person's highest or lowest price in a bargaining session

SPECIAL ABILITIES
 Very good memory for faces.

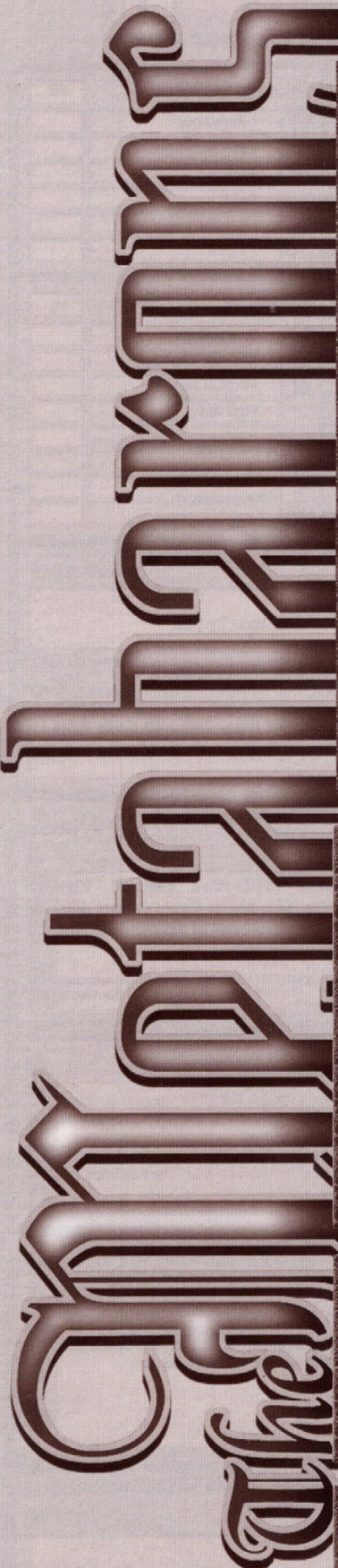
BACKGROUND and DESCRIPTION
 As a child you were always talking your way out of trouble, not unlike the paleo-Brear Rabbit. Misdirection and evasion kept everyone on their toes, and by the time you reached adulthood, you had friends in the very same people that had multiple reasons to hate the sight of you.
 You tried your hands at politics, and while you were mildly successful, the lure of open space, the galaxy full of unknowns was just too much for you. While you were never short of money, you just drifted from place to place, until you hooked up with a mercenary group. They needed a fast talker like you, and you needed the travel, and the steady income.

EQUIPMENT
 Fine clothes, hold out pistol (5 shots, 3D damage)
Home Planet Portland Imperial Observation Station, at L1 point, Cylonus, J Bar Cluster

GROUP and CONTACTS
Personality: Your mind never stops. If you aren't thinking about the last deal, you are thinking about the next one. You are like a juggler spinning plates, you are constantly in motion, keeping each one spinning.
Connections: While your constant machinations sometimes bother the group a little, they recognize your value, especially when it comes to getting the equipment or special access they need.

HONOR CODE Fuga		
Values	Priorities	Interdictions
The act of fleeing is the highest expression of the art of dodging. There is no more glory in facing your enemy than to deceive him and avoid his aggressiveness. The infamy lies in the objective of the action, never the means that you use.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> Self Party Mission Patron 	A Quote: Trust Me.

KUBLARS
 500 in cash on person



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TM

Character Name		Gender Male	Move	9
Julius Roland		Age 49	Amarax points	2
Type	Species	Height 5'6"	Necro-Dream points	0
Wayward Mechanic	Human	Weight 200 lbs.	Character points	6

AGILITY	2D+4
Brawling	3D
Dodge	3D
FireArms	4D
Throwing	
O-G Manuver	

KNOWLEDGE	2D
Streetwise	
Survival	

STRENGTH	4D
Climb/Jump	
Lift	5D
Stamina	5D+4

PERCEPTION	3D+2
Bargain	4D+5
Gaming	6D
Search	4D+2

MECHANICAL	3D+3
Comm	
Sensors	
Shields	
Vehicle Operation	

TECHNICAL	4D
Flight Systems Repair	5D
Gunnery Repair	5D
Security	6D
Comp/Interface Repair	7D
Engineering	6D
Personal Equipment Repair	4D+4
Robot Repair	
Vehicle Repair	

PSIONICS
 1D (Machine Empathy) – Roll this on first touching piece of equipment. If roll 5 or greater, you instantly find the problem and fix it without need for further rolls.

SPECIAL ABILITIES
 Can cannibalize parts from disparate sources to make working machines and systems. Extremely good with archaic and obsolete tech

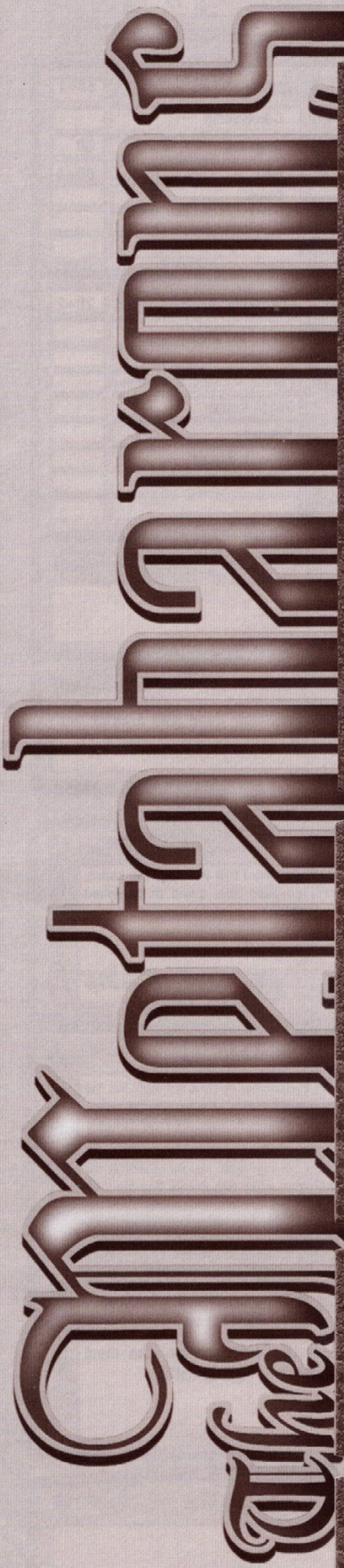
BACKGROUND and DESCRIPTION
HOME PLANET:
 Traveling workshop asteroid Tinker's Damn which is a powered, partially hollowed rock roughly the size of Ceres in paleoTerra's Asteroid Belt. Fully jump capable it wanders through an ever changing cluster of deep gray to full black locations in the J Bar Cluster, stopping occasionally at Darkbolt station to trade and replenish.

EQUIPMENT
 BIG box he can barely lift with every imaginable portable tool and testing device (+2 D to repair skill rolls), comm headset, defense pistol (5 shots, 3D damage), combat knife (1D+strength), mechanic's greasy one piece jumper with endless pockets stuffed with mechanical and electronic 'stuff', deck of marked cards (cheat is special print readable with his specially tinted glasses)
Home Planet

GROUP and CONTACTS
Personality: Relates better to machines than people. Will stand by the few he cares about to the death.
Connections: You have thrown in with this group because a sense of belonging to the group. They also have taken a few, pro-nature jobs, and in respect to your beliefs would never take a job in opposition to it.

HONOR CODE Extreme Rayah Variant		
Values	Priorities	Interdictions
Your group is the center of your life. Anyone outside the group is outside your moral ken .	1. Party 2. Self 3. Mission 4. Patron	Quote: "Humans – that means pack primate chimps that use tools, right?"

KUBLARS
 5 if he's lucky.
 Tools and random jumper pocket contents worth major money to the right people, especially some of his personal one of a kind devices and chips and biopatches



TM

Character Name		Gender	Male	Move	11
Charles Frankoman		Age	20	Amarax points	1
Type	Species	Height	6'4"	Necro-Dream points	0
Warrior Monk	Human	Weight	300 lbs.	Character points	12

AGILITY	3D
Brawling	6D
Dodge	4D
FireArms	4D
Melee Combat	4D
Running	
Sleight of Hand	

KNOWLEDGE	3D
Bureaucracy	
Intimidation	
Security Regulations	
Streetwise	

STRENGTH	5D+1
Climb/Jump	
Stamina	6D
Lift	6D+4
Swim	

PERCEPTION	4D
Bargain	
Con	
Forgery	
Hide	
Investigation	
Search	5D
Sneak	6D

MECHANICAL	3D
Comm	
Sensors	
Vehicle Operation	

TECHNICAL	2D+2
Firearm Repair	
FirstAid	
Personal Equipment Repair	
Robot Repair	
Security	
Vehicle Repair	

PSIONICS

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Can cannibalize parts from disparate sources to make working machines and systems. Extremely good with archaic and obsolete tech

BACKGROUND and DESCRIPTION

One of an ancient order, your type has always searched for the truth in the universe. They also believe in action, passively living life is not acceptable. Once your training was complete, you were sent out into the universe, seeking the truth your elders trained you for.

Searching the Endo-Cities for it, you searched every grimy crevice of every alley, every palace looking for it in every noble and every bum you came across. In living little bits of so many live, you caught a glimpse of the Necro-Dream, and were horrified. With further focus, and meditation, you saw the horrible ugliness of the Necro-Dream. You knew, in that moment of clarity, that you would spend the the rest of your life fighting it.

EQUIPMENT

Sword (STR+2D damage), Viper Pistol (4D Damage), io board, black plastic lamb on braided plant fiber chain worn around neck (devotional device of order)

Home Planet Hidden settlement in Ort Cloud of New Zion system, J Bar Cluster

GROUP and CONTACTS

Personality: Outgoing, always questioning, thinking out loud. Not the life of the party, but there are few dull moments around you. Your curiosity often gets the best of you, putting you in sometimes dangerous positions.

Connections: You sensed a purpose, a direction, as soon as you met the group, and they certainly could use your skills. You are sometimes the group's conscience, if they will listen. Either way, you tell them the truth

HONOR CODE			Veritas
Values	Priorities	Interdictions	
The followers of Veritas believe the world has a right to know. They must relate the facts as they are and unveil and tell the truth.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> Self Party Mission Patron 	Quote: To get the right answer, one must know how to ask the right question.	

KUBLARS

Usually none

TM

Character Name		Gender	Male	Move	9
Abdul DuProvence		Age	42	Amarax points	1
Type	Species	Height	5'10"	Necro-Dream points	0
Able Copilot	Human	Weight	200 lbs	Character points	5

AGILITY	3D
Brawling	
Dodge	
FireArms	4D
Melee Combat	4D
Riding	
O-G Maneuver	

KNOWLEDGE	2D
Astrography	
Languages	
Security Regulations	

STRENGTH	3D
Climb/Jump	
Lift	
Stamina	
Swim	

PERCEPTION	3D
Bargain	
Persuasion	
Search	
Sneak	

MECHANICAL	4D
Astro-Nav	8D
Comm	
Gunnery	6D
Piloting	5D
Shields	5D
Vehicle Operation	6D

TECHNICAL	3D
Comp/Interface Repair	3D
Demolition	
Firearms Repair	
Flight Systems Repair	
Gunnery Repair	
Personal Equipment Repair	
Vehicle Repair	

PSIONICS

SPECIAL ABILITIES

BACKGROUND and DESCRIPTION

Your life started horribly, one of the few survivors of a horrible massacre on your home planet. You couldn't get away from the pain and the agony quickly enough, and ever since they, you have flown hard and fast, putting more and more distance from it and you. You turned those above average skills in vehicle operation to good use, and eventually ended up with your current group, after forging a solid bond with their pilot.

HOME PLANET: Isle du Gallia VI (Now a crater marked wreck after a struggle between your planetary Magante clan and the Technos spiraled downwards. It has no atmosphere left and multiple magma fountains from where fighting cracked the core. The few survivors have modified their genetics and are no longer fully human. Nothing fully human could live there now. The refugees try to pretend they came from someplace less unfortunate. As the Technos have bounties out on many of them, they are mostly to be found in backwaters like the J Bar Cluster).

EQUIPMENT

Armored Vest (+1D STR to resist damage, torso only), comm headset, flight suit, heavy pistol (5D damage), medkit (+2D to first aid rolls)

Home Planet Hidden settlement in Ort Cloud of New Zion system, J Bar Cluster

GROUP and CONTACTS

Personality: If it has controls, you like driving it. You fight not only against armed foes, but forces of nature. Gravity, friction, aerodynamics, the speed of light; they are all in opposition to you, and must be made to submit. This makes you fairly energetic, and you are certainly the strength of the group.

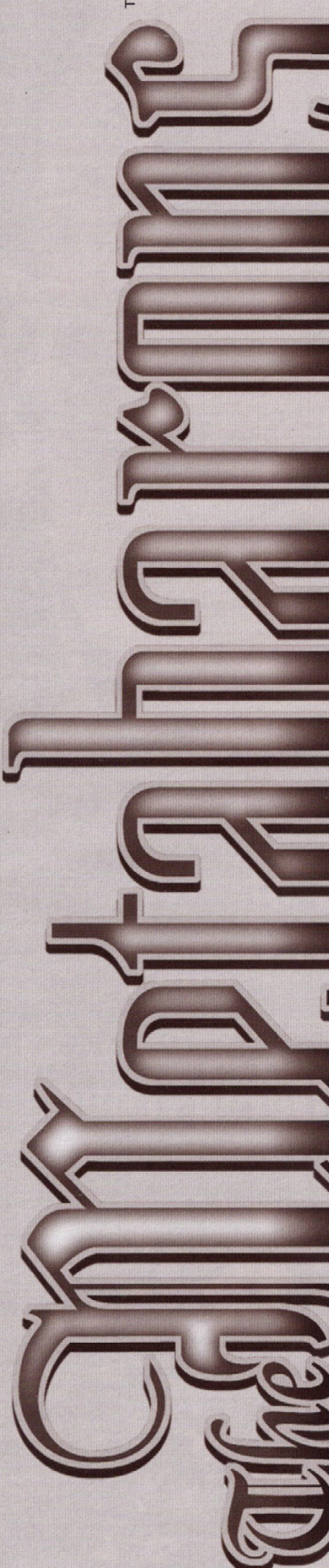
Connections: You and the Pilot have saved each other's life a couple times over, and the rest of the group seems to be a well meaning, if eclectic bunch.

HONOR CODE Bushitaka

Values	Priorities	Interdictions
Inspired from the way of the warrior of the Castaka Clan, The bushitaka requires its followers to act as warriors in combat and in all aspects of life. For the warrior the highest virtue, his constant objective, is victory.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Self 2. Party (esp. the pilot) 3. Mission 4. Patron 	Quote: Behind every good pilot is a better co-pilot.

KUBLARS

Rarely any.
As long as he has his ship and his mates what does he need money for?



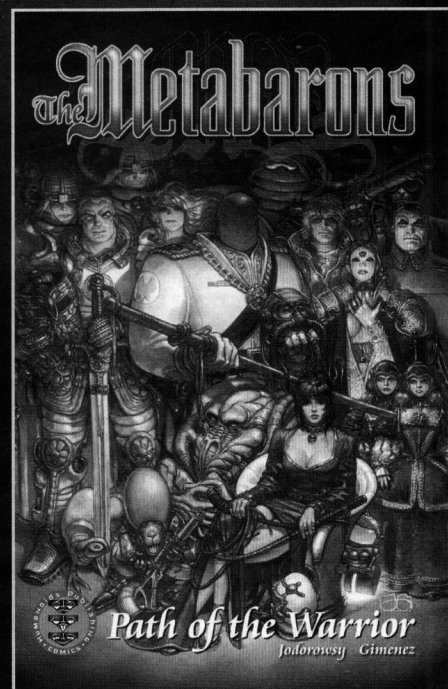


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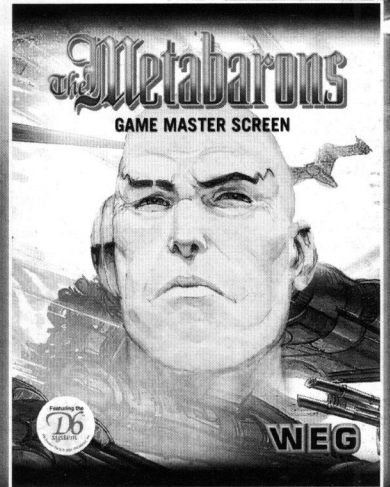
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