

VENGER AS'NAS SATANIS

UNIVERSAL EXPLOITS



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Venger As'Nas Satanis

2016



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Universal Exploits is a humorous supplement for the Alpha Blue roleplaying game, but may be used in conjunction with a wide variety of science-fiction RPGs.

This book is a joke, parody, spoof, homage, satire, and pastiche of 1960's, 70's, and 80's science fiction television, film, literature, and other media. No ownership, challenge, or infringement of intellectual properties was intended.

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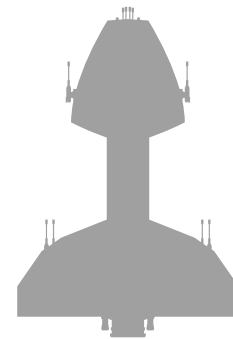
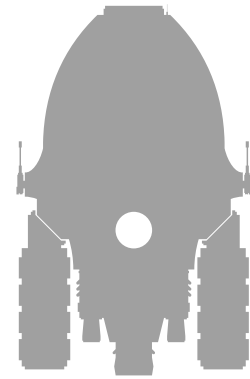
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| | |
|---|------------|
| Arrival on New Earth | 80 |
| Laboratory | 82 |
| Perilous Citrine Cartel | 82 |
| The Merger | 83 |
| What's the Problem? | 83 |
| Space Burger and Star Cola | 83 |
| Epsilon Beta | 83 |
| Cygnus 32 | 83 |
| The Adventure Continues... | 83 |
| Pussy Chasers: The Legend of Oral | 84 |
| Non-Conformists | 84 |
| Malachite's Gate | 84 |
| The Star Blade | 84 |
| The Red Hologram District | 86 |
| Bad Shit Happens in the Red Hologram District | 86 |
| Aidra Lynn | 86 |
| K'arn Military Base | 87 |
| Grabba the Butt's Pleasure Palace | 88 |
| Things Get Sticky with Grabba the Butt | 88 |
| NPCs | 89 |
| Land Rush | 90 |
| Territory Claims | 90 |
| Sought by Whom? | 90 |
| Habitable | 90 |
| How Valuable? | 91 |
| Value | 91 |
| CHARACTER SHEETS | 92 |
| SCHEMATICS | 96 |
| Starships | 96 |
| Exploit Class | 96 |
| Milkshake Class | 98 |
| Feral Class | 100 |
| Huntsman Class | 102 |
| Structures | 104 |
| Grabba the Butt's Palace of Perversity | 104 |
| NOTES | 106 |



"READ MY LIPS - NO NEW SEX TAXES IN THE SAVOY SYSTEM."



I had no idea where she was from or what her native language might be. Her way of speaking only added to her exoticness.

San Daego didn't waste any time. His cream-colored shirt and sleeveless jacket were still on, everything else was on the floor. Malaya had a few more holes than the average woman. I watched him for a few microns, watched him experiment with her various orifices. I was just about to get up and see what was happening in the cockpit when my partner finished. I could tell because he whistled, then started putting on his pants. Who whistles after sex?

"Your turn with the velourian." San Daego said. "You'll never believe what her mouth can do."

"Oh yeah?"

"I'm going to see if there's a game of smuggler's quarry on the ship. Have fun."

"Hi," I said to the fuchsia girl. She was smiling, running her seven fingers along my arms. "So, how long have you been a courtesan?"

"All my adult life. It's how I make my way through the universe. I have special talents, special... gifts. It would be a waste not to use them."

"Well, at least I know I'll be in good hands... and tentacles."

"What's your name?" She asked.

"S'pek."

Malaya was riding me now, up and down, back and forth. Her big, beautiful tits were bouncing - I noticed they were slightly lighter in color than the rest of her. Mmm, tan lines.

"I wish I could keep fucking your pussy while eating you out." I said while gently cupping her boobs and squeezing. A rivulet of sky-blue milk trickled down from one of her nipples.

"You can." She replied and leaned down to kiss me.

Her lips parted. I didn't see any teeth and nothing that resembled a tongue. Instead, it looked just like a vagina. I explored her with my mouth. Same feel, taste, and that weird orange scent as the pussy I was thrusting into. It was plenty wet, too. The more I tongued her tight, little face-hole, the more she squirmed and squealed until we both climaxed.

"I want you to come with us, with San Daego and me. We're mercenaries. Once we get a ship, we'll look for two or three more badass hombres and then the universe is ours."

"And what would I do on your ship, surrounded by a bunch of badass mercs?" She asked.

"Well, you'd be with me. I want you to be my companion, my..." The term "girlfriend" sounded too stupid to actually say, but that's kind of what I was going for.

"I can handle myself you know. I'm not just a girl with more than one pussy."

"Oh, yeah... ok, sure. Do you want to... uh...?" I stammered, not wanting to offend her any more than I already had.

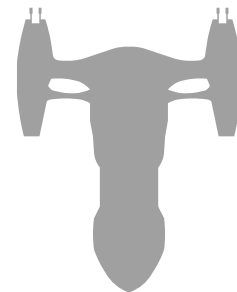
"If you're offering me a place on your team, including a full share of whatever we bring in, then my answer is - maybe. I'll have to think about it, S'pek."

BLAOW! BLAOW! BLAOW!

"What the fuck is that?" I asked.

"The ship's alarm. I think we're under attack!"

"I DID NOT
HAVE SEXUAL
RELATIONS
WITH THAT
PROTOS V
SEXBOT!"





RULES, TABLES AND SETTING

BETTER OFF DEAD

Sometimes, characters will have a really, really low chance of succeeding. It's rare, but occasionally necessary to severely penalize a character who very much wants to talk a Federation security guard out of frisking his assassin droid, arm-wrestle a jacked-up reptoid with cybernetic enhancements, or attempt to go a standard month without any kind of sexual release.

In such times, Space Dungeon Masters may invoke the rule of 0d6. When a character has a dice pool of 0d6, the player rolls 2d6 and takes the lower of the two numbers as a result. For instance, if I was playing a human bounty hunter who wanted to represent himself in a court of space law... in a language that character didn't understand... in front of a dozen witnesses who've testified that he's guilty, I'd probably be rolling 0d6.



Let's say I roll a "3" and a "2." Because I take the lower number as my result, I'm stuck with a final result of "2." Time to start planning that prison break!

SHIP TO SHIP COMBAT ALTERNATIVES

In the *Alpha Blue* sourcebook *Girls Gone Rogue*, there's a random table on page 37 for starships fighting each other.

Result #8 was amusing... but let's be honest, it's pretty limited in scope. Also, if any result comes up that utterly thwarts the Space Dungeon Master's plans, this can provide a bit of non-lethal fun.

That's precisely why I've come up with this d6 sub-table as a substitute. Enjoy!

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | There was an open can of Tab on their ship's console. Now, it's spilled all over the controls. Sparks shoot out of the panel, doing 1d6 damage to a random member of the crew. |
| 2 | One of the crew is distracted by the mess resulting from a recent cream pie incident. Their ship misses its next turn. |
| 3 | Gyroscope hit! Their ship is heading right for you. Both ships roll 1d6. There's a 2 in 6 chance for each ship that it's been heavily damaged, needing extensive repairs before she's serviceable again. |
| 4 | Blu-Stream down! I repeat, the ship's Blu-Stream is down! No more televised news, no more reality TV, no more premium cable programming. Worst of all... no more porn! It's going to take 2d6 hours for the auto-repair system to fix the Blu-Stream. Good thing you didn't get rid of all those Space Hustler magazines! |
| 5 | Their ship's containment facility was hit. Laser bars are on the fritz... anyone in the brig goes free! |
| 6 | Someone's waterbed sprang a leak. Careful walking between sections - slippery when wet. |

NO DAMAGE LEFT BEHIND

Even though I don't currently make any money directly, I consider myself a professional Game Master. However, running games is an extension of my writing, designing, and self-publishing in the roleplaying game industry. And I do make money from authoring RPG books, such as *How to Game Master like a Fucking Boss*.

I've blogged about Gamer Mastering rule #1 multiple times. The last time, I described it as "Find the fun." But now I want to update it with an alternative phrase that I think has more impact - "Make it awesome!"

Now, "make it awesome" can mean different things to different people. That's as it should be. What's awesome to me will not necessarily be awesome to someone else. So, it's incumbent upon players and Game Masters alike to search for others who have a similar view of the word "awesome".

I'll discuss that subject in more detail another day... because this article is actually about something else, something more specific than awesomeness, and I'd like to get to it now.

It seems that approximately once per session, there's a pitched battle with multiple foes. A PC faces off against an opponent with dwindling Hit Points. The PC rolls his attack and it's a critical hit! Maybe a multi-crit and/or exploding dice situation if you're playing a game like *Crimson Dragon Slayer* or *Alpha Blue*. The PC does 30 points of damage - but the monster targeted only had 4 Health left.

Gaaahhhh! How lame is that? What a waste! Disappointment all around. The players feel it and I feel it, as well. It's the inverse of awesome.

This past weekend at Gary Con, without hesitation, I made a ruling. It wasn't the first time I had come up with this particular solution, but from now on, it's set in stone. Want to know what I did?

I merely carried the damage over to the next foe! Whoever was closest to the attacking PC and/or previous victim, took the remainder of the damage. That's it.

For maximum effect, describe how the burning red scimitar cuts through the skittering rat-thing and into the calf of the space orc it was traveling with. Players won't

complain when you embellish their killing blow into something even more devastating.

Definitely wasn't rocket science and I can't take credit for inventing this efficient solution. Maybe you've been using it for years, but from now on it's going to be the law at my table. For many, it won't be "realistic" enough, perhaps they find it too hand wave-y or the rule makes combat go faster (and they don't like that for some reason). For me personally, it's awesome and that's exactly how I want to run my games.

Left over damage can have environmental effects, as well, like a hull breach, dome crack, or steel walls melting.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION

Some spacers call it "freezer burn." It's the nasty side effect of spending years in cryo-sleep.

For every 10 years spent in suspended animation, there's an escalated risk of going nuts. If someone's been in a cryogenic chamber for more than a year and up to 10 years, there's a 1 in 6 chance of contracting freezer burn upon waking. If it's been more than 10 years up to 20 years, there's a 2 in 6 chance of freezer burn. If it's 21 to 30, there's a 3 in 6 chance... and so on. 60+ years in hibernation means that freezer burn is guaranteed.

FREEZER BURN EFFECTS

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Your genes start to mutate. Roll on the mutation table, <i>Alpha Blue</i> rulebook page 15. |
| 2 | Cryo-shock! The reanimation process is proving to be too traumatic for your body. Make a death saving throw, <i>Alpha Blue</i> rulebook page 11. |
| 3 | You experience memory loss. Your memories should return within 2d4 hours. |
| 4 | Disorientation prevents you from taking any action besides standing, sitting, lying down, and breathing. You'll be disoriented for 1d4 hours. |
| 5 | You go berserk, flying into a violent rage. You'll be like this for 2d4 minutes. |
| 6 | There are a few entities out there in the vastness of space that like to use cold sleepers as hosts for their parasitic needs. One of those alien parasites has found its way into your cryogenic chamber. |

XENOPHOBIA

News flash! Not everyone in the universe likes each other. In fact, some individuals are downright prejudiced - mean, nasty, and hateful. Of course, there are those who have their reasons for not liking, not trusting, or just not wanting to be around those who aren't like them. Not all xenophobes are bigots, just a bit narrow-minded. Sometimes, a few bad experiences have made extremely cautious individuals sour on the whole alien thing.

While any player can choose to make his character xenophobic, this was specifically designed for NPCs. There's a 1 in 6 chance that any character the PCs come across has some degree of xenophobia. By the way, this has nothing to do with being human. Any species can be xenophobic. See the random table below to determine how xenophobic that character is.

In game mechanic terms, being xenophobic gives characters disadvantage when working closely with one or more alien species. However, if an alien is truly not what he seems to be, the xenophobe gets advantage when investigating and/or blasting that alien.

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Mildly suspicious and discriminating |
| 2 | Assumes that some aliens are up to no good |
| 3 | Believes that deep down most aliens are scum |
| 4 | No filter – will not be shy about condemning any and all aliens |



UNARMED COMBAT

For those forced (or who want to) fight without weapons, roll your usual attack dice pool with d4s rather than d6s. There's nothing inherently special about getting a "4" result with your attack dice, other than it's a solid blow. Roll 1d6 for damage normally - exploding damage still counts.



"RAGE AGAINST THE FEDERATION!"

BEST IN SHOW

This can be used in addition to all the various character creation tables in *Alpha Blue* and *Girls Gone Rogue*. It's just another way of differentiating your character from the spacer standing next to him.

Characters gain advantage on their dice pools when using their primary ability. Randomly roll - if you're spacer enough to take it - otherwise just choose what you'd prefer like a bloody ponce.

Players may elect to roll or choose an additional primary ability, as well. However, characters with dual strong suits are also forced to roll or choose a weakness - a character aspect that's abysmal.

For example, a player rolls both strength and charisma for his "best in show" abilities. Now, he must roll a third time. If he rolls intelligence, that means every time smarts are in play, that character will be at a disadvantage. In the unlikely event that a character's expertise and incompetence are being used simultaneously, the advantage and disadvantage cancel each other out.

Want to talk like a spacer from the 23rd century? Try these on for size. You could also say, "Three standard years" anytime you wanted a measurement to sound more sci-fi.

Parsecs: Space miles (but also sometimes space seconds)

Microns: Space minutes

Zarens: Space hours

Cycles: Space days

Keewons: Space weeks

Mentons: Space months

Centons: Space years

Quartags: Space tons

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Strength: You're far stronger than most and have intimidating musculature. Even among your bodybuilding peers, it's impressive. Physical force is what you bring to the table. Keep using d6s in unarmed combat situations. |
| 2 | Subterfuge: You're clever, stealthy, and cunning... some would even say sneaky. When you aren't plotting and scheming, you're figuring out a sly way to get the upper hand. |
| 3 | Intelligence: You're really, really smart; a regular brainiac. An astonishing array of facts, figures, dates, the atomic weight of space gold, etc. are at your mental fingertips. You're almost always the smartest individual in the room. |
| 4 | Charisma: You might be sweet, empathetic, funny, witty, attractive, or just a good listener. Whatever it is about you – people generally like it and they want to be around you. |
| 5 | Willpower: You're not only tough, you're determined. It takes a lot to bring you down and keep you there. Doesn't matter if it's physical punishment, psychological torture, emotional manipulation, or the Space Gods testing your faith. You have the will to endure in the face of overwhelming adversity. Additionally, any form of psionics or space sorcery are fueled by willpower. |
| 6 | Agility: You're lightning on your feet and able to dodge laser beams that would probably disintegrate the spacer standing next to you. You're also a great shot. With such speed and dexterity, it's difficult to get the jump on you. Subtract a d6 from opponents' attack dice pools when you choose to focus on defense rather than offense. |

PRIOR EXPERIENCES (PART II)

This is a three part table that will give your PC an instant background. If you get tired of rolling on the original Prior Experiences table (*Alpha Blue*, page 24), try this!

STARTING OUT

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Orphaned at a young age, you grew up in the shadow of the Federation... |
| 2 | You were born into an incubation pod and used as a battery to power sentient machines who believed they were superior to organic life... |
| 3 | You were raised in a well-to-do aristocratic family that fell onto hard times after the Ultramarine Revolution decades ago... |
| 4 | Your formative years were spent on a backwoods frontier world... |

INTERMEDIATE STAGE

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | You were part of a mineral extraction team... |
| 2 | And joined the space circus at the age of 16... |
| 3 | Realizing you had a way with women... |
| 4 | Becoming a scoundrel with swagger in spite of your upbringing... |
| 5 | Filled with a passion for exploring uncharted space... |
| 6 | Not willing to compromise when it comes to personal freedom... |
| 7 | Following in the footsteps of your proud and ancient lineage... |
| 8 | Evading your rightful share of taxes... |

FINALLY

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | And were almost executed for treason by the Federation, but a friend helped you escape. [Advantage on running away – once per session] |
| 2 | You eventually became known as the Bastard of Babylon Prime (or, if that title is already in use, the Ravager of Romulyn Space). [Advantage on intimidation – once per session] |
| 3 | You made a name for yourself raping, pillaging, and looting throughout the seven space ways. [Advantage on an act of piracy – once per session] |
| 4 | It took you a year to become a space sergeant, at which time you decided to leave the Federation. [Advantage on bureaucracy – once per session] |
| 5 | Before long, the entire system was filled with wanted posters showing your face (though, they never could get the nose right). [Advantage on keeping a low profile – once per session] |
| 6 | To support yourself, you took any job you could find, no matter how dangerous. In the end, you realized it was only yourself that you were running from. [Advantage when facing a life or death situation – once per session] |



BORN TO SERVE

Runaway income inequality was viewed as a problem in the 21st century. By the 23rd, the chasm between rich and poor grew exponentially out of control. In 2269, one can tell master from servant and lord from serf at a glance. Not just the clothes on a person's back, it's also their gear (or lack thereof), hygiene, posture, way of speaking, and level of education/employment.

The top 3% of Federation citizens are all the millionaires, billionaires, and trillionaires in the universe. The bottom 90% are basically covered in space shit all the time. They are the poverty-stricken underclass the Federation keeps in check. They have no property, no industry, no resources, and consequently, no upward mobility. The vast majority of the 90% will remain dirty, poor, and abused by the systems in place.

However, that leaves 7% unaccounted for, doesn't it? The 7% are the ones with a chance. They're gifted in some

way, tried harder, maybe they come from a good home on a stable suburban planet (rather than a demilitarized zone), probably better educated, or maybe just lucky. One way or another, the 7% eventually become spacers - or work alongside of them. Sure, it's dangerous work, but that gives them a chance to make something of themselves. There's a table below for determining a spacer's goals.

If you like the idea of a universe full of hardship, misery, and woe (that the PCs have to struggle against), then this table will help provide a suitable background. Remember that dark surroundings make the hero's journey just that much brighter. Sci-fi nihilism is kind of the endgame of cyberpunk, a terrible near future that keeps kicking the rusty can down the road.

What caste does your character fall into? Keep in mind, this is where he started life, not where he currently resides. By the time a player-character's adventuring life begins, he's already dug himself out of one hole - his

background. The campaign is the PC's chance to dig himself out of many others.

Think about what kind of redemption the character is looking for. Why does he fight against the system?

CASTE

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Slave: You were cannon fodder. It literally costs less to shoot people instead of ammunition with roughly the same result. |
| 2 | Slave: You were constantly subjected to hazardous conditions... 1) nuclear reactor, 2) mining trisilicate isotopes, 3) chemical/biological weapons, or 4) first wave colonist. |
| 3 | Slave: You were forced to do hard labor outdoors. |
| 4 | Slave: You were forced to do menial tasks indoors. |
| 5 | Indentured servant: You were in debt up to your eye-stalks. |
| 6 | Indentured servant: You were an ex-con. This is better than prison, but not by much. |
| 7 | Indentured servant: You were a ward of the state, possibly an orphan who grew up in the Federation bureaucracy or merely require government assistance to live. |
| 8 | Poor but free: You were an urbanite (city dweller) trying to make ends meet. |
| 9 | Poor but free: You were a frontiersman making planets more civilized as a second wave colonist. |
| 10 | Poor but free: You were a space rat living in the slums of a space station, colony ship, etc. |
| 11 | Lower class: You made enough to live comfortably as a citizen of the Federation. |
| 12 | Middle class: You're part of the dwindling middle class that keeps vanishing faster and faster under the Federation. You're further ahead than 90% of the universe, but still a far cry from the top 3% of ridiculously wealthy. |

WHY BECOME A SPACER?

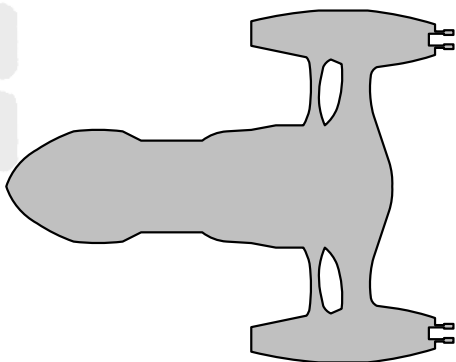
| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Life on the edge: You've always been a thrill-seeker. This is your chance to take risks and hopefully be rewarded. Whatever happens, it'll be an adventure! |
| 2 | Help the less fortunate: Everybody suffers in one form or another, but the 90% are really in trouble. Each decade, the poor slide further and further into darkness – victimized by the Federation and many other institutions both criminal and legitimate. Becoming a spacer is your chance to help those who desperately need a savior. |
| 3 | Become rich and powerful: You got into this business to make money. With money comes recognition, opportunity, and luxury. Who knows, within a few centons, you might become a mover and shaker in the tri-galaxy area. Think of all those exotic servant girls feeding you grapes, fanning you while you lay near the water of your beach home on Merabu Sigma. |
| 4 | Explore the universe: There's so much you haven't seen, that you don't know... practically everything is unknown to a one-planet farm boy like yourself. You crave to understand the universal mysteries! |
| 5 | Lead the rebellion: The system has failed 9 out of 10 citizens of the Federation. It's an oppressive and corrupt regime that must be broken! Becoming a spacer is your way to fuel the revolution. |
| 6 | Influence the Federation: Yes, the Federation is imperfect. You know it's flawed, but it's the system that's in place. Take it away and you have chaos throughout the universe. If you can't beat them, join them. With you in control, the Federation can be subtly influenced to your will. |

JOIN THE REVOLUTION

Throughout the universe, there will be disaffected citizens of the Federation, Draconian Empire, Interstellar Caliphate, League of Unaligned Planets, and so on. For one reason or another, these rebels, revolutionaries, and dissenters have decided to fight back against the systems that keep the vast majority of people down.

While plenty of NPCs are spacers, there are lots of unhappy citizens in the universe. These people usually don't have the lofty goals, but they do have reasons for struggling against the status quo. Below is a random table of specific events and key issues that motivate citizens to join the revolution.

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Clean water for his people |
| 2 | The release of several political prisoners |
| 3 | An end to war |
| 4 | To be treated with dignity and respect |
| 5 | Freedom for the people on his planet |
| 6 | No taxation without representation |
| 7 | Overthrowing the oppressive regime in power |
| 8 | Justice for those killed without mercy |
| 9 | Revenge against those who committed genocide |
| 10 | Abolishing slavery on the planet |
| 11 | Conditions are lousy. Also, you're ambitious and want to be the one in command! |
| 12 | Roll twice! |



ALREADY WELL ACQUAINTED

Sometimes, characters are involved in pre-existing relationships or have been in a previous relationship with someone they've met before. Like the female black-star dealer on Garron's Spiral or the zedi who comes in out of cold space looking for mercenaries who can break into a secure area.

If the PCs run into someone they already know, probably should know, or have just met but it would be fun to roll up a past history, then roll on the following random table in order to learn what type of relationship they're either currently in or had in the recent past. Pair the PC/NPC according to established sexual preferences.



TYPE OF RELATIONSHIP

| Roll | Result | Roll | Result |
|------|---|------|--|
| 1 | Had sex once | 11 | Married |
| 2 | Friends with benefits | 12 | Divorced |
| 3 | Short term, casual sex | 13 | Master/slave dynamic |
| 4 | Long term, casual sex | 14 | Temporarily swapped bodies |
| 5 | Short term, committed relationship | 15 | Anonymous sexual partner |
| 6 | Long term, committed relationship | 16 | Share the same fetish(s) |
| 7 | Acquaintances | 17 | Forced to procreate |
| 8 | Friends with sexual tension | 18 | Married, divorced, and re-married |
| 9 | Platonic friendship | 19 | Met once but then one person had their memory erased |
| 10 | Friends where only one has desire for the other | 20 | Know them from brief work experience |



ALIEN LANGUAGES

Almost everyone speaks what is known as "the commonality". The commonality is the primary language used by citizens of the Federation, among the core planets, the outer rim, and most of the millions and millions of inhabited fringe worlds that hang just outside Federation control.

When encountering one or more aliens that come from beyond the Federation, there's only a 1 in 6 chance that they do not speak the commonality. Of course, aliens may choose to speak any number of other languages that they know in the presence of PCs. That's their prerogative.

Spacers have their own unique language - actually, it's more like slang - that's made up of little bits and pieces picked up here and there over generations of traveling to myriad systems throughout the universe. It's called D'neez Kong and can only be learned from other spacers. It takes about six months. After all, there's a lot of free time traveling the stars, and many uses for a secret language that only spacers know.

The following is a random table for alien languages other than the commonality and D'neez Kong. Whenever the PCs encounter aliens, it is likely that they know one or more of the languages presented below.

EXTRATERRESTRIAL TONGUE

| Roll | Result | Roll | Result |
|------|---|------|--|
| 1 | Seb'lek: This is the language of the deep desert, where the star elves came from. It is characterized by the staccato sound of short syllables. | 5 | Hibst'nahl: Generally, insect species speak hibst'nahl. This language has more to do with vibrating the larynx than standard humanoid vocalization; however, there are some non-insect men and aliens who have virtually mastered it. |
| 2 | Kraaka: This language has a sibilant kind of sound broken up by various clicks and deep or shallow breathing. There are a number of reptilian species from sectors 11 and 12 who feel a tribal bond and speak the same language. Both the language and the variety of reptilian species – pejoratively nicknamed “reptoids” are referred to as kraaka. While there are distinctive linguistic patterns within the kraaka language, anyone who speaks one dialect won't have trouble understanding another. | 6 | Tornva-Sogo: The various merchants, houses, and guilds have their own way of speaking. Tornva-sogo is the language of business. |
| 3 | Draconian: This language is rather harsh and guttural, yet not without subtlety and sophistication. Of all the non-commonality languages here, Draconian is the most pervasive. It's spoken throughout the Draconian Empire, which is nearly as vast as the Alliance of Non-Aligned Worlds, though small in comparison to the Federation. | 7 | W'ziryk: This language is founded upon numbers, formulae, and computations. It is frequently spoken on planets specializing in advanced mathematics, such as charter accountancy worlds and those specializing in the calculation of astro-navigation routes. |
| 4 | Shultae: Also known as the language of whispers, it uses soft, hushed tones and hand gestures. Planets colonized by worshipers of The Many Penised God (also known as The God with Many Penises) speak shultae. | 8 | Bahbotto: The language of robots evolved from the earliest binary system. In the 23rd century, bahbotto is a nuanced language of alphabetical ciphers that only bots, droids, and computers understand. |

“KINGON LIVES MATTER!”

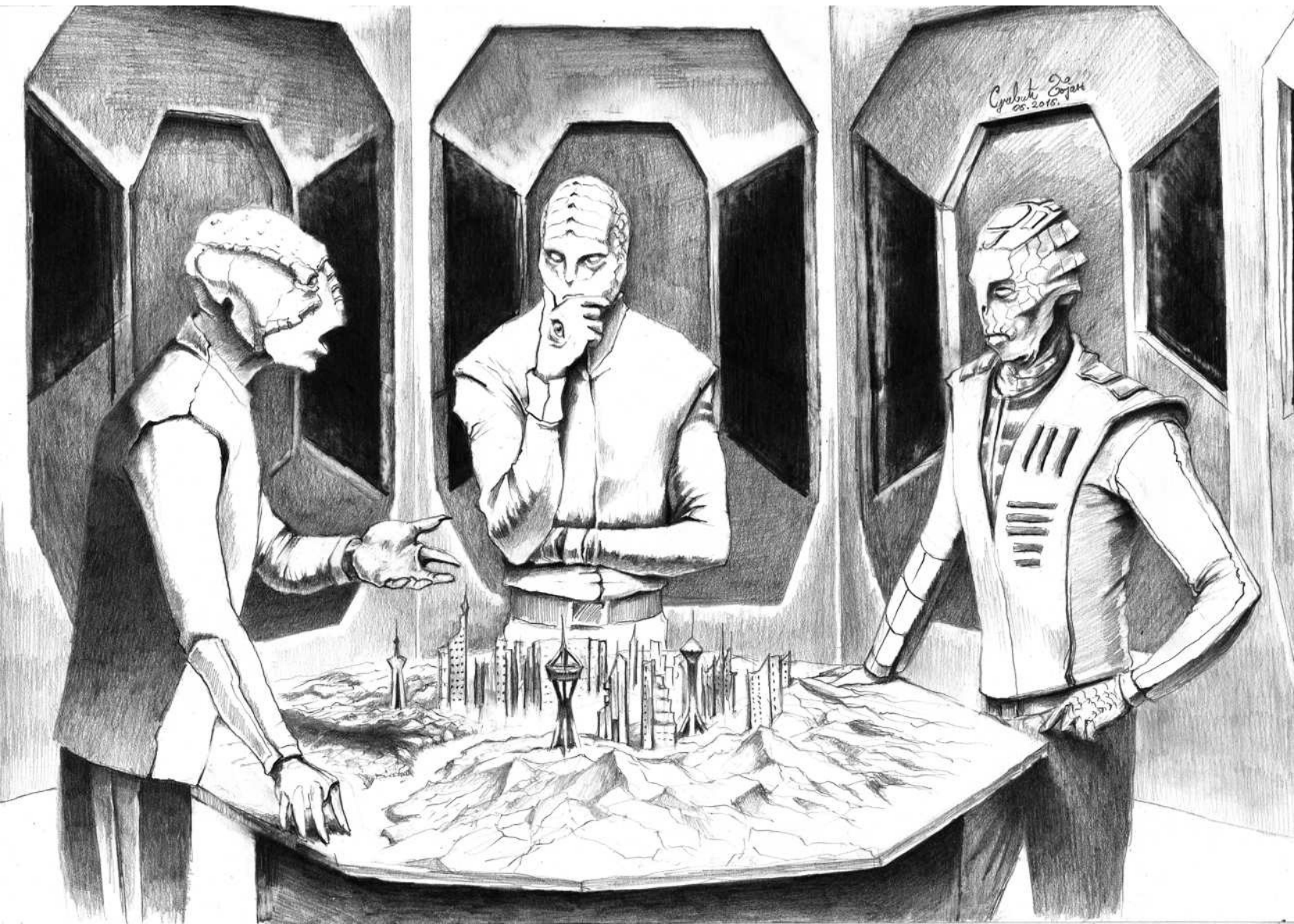
BRIGHT CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE

You're talking about a specific planet but have no idea where it is in relation to anything else. The players ask and you fumble around, giving some stock answer - the same answer you've given the last half-dozen times they asked. "It's not too far away from Alpha Blue." Well, the following random table relieves you of that burdensome accountability. You're welcome!

So, where is the Neutral Zone in all this? Most of it is located between the outer rim and fringe space; however, boundaries have been manipulated via gerrymandering so that certain districts are closer or farther away from the Neutral Zone. The drawing of these demarcation lines seems arbitrary to most spacers trying to navigate the space lanes without incident, however, they were put in place for very specific, albeit shadowy, reasons.

WHERE'S YOUR PLANET?

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Central: This area of space includes the Federation homeworld, New Earth (or Earth II, if you prefer), as well as, dozens of inhabited planets surrounding it. Central worlds have the best of everything for those who can pay. The Federation provides everything these planets need because of juicy manufacturing contracts. Also, the populations are predominantly human. Aliens are usually viewed as exotic strangers. |
| 2 | Core: The core is made up of hundreds of inhabited planets surrounding the central worlds. Core planets have plenty of resources thanks to Federation supply ships. The population is a good mix of human and alien populations, though alien species may feel like second class citizens at times. |



| | |
|---|--|
| 3 | Outer Rim: These are the thousands of inhabited planets surrounding the core worlds. Outer rim planets rely on independent trading for many essentials and luxury items, Federation supply ships rarely travel that far. These worlds have less humans and more alien populations. |
| 4 | Fringe: These are the millions of inhabited planets surrounding the outer rim worlds. Due to their remote position from the central and core planets, fringe worlds are forced to rely less on trade with inner Federation worlds, though trading is strong between fringe planets and peripheral worlds via independent supply ships and smugglers. Consequently, this area of space is where Federation control falters in favor of various other ruling bodies, such as the Draconian Empire, Interstellar Caliphate, Krylon Protectorate, League of Unaligned Worlds, Alliance of Non-Aligned Worlds, etc. |
| 5 | Peripheral: Peripheral worlds are comprised of several million inhabited planets outside of the fringe. Federation power is limited and competing factions have a distinct advantage, such as the Draconian Empire, Interstellar Caliphate, Krylon Protectorate, League of Unaligned Worlds, and so forth. The periphery is where rugged individualism is at a premium. These planets resemble the Wild West, lawless and untamed. Some trading occurs between peripheral and fringe worlds out of basic necessity, though trade is generally less reliable because of pirates, warlords, reavers, hostile aliens, and being further away from “civilized space”. |
| 6 | Unknown Region: Not much is known about this area of space. That’s probably why they call it the unknown region. It’s way far out there, beyond the periphery. The Federation has absolutely no authority here, which makes it attractive to some... just realize that if you’re traveling in the unknown region, you’re on your own. Even those other factions shy away from the unknown region. |

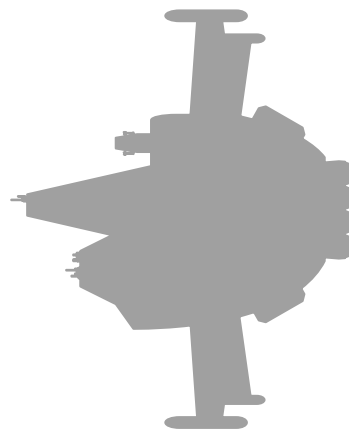
TRAVELING TIME

How long does it take to get from one planet to another? If you’re going from a central planet to a core planet, it’s just a few hours. If you’re going from a central planet to an outer rim planet, it could take the better part of a day-cycle. If you want to go from a core planet to the periphery, then it could take a couple weeks.

If you prefer to start with a travel time and use that to gauge the location of a particular world, then roll on the random table below.

ARE WE THERE YET?

| Roll | Result |
|------|-------------------|
| 1 | Less than an hour |
| 2 | 1d4 hours |
| 3 | 2d4 hours |
| 4 | 3d6 hours |
| 5 | 1d4 days |
| 6 | 5 or 6 days |
| 7 | 1d4 weeks |
| 8 | 2d4 weeks |



“STAR COLA:
TASTE THE
NEXT GENERATION!”

THE BLUE EFFECT

Several individuals of the Federation have been diagnosed with warped sensibilities. Casualties of this rare syndrome believe that open sexual practices are no big deal. They think nothing of public orgies or week-long degenerate binges of promiscuous sex, drug use, and ridiculous adventures in and around a gigantic space station brothel. In fact, most cases of the blue effect originate from Alpha Blue (hence its name).

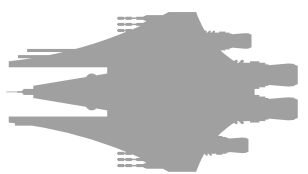
For those suffering from the blue effect, it can take days or even weeks for one's heightened leisure awareness (HLA) to self-regulate back to normal levels. While the blue effect is present, individuals will act as if they are still on Alpha Blue.

For those who've been on Alpha Blue a few days or more, there's a 2 in 6 chance of contracting the blue effect. Remind PCs about their HLA for a single session or until it's no longer amusing.

HORROR IN SPACE

If you're like me, you love sci-fi horror. There's something extra creepy about a "haunted house" in space. The following are quick and dirty ideas you can implement into your game just by rolling the dice. Decide just how horrific you want this starship, space station, or base to be. If the answer is "moderately", then roll once. If the answer is "considerably", roll twice. If you want it to be fucking bananas up in that bitch, roll three times!

If you get a certain result multiple times, then double down. For instance, if you rolled three times and got "5" twice, then distant yet blood-curdling screams can also be heard... and perhaps the baying of some gigantic hound.



| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Blood running down the metallic wall panels and out through the computer consoles. |
| 2 | Light panels flickering intermittently, illumination dims and changes to a sickly chartreuse just before something bad happens. |
| 3 | The ghosts of dead crew members and passengers frequently appear and disappear. |
| 4 | Pools of emerald green slime oozing over the metallic floor grates and dripping down into various sub-levels of the ship. |
| 5 | Audible reverberation... deep, primal, and relentless undulating darkness you can both hear and feel. |
| 6 | Flashes of another dimension where scenes of torture, degradation, and eldritch sexual perversion are taking place. |
| 7 | Something aboard the ship is stalking the living and either absorbing/becoming them or implanting spawn within them. |
| 8 | Being inexorably pulled into some lost or forbidden region of space. |
| 9 | An unknown force possesses those aboard and makes them perform vile (and perhaps suicidal) acts. |
| 10 | Crew and passengers stumble onto some kind of terrifying secret, such as that mankind was created for the sole purpose of generating suffering upon which the Space Gods feed. |
| 11 | Scientific laws have fallen away. Last week the stars went out, yesterday prehistoric beasts appeared on 23rd century earth, and today the captain turned into an inflatable pool toy – with colorful clown face! |
| 12 | People aboard the ship are vanishing, never to return. Although, perhaps one person came back, describing how nightmarish it is on the other side. |



CLONES

Cloning has many benefits. Anything within the size range of a rat to an elephant can be cloned. Below is a quick list of reasons for going the clone route...

- ⬡ In case you die, it's nice to have a backup. Death happens to the best of us. If you've been cloned, then it's like being resurrected.
- ⬡ You need a lot of organic individuals in a hurry, like creating a clone army.
- ⬡ You want copies of a specific individual, maybe a girl, sword master, or bounty hunter.

CLONING RIGHTS

You need the rights to clone someone other than yourself. Individuals motivated enough to clone a specific person have paid anywhere from 50 credits to 100,000. The average is somewhere around 20,000 credits for the rights to clone a desired individual.

Non-competitive rights allow one to clone an individual and no one else can clone him or her, except for the individual being cloned. Non-competitive rights usually double the price. Expect to pay triple for exclusive rights. With exclusive rights, that means no one else can clone the individual, not even the individual being cloned.

Traditionally, the bottom of the left foot is where "Do not copy!" is branded onto the flesh. If a "Do not copy!" sign is present, then only the official license-holder may authorize cloning of that individual.

Theft of the DNA code required to make a clone happens all the time. Usually, the cloning facility is legit and can help. Of course, if the cloning facility can't assist or the clone(s) came from a shadow cloning facility, occasionally the Federation will intervene. However, if the Federation is getting involved, the clone-victim better have all his papers in order.

CLONING COSTS

Raw materials, manufacturing, labor, chemical additives... they all add up. It costs 10,000 credits per clone. Sometimes, you can get bulk discounts at 100 clones, 500 clones, etc. Various price breaks depend on the cloning facility used.

CLONING A CLONE

Similar to Xeroxing a Xerox in the 20th century, cloning a clone is not ideal. Something gets lost in the translation... or unintentionally added. If the original doesn't exist anymore, then one may not have a choice. Just keep in mind that copying a copy invites discrepancies. These discrepancies multiply errors the more clones are cloned from a clone, each generation becoming more inaccurate than the last.

The following random table should be rolled each time cloning occurs without the original source. These inaccuracies are the byproduct of cloning discrepancies.

COUNTERFACTUAL CLONING

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | The clone is overly sweet, jovial, and good natured |
| 2 | The clone is overly angry and violent |
| 3 | The clone is overly cunning and sneaky |
| 4 | The clone is overly dim-witted |
| 5 | The clone is overly passive and lethargic |
| 6 | The clone is overly preoccupied with... 1) sports, 2) TV/movies, 3) eating, or 4) sex! |
| 7 | Clone is a mutant [roll on the mutation table, page 15 of Alpha Blue] |
| 8 | Clone has been spliced with alien DNA |
| 9 | Clone has no conscience and eventually becomes a psychopath |
| 10 | Clone tries to eliminate all others like it (most likely the original and fellow clones) |

FREE WILL

Robots have built in directives to keep them from going kill-crazy whenever something doesn't compute. Clones, on the other hand, have a mind of their own. Actually, they have the mind of the original life form they copied.

Even though every aspect of the original is replicated in a cloning facility, clone brains are universally treated with chemicals that make them generally well-disposed to whoever ordered the clone. That doesn't mean clones love their master, would die for them, or perpetually obey their commands. Nevertheless, clones will feel a sense of

calm in the presence of their "master," craving their attention, approval, and validation just as a child might.

This chemical cocktail of agreeableness is called Gratitude PX13. It lasts a few weeks, enough to condition a clone to internalize certain thoughts and emotions. Without it, clones would think and feel exactly the way their original selves would under similar conditions.

However, Gratitude PX13 won't insulate a master from suffering at the hands of his new clone due to abuse or neglect. After all, clones are people, too.

CLONING TIME TABLE

Usually, it takes a full day-cycle to create a clone - that's if the person being cloned is alive, well, and has all his parts. If only a small sample of DNA exists, such as blood, skin, hair, etc, it takes much longer... at least a week.

For those hoping to clone an army quickly, larger cloning facilities can cut the time into a third, but that also doubles the price. That means three clones could be made each cycle, but that would cost 60,000 credits (less any bulk discount).

“PURPLE PRIZM – THE REFRESHING GRAPE DRINK THAT TASTES GREAT WHILE EXTENDING ORGASM AND EXPANDING SEXUAL CONSCIOUSNESS!”







Суреткер
07.2016

DOMAIN MANAGEMENT

At some point, the player-characters may achieve some level of success. Power, riches, and resources are finally available to them. Gone are the days when making the Sekkel run for a few hundred credits is worth the trouble. And taking odd jobs for small-time space crooks has lost its appeal. Yes, the PCs have reached the big time.

The following tables are here to make domain management easy and fun - because Kort'thalis Publishing doesn't do boring. Ideally, the PCs will work their way up, up, up the ziggurat lickety-split! If they do well, their power increases... eventually allowing them to move up a spot or two on the scale.

TYPE OF DOMAIN

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Enormous ship: Something like a battle cruiser or colony ship |
| 2 | Space station (small): Could be a research center, med lab, or military outpost |
| 3 | Moon base: Most likely, this is an important installation on a moon orbiting a vital planet |
| 4 | Planetary base: An important installation on a planet that has some value |
| 5 | City: A large and permanent settlement for humans and/or aliens |
| 6 | Space station (large): Something like Alpha Blue or Revan 111 |
| 7 | State: Larger than a city, but not as big or powerful as an entire country. |
| 8 | Country: Considering the entire planet, your piece of the pie is relatively small |
| 9 | Continent: Your domain extends to somewhere between 20% to 60% of the planet |
| 10 | Moon: You're in charge of the entire moon |
| 11 | Planet: You're in charge of the entire planet |
| 12 | System: You're in charge of a system consisting of several planets orbiting a star (sometimes two stars if it's a binary system) |

By the way, these tables can also be used for NPCs of wealth, power, and influence.

HOW DID YOU ACQUIRE IT?

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | You won it in a high-stakes game of smuggler's quarry |
| 2 | Temporarily placed there to keep you out of trouble |
| 3 | You were the most suitable candidate at the time |
| 4 | Took it by force |
| 5 | You were offered the domain in return for your continued loyalty |
| 6 | Given the domain as a bribe to keep you quiet |
| 7 | No one knows |
| 8 | It was decreed by the Mauve Council |
| 9 | You bought your way into it |
| 10 | Acquired the domain because you wield one of the great star blades! |





LEADERSHIP

Sometimes you need a leader in a hurry. Here's a random table of leaders for whatever the occasion might be.

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | High Councilor Karrateur: He's a real, nice, sweet peach of a guy. Maybe too much of a pushover for a leader, though. |
| 2 | Warlord Xyon: Xyon is a corrupt, cynical, power hungry, deceptive dick of a leader. |
| 3 | King Camtree: Strong yet benevolent and charismatic leader who's loved by many, though frequently targeted for assassination. |
| 4 | Overseer Solon: Popular leader who is well liked and effective, though his administration was almost brought down by Solon's public sex scandal. |
| 5 | Dictator Bosh: Bumbling idiot who caters to the richest and most powerful of his planet. Not really a leader at all, more like a figurehead... an uninspiring one at that. |
| 6 | Lord Chancellor Zarak: Intelligent, well-spoken, and strategic leader who just so happens to come from a different background than the majority of those living on his planet. His administration is constantly under attack because of his minority status. |
| 7 | Madam President: This female world leader is ambitious, shrewd, cold and calculating. Her lack of trustworthiness is occasionally at odds with her will to do good for her planet. |
| 8 | Citizen Prime Terem: He's a chauvinistic, xenophobic, hot-headed, womanizing braggart – yet the people (mostly) love him. He doesn't put up with inefficiency and doesn't take no for an answer. |

"BETWEEN THE SATIN LIES,
THE TRUTH BURNS LIKE A LASER...
THE VISION NEVER DIES,
IT'S THE LIFE OF A SPACER."

COCKBLOCKING

Sometimes, you don't want your fellow spacer hooking up with some lovely at the bar. Maybe you want her for yourself? Perhaps she's a friend with low standards (or self-esteem) about to make a big mistake? Or it could be that you're making life difficult for a rival, someone who won the bid for that contract you desperately wanted? Whatever the reason, you want to block that cock!

Generally, there are three ways to go. One, rely exclusively on the random table provided. Two, ignore the table (except maybe for inspiration) and simply roleplay the situation out. Three, roll on the random table and then roleplay the situation from there.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU TRY TO COCKBLOCK?

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Backfire! She wants that cock even more now. |
| 2 | She decides to call it a night and go home... alone. |
| 3 | She suddenly shifts her flirtatious attention to the cockblocker. |
| 4 | She loses all sexual interest in the person she liked only moments ago |
| 5 | For the next hour or so she's distracted enough not to have sex with anyone |
| 6 | She becomes super horny with extremely low standards. She's ready to do anything with anyone... or everyone! |



HOW DID THAT NPC TRY TO COCKBLOCK YOU?

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Pantsing you in front of everybody |
| 2 | Insulting you to your face |
| 3 | Insulting you behind your back |
| 4 | Spiking your drink with some kind of drug... 1) psychedelic, 2) narcotic, 3) anti-wood, 4) belligerent |
| 5 | Besting you in some sort of competitive challenge, like playing space beer pong or getting groovy on the dance floor |
| 6 | Making it clear that she has a better connection with him than you |
| 7 | Stealing your thunder at every turn |
| 8 | Trying to kill you |
| 9 | Attempting to either knock you unconscious or detain you for several hours |
| 10 | Inviting her to his... 1) room, 2) office, 3) car, 4) planet for an all-expense paid shopping spree |
| 11 | Some kind of emergency like setting the bar on fire or inviting dwermfarmers |
| 12 | Insulting her friend so that she wants to leave, taking the girl with her |



WHERE ARE YOU?

Roll on these random tables when you need an interior location.

LEVEL

| Roll | Result | Roll | Result | Roll | Result |
|------|--------|------|--------|------|--------|
| 1 | One | 3 | Three | 5 | Five |
| 2 | Two | 4 | Four | 6 | Six |

AREA

| Roll | Result | Roll | Result |
|------|--------|------|--------|
| 1 | A | 5 | E |
| 2 | B | 6 | F |
| 3 | C | 7 | X |
| 4 | D | 8 | Z |

SECTION

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | White: Central control |
| 2 | Red: Military, security, armory |
| 3 | Blue: Sex, leisure, entertainment |
| 4 | Purple: mysteries, secrets, psychological experiments, occultism, and super-science |
| 5 | Grey: Detention block, holding cells, prisoner interrogation |
| 6 | Black: Mechanical systems |
| 7 | Yellow: Restaurants, sleeping quarters, laundry facilities |
| 8 | Green: Botanical gardens, fruits, vegetables |
| 9 | Brown: Waste management, sewer, recycling, garbage disposal units |
| 10 | Orange: Emergency services, medical equipment, life pods |

DETENTION BLOCK BLUES

So, you've been captured for some reason. There you are, sitting in your smooth, white, hexagonal cell, possibly surrounded with laser bars or force walls. What now?

WHO'S IN THERE WITH YOU?

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | A blue-skinned, arachnoid scavenger from Algeria Gamma. |
| 2 | A yellow and turquoise scaled noble from Sigma 7. He's got eyes all over his bulbous, slimy head. |
| 3 | Two terrier-like aliens, brothers, one with red fur, the other green. Both are still wearing their plaid, battle armor sweater vests. |
| 4 | A human woman with a mutation that allows her to control the size of her breasts. She's brunette and attractive with green eyes. |
| 5 | A humanoid shark with dreadlocks, a New Jamaican accent, and a mechanical hand. Some call him the Reggae Shark. He needs to get off-world before the Star Witch finds him. |
| 6 | A bug-eyed dwarf in a shiny black shell with several mouth antennae. He's a software engineer for the Initech Corporation. Keeps moaning about having his laser stapler confiscated. |
| 7 | An aquatic creature that smells like rotten fish. He needs water soon or will die of dehydration. |
| 8 | A wyrmslora with a full, bushy beard containing small space vermin. He's not part of the crime syndicate, but knows someone who is. |
| 9 | A trio of tall, cat-eyed demons with gold horns who are hunting down Knights in White Satin for their nameless employer. |
| 10 | A couple of reptilian bodyguards with brownish-green scales that use sonar to "see" and can "smell" color. One is allergic to the color yellow. |

WHAT ARE THEY IN FOR?

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Forging Federal documentation |
| 2 | Extreme prudishness |
| 3 | Flying too close to a residential zone |
| 4 | Stabbing an Imperial tax collector in the face |
| 5 | Smoking drugs during employee orientation |
| 6 | Starting a bar fight with a law enforcement officer |

WHAT ARE THESE INMATES DOING TO PASS THE TIME?

| Roll | Result |
|------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 | Space tiddlywinks |
| 2 | Weightlifting |
| 3 | Writing a novel |
| 4 | Reading |
| 5 | Roleplaying Games |
| 6 | Some form of sexual gratification |



MG
Curves

WHAT KIND OF FEDERATION AGENT?

The moniker "Federation agent" covers a lot of ground, sometimes too much. It's purposely vague so that everyone's imagination can fill in the details. But what if you want a little more to go on?

Below are various niches for that agent of the Federation to embody. Roll on this random table when you want something a bit more specific.

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Weapons specialist |
| 2 | Interrogation technician |
| 3 | Operations consultant |
| 4 | Field work operative |
| 5 | Long range wetworks (sniper) |
| 6 | Short range wetworks (close quarters assassination) |
| 7 | Tele-communications operator |
| 8 | Security officer |
| 9 | Pilot |
| 10 | Roll twice! |

WHAT'S THIS FEDERATION OFFICER LOOKING FOR

Regulating the space lanes ain't easy! Keeping them free of piracy is one of the Federation's primary jobs. It's rare when pirates have the freedom to move about the galaxy, hijacking freighters on their daily trade routes or robbing the passengers on a cruise ship. Of course, when Federation agents are too lazy, preoccupied, or corrupt to keep the space lanes pirate free, it's like the wild and lawless old west in space.

If stopped, approached, or queried, a Federation agent will invariably ask for one of the following. The PCs either won't have it or they have to pay it, whatever it is. Before the next time they're asked, PCs can pay to have such and such squared away, but chances are you won't roll that result again for awhile. In a standard year, whatever they paid for expires. And so it goes...

So how much will it cost? No matter what it is, roll 2d4 and multiply the result by 100 credits. That's how much

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Do you have the correct license? |
| 2 | Do you have the right permit? |
| 3 | Do you have your vehicle's registration? |
| 4 | There's an outstanding fine either in your name or that of your ship |
| 5 | Energy conservation fee |
| 6 | Environmental pollutant tax |
| 7 | Do you have your galactic passport? |
| 8 | Are all your papers in order? |

they have to pay in order to straighten things out. However, sometimes a bribe works just as well. Typically, bribes cost 1d4 x 100 credits. Have the player whose character is attempting to bribe the official roll his dice pool (dependent on the PC's career, roleplaying, and present circumstances). Critical failure will probably get you shot. Ordinary failure might get you reported.



Partial success may induce the Federation agent to ask for 50 credits more, etc.

PASSENGERS, CARGOES, AND SIDE JOBS

Usually, it's 100 credits per passenger per day's travel. Sometimes that includes a meal or two per day-cycle, sometimes not.

Standard cargo shipments are 50 credits per space cubit per day's travel (a standard cargo shipping pod is approximately 5 cubits). The rates double for hazardous conditions - a lot of spacers make their money on hazard pay.

Approximately once per travel day, there's a 2 in 6 chance that a Federation space station or battle cruiser in the area will demand an inspection of goods while also expecting a tariff of 10 credits per cubit of cargo.

Side jobs are generally semi-legal operations that require a starship and crew. Spacers keep their eyes open for side

jobs because they're fairly lucrative... but also a little risky. If it was completely legal or easy, a Federation approved union worker or robot would do it.

On average, side jobs pay about 1,000 credits per day-cycle. The minimum for "space cake" jobs is 500 credits. Bonuses for a job well done or "Sorry that one of your crew got himself disintegrated," ranges between 200 - 800 credits (2d4 x 100).

PASSENGERS

Who are you picking up? What's their deal? Is there anything nasty waiting for you at the destination? All good questions for spacers looking to make a few extra credits.

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Authentic: He is who he says he is. |
| 2 | Impostor: He is lying about who he says he is. |
| 3 | Under the radar: No names, no questions, just cold hard credits |
| 4 | Honest, but crooked: He's not volunteering any unnecessary info, but won't deny it, either. If someone does a simple background check, there's either a criminal history or recent revolutionary activity. |

CAREER

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Noble |
| 2 | Spacer |
| 3 | Templar |
| 4 | Businessman |
| 5 | Prostitute |
| 6 | Ordinary Federation citizen |
| 7 | Federation agent |
| 8 | Citizen of a different ruling body (such as the League of Unaligned Worlds) |





PERKS OF THE JOB

Bounty Hunter: If there's someone in particular a bounty hunter is looking for and he successfully brings them in, he gets to roll on the Career Benefits random table. This is limited to one roll per session.

Mercenary: If a mercenary does something he doesn't want to do for money, he gets to roll on the Career Benefits random table. This is limited to one roll per session.

Assassin: If an assassin kills an unsuspecting opponent by himself, he gets to roll on the Career Benefits random table. This is limited to one roll per session.

Pilot: If a pilot flies a starship on manual control above and beyond routine maneuvering, he gets to roll on the

Career Benefits random table. This is limited to one roll per session.

Explorer: If an explorer discovers something new on his journeys, he gets to roll on the Career Benefits random table. This is limited to one roll per session.

Scientist: If a scientist gets to use science in order to further himself, his adventuring party, or the mission, he gets to roll on the Career Benefits random table. This is limited to one roll per session.

Technician: If a technician fixes, repairs, or builds something useful, he gets to roll on the Career Benefits random table. This is limited to one roll per session.

CAREER BENEFITS

Benefits don't always come how you'd think. Sure, there's doing a good job, getting noticed, and receiving credit where credit is due. But let's not forget about perks and problems such as... bribes, blackmail, coercion, lack of funds to pay spacers who risked their lives, and inappropriate uses of a vibro-spanner.

Some benefits are intangible, while others are as solid as a brick of space gold. Consider this a little something extra for staying in character, good roleplaying, furthering the story, or in lieu of gaining a level (especially if the game session was only one or two hours long).

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Someone buys you a drink |
| 2 | Someone offers you a job |
| 3 | Someone buys a round of drinks for you and your friends/crew |
| 4 | Someone fills out a comment card describing what excellent service you provided |
| 5 | Someone gives you a high-five (high-six if they're an alien) |
| 6 | Someone gives you a pat on the back... or butt |
| 7 | Someone offers you a free laser skin illustration (tattoo) |
| 8 | You acquire a new pet... 1) cyber-dog, 2) bionic-cat, 3) space fish, or 4) monkey-lizard |
| 9 | You acquire a signature piece of equipment or weaponry |
| 10 | Someone buys you dinner |
| 11 | Someone offers you a sexual favor |
| 12 | Certification from Star Fleet Command |
| 13 | Limited edition fuzzy dice for your cockpit... 1) hot pink, 2) day-glo green, 3) florescent orange, 4) electric blue |
| 14 | An IOU from a government official |
| 15 | The gratitude of several people you don't know living on a planet you've never heard of |
| 16 | The undying loyalty of an alien companion |

| | |
|----|---|
| 17 | You found a gold credit (worth approximately 25 ordinary credits) |
| 18 | An autographed picture of Miss Andromeda (last year's beauty pageant winner) |
| 19 | Something named after you... 1) drink, 2) sandwich, 3) desert, or 4) sex move |
| 20 | You learned venusian karate [paralyze opponent for 1d6 rounds, usable once per session] |
| 21 | One of your frequent sex partners just got breast augmentation (or a penile implant) |
| 22 | You learned the vulcan nerve pinch [makes opponents unconscious for 1d6 rounds, usable once per session] |
| 23 | You acquire a service droid |
| 24 | Made a friend at the Alpha Blue Bank and get a favorable exchange rate |
| 25 | Receive a new custom-made outfit |
| 26 | Receive an armor upgrade (+1) |
| 27 | An IOU from a petty bureaucrat within the Draconian Empire |
| 28 | You pick up a facial scar, either a small one that looks distinguished or larger one that makes you look like a hardened badass |
| 29 | Learn the whereabouts of someone trying to kill you or that wants you dead |
| 30 | Recommendation from an admiral in the Federation that you should be given your own starship to command |

"I'D RATHER DRINK A SPACE LITER OF PURPLE PRIZM FROM A ZANTHRAX P-HOLE."

TELEPATHS

Telepaths are easy to spot. Most of them wear black leather gloves as if they were villains in an Italian giallo thriller from the 1970's. Actually, the gloves prevent accidental skin-to-skin (or scale) contact... nothing sinister.

Close proximity is enough for telepaths to pick up surface thoughts - if they are trying to read a particular subject. Just walking past a random spacer, telepaths wouldn't be able to pick up much. However, with line-of-sight, time, and energy expended on focusing one's mind, a telepath might be able to read what he had for lunch, where he's going in such a hurry, how much he was paid for his current assignment, and what that assignment was. Usually, the dice pool for this will be 3d6.

Standing next to an organic lifeform and concentrating for a minute or two will yield deeper results - such as, what he thinks of himself, where he's traveled this month, and the names of people he's come in contact with over the last few weeks. Usually, the dice pool for this will be 2d6.

Raw physical contact allows telepaths to really get in there. Many are capable of tricking a subject's mind into feeling pain, sadness, and joy... or even implanting specific memories. Usually, the dice pool for this will be 1d6.

Approximately 80% of telepaths in the central and core worlds work for the Federation. That number drops to about 50% the further out one travels - the outer rim and fringe worlds. Rogue telepaths discovered by the Federation are forced to register. The few who resist...

well, sometimes they meet an untimely end. The Federation is well versed in orchestrating such convenient accidents.

TELEPATHY AND YOU!

Each player may roll percentile dice [1d100] to determine if his character has telepathic powers. There's only a 3% chance of humans beings having such powers, 7% for aliens, and 5% for human/alien hybrids.

There's a special drug that enhances neural processing while introducing a quantum stimulus. The drug is called blue cream and it not only gets you high, but increases the chance for telepathic powers. Each time it's taken, characters double the chance to exhibit such powers. Applying blue cream to the base of the skull allows one to re-roll his percentile dice. If successful, the character is effectively considered a telepath for one hour.

If your character is a telepath, roll on the following table...



| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | You're basically owned by the Federation. You do what they say, when they say it. They have a locator chip inside you (permanent 2d6 damage to have it removed). |
| 2 | You work for a special division of the Federation. There's a locator chip inside you (permanent 2d6 damage to have it removed). |
| 3 | You're working for a faction other than the Federation. They keep close tabs on you, but you're still a free citizen with rights. |
| 4 | You're a latent telepath whose powers are only now beginning to show. No one knows your secret... yet. |
| 5 | You were forced into a Federation concentration camp. Before their conditioning took hold, you escaped. Now, you're on the run, always looking over your shoulder. |
| 6 | You're telepathic powers are so great that you're able to shield your mind from other telepaths, escaping detection. |

DRUG ADVANTAGES

Along with the downsides (listed on the following page), drugs have certain advantages. These advantages go above and beyond "getting high." Such euphoric states feel good for your character, but the player has no way of experiencing that for himself.

Every time a drug is taken, roll on the following random table to see the upside.

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Warm wave of confidence – add 1d4 to your Health for the next 2d4 hours. |
| 2 | Can't feel pain! For the next 1d4 hours, subtract 1d6 from damage inflicted upon you. |
| 3 | Visions! You glimpse what shall be, abstract picture and sounds depicting future events. |
| 4 | Invigorated! You get 1d6 additional Health for the next 2d4 hours. |
| 5 | Empathy... or something like it. You get advantage when attempting to convince someone of something. |
| 6 | You get lucky (not that kind). If something bad happens to one or more of your crew, you avoid it. If something awesome happens to one or more of your crew, you benefit. This lasts 2d4 hours. |

THE DOWNWARD SPIRAL

Alpha Blue is a game about sex, the 70's, sci-fi, and drugs. It's a mystery why I haven't come up with a random table for drug addiction before now. Oh well, here it is.

If a character indulges in a specific illicit substance three times, that third use means two rolls are required - a roll on the Toxicity table and another roll on the Addictive table.

This means, a character could try space cocaine once, blue cream twice, and star peyote twice without danger. However, if he partook of either blue cream or star peyote another time, then that would be thrice! Three times and you're out. Well, you've got to do some rolling.

Anytime a particular drug is taken after that third time, roll for it. Eventually, that shit will kill you. It just might take awhile before the downward spiral takes you away.

Optional Rule: If you want to cut down on the bookkeeping, here's a quick and dirty solution (aren't all solutions in Alpha Blue quick and dirty?): Roll on the drug advantage table every time. On the third time any drug is taken (don't keep track of specific drugs) and every time after that, the Space Dungeon Master should roll 1d6. If the result is a "1" or "2", then roll on both the toxicity and addiction tables.

TOXICITY

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | No sweat, man. You can handle it. |
| 2 | You get the shakes for 2d12 minutes after taking the drug. You'll have a slight disadvantage (-1d6) on physical actions attempted. |
| 3 | Blazing headache! You'll have a slight disadvantage (-1d6) on mental actions attempted for one hour. |
| 4 | Impotent. You can't have sex and gain no temporary Health from the activity. This lasts 1d6 hours. |
| 5 | You can have sex; you just can't orgasm – no temporary Health from the activity. This lasts 2d4 hours. |
| 6 | You get sleepy and take a nap for 1d4 hours. |
| 7 | Feels like bugs are crawling inside your skin. You're distracted and are at a slight disadvantage (-1d6) on every action attempted. This lasts one hour. |
| 8 | You get the sweats! For 1d4 hours, perspiration pours down your skin. Any time there's a situation, there's a 1 in 6 chance every round that you drop whatever you're carrying. |
| 9 | You're not sure what the fuck is going on. Total disorientation lasting 1d4 hours. |
| 10 | Unable to concentrate. You have disadvantage (-2d6 penalty) on all your actions for the next 1d4 hours. |
| 11 | Vomiting and diarrhea! You're spewing from both ends intermittently for 2d4 hours. Whatever you try doing is automatically attempted at a 1d6 dice pool. |
| 12 | Roll twice! If you happen to roll another "12," your character dies – make a death saving throw. |



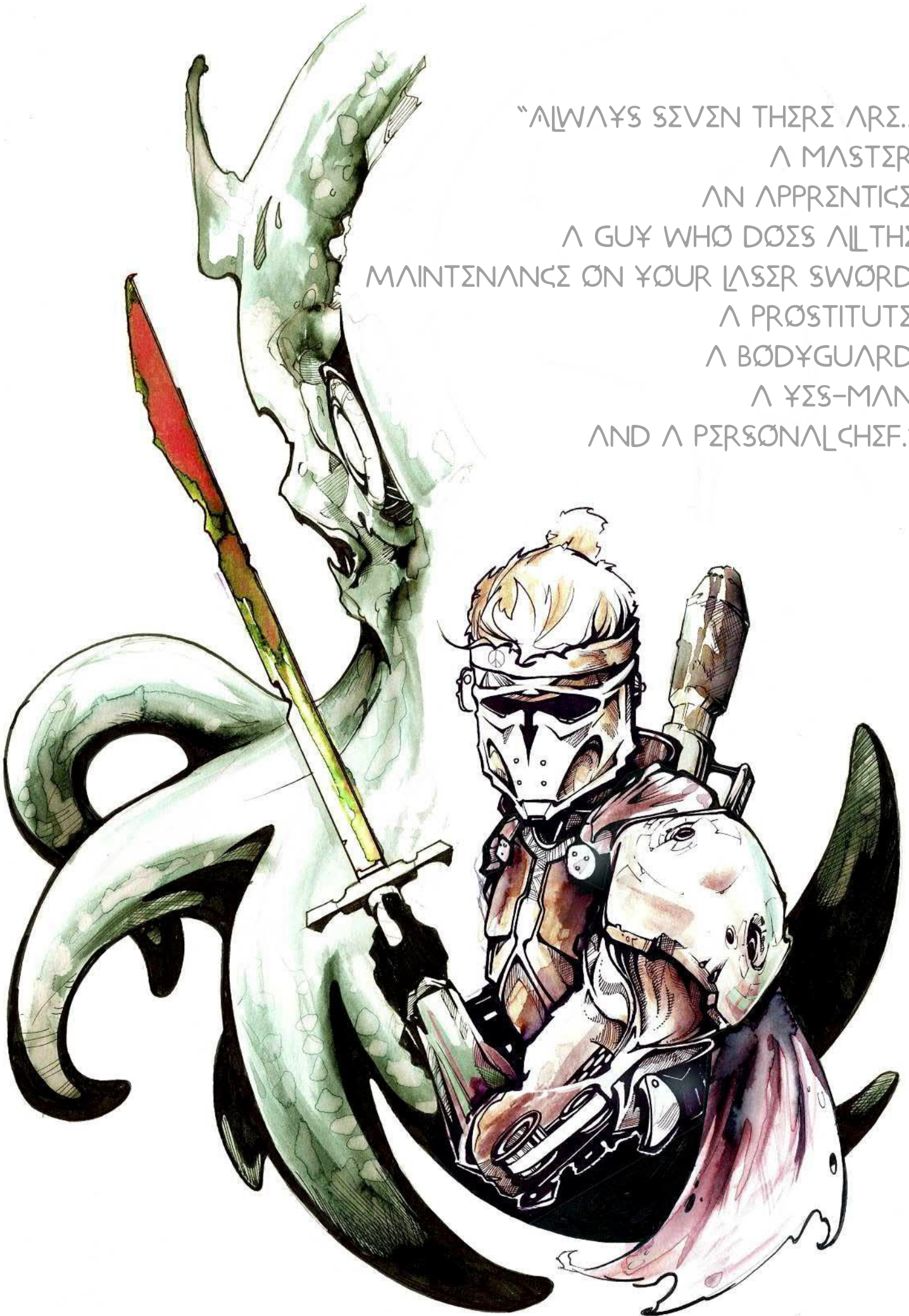
ADDICTION

Becoming addicted to a drug can suck. Luckily, there's an out. If you can go an entire week without any drug, the addiction goes away. From then on, if you partake in drugs with greater frequency than once a week, the addiction comes back to haunt you.

Space Dungeon Masters, don't get too hung up on the downward spiral. If the negative effects of recreational drug use have occurred 2 or 3 times in a session, that's probably enough. Don't beat a dead horse. After all, this game is supposed to be fun!

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | You can stop whenever you want. |
| 2 | You need it every 2 or 3 days, otherwise you lose 1d6 Health. |
| 3 | You need it every single day, otherwise you lose 1d6 on all your dice pools |
| 4 | When it's been longer than 6 to 8 hours since you've had the drug, you get hostile, mean, and borderline homicidal. |
| 5 | You'll do anything and everything to get just one more fix. |
| 6 | Roll twice! |

"ALWAYS SEVEN THERE ARE...
A MASTER,
AN APPRENTICE,
A GUY WHO DOES ALL THE
MAINTENANCE ON YOUR LASER SWORD,
A PROSTITUTE,
A BODYGUARD,
A YES-MAN,
AND A PERSONAL CHEF."



REVAN 111

It goes by many names. Some call it Revan one-eleven, Revan one one one, Revan triple-one, Revan Trident, Revan Trinity, or just Revan.

Revan 111 is a space station devoted to peace in the Ustrata galaxy, though it occasionally wanders outside Ustrata into neighboring galaxies. Hanging at the central corridor between a wild assortment of alien factions on a thousand different worlds, Revan 111 is a sanctuary, safe haven, and last refuge for the dispossessed, disenfranchised, revolutionaries, activists, libertarians, ordinary space scum, and all those beings with a reason to hide.

Revan 111 has been called a "multicultural cesspool" by those pro-humanist groups who frequently vilify the space station. Ambassadors from various systems live on Revan, maintaining the illusion of cooperation and peaceful arbitration of boundaries, resources, and stockpiles of neutronic warheads. Unfortunately, not much has been done about hostility in the Ustrata galaxy. Old hatreds and unknown futures only exacerbate the tension.

Besides the constant threat of annihilation from aggressive forces and military regimes, there's only one problem... nobody on the space station is what he seems.

Below is a random table of secrets, scandals, and unfortunate pasts. Roll once per individual. If the Space Dungeon Master wishes, he can offer players the option of rolling on this table in exchange for some benefit at character creation. For instance, an extra roll on the career table, the benefits of an alien species, paying off your debt, or rolling twice on the best in show table.

REVAN CONFIDENTIAL

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Transgender |
| 2 | Weird, embarrassing, or forbidden sexual fetish |
| 3 | Double agent working for a foreign government |
| 4 | Unintentionally aided genocidal androids in conquering his home system |
| 5 | Selling sensitive government secrets to the highest bidder |

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| 6 | Convicted of holding up a fueling station |
| 7 | Just turned 30 years old and became a runner in order to avoid termination at Carousel |
| 8 | Publicly disgraced in a sex scandal |
| 9 | Has severe paranoia, believing every conspiracy theory he hears |
| 10 | Working to sabotage Revan 111 |
| 11 | Tried to bring down his oppressive government |
| 12 | Deadbeat dad |
| 13 | Changeling on the run (changelings have to register and serve the government) |
| 14 | Telepath on the run (telepaths have to register and serve the government) |
| 15 | Soothsayer on the run (seers have to register and serve the government) |
| 16 | Accidentally learned too much about one or more crime syndicates |
| 17 | Perpetrated fraud in some kind of Ponzi scheme |
| 18 | Once powerful cult leader ousted by rival cultists |
| 19 | Once powerful cult leader shut down by the local government |
| 20 | Unintentionally murdered 2d4 people |
| 21 | Political figure whose policies were extremely unpopular |
| 22 | Diplomat who led his people into a holocaust of suffering and death |
| 23 | Disowned by family for acting against the family's interests |
| 24 | Bankrupt businessman who ruined his company after a succession of poor decisions |
| 25 | Belonged to a zedi order and turned against them |
| 26 | Eloped with lover because family disapproved |
| 27 | Avowed nudist who won't wear clothes for anybody! |
| 28 | Scientist who rejects the fundamental precepts of the scientific community |
| 29 | Space surgeon who got drunk and high, butchering several patients |



Cyberbut Tojani
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| 30 | Has run up a quarter-million credit card debt |
| 31 | Owes thousands of credits to half a dozen different loan sharks |
| 32 | Alcoholic who ruined every healthy relationship in his life |
| 33 | Drug addict who ruined every healthy relationship in his life |
| 34 | Gambling problem and bad luck don't mix |
| 35 | Templar who lost faith and publicly denounced the Space Gods |
| 36 | Mercenary who routinely took payment but never completed the job |
| 37 | Bounty hunter who routinely took payment but never completed the job |
| 38 | Assassin who routinely took payment but never completed the job |
| 39 | The Universal Revenue Service (URS) is after him for tax evasion |
| 40 | Caught smuggling Q'teth – the most heinous drug in the galaxy, outlawed on every civilized planet in Ustrata |
| 41 | Stole someone's identity |
| 42 | Convicted of war crimes against the people of the Esari nebula |
| 43 | Received illegal cybernetic implants from an unscrupulous cyber-surgeon |
| 44 | Accidentally blew up one of Vega 7's moons |
| 45 | Reality TV star continually in and out of rehab |
| 46 | Child TV star who grew up too fast in the spotlight and now no one gives a shit |
| 47 | Used to be a Federation agent before his arrest, conviction, and sentencing – now a fugitive |
| 48 | Legally married his adopted daughter (or son) |
| 49 | Has multiple spouses and is from a planet where that is illegal |
| 50 | Impregnated an underage girl (or got pregnant by an underage boy) |
| 51 | Ancestor invented the rape machine |

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|----|--|
| 52 | Used cheap materials to build colony infrastructure on Golan Prime – entire city collapsed during a planetary tremor |
| 53 | Double-crossed his long-time partner and friend who's still out there somewhere and seeking revenge |
| 54 | Had parents killed in order to receive inheritance early |
| 55 | Member of elite kill-squad whose existence was disavowed when a Federation agent outed him for short term political gain |
| 56 | Family died in a drone strike and now seeks revenge |
| 57 | Brainwashed to be the ultimate secret weapon as a successful politician, but controlled by an enemy government – the Martian candidate |
| 58 | Received countless death threats for tweeting spoilers about the TV show The Game of Walking Bachelorettes |
| 59 | Produced the musical Springtime for Hitler |
| 60 | Directed the worst Aliens vs Predators movie ever made (even worse than Aliens vs. Predator: Requiem) |
| 61 | Suspected terrorist on the Federation's watch and no-fly list |
| 62 | Held up a bank and on the run from authorities |
| 63 | Known associate of loathsome crime boss |
| 64 | Federation informant |
| 65 | Undercover Federation agent |
| 66 | Challenged to several duels in his life and ran away from all of them |
| 67 | Asexual and member of the Anti-Sex Society (ASS) |
| 68 | Social justice warrior |
| 69 | Atheistic activist and member of the Freedom From Religion Foundation (FFRF) |
| 70 | Plagiarist |
| 71 | Con man with crisis of conscience |
| 72 | Replicant who just learned he wasn't human |

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“TAKE THE
PURPLE PRIZM
CHALLENGE!”



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|----|---|
| 73 | Member of the Committee for the Liberation and Integration of Terrifying Organisms and their Rehabilitation Into Society (CLITORIS) |
| 74 | Sold his crewmates out to a band of space-faring reavers |
| 75 | Belonged to the Mauve Council years ago |
| 76 | Sustenance contractor responsible for feeding colonists soylent green |
| 77 | Incapable of telling a lie |
| 78 | Accused by a Federation court of 37 counts of rape |
| 79 | Helped plan terrorist bombing that killed hundreds |
| 80 | Stole babies from space station med-lab for illegal adoption |
| 81 | Knew that environment was being poisoned by fracking for numismaton gas |
| 82 | During biological weapon experiments, created a new deadly virus that's killed thousands |
| 83 | Ran several Kickstarter campaigns, but then absconded with the money leaving backers high and dry |
| 84 | Telepath working for the Federation – has killed dozens of high-profile targets |
| 85 | Changeling working for the Federation – has killed dozens of high-profile targets |
| 86 | Soothsayer working for the Federation – his sight into the future led to the death of over a hundred Federation citizens |
| 87 | Assassination working for the Federation – has killed dozens of high-profile targets |
| 88 | Bounty hunter working for the Federation – has brought dozens of revolutionary leaders to “justice” |
| 89 | Has never seen any of the Star Wars movies! |
| 90 | Convicted arsonist who can't stop setting things on fire |
| 91 | Will do anything for a promotion... and has proved that point many times over |
| 92 | Participated in the Sez'markan raids during the third trimester of falling sons |

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|-----|---|
| 93 | Trampled upon a burning space Mexican flag a few centons ago, but everybody seems to remember |
| 94 | Never flushes the toilet after going #2... and sometimes #3 |
| 95 | Responsible for legislation that kept clothing on Orion slave girls throughout the 2190's |
| 96 | Member of President A'bmaro's special committee to take everyone's guns away |
| 97 | Practitioner of space demon sorcery – A'tari |
| 98 | Is a Knight of Black Satin |
| 99 | Scab who replaced a dock worker on strike |
| 100 | Military leader nicknamed “Surrender Serryn” |



ALIEN SPECIES CULTURAL BIAS

Any time you want a little more information on a non-human individual or entire race of beings, roll on this random table. Knowing the type of society, culture, and civilization a species comes from will give you an indication of how they behave, and should be roleplayed.

Of course, playing against the stereotype can be just as rewarding. But even then, remembering context will go a long way towards accurately portraying that individual. For instance, if a character's species is warlike, then what made him a pacifist? Assuming you want to go in the

opposite direction. Another example is a character who tries to control his lustful urges in favor of logic and heightened awareness. Not going for the antithesis, yet different enough from his species to make him rather unique.

| Roll | Result | Roll | Result |
|------|--|------|---|
| 1 | Warrior: A species that prides itself on combat, strategic, and tactical prowess with military victory seen as the ideal. Generally adversarial, confrontational, and aggressive. Such species will tend to solve problems with violence. Political and legal disputes are regularly contested via trial by combat. | 5 | Social: This species is extremely outgoing. They like being around others and take an interest in what's going on with other individuals and groups. Social species are the first one to throw a party, organize a convention, or reach out to those not like themselves. |
| 2 | Peaceful: A species that feels oneness with the universe and all the myriad lifeforms within it. They are generally passive, friendly, and meditative with a wide perspective and empathetic demeanor. | 6 | Authoritarian: This species craves order. To know who one is and where one fits into the greater whole is deeply important to them. Unquestioning obedience is the cornerstone of their civilization. According to them, other species must take pains to learn how an authoritarian species does things and follow suit. |
| 3 | Logical: This species prefers rational thought, deductive reasoning, and purist logic. Every decision should be weighed against possible variables and chosen based upon mathematical computations. | 7 | Mysterious: Such a species is naturally secretive, closely guarding who they are, what they know and feel, their entire way of life. Culturally, a mysterious species will seem the most alien. Rather than explain themselves as most will among individuals unfamiliar with their kind, the behavior of a mysterious species prefers to keep strangers ignorant of their ways. |
| 4 | Isolationist: This species wants to be left alone. They require little to nothing from others and never ask for assistance. They consider anyone of another species or from a different planet to be an outsider. | 8 | Horny: All species have some kind of ritual of intimacy, but the horniest aliens are predominantly focused on sex – sex within their own species, sex with those unlike them, the sexual practices of celebrities, politicians, artists, and even ordinary people. Whatever their behavior, it can always be traced back to sex. |

THE AFTER-PARTY

Life isn't just about a crew of spacers inside the cramped confines of a starship or the vastness of space. Sometimes, the action happens inside a huge party.

The following random table can be used multiple ways. A Space Dungeon Master could roll 1d100 as soon as the PCs arrive and then again every 10 or 15 minutes until the PCs leave or pass out. He could wait for the PCs to make the first move, briefly describing the scene and then allowing the players to describe how their characters are going to proceed - with the SDM rolling or picking and choosing as necessary. Finally, he might decide that everything on the table is happening at that party; maybe not all at once, but within a timeframe of an hour or two. Instead of rolling, he may elect to use the numbered encounters as locations. Lower numbers are occurring at the entrance to the party and higher numbers at the back. Alternatively, lower numbers could denote an earlier timeframe while the higher numbers represent a later point in the evening.

Lots of options! Here's a segue into just the sort of debauchery you might come to expect from *Alpha Blue*...

You missed the actual party, unfortunately. The freighter hauling 23 space tons of frozen Purple Prizm grape soda was late... then it was stopped by customs... and then almost hijacked by dwarffarmers on ultra-amphetamines. Needless to say, you're ready to get this after-party into full swing! Let's see what happens soon after you arrive.

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Someone slipped a turquoise dreamer into your drink. Now, all you want to do is have anal sex. |
| 2 | You accidentally got diverted into a nearby conference room where an orange-furred platypusoid is giving a power-point presentation regarding time-share properties on New Alderaan 2. |
| 3 | An alien that's mostly just eyes and glowing indigo snot just threw up all over you. Gross! |
| 4 | After about 20 microns of waiting, you finally got yourself a drink and found the friends you were hanging out with from before - now some random, albeit cute, woman wants you to get her a drink, as well. |

| | |
|----|---|
| 5 | As soon as you walk in, a trio of large, two-headed, hairy albino ape-men with glittering horns tell you that you're kind isn't welcome here. |
| 6 | You order a drink, the bartender pours a thick, molasses-like, chartreuse-colored substance into a tall, rectangular glass and tells you that'll be 15 credits. You feel around for your space wallet - but it's gone! |
| 7 | Some girl wearing a sexy red outfit with three boobs and smoking a personal hookah motions for you to come closer. You walk towards her just as another spacer comes up to the girl, putting his arm around her. |
| 8 | You get an incoming call on your vis-a-fone. Before you can see who it is, a sneaky little anchovy-based life form swipes it out of your hand and scurries towards the main stage where various strippers are pole-dancing to "Girls, Girls, Girls" by Motley Crue. |
| 9 | Just as one stripper is leaving the pole-dancing area and another is entering, one of the women accidentally kicks a platinum credit (worth approximately 100 regular credits) in your drink. |
| 10 | A stripper with clear-colored, high-heel platform dancer shoes walks right past you. She's the hottest girl here tonight. Your gaze follows her spectacular ass as she walks into the "Anything Goes Room." |
| 11 | You're snorting a few lines of vermilion psychopath off some reptilian girl's tits when suddenly the veins under your skin start glowing bright scarlet. |
| 12 | Some jackass let his tiger-bot into the party. It's already clawed up a half-dozen people by the time it finds you - and regards you with cold, predatory disdain. |
| 13 | You haven't eaten since connecting with the Purple Prizm freighter at Algeria Gamma. You're famished and there's nothing to eat! In the distance, you see some spacer holding a grilled space cheese sandwich. |
| 14 | A protocol-bot corners you, regaling you with anecdotes about the Enigma Cluster orbiting Kryus Prime. |

| | |
|----|---|
| 15 | An old and inebriated acquaintance believes he can shoot faster and straighter than you. He challenges you to a blaster duel right here and now. |
| 16 | A suckered star slug from Vokk Major-Minor insults your funky threads while implying that you have a reputation for disappointing your sexual partners. |
| 17 | There's a Knight in White Satin talking to the bartender about something. Must be pretty important if he's taking up the bartender's valuable time. Meanwhile, you and the other patrons aren't getting any drinks. |
| 18 | Directly in front of you, some girl is taking a selfie with one of her girlfriends. The flash momentarily blinds you - sending you stumbling into a nearby crowd of people. Your face somehow ends up in the cleavage of Vanessa Von Tease, a well-known burlesque performer on the outer rim. |
| 19 | Princess Assa is in attendance. She's wearing a tight little blue dress accented with sparkling diamonds. The Princess has ordered her personal bodyguards to line up some of the more desirable men and women in front of her VIP corner booth. You're picked to stand in that line. |
| 20 | You're fucked up on Tinkerbell's Fairydust, wandering around asking people about the Great Space Chicken and Cosmic Egg. Eventually, a sentient violet-colored gas tells you about an easy game of smuggler's quarry happening in the next sector. He's willing to stake you the 5,000 credits required to play, both of you will split the profits... but if you lose it all - he owns you (as in slavery). Not being in your right mind, you signed a contract agreeing to those terms. |
| 21 | A short, heavy-set technician smoking a cigar walks up to you, says his name is McSpanner and asks if you know of any employment opportunities. "I'm real good with a laser wrench." |
| 22 | A personal shuttle lands on the party's edge. Its thrusters burn a couple spacers to a crisp. No one seems to mind. Through the mist, you see the ship's door open. Inside is a brilliant emerald green light. |

| | |
|----|---|
| 23 | A handsome young spacer is attempting to drink a sovaskyan under the table. There's several hundred credits on the line. The sovaskyan is getting angry that the human hasn't passed out yet and starts jabbering something in his native tongue (the alien says that if the human is still drinking in 5 microns, he's going to shoot him in the head with his blaster). |
| 24 | A Federation vice squad crashes the party and starts corralling partygoers into a law enforcement transport. |
| 25 | A fidgety little gremlin-like creature brags to everyone at the bar that he's just escaped from the penal planet Zytarius Beta. While he was serving time on Zytarius Beta he overheard a member of the Interstellar Caliphate talking about an upcoming terrorist attack. |
| 26 | A firefight breaks out with multiple shooters. 1d4 partygoers are dead and 2d6 wounded. The shooters are rogue assassin droids wearing crimson robes. |
| 27 | The passenger ship Renaldo is carrying illegal immigrants to one of the frontier worlds. The ship's captain already has their money and is thinking about dumping them off here instead of taking them to the fringe. |
| 28 | A dark-skinned humanoid wearing a leopard trench coat, sunglasses, and a flying-saucer shaped hat is pointing a blaster at a teal-skinned aquatic creature, telling it to come with him. |
| 29 | You see a spacer with an illegal mullet. The mullet hairstyle was outlawed a few years ago among the core worlds. So, either he's from the outer rim or fringe planets or he just doesn't give a fuck. |
| 30 | A section of the after-party has turned into a small orgy. Humanoids, aliens, and robots are going to town on each other like they were on Alpha Blue. |
| 31 | A female butterfly-winged alien colored bright yellow, red, and purple is live blu-streaming her night out on the town. |
| 32 | A small group of scientists are discussing how quantum wave theory reacts in anti-matter zones. Every time a pretty girl walks by, one of them looks away, another leers at her in a creepy manner, and a third starts to laugh uncontrollably. |

| | |
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| 79 | There's a hot pink dragoness perched on top of the bar. She was bred for pleasing her masters and likes bondage in particular. A sleek black droid is currently examining her shock collar, which gives the dragoness a zap. |
| 80 | This teal-skinned female with three breasts, wearing a transparent raincoat is conversing with an insectoid alien about some new state-of-the-art cloning facility on Rigel 12. The teal woman is a damn good pilot named Otaria Murasa. |
| 81 | A tall, thin humanoid with pointy ears is standing directly behind a woman kneeling on a table. The pointy eared dude is attempting to give her a blue raspberry enema. |
| 82 | The universal arm of the law has arrived. A space sheriff and two deputies are walking around, asking questions. You notice one alien in particular – a wyrmslorr – is closing out his bar tab and sluggishly squirm out the door. |
| 83 | There's some sort of space bukkake occurring at the far end of the bar. Looks like some broad is choking on a techno-druid's cock. |
| 84 | Two factions are clearly visible – both factions are demonic looking aliens with bone-white scales. The first faction wears a blue sash, the second wears green. Eying each other up, it looks like they're preparing for battle. |
| 85 | Three drunk space sorority girls from Light Speed University are attempting to earn Girls Gone Rogue t-shirts via a blowjob competition. Lines are forming... |
| 86 | Two cone-headed humanoids and a space Arab are playing holo-chess at 100 credits a game. Spectators are taking side-bets, but the gambling seems to have gotten out of hand. One of the spectators – an alien composed of nothing but eyeballs – just staked his life on the space Arab winning the next game. However, if he wins, the eyeball dude stands to make 100,000 credits! |

| | |
|----|--|
| 87 | Though distorted, you can recognize the song "I Lost my Heart to a Starship Trooper" blaring through the bar's ripped speakers. A bald female humanoid with purple eyes and a forked tongue wearing some kind of leather S&M outfit asks if you'd like to dance. |
| 88 | A dark haired woman hysterically cries out that her water just broke! A crystalline alien next to her asks if there's a space doctor in the vicinity. She's dilated 9 centimeters by the time anyone examines her – that means it's about time to start pushing. |
| 89 | A spacer with a long, deep scar over his dead milky eye walks past you. As the spacer passes, he mutters something – that you're scum who stink of prizm grape soda... and that prizm tastes like purple piss! The spacer's name is Cal Tek. He's an asshole. He's also hoping to get killed in the line of duty so that his beneficiaries (family) receive a large settlement from the mega-corporation he works for. |
| 90 | Four plant-based life-forms are keeping to themselves, making species-ist statements while taunting various humanoids walking by. The xenophobic chlorophylloids aren't dangerous... unless someone realizes what they're saying and takes a swing at one of them. |
| 91 | A squadron of Federation Earthforce Troopers was deployed to this system as peacekeepers. Now, they're here at the party, checking things out. You notice their superior firepower – pulse cannons. It doesn't take long before one of them starts groping a female humanoid. |
| 92 | There's a rockstar here at the party tonight. His name is Val Mateen and his band is called Queer Sands. Val Mateen has drag queen makeup smeared across his ugly face. He's your typical hell raising douchebag. He believes the universe revolves around him. His entourage consists of a couple roadies, one actor of minor celebrity, and several space skanks. |

THE TEACHINGS ACCORDING TO HEMJASHUA

Spirituality is something that all sentient species have in common. However, when spiritual feelings are translated into material actions, you frequently get dogmatic rites and rituals, religious practices handed down from one generation to the next.

For some, these practices are merely a formality, customs observed because they're woven into the cultural fabric. For others, such traditions are a means of connecting with a higher power, transcending this crude matter.

For aliens, roll upon the first table 1d4 times. If you happen to roll a particular result more than once, consider it that much more important. Roll upon the second table to discover how frequently those religious practices should be celebrated.

Just because a poetry recital or nonconsensual sex are supposed to be performed daily or multiple times per day, doesn't mean an orthodox alien will do so. Obviously, a variety of factors must be taken into consideration. A third random table is provided to determine just how religious an individual happens to be.

For humans, roll only once. Just because a character is human, doesn't mean that he isn't from some strange world with even stranger traditions.

Human hybrid (half-breed) characters should roll on the table 1d3 times.

Of course, these bizarre religious practices aren't just for background color. The Space Gods are real... aren't they? If all their religious practices are observed to the best of their ability, characters may re-roll a single d6, limited to once per session. Templars who attend to their particular rites and rituals may re-roll two d6, limited to once per session.

ALIEN RELIGIOUS PRACTICES

| Roll | Result |
|------|----------------|
| 1 | Ringling bells |
| 2 | Beating drums |
| 3 | Chanting |
| 4 | Singing |

| | |
|----|---|
| 5 | Writing down one's thoughts |
| 6 | Reciting poetry |
| 7 | Sacrificing a non-believer |
| 8 | Sacrificing someone of a different species |
| 9 | Self-sacrifice |
| 10 | Sacrificing one of the faithful |
| 11 | Mixing blood |
| 12 | Drinking a hallucinogenic elixir |
| 13 | Airing grievances |
| 14 | Competing in feats of strength |
| 15 | Prayer |
| 16 | Prolonged meditation |
| 17 | Dying the skin a different color |
| 18 | Random act of kindness |
| 19 | Forgiving those who've trespassed against you |
| 20 | Remembering oneself |
| 21 | Solitary sex |
| 22 | Sex with a willing partner |
| 23 | Sex with an unwilling partner |
| 24 | Baptism in some type of liquid |
| 25 | Eating something gross |
| 26 | Hosting an elaborate feast |
| 27 | Fasting |
| 28 | Making a facsimile of one's appendage and displaying it |
| 29 | Refusal to wear clothing |
| 30 | Abstaining from violence |
| 31 | Reading a particular book |
| 32 | Attempting to be more like Hemjashua |
| 33 | Wearing a frightening mask |
| 34 | Getting married |
| 35 | Dangling from flesh-hooks |
| 36 | Scarification of oneself |

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| 37 | Receiving a tattoo |
| 38 | Participating in a duel |
| 39 | Burning the sacred flame |
| 40 | Granting a favor |
| 41 | Accepting an arduous task |
| 42 | Facing towards a particular monument |
| 43 | Allowing an external force to possess you |
| 44 | Cannibalism |
| 45 | Dripping green slime over large, naked breasts |
| 46 | Choreographed dancing |
| 47 | Elders tear away at hatchling exoskeletons and squirt fluids on raw flesh giving them chemical burns that increase levels of alien testosterone |
| 48 | Whipping female bottoms with fertility reeds |
| 49 | Unmarried adults are forced to wear yellow and green ridiculous hats |
| 50 | The faithful are to receive a pie in the face |
| 51 | Giving 5% of one's wealth to charity |
| 52 | Tipping over 18% |
| 53 | Mocking other people's religious beliefs and/or customs |
| 54 | Dressing up like a giant blue penis |
| 55 | Enduring the poisonous bite of a fully grown satere-mawe |
| 56 | Entering a state of higher consciousness |
| 57 | Remembering past triumphs |
| 58 | Remembering past defeats |
| 59 | Honoring fallen comrades |
| 60 | Painting the unborn eggs (fetal sacs, swollen bellies, etc.) with the blood of one's enemies |
| 61 | Inventing a new silly walk to make the Space Gods laugh |
| 62 | Chop off male genitalia and feed it to The Pale Empress |
| 63 | Ingesting a disgusting liquid that forces one to vomit into a sacred bronze cistern |

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| 64 | Intoning mathematical equations |
| 65 | Slowly walking in a circle around a hypercube |
| 66 | Burying a time capsule with personal belongings inside |
| 67 | Christening the sacred grotto with anal sex |
| 68 | Jumping up and down |
| 69 | Morris dancing |
| 70 | Ritualistically shaved scrotum – there really is nothing like a shorn scrotum... it's breathtaking! |
| 71 | Absorb as much of the nearest star-rays as possible (usually from worlds without much sunlight) |
| 72 | Constructing your own plumbus – must include fleeb juice (kosher, if possible) |
| 73 | Constructing one's own laser sword and then severing an opponent's limb or appendage with it |
| 74 | Building a motorcycle and riding it around while praising the great god, H'ar Le'ed Avi's Son! |
| 75 | Wrestling the head of the household or group's leader |
| 76 | Witnessing the terrible visage of god – flesh and bone is destroyed, only a soul crystal remains. Soul crystals can be implanted within clones, cyborgs, or replicants. |
| 77 | Motorboat the female with the best boobs |
| 78 | Virgins (must be 18+) are required to have sexual intercourse with the first humanoid who asks |
| 79 | Recite the sacred words: Klaatu barada nikto |
| 80 | Verbalize the explicit name of the darkest god – Kort'thalis! |
| 81 | Communion with the body and blood of Sarx, the god of beef jerky |
| 82 | Apply a gelatinous resin to shaved head so that it becomes translucent – better for the Space Gods to see your thoughts! |
| 83 | Accepting a dream-quest from the God of Slumber |
| 84 | Journeying to the nearest asteroid field, setting foot upon an asteroid and daring the space rocks to smash you |

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| 85 | Carrying a Commodore 64 floppy disk of The Bard's Tale on one's person... just in case! |
| 86 | Eating space chocolate and space cheese in alternating servings |
| 87 | Consciousness uploaded into a data storage facility or crystal |
| 88 | Having a heart-to-heart chat with one's clone |
| 89 | Participating in a panty raid |
| 90 | Make a video recording of sacred practices, store those moving pictures within a crystal, and wear it around one's neck |
| 91 | Rhythmic movement (without music) |
| 92 | Giving or receiving a new sacred name |
| 93 | Playing video games |
| 94 | Allowing telepaths free access to their innermost thoughts |
| 95 | Constructing a sanctuary out of salvaged parts of a wrecked starship |
| 96 | Sculpting the Dreaded One of Many Tentacles out of clay or similar substance |
| 97 | Committing a favorite book to memory and then throwing it in the ceremonial flames |
| 98 | Granting amnesty to prisoners |
| 99 | Smoking the black meat of a K'rymzonian centipede |
| 100 | Forgiveness of all debts (except for video rental late fees and library fines for overdue books) |

HOW OFTEN?

| Roll | Result |
|------|-----------------------|
| 1 | Three times per day |
| 2 | Once per day |
| 3 | Three times per week |
| 4 | Once per week |
| 5 | Once per month |
| 6 | Quarterly |
| 7 | Bi-annually |
| 8 | Once per year |
| 9 | Every three years |
| 10 | Once per decade |
| 11 | Every quarter century |
| 12 | Once per century |

HOW SERIOUS?

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Barely makes an effort to observe religious practices |
| 2 | Tries to observe religious practices unless it's inconvenient |
| 3 | Observes religious practices unless there are special circumstances |
| 4 | Would rather die (or kill) than let their religious practices go unobserved |

LESSER DESIRES

The following table is for determining things people want, specifically NPCs. This does not include greater desires, such as to live a long healthy life, the need for love, or lust for power. Lesser desires are smaller wants, more attainable and immediate - for our purposes, they are considered actionable.

Roll on this random table once per individual in order to round him out and give him some kind of motivation beyond not getting killed or staying out of trouble. Some of these are fairly general, others more specific. If what you rolled doesn't seem to fit, check out the neighboring results - one up and one down - to see if those are more appropriate. Also, feel free to swap genders.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | To have a sit-down with Grabba the Butt; there is business to discuss. |
| 2 | Retrieve a missing data crystal containing embarrassing (possibly scandalous) images. |
| 3 | Have sex with two women at once – without paying for it. |
| 4 | Start a Space Burger franchise. |
| 5 | Victim of identity theft – his Ident-card was stolen and assets frozen. He promises to reward those who help him clear his name or loan him 1,000 credits. |
| 6 | Is convinced that one or more pleasure androids in service at the Sex World recreational theme park are partially human. |
| 7 | Is putting his last remaining credits on a gladiatorial arena fight – Barbarosa to win in the sixth. |
| 8 | A ride back to the N'tyn system. |
| 9 | Steal something from the Star Bar as part of an initiation ritual. |
| 10 | To discover the deeper secrets of Purple Prizm grape-flavored soft drink. |
| 11 | Shopping for either a silver space poncho or clear platform stripper heels. |

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| 12 | Searching for a brave hero named Leeroy Jenkins - he's needed for a Special Forces mission. |
| 13 | A decent haircut at Star Cuts (good luck, spacer). |
| 14 | A new kidney! He just woke up in a bathtub full of ice with a long, bloody scar running down his side. |
| 15 | There's a shipment of small arms earmarked for a resistance group of reptoids (reptilian droids), but the cargo hold is under guard – extra security because a high-ranking official has just landed. |
| 16 | Tickets to Sex World are expensive, but she (Freya) is on a prostitution visa. The only trouble is that she's married – her husband is on a mining ship headed out of the galaxy. Freya needs 500 credits for a temporary one-month annulment. |
| 17 | Was a protestor on Mars colony, lost his right arm in the Kreezor demonstration and is looking for a cybernetic replacement. |
| 18 | She's a tourist looking to take pictures for the folks back home. Some hairy insect humanoid just stole her space camera. Besides "hairy" and "insect," all she can say is that it smelled like ammonia. |
| 19 | Just broke out of penal planet Quorax and looking for either a new identity or passage to some fringe world. |
| 20 | Looking for inspiration on his next sci-fi novel. |
| 21 | Lost command of his ship recently and looking for a way to get it back. |
| 22 | Has amnesia – all memory wiped out by prolonged exposure to a mind probe. |
| 23 | Seeking validation because he never got any recognition as a sanitation engineer. |
| 24 | Reaching stage 23 and the high score on the arcade game Mz. Pac Man. |
| 25 | Plans to assassinate a member of the Cherm provisional government who only just arrived. |
| 26 | Revenge on the telepath who cost him his job at Psi-Tech Industries. |
| 27 | Protection... and lots of it. Just discovered a message written in florescent yellow blood on his motel room wall – "The Terra Nostra is coming for you!" |



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| 74 | She's a xenobiologist who's working on a new form of space cancer treatment involving an extremely dangerous plant creature that can only be found on a nearby planet. |
| 75 | He's good at what he does, that's why they call upon him when needed. He retires replicants who get to uppity. |
| 76 | An agent of the revolution, slowly and quietly gathering rebel soldiers for the coming war. |
| 77 | In her spare time, she does some swimsuit modeling. She's about to leave for a photo shoot at Zarazan beach. |
| 78 | She frequently plays strip smuggler's quarry and likes the thrill of showing off her body to strangers. She also likes sex in public places. |
| 79 | This alien is a member of the Seekers of Suffering. So, he/she/it wants nothing more than to suffer at the hands of drunk and/or high spacers. |
| 80 | Is actually a replicant – one of the few inseminator models programmed to impregnate females who either have fertility issues or don't want to be inseminated. |
| 81 | He's a crimson dragon slayer from the planet Thule. A hardened warrior, he wields a magical blade - blazing red like a dying star (double damage dice). |
| 82 | She is prophesied to one day give birth to the messiah, and is currently looking for Mr. Right. |
| 83 | An alien who believes himself to be some kind of chosen one, selected by the Space Gods to deliver his species from slavery. |
| 84 | She just got a set of laser tit implants. The next guy who tries to squeeze her double Ds is going to get a nasty surprise! |
| 85 | He used to be a big name on the blue balls court, but now he's just a really tall humanoid without any direction. The man is looking for some purpose to his life. Anyone got a suggestion? |
| 86 | This humanoid lives to serve the One Great Computer! In fact, he's on a mission for the One Great Computer right now – hunting down communist traitors. All hail the One Great Computer! |

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| 87 | He's actually 83 standard earth years old, but he only looks about 17. The kid's looking for anyone willing to buy him some space beers because they won't accept his ID. |
| 88 | She really wants someone to massage her feet... with their genitals. |
| 89 | He's a developer who wants to build a laser fuck stadium on a nearby planetoid. Unfortunately, the land is currently owned by a reclusive alien who doesn't want to sell. |
| 90 | She's a laser swordswoman looking for satisfaction. No, the other kind. When she finds the zedi warlord who killed her family, she'll invoke the sacred dueling ceremony – known as Kyam'sha on her planet. |
| 91 | He's a spacer from the future, come to warn of impending doom! |
| 92 | He's a part-time inventor currently working on a new invention called the "boomerang flame laser device." |
| 93 | Just finished urinating in the bar's supply of Purple Prizm. |
| 94 | Is hitchhiking around the galaxy and is also writing a book on the experience. |
| 95 | She's a grape stomper (always naked) for the Purple Prizm beverage company. Eventually, she also has her own grape stomping podcast for wine aficionados and foot fetishists. It's called "Purple Feet Perverts." |
| 96 | He wrote the fairly successful holographic book Blue Sands. It's funny and yields a few hundred credits a month in royalties. He wants to write a sequel called Purple Sands - it's about all the light-hearted hilarity that comes with being trapped on the purple islands. |
| 97 | She invented the Thrustmaster Pro, which is a starship control knob. Originally, it was intended to be a sex toy for women. As luck would have it, the Thrustmaster Pro fits neatly into most navigation consoles. |
| 98 | He's a space plumber who works on a lot of cruise ships and space stations. He's here for a space plumber convention and wants to get laid. |

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| 99 | He accidentally acquired zedi powers from a one-night stand with an alien prostitute. Is unsure if he wants to keep them. Being a reluctant zedi is a mixed blessing. |
| 100 | Is actually an android learning to be more human than human so that it can eventually be the humanist human in all humanity... because it's human to have goals. |

ASPECTS OF AN ALIEN WORLD

Rather than outlining a bunch of interesting planets that each have a few distinguishing features, I thought it would be more fun to give you a random table of peculiar aspects.

Each alien world has 1d3 interesting properties...

“BEWARE 1990'S SCI-FI.
THE GUNS ARE SMALL
THE WOMEN ARE FULLY CLOTHED,
AND THE CGI IS TERRIBLE.”



| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | The violet-colored rain smells like incense. |
| 2 | Unrelenting vegetation is sentient and up in arms over the tyranny of meat. |
| 3 | Plant life has a lurid chartreuse glow about it. |
| 4 | The planet's intelligent life inhabits sky cities. |
| 5 | Humanoid priestesses walk around topless, except for jade necklaces that also double as anal beads. |
| 6 | Disoriented nobles frequently get weird on blue lotus. |
| 7 | The surface of this world is continually being scanned by drones. |
| 8 | This planet is rich in tri-silicate. |
| 9 | Does not use credits; instead their currency is blue bucks – just like Alpha Blue. |
| 10 | All the spaceports are decorated with flowers that smell like hot Chinatown garbage. |
| 11 | Massive tropical storms. |
| 12 | Something about the sand... it's not only green and seems to get everywhere, but it may also be sentient and hostile to humanoids. |
| 13 | The planet's color scheme is frequently described as “golden beige.” |
| 14 | It has volcanoes that occasionally spew caustic yellow ooze that eventually hardens into a smooth volcanic glass called yellow obsidian. |
| 15 | It has one-third the gravity of New Earth. |
| 16 | Custom demands that planetary sex only happens in a gigantic waterbed (6 miles x 7 miles) at the center of its largest city. |

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| 17 | Public transportation is predominantly based on the monorail system. |
| 18 | The color blue is forbidden to all but royalty. |
| 19 | Massive construction ships are constantly terraforming the planet. |
| 20 | The planet has been mined to death and is now mostly abandoned. |
| 21 | Telepaths are illegal on this world. |
| 22 | Zedi are considered sacred on this world. |
| 23 | No knives, forks, or spoons – everyone must eat with laser chopsticks. |
| 24 | Bizarre mountainous regions that look suspiciously like genitalia. |
| 25 | Everything on this world is made out of bananas. |
| 26 | This world has plenty of shrimp, but a distressing lack of cocktail sauce. |
| 27 | Giant sand worms erupt out of the desert on a daily basis. |
| 28 | The people of this world cannot stand sunlight, so they built “dark domes” to shield their cities from their 13 nearby stars. |
| 29 | Legal disputes are decided by laser duels. |
| 30 | This planet has its own West World amusement park - but it's old and broken down, so it resembles a ghost town with semi-autonomous androids who occasionally try to murder the park's guests. Beware of laser tumble weeds! |
| 31 | Wherever you go, a mechanical clicking sound seems to follow. |
| 32 | On this world, it is common practice for the female to penetrate the male. |
| 33 | This planet is inside-out... molten core on the surface and the crust/mantle within. |
| 34 | Clones are objectified rather than considered actual people with feelings and stuff. |
| 35 | Electro-magnetic waves increase vitality, healing, and even psionic powers. |
| 36 | Everyone on this planet is an asshole. |

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| 37 | All the women on this planet are super horny because of all the electrolytes in ejaculate – it's what sluts crave! |
| 38 | This planet is home to one of the smartest computers in the universe. Unfortunately, no one besides an individual named Teddy Blaasko is allowed to touch the keyboard. And he's been living off-world for nearly a decade. |
| 39 | The planet advertises that God Himself actually set foot upon this world – God, of course, being an adorable cat with tentacles named Whisker Pie. |
| 40 | The entirety of this planet is composed of semi-intelligent mutant fungi. They make deals with humanoids who supply them with nubile women! |
| 41 | The “water masses” on this planet are not full of actual water but an unknown sparkling liquid that's deadly like poisonous acid! |
| 42 | The planet's dominant lifeforms are cows, chickens, and pigs. They keep humanoids as livestock. |
| 43 | Over the course of millions of years, a tiny star has been growing inside the planet. No one knows how or why it was put there, but it's slowly getting bigger. Light is showing through cracks in the planet's crust. What is the secret of the star core? |
| 44 | This world attaches and absorbs other planetoids – hundreds of exotic bio-systems and cultures have come together like a patchwork quilt. |
| 45 | They have a priesthood called the Servants of the Great Furnace. Their job is to stoke the fires of the molten core so the planet's electro-magnetic field doesn't warp everyone living on the surface into sub-humanoid mutant freaks! |
| 46 | The entire planet is continually subjected to destructive electrical storms – thunder, lightning, and ominous storm clouds but no precipitation. |
| 47 | It's so dry on this planet that moisture is more valuable than space gold! Sweat brokers will buy, sell, and invest in a humanoid's valuable “flesh water.” |
| 48 | Much of the world and some of its people are made of diamond – almost impossible to destroy with brute force or laser weaponry, but telepaths and zedi are able to harness their crystalline structure to great effect. |

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| 49 | This world's population transferred their consciousness into these current vessels a thousand years ago and from many galaxies away. |
| 50 | Due to peculiar laws that boil down to "finders keepers," this planet is home to a vast array of pirates and salvage operations. |
| 51 | This planet's chief export is pornography because of the favorable tax code and loose morality. |
| 52 | This world is home to one million clones of a retired spacer named Babcock Zoon. |
| 53 | The planet's poisonous atmosphere is actually the flatulence of a dead god – planetologists theorize that he died of acute indigestion. |
| 54 | The surface of this planet resembles the fluffy texture and wispy strands of pink and aqua cotton-candy. |
| 55 | The world is ruled by a tyrannical and self-destructive creative genius super-AI named D'n Harmon who wants you to leave him alone so he can masturbate in peace! |
| 56 | There are two major factions on this planet. One of them has chosen the color blue, the other has chosen green. They don't like each other very much. |
| 57 | You can't see 5 feet in front of your face because of smog. Also, natural breathing is hazardous. |
| 58 | This is a world where power is bestowed upon beings with the best hair. Shaving your head is considered blasphemous. |
| 59 | On this planet, everyone is at least part machine or has a mechanical device attached to them. It is ill-advised to go 100% organic, especially in public. |
| 60 | The majority of this world's population wears festive, brightly colored masks. |
| 61 | This is one of several planets that adhere to the Mauve Council's wishes. |
| 62 | The ruling body of this world wears elegant golden masks in order to hide their hideously alien faces. |
| 63 | It is taboo to drink anything other than Purple Prizm on this planet. |
| 64 | The drinking of Purple Prizm has been outlawed on this planet. |

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|----|---|
| 65 | The days of this world alternate between boiling hot and freezing cold. |
| 66 | The orbit of this planet is so unbelievably fast (for a planet) that 2 in 6 humanoids get motion sickness if they spend more than an hour upon its surface. |
| 67 | The people of this world abhor any kind of exploration or investigation – everything is to be taken at face value and nothing more. |
| 68 | This world has its own Aurora Borealis of such disquieting hues –orangish turquoise-violet with glittering grey streaks - that it drives most humanoids mad. |
| 69 | This planet has mandatory sex-prayer procedures. For instance, it is the law to observe the divine manifested in mutual orgasm at least once per day. |
| 70 | A gigantic, slimy, purple-colored abomination floats a mile or so above the surface of the planet, grabbing people with its massive tentacles, either crushing or eating them. |
| 71 | On this world, templars are killed on sight. |
| 72 | This planet is constructed like an ant farm; glass on either side with a network of tunnels between. It is said that from the right spot you can just barely make out a human child seated at a desk with papers. The homework is still not done. |
| 73 | The people of this planet are vegetarians, believing that all life is sacred (except for plant life). |
| 74 | Sentient plants are sick and tired of the meat telling them what to do. A revolution is at hand... or leaf, rather. |
| 75 | The planet is currently being used as a landfill. Everywhere you look there are heaping piles of space garbage. It doesn't smell very nice, either. |
| 76 | This world has a higher concentration of strip clubs than any other in the galaxy. As a result, this is everybody's one-stop bachelor party planet. |
| 77 | There are one hundred and eleven cloning facilities on this planet because it's rich in some alchemical compound needed to mold clones. Because of all the facilities competing against one another, cloning is half price on this world. |

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| 78 | The planet contains 1d4 penal colonies. |
| 79 | This planet is infested with brain bugs. |
| 80 | The dead won't stay dead on this world. |
| 81 | Because of tectonic polarity, no teleportation of any kind is possible on this planet. |
| 82 | This world has several active volcanoes that erupt with molten ice – a kind of super-cold sludge capable of freezing anything it touches. |
| 83 | The cities of this world have descended into madness because of the nightmarish results emanating from three perfect women. |
| 84 | This planet has strategic military value. |
| 85 | This planet is favorably aligned with several popular trade routes. |
| 86 | The wyrmslorr syndicate has invested in several business ventures on this world. |
| 87 | This planet is a known hideout for the Robot Development Cartel. |
| 88 | Guests to this world are blindfolded for one standard day, and then the blindfold is ceremoniously removed. |
| 89 | It is rumored that several powerful magic items are entombed within subterranean dungeons on this planet. |
| 90 | This planet hosts the annual one million-humanoid orgy. |
| 91 | Any kind of negotiations, meetings, or deals are brokered within steam saunas, surrounded by voluptuous, blonde space Scandinavian women. |
| 92 | Females are treated as second-class citizens on this planet. |
| 93 | Males are treated as second-class citizens on this planet. |
| 94 | The mid-day meal is usually the largest and is directly followed by oral sex. |
| 95 | There are precious few laws on this planet; it's akin to the Wild West. |
| 96 | Machines with artificial intelligence are exalted on this world. |

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| 97 | It is customary for strangers to greet dignitaries, ambassadors, officials, nobles, and royalty upon their knees. |
| 98 | The natives are primitive and worship a glowing green sphere that speaks to them telepathically. |
| 99 | This world is crisscrossed with fields of mystical energy, forming gateways to other dimensions. |
| 100 | Every male humanoid of note has his own harem full of beautiful females. |

"CAN I FADS HIS BLASTER?
DO N'RPLEXORS HAVE
A NUTSACK FOR A CHIN?"



SUGGESTIONS, SCENARIOS, AND EXTRAS

ADVENTURE TEMPLATE

Few Space Dungeon Masters out there are as free-wheeling as myself. I like to have a general idea of what's going to happen or maybe a few key random tables at my fingertips, but that's pretty much it. I don't do much planning anymore, not like I used to - especially for a "space sandbox" RPG like Alpha Blue.

And despite that - or possibly because of it - I frequently find myself adhering to a particular formula. I mean, I've only watched, like, a trillion hours of sci-fi movies in my lifetime. When I was 5, I had every word of Star Wars memorized. My parents thought it was weird that I could say the lines along with the characters in the movie, but they didn't realize this was all preparation for something greater! Eventually, certain concepts absorbed into my geek brain, becoming second nature.

Is a formula absolutely necessary? Hell no. Is it a good idea to be familiar with a formula that works, you know, just in case? Absolutely! Even stream-of-consciousness can benefit from having a little bit of structure. Besides, this formula has a lot of play. By that, I mean it's open-ended enough to accommodate thousands of ideas... millions!

Below is my handy guide for crafting a stellar sci-fi adventure. Don't be afraid to play around with the formula. As I said, it's a guide - not a list of commandments.

If your sessions are more misfire than direct hits, come back to this, take a look at the structure with fresh eyes, and see if there's something you've been leaving out... or adding too much of.

Scene One: The PCs are doing their own thing, chit-chatting about what's important to them (robotics, boobs, robotic boobs, etc), just taking it easy, or following their own agendas based on background or present circumstances.

Scene Two: The PCs stumble onto something new - either by accident or someone else's design. This is "the hook" that draws them into the adventure.

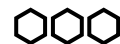
Scene Three: The PCs take their first steps toward the investigation, exploration, taking down that one guy, establishing relationships, etc.

Scene Four: The PCs get sidetracked by something other than the primary antagonist or obstacle. Something out of left field has appeared and must be dealt with.

Scene Five: The PCs return their focus to the primary objective. They make significant strides and begin to make real progress... perhaps discovering the bigger picture.

Scene Six: The PCs come face-to-face with whatever it is they're struggling against. This is a great place to put that climactic battle you were fantasizing about!

Scene Seven: The PCs resolve the conflict (for the moment). Mysteries are explained (most of them, usually). Conclusions are drawn. Either the PCs return to whatever they were doing before they got hooked or the resolution has spurred them on to new adventures.



Sprinkled throughout, there should be a bit of action, humor, interesting characters, combat, exploration, putting the pieces together roleplaying opportunities, and since this is Alpha Blue we're talking about - sex!

You'll notice that each of these "scenes" begin with the player-characters. That's because the PCs drive the action, the narrative is ultimately about them. It's their story!

Nevertheless, a Space Dungeon Master should not make the mistake of letting the entire foundation of the scenario fall on the players' shoulders.

Here's some universal wisdom: great players make Game Masters almost irrelevant because they continually move things along with creativity and enthusiasm. However, GMs cannot rely on there being great players at his table. Average players are the norm, and they have their characters to worry about.

You, Space Dungeon Master, have the entire universe to manage. Managing it with a succession of random tables keeps you on your toes. Half the fun is not knowing what's going to happen next, watching it unfold before your very eyes, and improvising from there.

LEADING THE WITNESS

There's a Game Mastering technique which I'd advise against using on a regular basis. This technique should be used sparingly, if at all. I call it "leading the witness."

Basically, the Game Master makes something, such as an encounter, look so irresistible that players have little choice but to follow along. After all, the GM is the players' guide. They are forced into trusting him.

The irresistible part has more to do with GM manipulation than anything else, which is why it's easy to abuse. Below is an example from a sleazy little sci-fi RPG called Alpha Blue.

GM: What are you guys doing now?

Player 1: I'm going to walk to central control and find the captain.

Player 2: Me, too. And if I see any shifty spacers between here and there, I'm going to intimidate them with my blaster rifle.

GM: You see a woman quickly walking towards both of you. As she approaches, you notice how beautiful she is. This woman seems to be in some sort of distress, motioning erratically with her hands.

Player 1: I ask if she needs any help.

Player 2: I give her the seductive eye and then make a rude gesture with my blaster rifle.

GM: She seems to not be paying you any mind. The woman is about to blow right past you unless you stand in her way.

Player 1: I block her path, asking what's wrong.

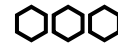
GM: The woman's eyes are wide. Whatever she was holding in her mouth she can't hold it any more. Jaksyn is sprayed with bright-yellow, radioactive jizm.

Player 1: What the fuck?

GM: Yeah, that happened. She tells you her name, Elise, and her story. Elise had been sucking off this alien in the next section. The alien came in her mouth; she didn't want to swallow and couldn't spit it out in front of him because his species would take offense to that. So, she was rushing to the bathroom to spit when you got in her way. Elise points to the bathroom sign a few yards behind you.

Player 2: Haha, that's hilarious.

GM: Oh yeah, roll percentile dice to see what mutation you've developed from soaking in the radioactive jizm.



See how that worked? I, as the GM, deliberately made the situation seem like it was one thing, when really it was something else. That's not easy to do on the fly, but occasionally a moment or two of inspiration will happen. Planning a "lead the witness" type situation can be rewarding, but realize that some of your players might think you're a jerk if you do it too often. The following are some guidelines to help you "lead the witness" with a minimum of fallout...

- Don't utilize this technique more than once per session (assuming sessions are 3 - 5 hours long) and not every single session.
- Focus this technique on only one (sometimes two) PCs, so that a few players are left out of the events so they can laugh at those involved.
- Make it random - don't target the same PC again and again.
- Assuming the result of this encounter is awful, either let there be an upside or allow the awfulness to dissipate after the next scene or two.
- Refrain from killing PCs! Surprise nastiness is one thing, surprise death is something else - don't surprise players by leading their characters to certain death.

In conclusion, feel free to jerk your players' chains every so often, just don't go overboard. You're the GM. You should be having fun, too. But remember that the people having the most fun should be the players at your table.

GETTING THERE

What's this essay about? It's about GMs being able to figure out what a player wants just by paying attention, rather than coming right out and asking him.

We may not realize it, but there's an unspoken agreement between Game Masters and players - that eventually this is all going somewhere. When the GM starts describing and players explain their actions and reactions, everyone kind of assumes that it's meaningful, that there's a rhyme and reason for it. Whatever happens in the game, it doesn't have to be a conventional story or even logical, but there should be a point somewhere along the way. Don't have the PCs doing a bunch of stuff over in sector A when all along the real scenario, the real story is in sector Z.

Can we agree on that? Ok, good. Now, let's move on to something else...

Where do the GM and player(s) want the story to go? That's the question at the heart of this. Some GMs want to make it about them; they want to move the story in a certain direction or create a story out of GM description and whatever they can railroad the players into going along with. Don't be that kind of Game Master, damn it!

What, in my opinion, a GM should do is showcase the setting, genre, and whatever style of play the RPG was created to produce - and then get the Hell out of the way! A fucking boss of a GM should find out what his players want and then offer that experience.

Now, he could ask the players before, during, or after a session, but that's no guarantee. A lot of times, players don't know what they want or simply won't come out and tell you - even when you ask them! So, the GM has to intuit their preferences in-game by listening to his players with his whole being. That means being perceptive to what they say, how they say it, how often they speak, the tone in their voice, and non-verbal communication. Are they slouching or sitting up, rolling dice for no reason or attentive?

Usually, if a GM is receptive to player vibes, he can steer the session towards what they want. Occasionally, it remains a mystery. That's because a player either doesn't know what he wants or is trying to go along with whatever the GM has planned. Such players in the latter camp have often suffered at the hands of by-the-module GMs who consistently railroaded them through a series of

pre-determined plot points, regardless of player desires or luck.

The following is some back and forth play-by-post solo adventuring where I (as the Space Dungeon Master) try to discover what the player (Shawn) wants. After the dialog is Shawn's feedback. Did I do a good job? In such a short space of time, it's tough to say. I think so. At least I provided several opportunities and the adventure kept moving forward.

THE BRIEF ADVENTURE OF KANAAN AZROY

Shawn: I am Kanaan Azroy, Pirate Technician, accidental zedi by intentional one night stand with an alien creature. I owe a 10,000 debt to a space gangster who currently has a full scale homicidal manhunt after me because of a late payment.

VS: Some girl wearing a sexy red outfit with three boobs and smoking a personal hookah motions for you to come closer. You walk towards her just as another spacer comes up to the girl, putting his arm around her.

Shawn: I look at her (boobs) with an arrogant smile and ask "And ... you would be wanting...?"

OoC [Out of Character]: Oddly, this character turned to be essentially a human "Porno Panthro," complete with nunchucks, all randomly rolled.

VS: Nice. Just curious - what did you buy with the 10,000 credits?

She looks you up and down in half a micron and replies, "What do you drive?"

Shawn: I rolled a 4 on the wanted table. The 10,000 was to justify that result. I got the heavy body armor. I don't expect this character to last long, and the body armor was to increase that slightly.

Back to the game: I laugh, loudly and openly as I respond "Nothing!" Then I ignore her completely and look around for something more interesting.

VS: As you probably expected, it's not long before the tri-boobed woman walks up to you and says, "My name is Maribel. I haven't seen you around here before. I like new faces. What do you do for pleasure?"

Shawn: I say "Survive" and give her 10 blue bucks for her trouble.



VS: She gives you an incredulous look, taking your generosity as an insult and walks off.

A big hairy arm clomps down on your shoulder. It belongs to a tall alien covered in dark brown hair, though its face is reptilian... eyes yellow like a snake. "We need one more spacer. Do you like money?" he says in a deep voice. Everyone speaks the commonality, including this sinister looking dude, but you can tell it's far from his first language.

Shawn: "Well, not really. Need some? Yes. What's a freekin' creepy snake monkey like you got in mind?"

VS: You think this tall, creepy glass of space water is a kraaka, but you're not certain. You've never seen one before, only heard stories about them being used as enforcers by intergalactic gangsters, pirates, and similar scum.

"I take you to Eben now," he says while scooping you up and carrying you like a baby. As you're being carried out of the after party, the woman with three boobs you were talking to earlier blows you a kiss.

He takes you to the hangar bay where you see a dirty, out-dated starship. A man wearing a brown and silver space suit paces back and forth in front of the ship's entrance. "Couldn't you find anyone else? Where's my fucking crew, S'ssz?"

"All dead," S'ssz replies. "But I found replacement. This spacer looks like Duke."

"Sure, he looks like Duke, but can he fly a ship? Is he a tech? A medic? Do you know anything about him... other than the fact that he more or less resembles a member of our former crew?" Turning his attention to you, he says, "I'm Captain Eben. What do they call you, hoss? Whatever your specialty, I don't care. I'm desperate. If you join us, you'll get a third of whatever we make. A fourth, if we can find another spacer. By the way, we take odd jobs... as long as it isn't too risky and the money's good. What do you say to all that?"

Shawn: "Well, Mr. Pagan, is it? I'd say, 'How good is the money?'"

I turn to the snake monkey, salutes, "How's you know my name is Duke?"

VS: "Your name Duke, too? That a coincident." S'ssz says.

"Looks like we got ourselves a wiseguy, S'ssz." The captain unholsters his blaster. "You gonna be a wiseguy... Duke?"

Shawn: "Probably. You know, it's an interesting and popular fact that..." followed by an attempt to Hail Mary sprint to inside the ship with the intent to close the entryway immediately.

VS: To speed things up, I'll do the rolling. Ok, Shawn, your character gets 1d6 to attempt that maneuver. Captain Eben gets 2d6 to try and stop you. I'm not going to give anything to S'ssz because he's kind of slow and dim-witted, you surprised him, and he didn't have a weapon ready. Here are the results... Kanaan Azroy: 2, Eben: 3 and 4

You get just inside the ship when your body is enveloped in a soft blue light. Kanaan falls to the ground and starts to lose consciousness. Before everything goes black, you hear Captain Eben say, "I had this feeling he might try something like that. Throw him into the detention cell, S'ssz."

Sometime later, you wake up in a 10' x 15' jail cell with laser beams instead of metal bars. An hour passes. Captain Eben walks up to your cell. "I ran your identity through the ship's computer. There's a price on your head. You probably already knew that. We'll be entering the Corellian system in about 6 hours. S'ssz and I will split the reward money two ways because... well, you know."

SHAWN'S FEEDBACK

I was looking to have the character survive as long as possible given that he was the subject of a full scale manhunt. I was expecting the gangster's bounty hunters or whatever to show up at any moment. Three-boobed chick didn't seem like much help so I insulted her on purpose to get her out of my way. Eben threatened my character being a smart ass, and I had nun-chucks.

Since I wasn't likely to survive a fight, and he could be a bounty hunter anyway, I thought it would be entertaining to take the ship and "negotiate" from there, or look for another way out of the situation. And shit happens. :)

He didn't turn out to be Han Solo, but then not every character does. Personally, I think that's cool.

SPIES LIKE US

In this book, *Universal Exploits*, one enemy takes center stage - the Federation! It's an oppressive, corrupt regime, ever growing and always grasping for more and more power. The Federation is a foreboding oligarchy consisting of the ultra-wealthy, bureaucrats, noble houses, assassination guilds, telepaths, zedis, and the military industrial complex. The Federation crushes resistance wherever it sees it... and the Federation believes the seeds of revolution are everywhere.

There's a 1 in 6 chance that any NPC (the Space Dungeon Master believes appropriate) is actually an undercover agent of the Federation, spying on and sabotaging revolutionary efforts.

Obviously, this affects how some NPCs will be roleplayed by the SDM. If found out, PCs may attempt to make an NPC spy/saboteur into an ally. Or perhaps, the PCs will use their newfound knowledge to funnel disinformation to the NPC's Federation masters. How this is approached will vary and results should be adjudicated by the SDM, depending on various circumstances.

The following table is for determining why an NPC is betraying the revolution...

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | One or more of the NPC's loved ones are being held hostage until the NPC has completed certain tasks. |
| 2 | The NPC is fanatically loyal to the Federation and will do anything to crush the revolution. |
| 3 | This NPC is just following orders. He's not particularly happy about this assignment, but it's what he was assigned. |
| 4 | He's been brainwashed, perhaps too much exposure to the mind probe or he's been specifically conditioned by the Federation to carry out instructions. The NPC could be a sleeper agent who doesn't even know he's merely a puppet. |

UNIVERSAL EXPLOITS

A recruiter sponsors a crew of spacers (typically between 3 and 7, but more or less are accepted on a case-by-case basis) to perform various tasks - dirty deeds done dirt cheap. Well, not too cheap. The recruits are essentially sub-contracting for a limited liability corporation called Universal Exploits (sometimes referred to as UX).

Universal Exploits pairs spacers with assignments. These are usually semi-legal, under the radar, para-military operations happening in and around Federation space. In exchange for finding suitable jobs, Universal Exploits takes a 10% fee as a commission from each completed mission.

Individuals, organizations, and corporations with the funds to hire Universal Exploits receive expendable and untraceable applicants who will do dangerous and/or unsavory jobs - without both parties having to meet. In this capacity, Universal Exploits acts as the "middle man," providing much needed security to both employers and employee sub-contractors.

Recruits meet with their sponsor, sign a standard 5 year contract, and receive a mission brief with all the pertinent details to successfully carry out their operation.

Some of the "pros" to joining the Universal Exploits team...

- Notifying next of kin and dispersing credits to the beneficiaries
- Taking care of funeral expenses
- They find jobs for you
- Anonymity protects both the employer and sub-contractual employees
- Universal Exploits has a small amount of clout with low-level officials, functionaries, and bureaucrats. As such, UX takes care of all those annoying taxes, fees, licenses, and legal expenses that can bog missions down.

Some of the "cons" to working for Universal Exploits...

- Prices are rarely negotiable
- Sub-contractors usually receive only need-to-know details
- Sub-contractors can't cherry pick jobs based on their ideals, ethics, morals, politics, etc.

- ◊ 10% commissions
- ◊ Universal Exploits doesn't encourage freelance work - especially when conflicts of interest occur

INTRO TO UX ADVENTURING - JOIN US!

Two aliens working for Universal Exploits are sitting in a dive bar, drinking, checking out the local girls, and giving their spiel when they see a rag-tag group of interstellar adventurers.

A disheveled, wild-eyed cross between an iguana and a rat scurries up to your crew of lovable losers, scoundrel rejects, and ostentatious outsiders. "You part of the space union, buddy? No? Here's my card. I represent a company who believes that every citizen in the Federation has a right to make money off the apex (slang for the wealthiest individuals in the universe). I mean, you're already risking life and limb trying to make it, right? Might as well get paid... handsomely."

By his card, you can see this creature's name is S'blodo and that he's an employee or "sponsor" of something called Universal Exploits. Their tag line is - "Get rich, but probably die trying." The reptilian vermin may be small in stature, but he more than makes up for it in fatness. Shifting his weight, S'blodo leans in as if to whisper a secret into your shell-like ears...

"All we ask is a 10% commission in exchange for finding you suitable jobs. I used to be like you guys. For years I'd bust my pouch, trying to make ends meet, doing odd jobs and crazy gigs - all while not knowing if I was gonna get paid at the end of a job. Universal Exploits already has the money. Universal Exploits keeps things anonymous. Universal Exploits takes care of all your funeral expenses, last will and testament, and asset disbursement. What say you? We've actually just acquired details for a new assignment - easy as star pie. You spacers in or out? I've got other potential sub-contractors to meet."

S'blodo snaps his little scaly fingers and a large ape-like humanoid with an over-sized cranium and tentacles swoops down beside him, holding a contract. The intimidating creature is various shades of brown, tan, and blue. It has no discernible eyes and has large, floppy elephant ears.

"Thanks, V'kumch. Sign here, my friends. You're about to hit the corner of easy street and pay day boulevard. Credits, credits, credits." The iguana/rat thing tosses one of the PCs a data crystal. "Info's all there. Oh yeah, one more thing... don't forget to keep your receipts."

COLD PURPLE MASTER

"We are Q'tha and thirst for the cold purple master." - A favorite saying on the Q'tha homeworld.

The attaché to ambassador Qvarie is an emaciated purple tripod with several eye-stalks and quivering suckers all over his gelatinous flesh. Telepathically, the ambassador's attaché greets you, saying that his name is Zim Tywan and that ambassador Qvarie - both belonging to the Q'tha species - was expecting a shipment of Purple Prizm 36 hour ago, but it never arrived. That wouldn't be so bad, but the previous shipment also never made it to the Q'tha homeworld. Neither of them is sure who was supposed to deliver the refreshing and hallucinogenic grape drink, except for the company's name - Sun Belt Distribution.

There are several ways that the PCs could find information on Sun Belt Distribution (SBD)...

- ◊ There's inter-band chatter on the wave-wire about a number of SBD ships getting hijacked by raiders in and around the Vertuda Triangle.
- ◊ Perusing Federation reports show that a surprising number of Purple Prizm shipments have been hijacked recently.
- ◊ Going directly to SBD yields the following info - only those ships carrying Purple Prizm have been hijacked and that SBD is the main distributor for Purple Prizm.

Zim Tywan impresses upon the PCs the importance of Purple Prizm. It's not only extremely tasty, but is also used by their species as an aphrodisiac - to the point of being the prime ingredient of their religious ceremonies (also known as - sex magic). Without Purple Prizm, ambassador Qvarie is feeling increased political pressure and may be forced to impose sanctions on a neighboring system who will then most likely send battle cruisers out to the border between the two territories, which may lead to a declaration of war.

There is a fragile peace between the Q'tha and D'nznai. The D'nznai species are humanoid, tall (approximately 7' in height) and cat-like with emerald green fur, six tiny hands close to their bodies like a

Drinking a space glass of Purple Prizm increases Health by 1d4, but only lasts one hour. Purple Prizm costs 5 credits a space glass.



tyrannosaur, and have genitalia of both male and female genders. The D'nznai enjoy Purple Prizm, as well, but not to the extent as the Q'tha.

Ambassador Qvarie and his attaché, Zim, are hoping to receive yet another Purple Prizm shipment in about 12 hours. The SBD cargo ship won't leave the Purple Prizm space warehouse for another 2 hours. If the PCs hurry, they can intercept the cargo ship carrying Purple Prizm before it gets anywhere near the Vertuda Triangle - an unprotected area of space that is full of pirates, raiders, and the like.

REBELS WITHOUT A CAUSE

On the way to the Vertuda Triangle, the PCs come across a ship designating itself as part of the Revolutionary Armada - a rag-tag fleet of starships, battle cruisers, and such attempting to overthrow the Federation.

The revolutionary ship is mid-sized, carrying 24 individuals. They are sending an emergency signal, asking for help. Their ship, The Emissary, is attempting to bring medicine to a nearby colony on planet XQ575-9.43 that was all but destroyed by the Federation two standard days ago.

The Emissary is being pursued and shot at by three Federation attack ships. These attack ships are smaller (Chihuahua class), but have a bit more firepower. The Emissary is maneuvering away from the attack ships and into an asteroid field only a couple parsecs away.

The rebels don't have much to offer, save for the medical supplies they're carrying to the ruined colony. If the PCs seem on-the-fence about helping The Emissary, their ship's scanner picks up the identity of Pars Kodan, not only an infamous revolutionary but a gun runner and smuggler who executed a half-dozen Federation officers after the Battle of Navik - when the fighting was over. He has a 35,000 credit bounty on his head - but only if he's brought in alive!

Alternatively, Pars Kodan could be a powerful zedi who's trained some of the great knights of both black and white satin. PCs interested in learning The Way or becoming a more advanced zedi should be tempted to save Pars Kodan.

ASTEROID FIELD

Unbeknownst to everyone, there's a small space station operating smack damn in the middle of the asteroid field which The Emissary is running towards. The space station has a cloaking device, although short-range scanners will detect a stationary object hanging in the central area of the asteroid field.

The space station is owned and operated by a deranged scientist named Doctor Aleister Franken. He's trying to stitch various dead girl parts together in order to form some kind of Franken-slut. She will be his greatest creation - the perfect woman (although, plenty of alien girl parts are being used, as well).

Aleister Franken won't tolerate interruption and has no qualms about firing on ships that get too close to his space station. However, if the PCs had something to offer Dr. Franken, he might be obliged to let them aboard and observe his obscene progress.

THE RUINED COLONY

Several interconnected settlements lie within a great valley. The settlements are primitive and surrounded by farmland, but are now blackened with laser fire, scorched beyond use. Scattered humanoids lurk in the shadows, afraid that the Federation may come back.

There are approximately 50 survivors of differing species wearing various colored robes. Some of them have weapons and armor, but they lack in food and medicine. One is a zedi apprentice named Saeko.

Saeko is a reptilian humanoid who is a natural adept of The Way, having received no formal zedi training. It was Saeko's charge against Federation ground forces that turned the tide, forcing them to evacuate XQ575-9.43 before their genocide was complete.

Saeko is very interested in joining the revolution. He wants to get off this planet and join up with any kind of crew, militia, or rebellion that intends to overthrow the Federation.

Just before the PCs leave planet XQ575-9.43, with or without Saeko, marauders come over the hill, charging into the valley below where the weakened revolutionaries are hiding. These marauders call themselves the Metal Militia. In truth, they are mandroids, organic mutants with cybernetic implants who use flesh and blood transplants when metallic replacement parts cannot be found.



The Metal Militia is murderously insane. They never surrender and take prisoners only to replace their damaged tissue and organs. This particular Metal Militia raiding party has 13 members. A victory will undoubtedly incur casualties. Perhaps one or more PCs will be taken hostage if the Metal Militia needs to make an expeditious retreat.

Using starship nutronic missiles, ion cannons, and plasma torpedoes will help considerably. If a PC uses starship weaponry to fight off the marauders, he only needs a "4" or above to hit. Any hit is an automatic kill to a humanoid, regardless of armor.

Metal Militia (13)

Level: 5

Health: 30 (weakened from constant battling)

Armor: 2

Attack Dice Pool: 3

Special: The leader carries a heavy bazookoid which gives him an attack dice pool of 5d6. Bazookoids severely limit mobility and require great strength to use effectively.

Treasure: Between them, the Metal Militia carries 3d20 credits, 1d12 large gemstones of shadow quartz (each worth approximately 300 credits), 1d8 bars of space gold (each worth approximately 1,000 credits), 1d6 bracelets of lavender jade (each worth approximately 125 credits), 1d4 shards of azurite (each worth approximately 2,500 credits), and a data crystal.

The data crystal contains encrypted information. It'll take a robot or droid with cipher programming 2d4 minutes to decode (otherwise, it takes 2d6 hours). Once the encrypted files are accessible, they show a schematic of Grabba the Butt's pleasure palace.

SUN BELT DISTRIBUTION

Nothing much happens between the last encounter and the Vertuda Triangle. The Sun Belt Distribution cargo ship is just about to enter the Vertuda Triangle as the PCs arrive in that sector.

The starship carrying Purple Prizm is being flown by a couple of spacer rejects named Zom and Verry. Zom and Verry picked up a girl hitchhiking her way through the



galaxy. The girl is named Cinzia and she's a part-time stripper and prostitute trying to get to Alpha Blue. Cinzia dreams of being a Satisfier like all the glamorous women she's seen on TV.

When Zom and Verry are encountered by the PCs, their cargo ship is on autopilot. They're taking turns fucking Cinzia who is giving them freebies in exchange for a ride.

If the PCs decide to take action quickly, they will have a little time to set things in motion. If they dilly-dally or decide to just wait and see what happens, eventually a raiding vessel with a cloaking device stealthily

approaches the SBD ship, immediately firing and disabling it.

The cloaked vessel will attempt to destroy the PC's starship as well. They begin attacking the PC's ship at a d12 [see Ship to Ship Combat rules in Girls Gone Rogue, page 37]

The enemy ship is named Cutthroat and has enough power to remain cloaked for 1d4 rounds after firing upon the SBD ship carrying Purple Prizm. While cloaked, there's a 2 in 6 miss chance every time the enemy is targeted. The Space Dungeon Master will roll a single d6 after PCs have attacked. If the SDM rolls a "1" or "2", the hit is instead considered a miss.

CUTTHROAT

This is a medium starship outfitted with a cloaking device and extra firepower. Aboard are three individuals: a stealth-bot named X1-50, a falconoid bounty hunter who goes by Ellipsis, and a human pilot on the Federation most wanted list... he goes by the moniker Slim Shadow.

This crew of spacers was hired to hijack this and every other shipment of Purple Prizm going to the Q'tha homeworld. However, they are not employed by the D'nznai as most people would suspect. In fact, the true enemy working behind the scenes wants everyone to believe that the D'nznai are involved. In turn, embroiling both empires into a war that will both weaken and distract them from a third force - the smaller system known as Eraask.

Eraask are beings of pure energy. They have large egos which are incredibly fragile. The slightest insult sets them off, causing them to rant, rave, brood, and threaten all around them. It is because of their attack on Outpost 23 that sanctions were imposed upon the Eraaskians. These sanctions only added insult to their perceived injury.

The Eraaskians hatched a plan - make it seem the D'nznai were stealing Purple Prizm belonging to the Q'tha. The Q'tha would declare war upon D'nznai, and Eraask would swoop in at the end to pick up the pieces.

There are holographic recordings upon Cutthroat that clearly show Eraask hiring the X1-50, Ellipsis, and Slim Shadow to hijack freighters carrying Q'tha's supply of Purple Prizm.

ORIGINS OF THE MAUVE COUNCIL

As everyone knows - because of the constant space billboard advertisements - Purple Prizm is a grape drink sensation that extends orgasm and expands sexual consciousness.

Several humanoid species enjoy the refreshing beverage, mixing it with alcohol and even crystallizing it and smoking the shards alongside various other recreational drugs. However, the Kyntari distil Purple Prizm into an elixir seven-fold as potent. The sacred liquid is known as a'qad.

Kyntari are a circumspect species always looking inward, reflecting on life's great mysteries, willing to challenge themselves, and face terrible fears without faltering. Kyntari are tall, thin, purple-skinned humanoids with 8 eyes like a spider. They have no ears, sensing movement by sending out mental vibrations. Because they are naturally attuned to The Way, all Kyntari are considered apprentice-level zedi. However, members of the Mauve Council are far more adept than the general citizenry.

A'qad allows those who imbibe its mauve-colored essence to access the foundational program behind all and everything, making it possible to recreate reality according to one's will. Only the one hundred and eleven members of the Mauve Council partake of a'qad and know the secret of its making.

Mechanically speaking, those who imbibe a'qad should describe the influence they'd like to have on reality. All non-zedi will roll 1d6, while zedi and Kyntari characters may roll 2d6. Consult the following random table. Based upon the result, that's the extent of the universe's change.

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Whatever the character wanted, the opposite occurs or is coming to pass. |
| 2 | No change. |
| 3 | The subtlest of influence. |
| 4 | Reality has been nudged in the character's favor. |
| 5 | Whatever the character wanted (within reason) occurs or is coming to pass. |
| 6 | Even better than expected - the character's vision is embraced wholeheartedly. |

A'qad is considered a drug and therefore is subject to addiction and toxicity.

Unfortunately, due to excesses by the Mauve Council, our universe has changed in several unpredictable ways. For instance, the entire population of New Earth suddenly vanished when councilor Thay-tu focused all his willpower on the destruction of douche-bags.

Subsequent councilors reinstated the inhabitation of New Earth, but there are a few councilors who believe the original destroyer of New Earth's population was right. The decision ultimately rests on a man named Jaio Konbee, a lifelong resident of the planet, one-time President, and now convicted criminal. Jaio Konbee was imprisoned by the Federation because he abolished the use of mind probes on New Earth.

The Mauve Council believes that Jaio Konbee is one of the few - possibly the only - beings on New Earth who are worth saving.

Either through Universal Exploits, referral from a friend, or answering an advertisement in the local paper, the PCs hear about this gig. It pays 25,000 credits which should be enough to tempt almost any spacer.

The mission: bring Jaio Konbee to the Kyntari homeworld - alive!

ARRIVAL ON NEW EARTH

The Security Commission was tipped off about a crew of spacers coming to New Earth and attempting to free former President Jaio Konbee.

The Security Commission has a lot of authority, such as the power to overthrow and imprison a President of New Earth. So, it should come as no surprise that the Security Commission surrounds the PC's ship with a fleet of 100 Destroyer class cruisers.

The PCs are taken prisoner, their weapons and gear confiscated.

Their cell has been outfitted with brain dampeners that interfere with both telepathic and zedi abilities. The walls are red laser beams. A single meal per day is deposited from a grate in the ceiling. There are two guards approximately 25' away from the prison cell. Additional cells containing 2d4 political prisoners are positioned nearby, but always at least 10' away from adjacent cells -

making it difficult to share objects. Information, on the other hand, is easily conveyed between prisoners.

The two guards change every 6 hours. Neither of them can switch off the laser beams. Only a prison officer has a device which can deactivate the lasers. The prison officer walks by, doing a 5 minute investigation, once per day. The officer is named Ford. He checks up on the guards and makes sure everything is running smoothly before leaving the area.

The PCs will have to use their imaginations in order to free themselves. Before they can escape, the PCs have two visitors.

The first is a beautiful woman with a slender, girlish figure. Her name is Trillian. Trillian tells the PCs that she's Jaio Konbee's lawyer, that he's being held one level down, and she's doing everything she can to get them out of here, but so far her motions for release are bogged down in red tape.

The second visitor is the head of Security Commission Jordan Anthyr. He's part high-ranking military asshole and part diabolical villain who doesn't give a damn about anyone but himself. Commissioner Jordan wants to be the absolute monarch of New Earth, using that to launch his expansionist regime into the stars.

Commissioner Jordan is part of the Federation, but he's also out for his own. Eventually, Commissioner Jordan plans to break away from the Federation - once he has enough ships. He also has plans for a different kind of weapon. New Earth has been experimenting on telepaths, trying to boost their powers. It is beginning to succeed - Commissioner Jordan has 7 super-telepaths which he calls psykers.

Psykers can kill opponents that are light years away, making it look like an accident (heart attack, stroke, or aneurism). All a psyker needs is some visual aid - a picture, voice recording, finger prints, lock of hair, etc. - and he can use his mental abilities to destroy an individual. Psykers require 1d4 hours to recharge their energy, otherwise, there's no cost or drawback. Psykers have strict protocols implanted in their brains which forbid them from using their powers on viable targets NOT directly ordered by Commissioner Jordan.

Security Commissioner Jordan Anthyr is here to make the PCs an offer. If the crew's telepaths and zedis agree to go



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under the laser scalpel in order to become psykers themselves, the rest can go free.

LABORATORY

One section above the detention area is a laboratory where psyker experiments take place. The laboratory is full of scientists, computers that take up a third of the room, scientific equipment, and a little table on wheels containing weird looking alcohol.

Some kind of gargantuan creature called a zug is guarding the lab... because having the PCs fight it would be awesome!

Zug

Level: 10
Health: 70
Armor: 4
Attack: 4d6

Special: Zugs are too dim-witted to be affected by telepaths, zedi, and mind control.

PERILOUS CITRINE CARTEL

The lead scientist is named Qiushi Zheng, being a space Asian, he might well be working for the Perilous Citrine Cartel - an organization of mathematicians, scientists, and doctors working for the Zukaya crime syndicate. The Perilous Citrine Cartel research and develop new technology like time travel.

The Zukaya have been putting political pressure on the Federation by stealing goods, assassinating officials, destroying property, and blackmailing those in positions of power. As of right now, the Zukaya crime syndicate take 10% of the Federation's revenue as "protection money". The Federation isn't too worried about it, because they can use extortion as a write-off. However, the Zukaya will always want a bigger piece of the pie.

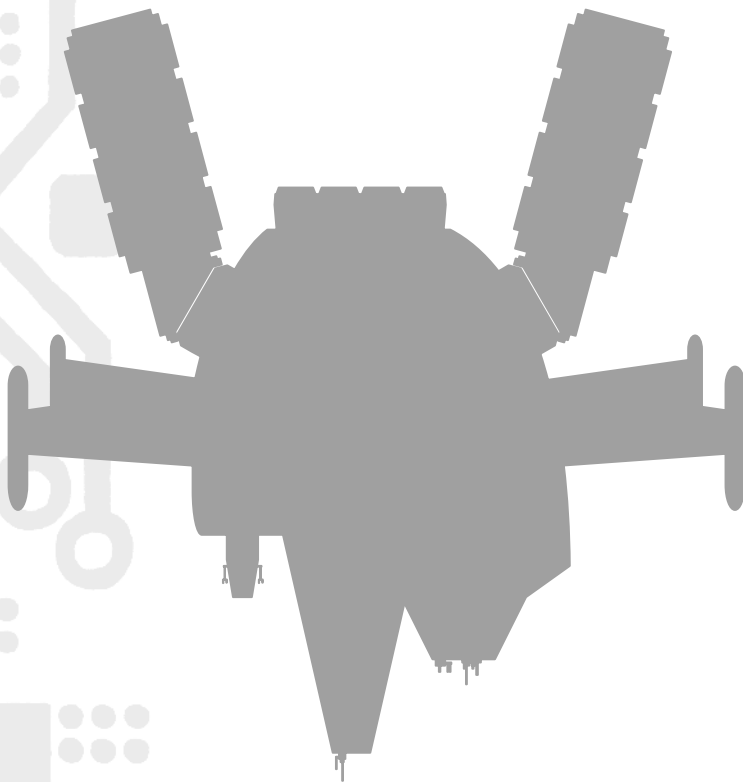
Qiushi Zheng and his associates flee the scene once the PCs enter. Realizing that New Earth and Commissioner Jordan are probably going down, the space Asians escape to a starship named The Orient Express. If the PCs attempt to pursue, have several silver-clad ninja teleport onto the PCs ship and have an epic sci-fi kung fu battle royale (with cheese)!

Silver Ninja

Level: 3
Health: 35
Armor: 5
Attack: 3d6

Special: Describe the silver ninja moves as "bear claw", "flying monkey", and "golden dragon."

Treasure: Instead of credits, they frequently use citrine (yellow quartz). There's approximately 10,000 credits worth of citrine aboard The Orient Express.



THE MERGER

Out of this World Space Burgers is merging with Star Cola: Taste the Next Generation! Perhaps the PCs work at Space Burgers for extra credits. "Would you like space fries with that?" Or maybe they do field work for the Star Cola Corporation. On the other hand, executives from one or both companies may try to hire the PCs outright or via Universal Exploits.

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

Both corporations have addictive flavor profiles in their products, strategically placed there by fast food and soft drink scientists in such a way that they cannot be detected - even by laboratory analysis. That means space burgers and star cola are always in demand, prices go up, people keep buying, shareholders are happy, so on and so forth.

Unfortunately for both these corporations, the Federation wants to get in on the act. The Federation never squanders an opportunity to generate revenue. So, they've created a new division within the Federation called Intergalactic Comestibles.

Less than a centon ago, Intergalactic Comestibles came up with a slew of products. Only one has taken hold and could be considered a commercial success - Pizza Hair-Pie, combining citizens' love of pizza with their equal love for vagina. A distant second is the delightful beverage called Mountainous Breast Juice.

The Federation has no qualms about using addictive additives in their food, which is exactly what they did. However, the Federation doesn't need to keep it a secret - because who's going to stop the Federation? Poised to overtake Space Burger and Star Cola, Intergalactic Comestibles are using billions of tax payers' money on Pizza Hair-Pie and Mountainous Breast Juice advertising.

SPACE BURGER AND STAR COLA

Thus, Space Burger and Star Cola decided to merge into a mega-corporation and hire specialists to covertly take out the entire division of Intergalactic Comestibles.

Obviously, this is a high risk mission since Intergalactic Comestibles is part of the Federation. But with great risk comes great reward...

Jointly, Star Cola and Burgers: Taste the Next Generation! are offering 100,000 credits to any spacer crew who can kill every executive of Intergalactic Comestibles and

destroy their research and development labs on Epsilon Beta.

EPSILON BETA

Finding Epsilon Beta will be tricky because no one knows where it is. The Federation wants to protect their means of production.

The PCs will either have to track down Federation communications that pinpoint the planet's location or find someone who knows the location and get them to talk. If it's the former, they could steal a transmission cypher.

Transmission cyphers are rarely seen, only a handful of them exist. They were made for the purpose of monitoring Federation communication throughout the universe. Realizing the dangers of it falling into the wrong hands, the Federation halted production after a hundred or so transmission cyphers were constructed (111 to be exact).

It just so happens that an operational transmission cypher is aboard the Federation ship Cygnus 32 heading for the Etnoc P'nterra system. Cygnus 32 is a prison transport. Its current mission is to take prisoners from Caged Heat [women's prison, Alpha Blue page 87] to Epa 1, the only habitable (barely) planet in the Etnoc P'nterra system. Epa 1 is a rocky, barren world without any creature comforts.

If the PCs choose to shanghai a senior Federation officer who knows the location of Epsilon Beta, that officer should have ties to the Cygnus 32 starship.

CYGNUS 32

The Federation prisoner transport ship is currently carrying three female prisoners from Caged Heat to Epa 1. The prisoners are named Adyra, Cerys, and Jacinta. All three are beautiful ultra-violent convicts who have proved to be too hot for Caged Heat to handle. They will do anything to win their freedom, but trusting them is another matter.

THE ADVENTURE CONTINUES...

Once the PCs locate Epsilon Beta, they can infiltrate the manufacturing facility - unless they decide to blow it up from space. If they're leaning towards the latter, the ship scanners pick up some interesting things. This could be weapon signatures, revolutionary prisoners, tons of space gold, etc.

Getting into the Federation base, finding what the PCs are looking for, killing those who stand in their way, and escaping is probably a session all by itself. Good luck running it, Space Dungeon Masters!

PUSSY CHASERS: THE LEGEND OF ORAL

The PCs begin this adventure in another universe. They've either lived there all their lives or have been trapped there for some time.

This strange universe is "sex poor," meaning that there are extremely few sexual opportunities. It's the opposite of Alpha Blue - one has to work really hard to even see a bit of ankle or nape of a woman's neck. All females have been taught from birth to repress their own sexual desires. Wanton lust is forbidden and viewed as disgusting immorality. By extension, the men have learned not to even bother pursuing sex. Sexual activity is reserved for procreation only. As one might expect, homosexuality and other deviations from the norm are likewise punishable by death.

NON-CONFORMISTS

There are some political radicals who fight against the oppressive anti-sex Federation. The PCs are probably part of this sexual revolution. If not, then they find themselves drawn into an experiment that opens a portal into the more familiar "sex rich" universe.

The mad scientist Malachite has been tracking sub-quantum energy waves through a nearby nova field. These sub-quantum waves prove that another universe exists. Malachite tells his trusted friends and colleagues before it's too late.

Just before the Federation finds out, the PCs (and possibly others) have access to Malachite's gate.

MALACHITE'S GATE

Malachite has opened a small gateway to that other universe briefly in order to take sensor readings. Now, he's determined to open the gate big, wide, and permanently - at least until the Federation shuts it down.

The PCs find out about Malachite's Gate and are probably intrigued enough to check it out. Meanwhile, a Federation battle cruiser is making its way to Malachite. The Federation intends to blow Malachite's ship and gate as soon as they reach the universal portal.

Before everything is destroyed, the PCs arrive. Malachite confides in them that his ship's scanners picked up interesting data and that another sensitive piece of equipment on Malachite's ship has discovered something else! Out there in the "sex rich" universe is a weapon known as the star blade - a sword infused with the energy of a dying sun.

There's a good chance that one or more PCs are aware of the Nyazian prophecy. This prophecy states that the one who wields the star blade shall destroy the oppressors who keep women clothed and blowjobs few and far between. Also, the star blade's wielder shall become Lord of this universe!

The Federation has taken great pains to eradicate the Nyazian scrolls containing the words of the greatest prophet, V'ger Z'tanys. Of course, the prophecy lives on through oral tradition.

THE STAR BLADE

Unlike an energy or laser sword, the star blade appears as a bluish-yellow beam of light. The hilt is fashioned from obsidian-carbonite with a brilliant star sapphire adorning itsommel and two more, albeit smaller, star sapphires on either side of the cross guard.

As the star blade weaves its elegant dance of death and destruction, angels sing and demons chant. It is a sound of horror for the victims, but soothing and reassuring tones for those who fight alongside the star blade's wielder. In some alien cultures, the sword is referred to as Kort'thalis.

The star blade might be located on some outer rim planet, starship graveyard, or perhaps Alpha Blue itself. It depends on where the Space Dungeon Master wants to go with this. Maybe it's in the last room of an actual space dungeon?

The star blade is so powerful that it could very easily break the game. So, acquiring it may be the entire point of a campaign. Maybe the party acquires it but then loses it somehow? Or perhaps it has to be destroyed - thrown into the heart of another sun - because it's not only powerful but inherently evil, containing the soul of a thousand demons!

Mechanically, wielding the star blade yields an extra 3d6 to your attack dice pool. Additionally, it lessens enemy attack dice pools directed towards the wielder by 1d6 because of its ability to absorb energy.



THE RED HOLOGRAM DISTRICT

A red (or blue, I'm not picky) hologram district could be located on any planet, moon, base, space station, or ship with a population over 1,000.

You'll know it when you see it - or smell it. Bright, neon-red holographic projections of nude girls wearing garters and fishnet stockings glow like a hedonistic beacon of lascivious, holographic flesh, calling to all the pussy hounds, penis purveyors, and prizm-drunk perverts out there amongst the stars. Whatever your pleasure, no matter how deviant your tastes, the red hologram district can provide... for a price.

Entering such establishments can be quite overwhelming. Those strolling through a red hologram district (or RHD) can expect an eyeful of prostitutes, pimps, drug pushers, thugs, gangsters, dope fiends, tattoo artists, strippers, contraband merchants, and slimy run-down theaters with sticky floors that play exploitation and grindhouse favorites such as Vanessa Swallows the Star Beast Whole, Space Dogs from Reservoir Gore, and Anal Blasters come for Princess Sex Candy part 5!

Eventually, the PCs are going to want to adventure in the red hologram district. The RHD is where sex workers and the sex service industry gather after hours to play - and they play pretty damn hard. The drugs are more intense and dangerous, the sex is stranger and dirtier, and life is cheaper than half a credit. Humanoids of varying descriptions are having sex in the street, others are smoking or shooting up without a care in the world, you see some scruffy dude with a black trenchcoat and blaster standing over the guy he just shot. No one raises an eyebrow.

A lot of deals go down in the RHD... black market goods bought and sold, slavery, new identities, access crystals, hunting bounties, assassinations, terrorism, espionage, sabotage, spying, etc. The RHD is the one place that even the Federation won't go. It's utterly filthy, depraved, and merciless. Here, it takes more than just strength to survive; you've also got to have plenty of street smarts and good old fashioned luck.

BAD SHIT HAPPENS IN THE RED HOLOGRAM DISTRICT

Roll on this table once for every half-hour the PCs are hanging out in the red hologram district.

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | A random PC gets bitten by a large space rat with beady little red laser-eyes, taking 1d6 damage. |
| 2 | As a random PC walks by, some alien smoking an industrial-sized, seven-person hookah starts coughing, sputtering, and then puking on the PC. Subtract 1d6 from any kind of attempted action revolving around charisma, stealth, or negotiating for the next hour. |
| 3 | A random PC gets knifed in the ribs for no good reason, taking 1d6 damage. |
| 4 | A random PC gets shot accidentally (could be a drive-by), taking 2d6 damage. |
| 5 | A random PC gets offered free sex on the street (whatever he or she is interested in). |
| 6 | A random PC is grabbed by a strange man in long dark robes and bizarre facial markings. The stranger places a data crystal in the PC's hand and runs off into the night. |
| 7 | A serpentine armadillo with blue-lit cybernetic eyes approaches the party, holding his hand open so that everyone can see what's in his scaly palm - 5 tiny crystal shards, dimly glowing. "This is good shit. 20 credits per shard." |
| 8 | 2d4 surely spacer scum stumble down the neon street. They're looking for trouble. |

AIDRA LYNN

Out of all the many, many whores in the RHD, there's one girl in particular that catches a PC's eye.

Her name is Aidra Lynn and she's not only gorgeous with plenty of sex appeal, but there's also a fire in her eyes. When she looks at someone she's interested in, Aidra Lynn turns up the heat, pulling them in like a horny tractor beam.

The high-class prostitute quickly looks the PCs up and down. If there's only two PCs, then she'll move on both of them. If there are more than two, then whichever PC is the most wanted by law enforcement is the one she'll

pick. If none of the PCs are wanted for anything (what kind of *Alpha Blue* game are you running, hoss?), she'll choose the one who looks like he's got money.

Assuming that one of the PCs goes for her, she says the following just as the sound of broken glass is heard in conjunction with some guttural declaration of war in an alien tongue...

Let's get inside, just in case things get too wild out there. I know they'll get wild in here. I'm Aidra Lynn. Just found out - my last appointment of the night cancelled. Too bad, I inserted a sythium icy-hot a little less than a zaren ago. My butt's all ready to go. What's your pleasure? Doesn't matter what it is. I'll make you feel so good. I know exactly what you want and how fast you want it. Follow me.

Aidra Lynn leads the PC and whoever decides to follow into a bedroom that is fancy, tacky, quaint, and sordid all in one go, like an upstairs brothel in a Wild West saloon. The scarlet wallpaper is peeling in places, but the bed is soft and she's spreading out on it like a flexible feline.

Aidra Lynn asks to tie the PC(s) up in the leather straps she has on her nightstand next to the bed. If the PC refuses, Aidra suggests they have a drink. The drink is drugged with some kind of powerful narcotic. If the drink is refused, Aidra Lynn gets right to it with the sex - offering up her ass like it was a handful of space tic-tacs.

After both parties have their orgasm, a tall and muscular alien humanoid named Artemis walks out of the closet with a sawed-off laser shotgun.

Basically, Artemis and Aidra want money. The pimp intends to hold the PC(s) at gunpoint until he and his girl get paid, one way or another. Ideally, Artemis wants around 10,000 credits. At a minimum, he'll take about 2,000 without blowing a hole through anyone. Anything less than 1,000 and he'll shoot a PC in the head at pointblank range.

Aidra doesn't know how to fight and won't bother trying. She'll either play the victim, the slut, or some combination of the two. Aidra Lynn gets what she wants by sucking and fucking.

Artemis the Pimp

Level: 4

Health: 40

Armor: 0

Attack: 3d6 dice pool

Special: If Artemis is shooting a prone victim at pointblank range, give him an attack dice pool of 4d6.

Treasure: He's got about 50 credits on him. Aidra has 20 credits on her, but also 500 credits worth of neon glow-jewelry.

One of the two also has something else - a cybernetic forearm. The prosthetic forearm contains a hologram crystal. Playing the holo-crystal illuminates a non-humanoid alien that looks like a large box with crystalline appendages jutting out of it in random directions. Here's what the alien says...

Greetings. I am-to-be a Nard from the Ta'kantos system. Our species requires your assistance. If you steal the blue star from our enemies - the K'arn, also from the T'kantos system - and give it to the Nard, we will without-sadness deposit 50,000 credits into your personal account. You have until stardate 7.31.2269 to complete this not-priority-omega mission. May the ambivalent multiplicity of Glob be with you... always-unless-tomorrow.

According to that stardate, the PCs have about three standard days to break into the K'arn base, burgle the blue star (could be a blue quartz ring, glowing sphere, or some alien-looking weapon), and hand it to the Nard.

K'ARN MILITARY BASE

Here's a list of various things that could happen when the PCs try to infiltrate the K'arn base...

- ⬡ Encounter 1d4 K'arn starships
- ⬡ Encounter 3d6 K'arn ground troops
- ⬡ Disable the base's security system that fires laser cannons at intruders
- ⬡ Find a reptilian humanoid smuggler in a prison cell who knows where the blue star is kept
- ⬡ Encounter the three dark zedi who guard the blue star

- ⬡ Disable the deathtrap preventing the blue star from being stolen
- ⬡ Escape the military base
- ⬡ Outrun or destroy the 2d4 K'arn starships in hot pursuit
- ⬡ Hand the blue star over to the Nard and collect their reward

GRABBA THE BUTT'S PLEASURE PALACE

Grabba the Butt may be a wyrmslorr, some other kind of alien, human, mutant, or cyborg, depending on the whims of the Space Dungeon Master. But this is for certain - he's a bad dude. Ruthless, cunning, and always surrounded by a dozen or so mercenaries, bounty hunters, and assassins; he rarely leaves his pleasure palace.

Killing Grabba will be extremely tricky under ideal conditions. So, it's best to just deal with him and hope you don't get double-crossed, swindled, or disintegrated in the process.

Grabba's pleasure palace is his base of operations, as well as, being a meeting place for all manner of spacer scum and underworld operators. Since communication channels can be hacked - even when using a cipher - sometimes it's best to network in person, making the pleasure palace an ideal locale.

There are various ways to get the PCs involved with Grabba the Butt. Here are several I've come up with. Each requires the adventurers to physically stop by the pleasure palace.

- ⬡ Grabba the Butt is hiring spacers to transport outlawed assassin droids from one planet to another.
- ⬡ Grabba is hosting a smuggler's quarry tournament in his pleasure palace - winner takes all.
- ⬡ Grabba believes a handful of his "entourage" cannot be trusted and wants new mercenaries to join his crew and spy on them.
- ⬡ Grabba is a patron of the arts. He wants the PCs to kidnap an artist living on some obscure fringe world

and bring the artist back to his palace... so he can paint Grabba's portrait.

- ⬡ The Federation is cracking down on Grabba's many illegal enterprises. Grabba hires the PCs to send them a message - in blood!
- ⬡ A fellow gangster is trying to squeeze Grabba out of a deal that could make him millions of credits. Grabba wants the PCs to make him an offer he can't refuse.

THINGS GET STICKY WITH GRABBA THE BUTT

Sometimes, things don't go as planned. There's a 2 in 6 chance that when the PCs deal with Grabba the Butt, it's not business as usual. Roll on the random table below to see how and why things go weird when working with or for Grabba the Butt.

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Grabba the Butt got busted. He was going to do a thousand standard years for his long list of crimes against the Federation. Instead, Grabba turned informant. Now, he's working with the Federation to bring down other criminals in the galaxy. |
| 2 | Grabba the Butt just got an anonymous tip that someone in his employ should not be trusted. Regardless of the truth, Grabba doesn't trust the PCs and orders a few of his men (aliens, droids, etc.) to tie up loose ends once the job is done. |
| 3 | Grabba the Butt is being used by his business partners. Any day now, Grabba will take the fall for some smuggling job that goes south. When he does, there will be a laser shootout that would make Quentin Tarantino proud. |
| 4 | Grabba the Butt is in love with a blonde woman named Galeesa. She's the embodiment of loveliness and low-down sleazy as Hell. Grabba can't resist her or any of her insane advice and paranoid fantasies. If the PCs don't appease her, they might as well shove a thermal detonator up their own ass. |

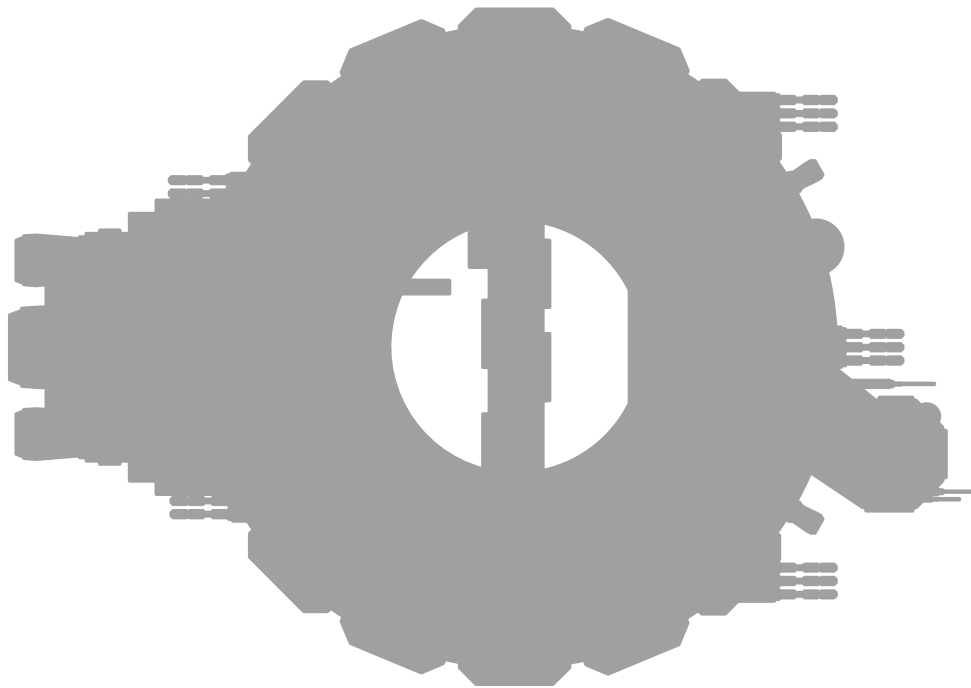
NPCs

Below is a quick and dirty chart for determining NPC essentials. If you want to know, on average, how well a couple of cyber-thugs can shoot or how hard it is to kill the adventure's sub-boss, simply look below.

Everything's been simplified to make things easier. Obviously, an NPC could have more or less Health, more or less Armor, etc. But if you're in a hurry, it could save your ass.

| How Good Is He? | Action Dice | Health | Armor | Saving Throw |
|---------------------|-------------|--------|-------|--------------|
| Space Cannon Fodder | 0d6* | 10 | 0 | He just dies |
| Star Mook | 1d6 | 15 | 0 | He just dies |
| Typical Spacer | 2d6 | 20 | 1 | 1d6 |
| Worthy Adversary | 3d6 | 30 | 2 | 2d6 |
| Master | 4d6 | 50 | 4 | 2d6 |
| Best of the best | 5d6 | 70 | 5 | 3d6 |

* When it comes to attempted actions, 0d6 means you roll 2d6 and only take the lower of the two results.



LAND RUSH

This is a bit of an afterthought, but I wanted to include a series of random tables for determining the nature of certain territories - planets, planetoids, moons, asteroids, space islands, and even entire systems.

Use these tables if your campaign takes place at an earlier time period, when the Federation and similar factions were still exploring the universe beyond the core galaxies. A century ago, land was at a premium and those who claimed it profited greatly.

Of course, claiming a parcel of land and holding that claim long enough to get paid are two entirely different things...

TERRITORY CLAIMS

Your ship is approaching a new territory. Does any individual, faction, or government own the rights?

| Roll | Result |
|------|--|
| 1 | Unclaimed. Just the indigenous population to worry about, and they're... 1) technologically advanced, 2) primitive, 3) semi-advanced, 4) secretive and mysterious. |
| 2 | Devoid of life but claimed on paper - probably an electronic deed filed away somewhere. |
| 3 | Unclaimed. Devoid of life and ripe for the taking! |
| 4 | This territory was claimed long ago (2 in 6 chance of that claim expiring or there being a legal problem with the claim). |
| 5 | This territory has never been claimed, but there's got to be a reason for that. Most likely, it's a death trap! |
| 6 | Autonomous. The beings living there have sovereignty. |
| 7 | About to be claimed. Several individuals and/or factions are vying for control. |
| 8 | In transition. Ownership/rights are changing hands (or tentacles). |

SOUGHT BY WHOM?

If there's a rights holder or interested party, this table will determine who is taking part in the conflict.

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | The Federation |
| 2 | The Federation (masquerading as another group, roll again. If you happen to roll either #1 or #2, then it's actually some weird alien race posing as the Federation). |
| 3 | Independents - a collective of individuals and organizations without ties to a major government. |
| 4 | The Draconian Empire |
| 5 | The League of Unaligned Worlds |
| 6 | The Non-Aligned Planetary Alliance |
| 7 | The Wyrmslarr Syndicate |
| 8 | The Krylon Protectorate |
| 9 | The Interstellar Caliphate |
| 10 | The Kraaka Dominion (1 - 3); Galaxy Five (4 - 6) |

HABITABLE

Can this planet support life?

| Roll | Result |
|------|---|
| 1 | Yes, it's perfect for most humanoid species. |
| 2 | Less than ideal. It's suitable for most humanoids who are sheltered by bases, domes, and artificial habitats. |
| 3 | Not habitable without substantial external forces, such as terra-forming. |
| 4 | Nothing can live here. |

ALPHA BLUE CHARACTER SHEET

PLAYER: _____ NAME: _____

SPECIES: _____ OCCUPATIONS: _____

BACKGROUND: _____

♀♂
GENDER

WEAPON: _____

SPECIAL ABILITIES: _____



HEALTH

MONEY



Replacement Body Parts

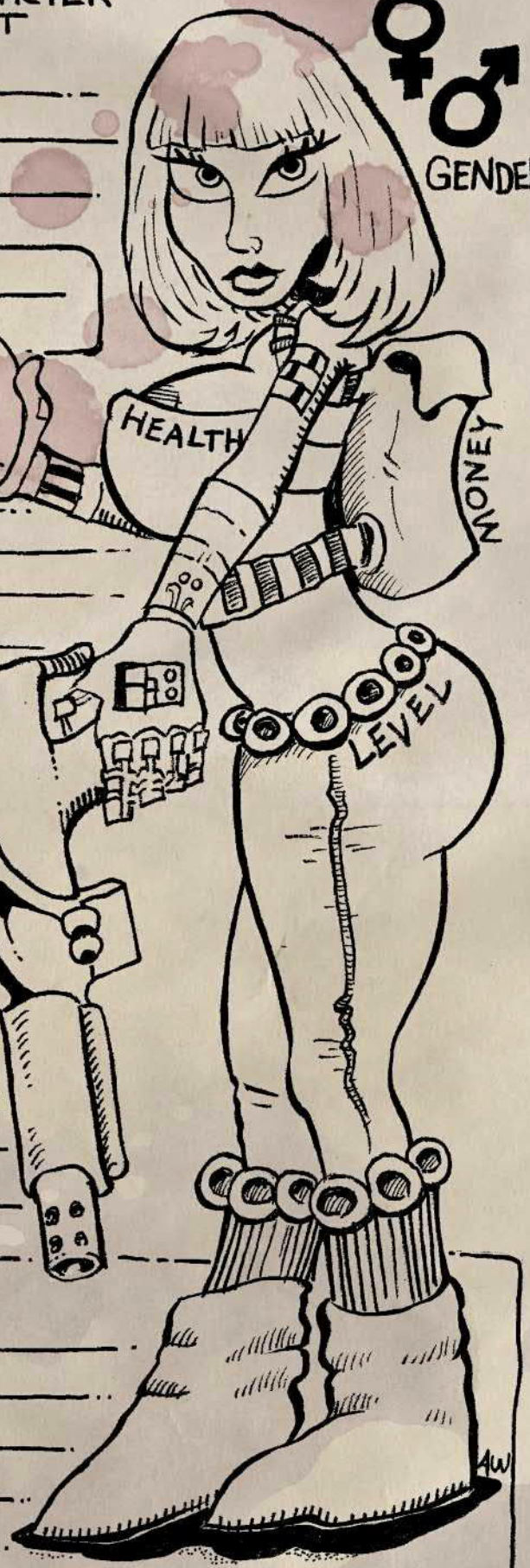
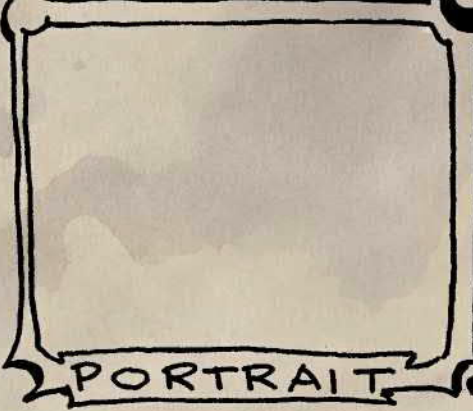
MUTATIONS/ALIENISMS

DEBTS

What are you wearing?


Known Associates

EQUIPMENT



AW

ZEDI/TELEPATHIC/PSIONIC EXPERIENCES: _____

SEX STUFF 

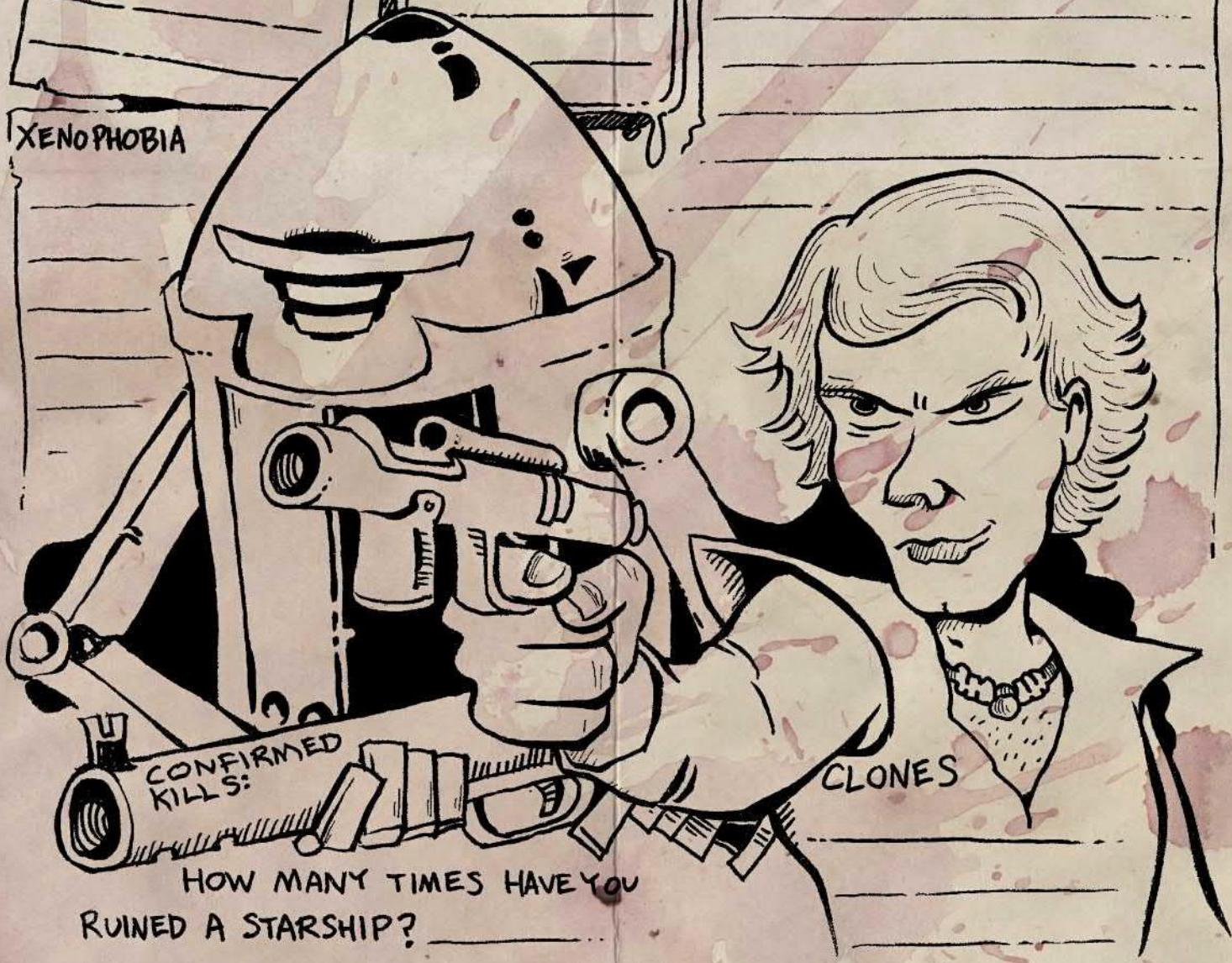
INDIVIDUALS YOU'VE MET _____

PLANETARY INFORMATION _____

DRUG USE _____

STARSHIP CUSTOMIZATION _____

XENOPHOBIA



CONFIRMED KILLS: _____

CLONES

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU RUINED A STARSHIP? _____

ALPHA BLUE CHARACTER SHEET

PLAYER: _____ NAME: _____

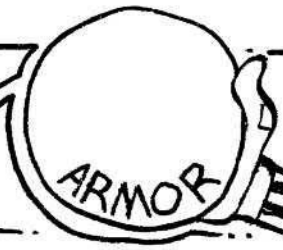
SPECIES: _____ OCCUPATIONS: _____

BACKGROUND: _____

♀♂
GENDER

WEAPON: _____

SPECIAL ABILITIES: _____



HEALTH

MONEY



Replacement Body Parts

MUTATIONS/ALIENISMS

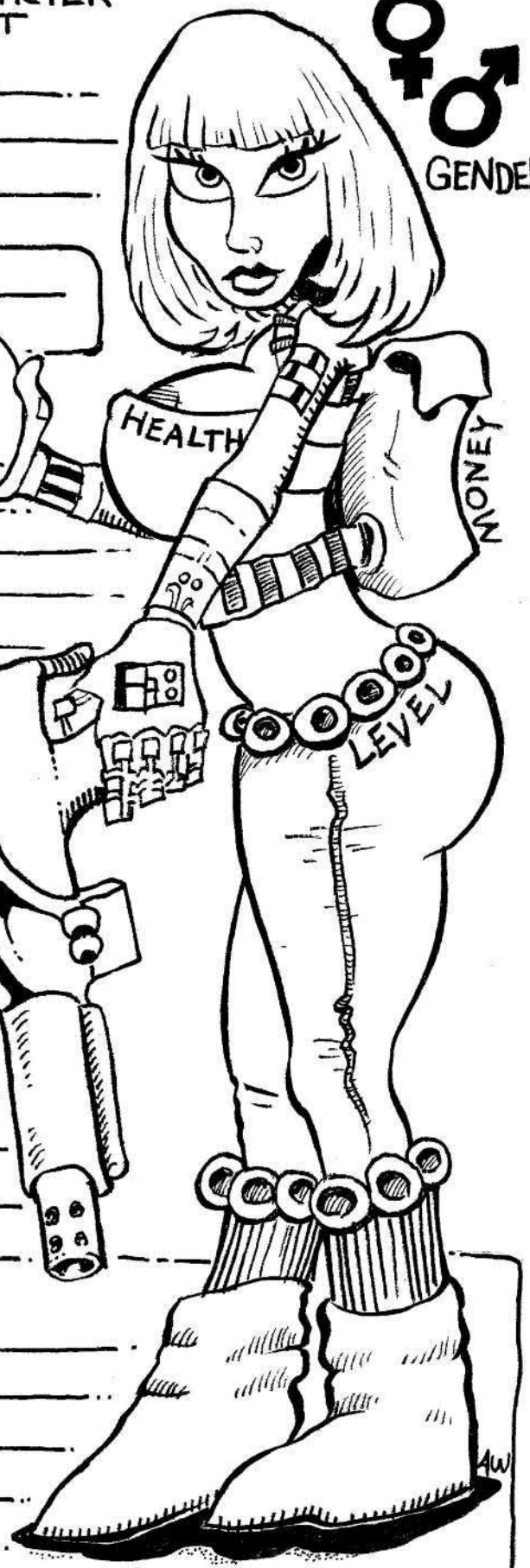
DEBTS

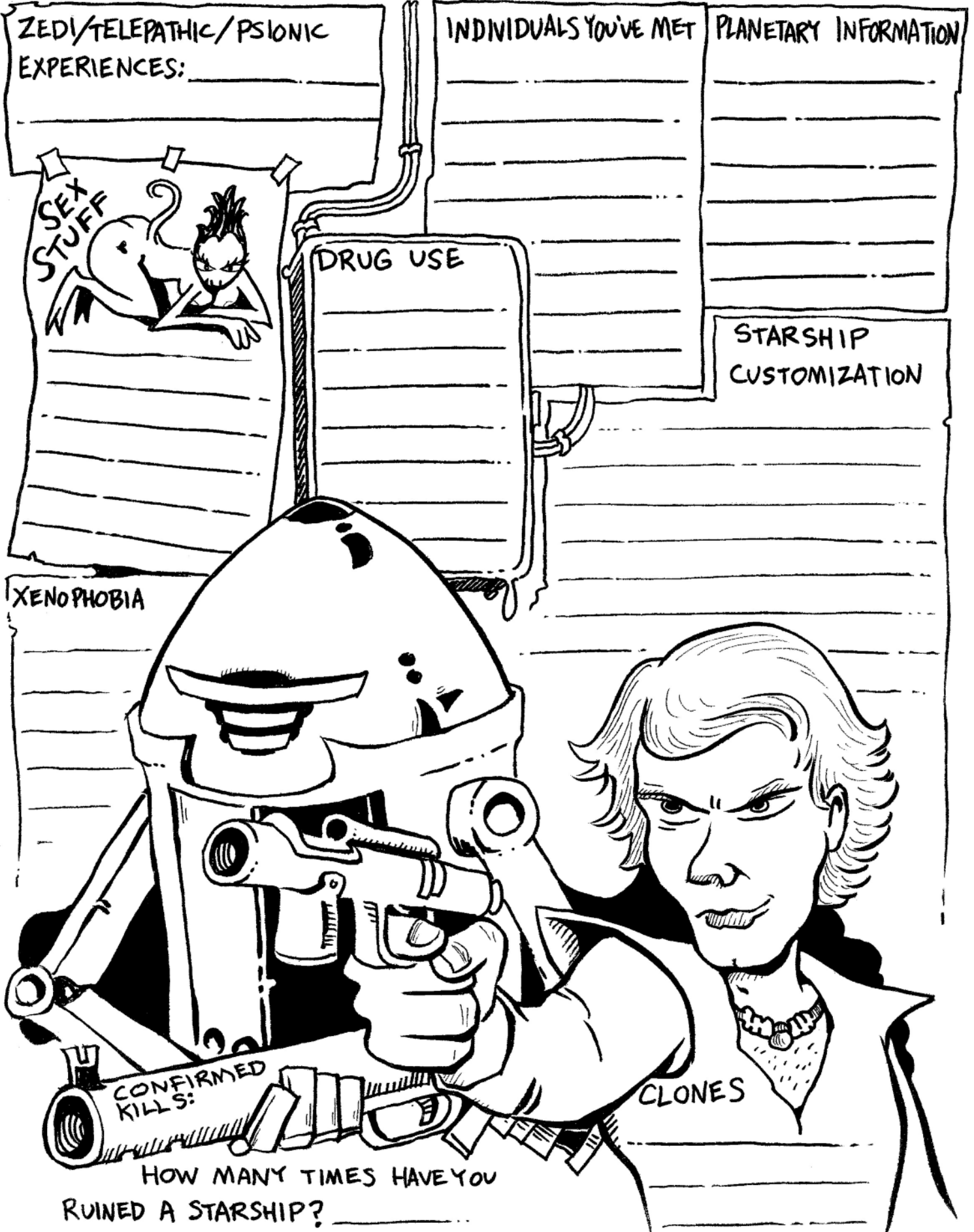
What are you wearing?

Known Associates

EQUIPMENT

PORTRAIT





ZEDI/TELEPATHIC/PSIONIC EXPERIENCES:

INDIVIDUALS YOU'VE MET

PLANETARY INFORMATION

SEX STUFF

DRUG USE

STARSHIP CUSTOMIZATION

XENOPHOBIA

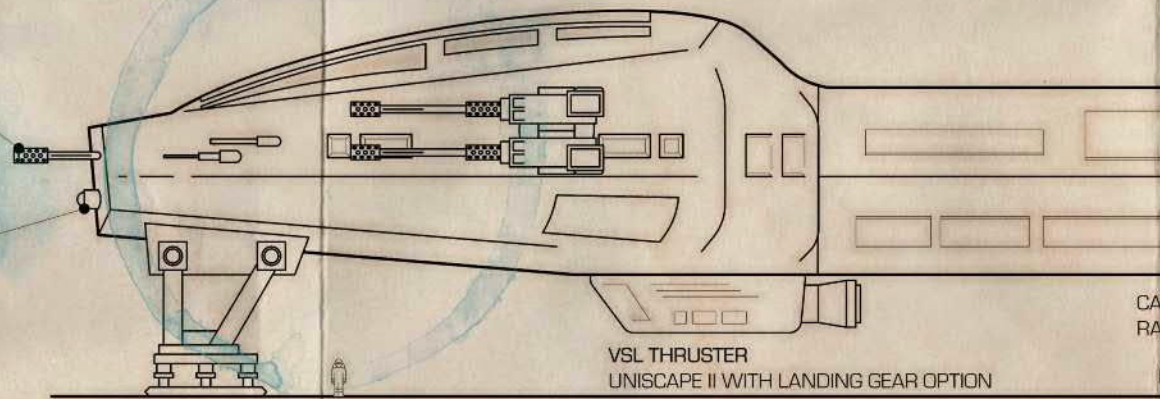
CONFIRMED KILLS:

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU RUINED A STARSHIP?

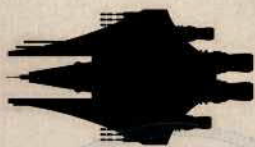
CLONES

NOSE LASER SYSTEM
QUADKILL 76 SERIES
HYPERVELOCITY LASERS

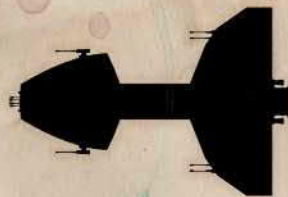
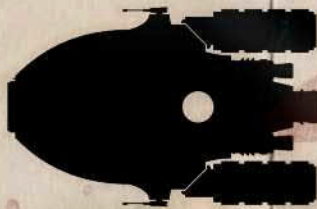
EMP EMITTERS



CHIHUAHUA CLASS



SUNFISH CLASS



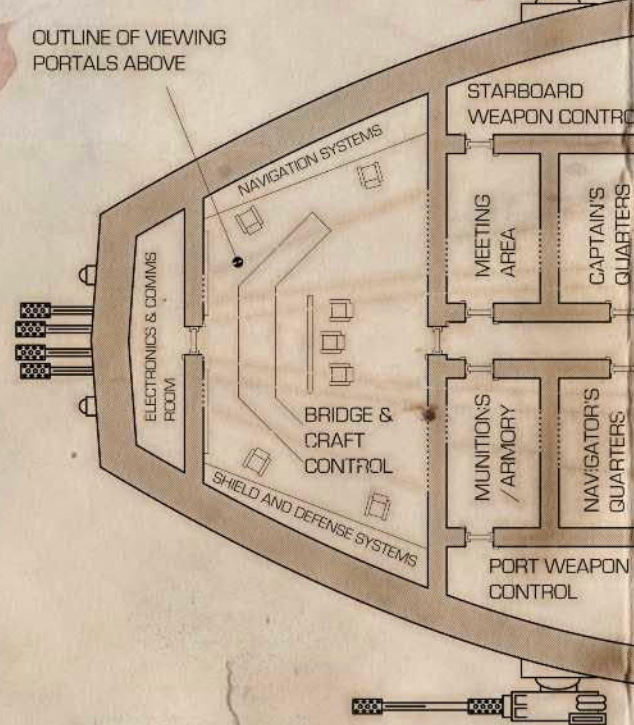
EXPLOIT CLASS

CRAFT SIZE COMPARISON

HELIOS-TERRA SERIES 9.2
DUAL LASER CANNON SYSTEM



OUTLINE OF VIEWING
PORTALS ABOVE



DRAWN : G. SEAL. DATE : 5522-266-3

APPR'D : V. SATANIS ISSUE : B

SCALE : \longleftrightarrow 2M PROJECTION : 1ST

TITLE : DECKPLAN AND ELEVATION FOR
TYPE 37 "EXPLOIT" CLASS STARSHIP

DRAWING NUMBER : GGR/VS111/665-44

TRANS-SPACE
Systems
Corporation

*Building Universe-beating
spacecraft since 5560-015-8*

DO NOT SCALE

IF IN DOUBT, ASK

ENERGIAN ANDROMEDA X2
DUAL PLASMA CANNON
SYSTEM

SECONDARY THRUSTER
DRACOS XVII VEGA V1.2

MAIN HYPERDIVE THRUSTER
DRACOS X-SERIES AR1
(ECU MODIFIED FOR 138% ADDITIONAL THRUST AT 0.04%
ADDITIONAL CRITICAL FAILURE RISK)

CARGO/ACCESS
MP

DESCENT THRUSTER
DRACOS VII VTOL

WEAPONRY
ACCESS

HELIOS-TERRA SERIES 9.2
DUAL LASER CANNON SYSTEM
(UNDER-SLUNG VERSION)

VEHICLE SEPARATION LINE (VSL)
EMERGENCY ESCAPE

CREW QUARTERS
(ALSO OPPOSITE CORRIDOR)

CRAWLSPACE

STABILISER
ACCESS

CRAWLSPACE

ENGINEERING

CARGO HOLD
(AREA B)
HIGH VALUE
CARGO

STORE

STARBOARD DRIVE ROOM

SECURITY

< CARGO RAMP

CARGO HOLD (AREA A)

LASER
TURRET

PORT DRIVE ROOM

ADMIN

SECURITY

AIRLOCK DOORS
ALONG "VSL"

SHOWERS &
TOILETS

MED
BAY

KITCHEN

COMPUTER
NETWORKS

QUARANTINE

CARGO HOLD
(AREA C)
LIVE CARGO

SECURE
HOLD

CARGO HOLD
(AREA D)
GENERAL CARGO

CRAWLSPACE

STABILISER
ACCESS

WEAPONRY
ACCESS

70

60

50

40

30

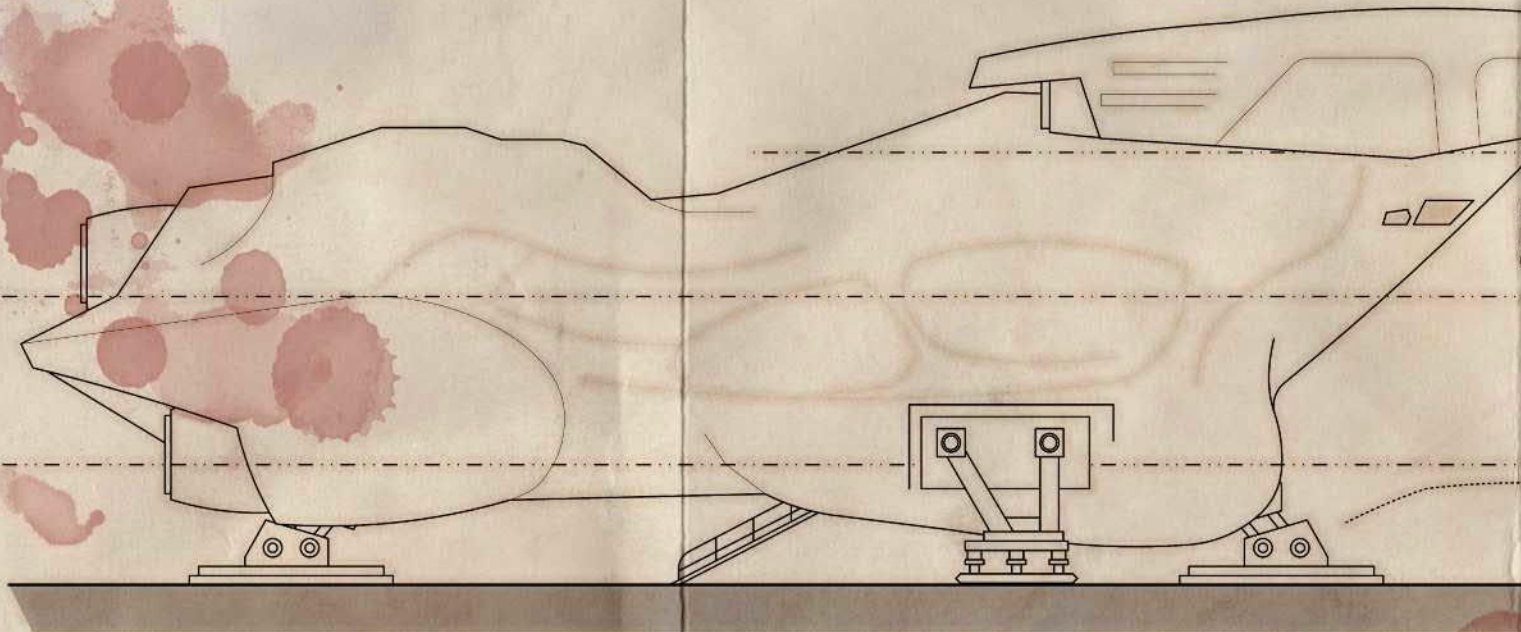
20

10

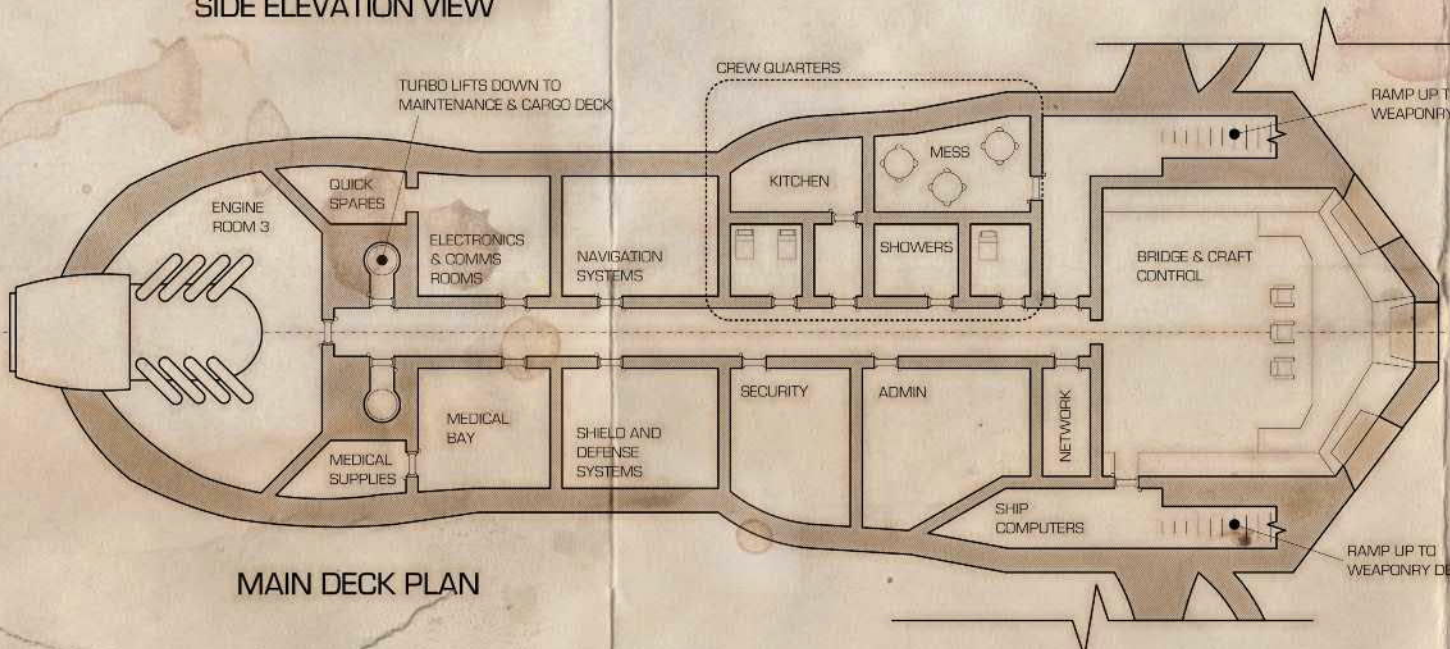
0

METERS



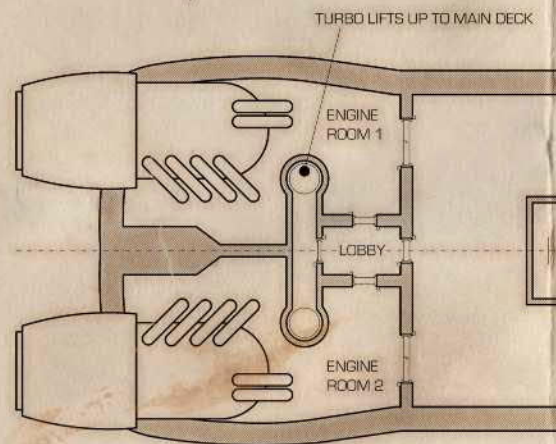


SIDE ELEVATION VIEW



MAIN DECK PLAN

STARTORQUE F-SERIES
NANOFUEL INJECTOR
HYPERDRIVES



MAINTENANCE & CARGO DECK PLAN



| | |
|---|-------------------|
| DRAWN : G. SEAL. | DATE : 5882-315-0 |
| APPR'D : V. SATANIS | ISSUE : ZR |
| SCALE : ↔ 2M | PROJECTION : 1ST |
| TITLE : DECKPLAN & ELEVATION FOR TYPE 77 "MILKSHAKE" CLASS FREIGHTER | |
| DRAWING NUMBER : GGR/VS111/572-6 | |

TRANS-SPACE
Systems
Corporation

*Building Universe-beating
spacecraft since 5560-015-8*

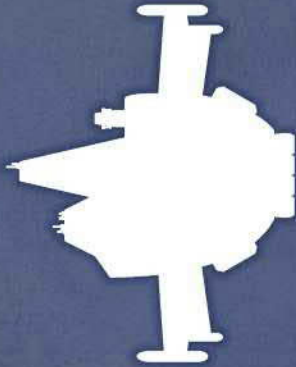
DO NOT SCALE

IF IN DOUBT, ASK

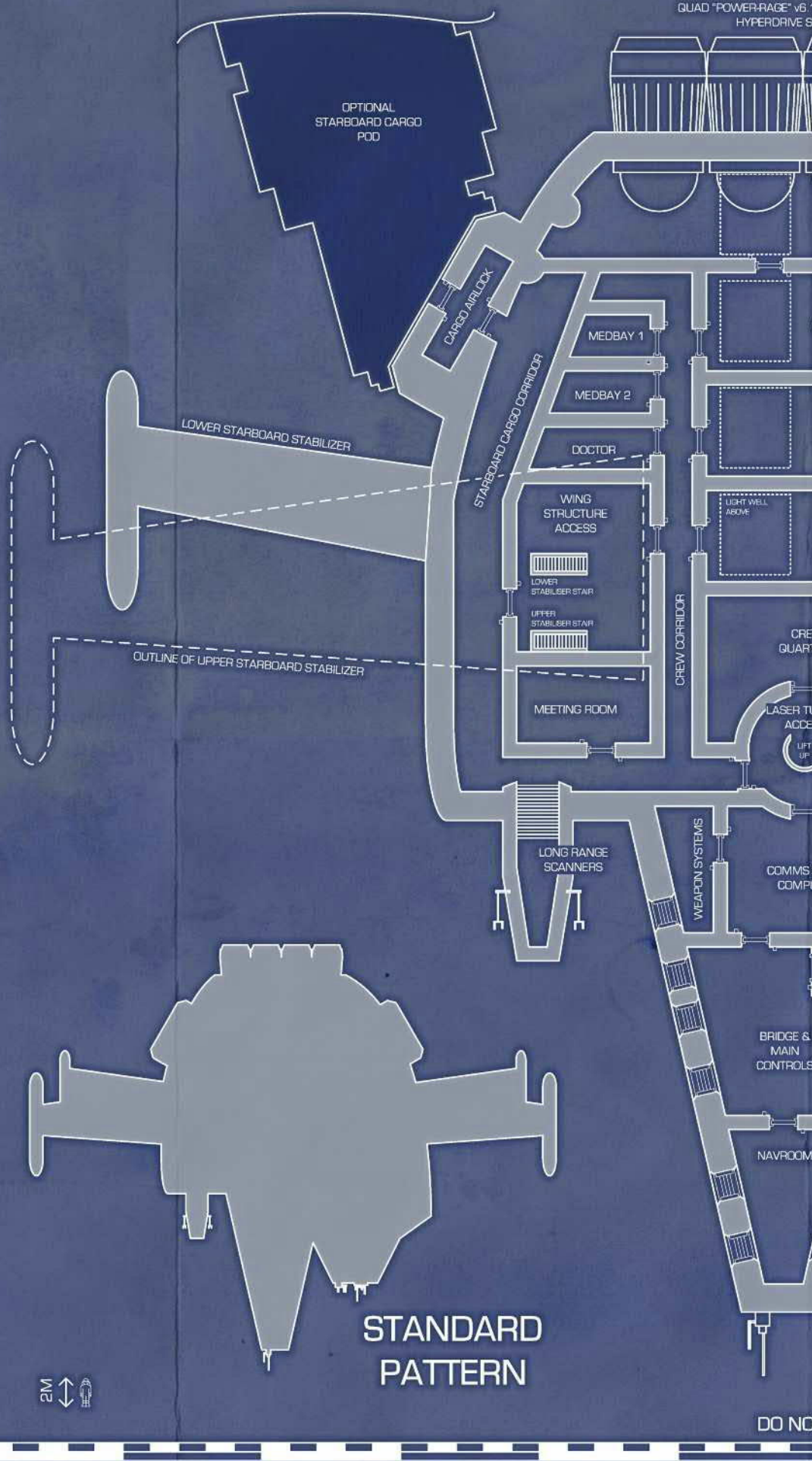
TRANS-SPACE Systems Corporation

*Building Universe-beating
spacecraft since 5560-D15-8*

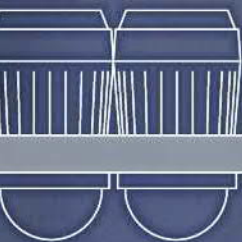
"IRON PIGEON"
(FERAL CLASS)



| REV | COMMENTS | DATE |
|--|----------|------|
| DRAWN : G. SEAL. | | |
| APPR'D : V. SATANIS/T. LOUGHRIST | | |
| SCALE : ↔ 2M ← → 5M | | |
| DATE : 5448-347-9 | | |
| ISSUE : B | | |
| PROJECTION : 1ST | | |
| TITLE : DECKPLAN FOR TYPE 69 "FERAL" CLASS FREIGHTER. | | |
| DRAWING NUMBER : | | |
| GGR/VS111/666-69 | | |



16 VECTORED THRUST
CRAMJETS



ENGINE ROOM

ENGINEERING

KITCHENS

CANTEEN

W
TERS

URPET
SS

& SHIP
UTER

SECURITY

AT SCALE

IF IN DOUBT, ASK

OPTIONAL PORT
CARGO POD

"IRON PIGEON"

CARGO AIRLOCK

LIFT
UP

SATELLITE DISH ACCESS

MAINTENANCE STORE

WING STRUCTURE ACCESS
AND MAIN STORAGE AREA

LIFT
UP

LOWER
STABILIZER STAIR

UPPER
STABILIZER STAIR

AMMUNITION/
WEAPON
STORE

VECTOR TURBINE

CAPTAINS
QUARTERS

HALL
(+ VECTOR TURBINE CONTROLS)

CREW REST
AREA

HUBROOM 1

DOCKING
CONTROL

HUBROOM 2

LOWER PORT STABILIZER

OUTLINE OF UPPER PORT STABILIZER



FREIGHT PATTERN

90
80
70
60
50
40
30
20
10
0
METERS



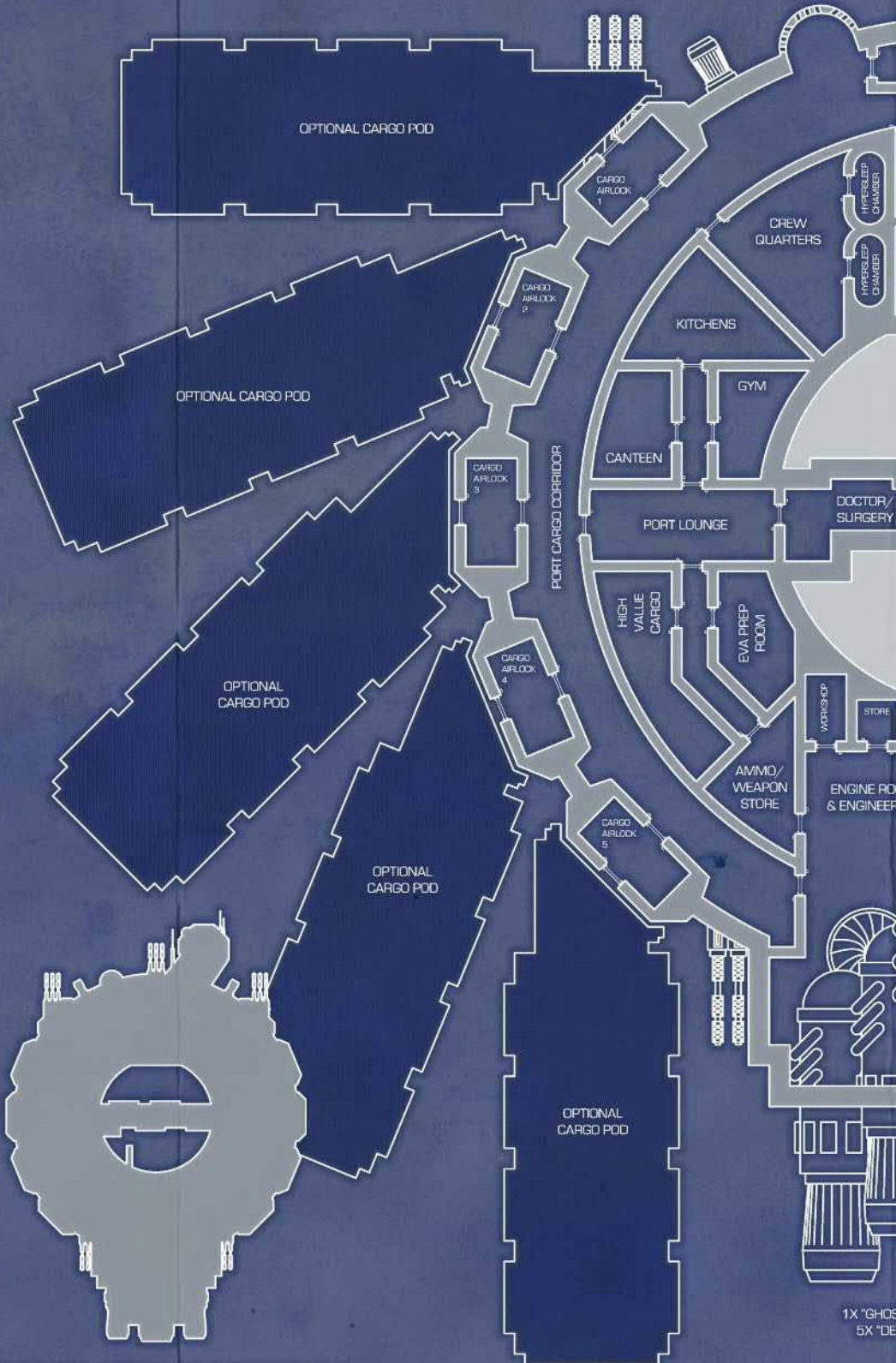
TRANS-SPACE Systems Corporation

*Building Universe-beating
spacecraft since 5560-D15-B*

"BLACK WIDOW"
(HUNTSMAN CLASS)



2M



| REV | COMMENTS | DATE |
|-----|----------|------|
|-----|----------|------|

DRAWN : G. SEAL.

APPR'D : V. SATANIS

SCALE : \leftrightarrow 2M \longleftrightarrow 5M

DATE : 5552-228-1

ISSUE : A

PROJECTION : 1ST

TITLE : DECKPLAN FOR TYPE 197.2
"HUNTSMAN" CLASS HEAVY
FREIGHTER.

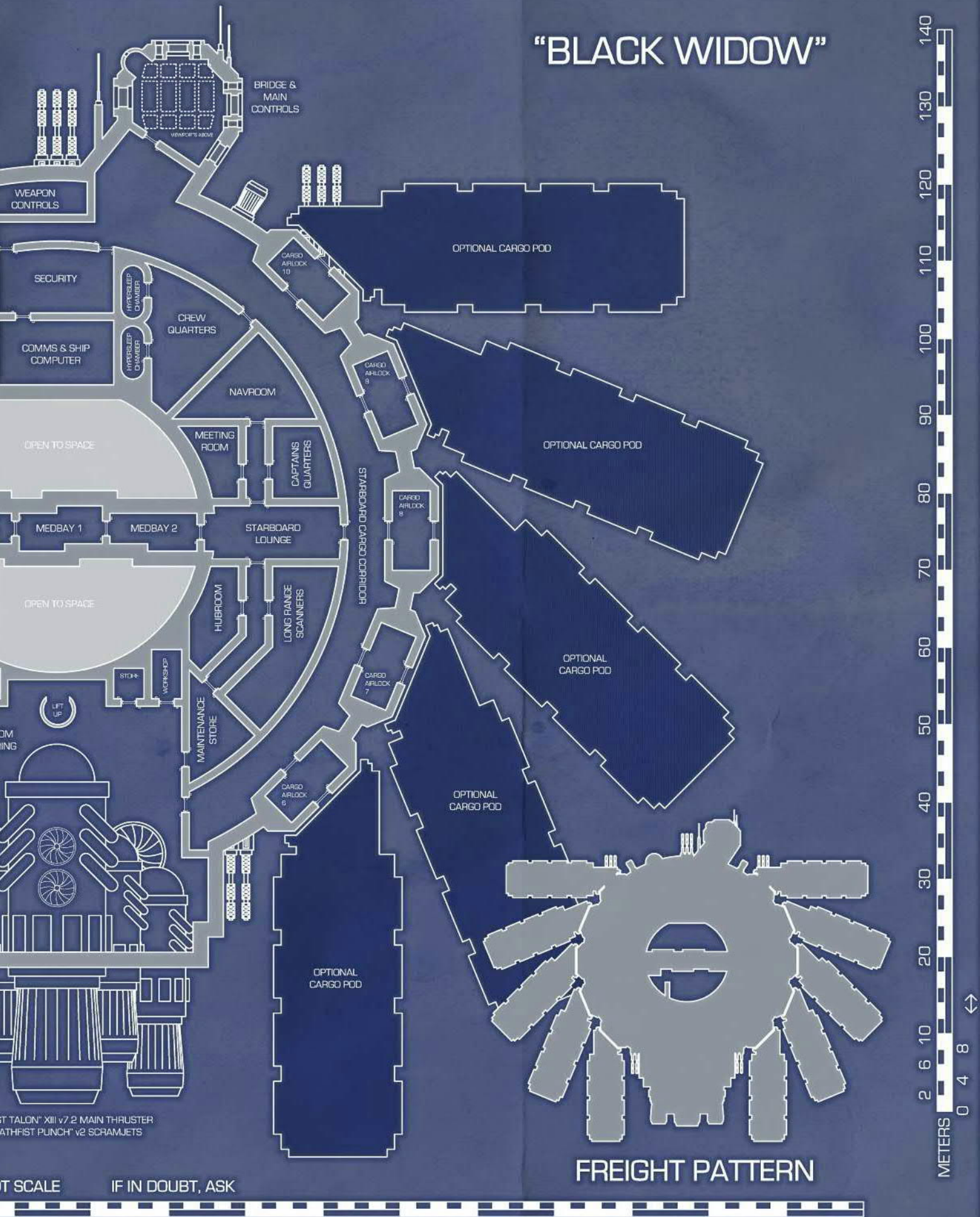
DRAWING NUMBER :

GGR/VS111/A1970-80-5

STANDARD PATTERN



"BLACK WIDOW"

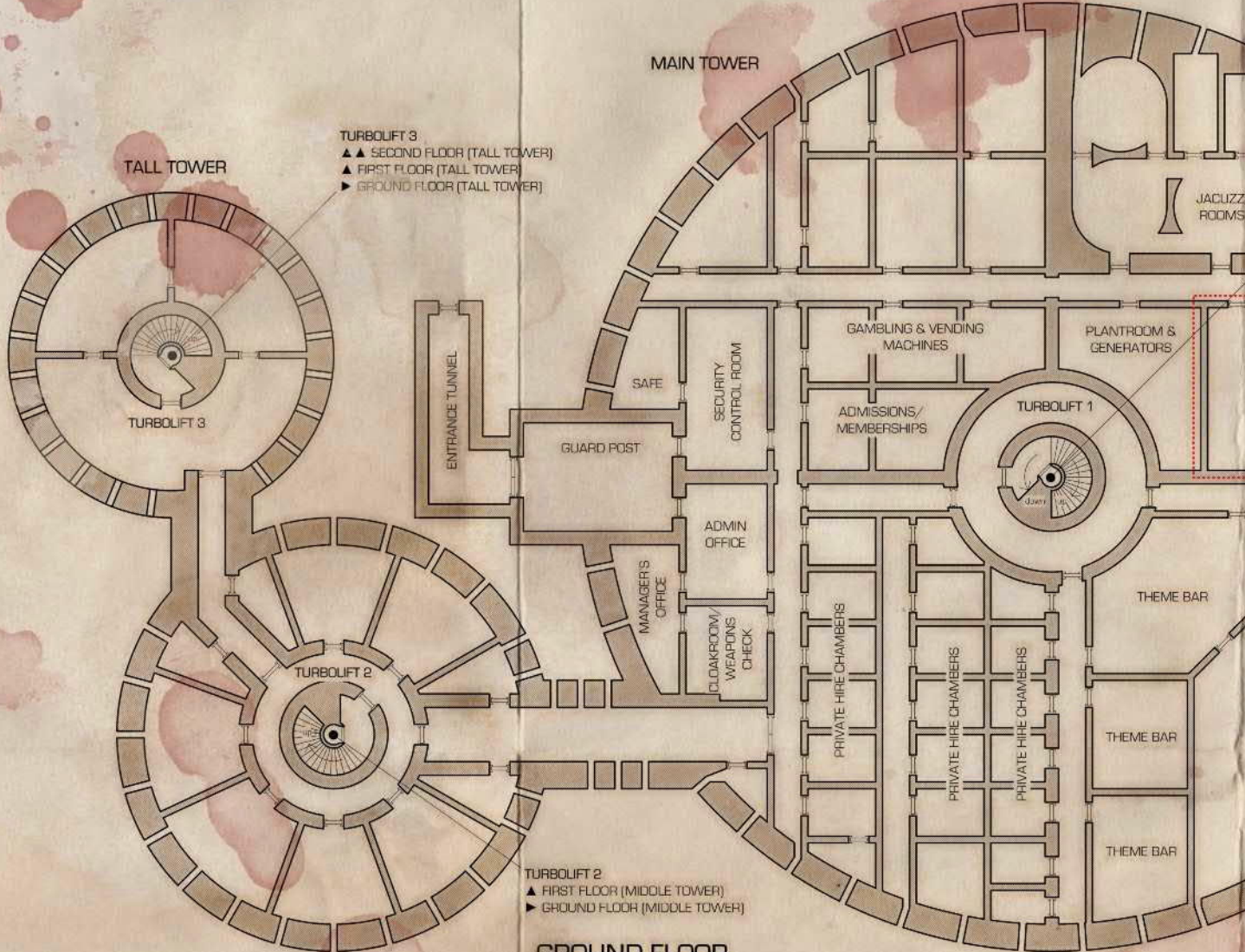
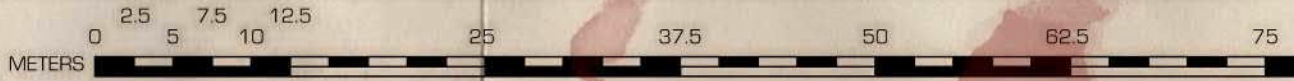


140
130
120
110
100
90
80
70
60
50
40
30
20
10
0 4 8 ←

METERS

FREIGHT PATTERN

IF IN DOUBT, ASK

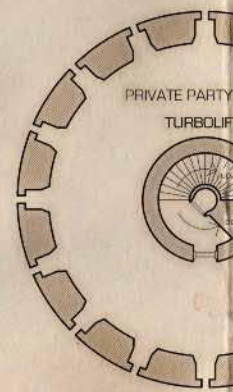
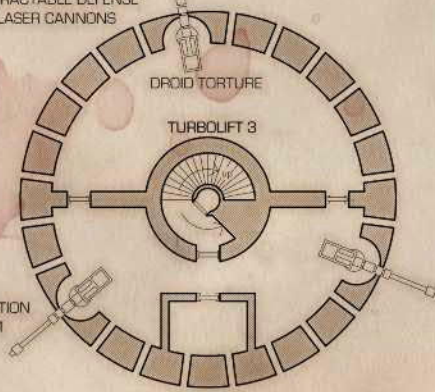
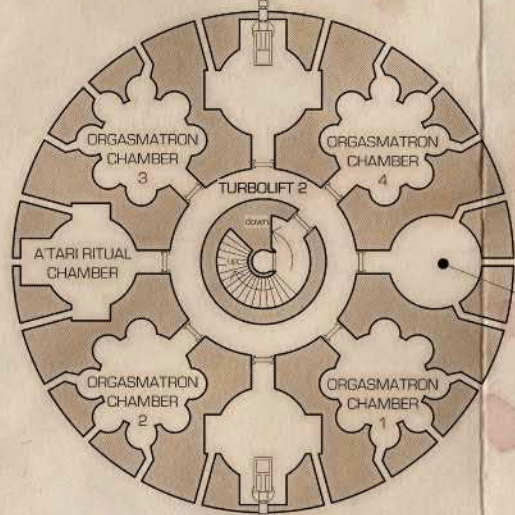


GROUND FLOOR (ALL THREE TOWERS)

- TURBOLIFT 2**
- ▲ FIRST FLOOR (MIDDLE TOWER)
 - ▶ GROUND FLOOR (MIDDLE TOWER)



PURPLEFLARE Z4 SERIES
RETRACTABLE DEFENSE
LASER CANNONS

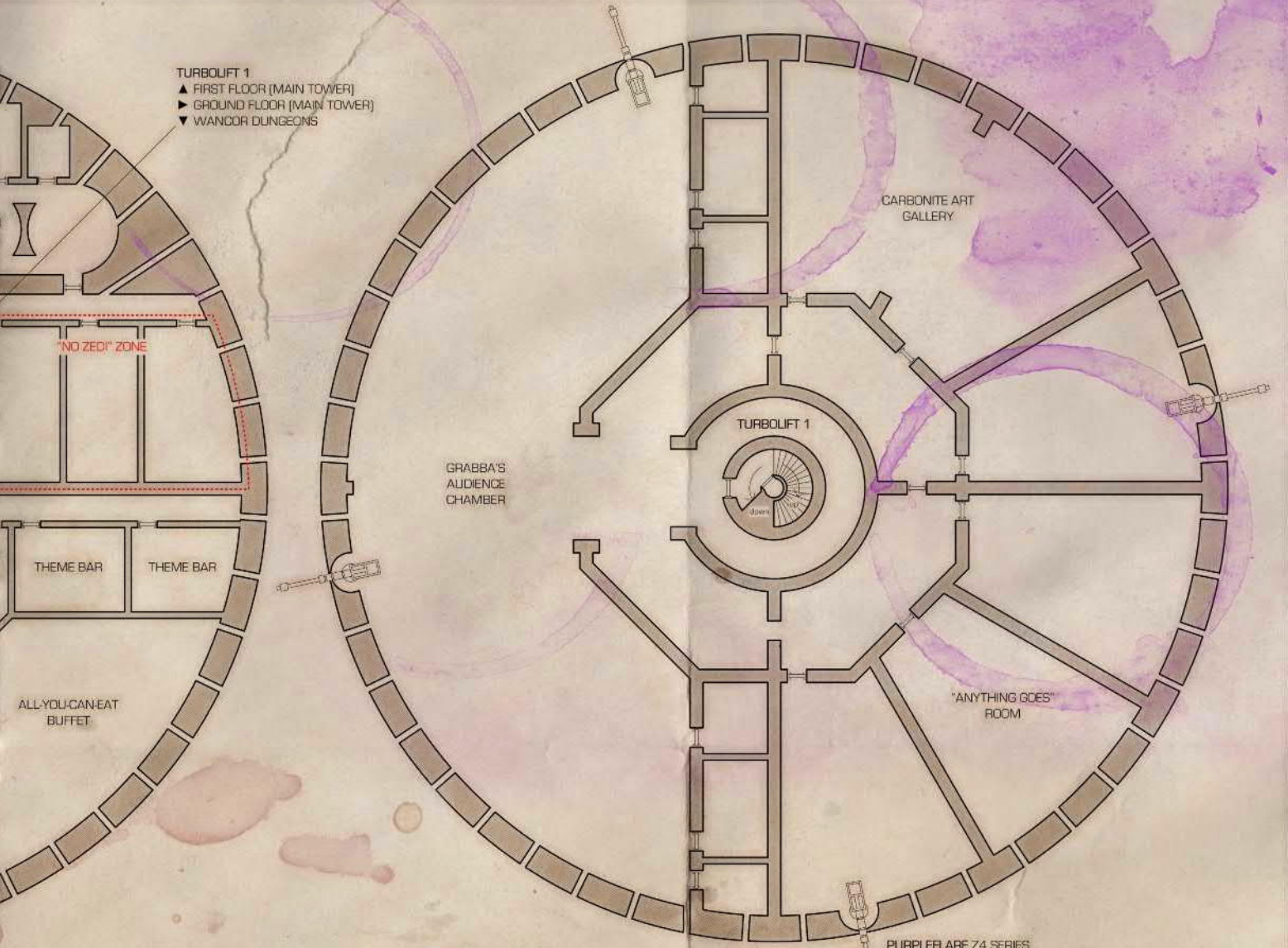


DO NOT SCALE

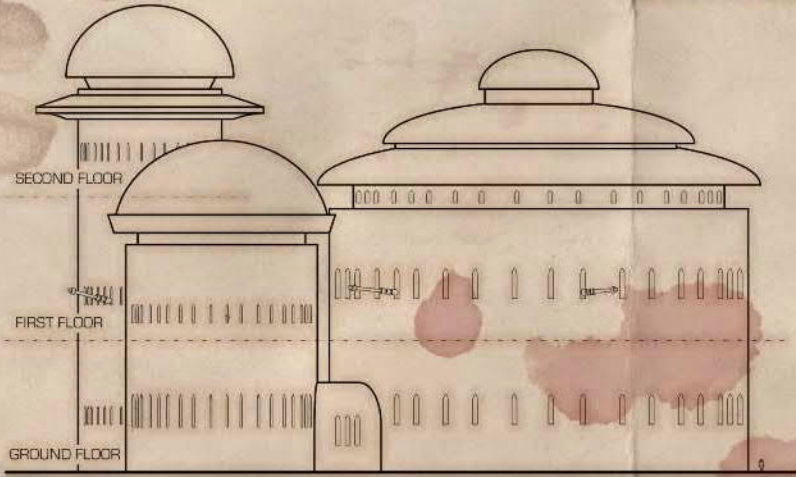
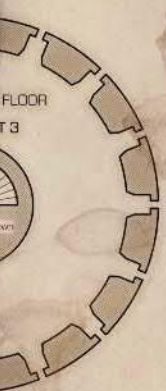
IF N

87.5 100 112.5 125 137.5 150

- TURBOLIFT 1
- ▲ FIRST FLOOR (MAIN TOWER)
- ▶ GROUND FLOOR (MAIN TOWER)
- ▼ WANDOR DUNGEONS



FIRST FLOOR:
MAIN TOWER



ELEVATION ON ALL TOWERS
(NOTE: SCALE REDUCED)

CARBONITE ART GALLERY

"ANYTHING GOES" ROOM

PURPLEFLARE Z4 SERIES
RETRACTABLE DEFENSE
LASER CANNONS

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| BUTT CORP <i>BUILDING BETTER PLACES THROUGH SLAVERY</i> | |
| DRAWN : G. SEAL | DATE : 5991-221-2 |
| APPR'D : V. SATANIS | ISSUE : A |
| SCALE : ← → 5M | PROJECTION : 1ST |
| CLIENT : GRABBA THE BUTT | |
| TITLE : PALACE OF PERVERSITY | |
| DRAWING NUMBER : AB/VS111/007-7 | |

IN DOUBT, ASK



UNIVERSAL EXPLOITS

Universal Exploits started out with a different name. In the beginning, when first launching the Kickstarter to fund *Universal Exploits*, the book was titled "Pussy Chasers: The Legend of Oral." There were a variety of reasons for altering the title.

This is a sourcebook for the sleazy sci-fi roleplaying game *Alpha Blue*. If you've ever wondered what it would be like to mix *Star Wars* with *The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue*, this is the game for you. By the way, *Girls Gone Rogue* is a sister-sourcebook to *Universal Exploits*. Combined, all three books provide absolutely everything you'll need to create light-years of space-faring adventure!

Rather than focus on linear scenarios, *Universal Exploits* features an old school technique for generating an infinite number of ideas, designs, and concepts - random tables! This is what "sandbox" play is all about.

ALPHA
BLUE

