

VENGER ΔS'NAS SATANIS

HIGH STAKES

Q'UΔY
Q'UΔR

A. Borden
1986

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1986

High Stakes Q'uary-Q'uar

What's this scenario about? Well, there's this tournament where little plastic purple and yellow playing pieces move along hexes until one guy wins. It's a stupid, but strangely awesome and extremely popular thing - kind of like reality television.

The PCs are drawn to this Q'uary-Q'uar tournament, which is kind of a nexus for gamblers, pimps, prostitutes, pickup artists, bounty hunters, and everyone who enjoys a nice refreshing glass of Purple Prism. Should be an outrageous time!

Below are two new character classes for Alpha Blue, the Xenologist and the Pickup Artist.

XENOLOGIST

A xenologist specializes in sentient lifeforms just as a linguist specializes in languages. Those pursuing such a profession study a wide array of alien physiology, psychology, customs, beliefs, sexuality, technology, medicine, and business practices.

Dealing with a new species means being at a disadvantage most of the time. The Space Dungeon Master is well within his rights to reduce a character's dice pool when it comes to interacting with something truly alien. However, the xenologist won't be at a disadvantage when dealing with anything having to do with unfamiliar lifeforms because that's just part of the job.

Once per scene, a xenologist may attempt to show off his alien knowledge with a cocky display of xenology. If successful, the following occurs...

- Those within 10' of the xenologist who would ordinarily be sexually attracted to him are drawn into his animal magnetism vortex.
- Those within 10' of the xenologist who believe themselves incredibly smart feel temporarily dumb because they didn't know what the xenologist knows.

- Those within 10' of the xenologist who don't believe themselves especially brainy suddenly realize the advantages of having a xenologist among their crew - even if the alien trivia spouted has no inherent value to them.

PICKUP ARTIST

The vast majority of pickup artists were not born with "game." Game is a knack for seducing women. If game is not a natural talent, then certain skills must be acquired. Pickup artists study, train, and practice their art until they've engineered a persona that is who they are, but the best version of themselves - the most desirable and successful self.

If you choose the Pickup Artist character class, then you only have one special ability - attracting women. Though, a case could be made for picking up men, instead of women, but men pretty much want sex all the time and aren't particularly choosy about who they're having sex with, so...

Here's the mechanic: anytime you meet a female you'd like to seduce, the Space Dungeon Master will roll a d6. If the result is either a "1" or "2," (because the SDM is rolling for the female's intuition) that female is attracted to the pickup artist in some way and is open to exploring things further. After a little time and effort, the relationship - however brief - may escalate to sex. The rest will have to be roleplayed.

SEX... WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR?

Before we get to the scenario proper, I'd like to touch on something regarding player-character in-game sex. Getting temporary Health is only one of several incentives available. Below is a brief list of options that players can choose from...

- If you have some special ability that's limited to once per hour, twice per combat, three times a day, etc. having sex gives you a bonus use of that ability within the restricted time period.
- You can trade sexual gratification for stealing the spotlight, allowing you to double your dice pool for a single action.
- You can exchange the renewed vitality bequeathed to you via getting off for the chance to re-roll a single dice pool.



Cybernet Bojan
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STANDING OVER A CORPSE

The PCs stand over the body of a dead man, possibly a man who was trying to kill one or more of the PCs. If the players love combat, then open the scenario with an epic laser battle. Otherwise, start off with a corpse at the adventurers' feet.

A faint beeping can be heard - it's coming from the dead man's wrist. The beeping is from his communicator, accompanied by a faint violet glow. Could be an explosive device set to go off any standard second! Do the PCs have the balls to investigate the device?

Actually, the beep and glowing was an alert set up by the dead man to remind him of the Q'uary-Q'uar tournament starting tomorrow. It's the largest annual Q'uary-Q'uar tournament in the entire galaxy.

Anyone bothering to check the wave-wire (the future's answer to the question, "Why doesn't the internet have more porn?") can see the tournament is being held on Zeta Minor, a planet positioned between the Neutral Zone and trade routes bordering Galaxy 5. With tomorrow's tournament, activity has picked up in that sector - run-ins with pirates, scavengers, thieving merchants, scam artists, drug runners, high and low-class prostitutes, and a large number of women complaining about guys trying to pick them up.

Further investigation may yield another interesting tidbit - three times a year, the Universal Pickup Artists Association (UPUASS) holds a gathering. It just so happens that their pickup artist convention is taking place at the same time and place as the Q'uary-Q'uar tournament. How can the PCs possibly resist?

**'It's actually the
largest annual
Q'uary-Q'uar
tournament in
the entire galaxy'**

WHY GO TO ZETA MINOR?

Just in case the PCs need some extra motivation (and for the fun of it), below is a random table full of speculative reasons for why they should attend. Obviously, if a particular result would best fit a specific PC, you can assign them without rolling.

Roll	Result
1	A few years ago, your sister stabbed herself with a shard of space glass before she could be raped and sold into sex-slavery by Quai-Gon Jizz, a low-level gangster and degenerate gambler who loves playing Q'uary-Q'uar. Quai-Gon Jizz is sure to be at the tournament.
2	Just before your father was unjustly imprisoned by the Federation, he explained that you were conceived on a Q'uary-Q'uar board and then proceeded to teach you how to play. Since that day, you've wanted to make use of your intimate knowledge of the game.
3	You've just heard from the person you're indebted to. He's demanding payment in 5 days or it's your ass! There's certain to be more action on Zeta Minor over the next 3 days than anywhere else in the galaxy.
4	Zeta Minor... where have I heard that name before? Suddenly, you recall visiting a young woman on Alpha Blue. Then she had a falling out with the space station of love and re-located to Zeta Minor. You've never seen her since she left Alpha Blue, but you have fond memories of her services.
5	Purple Prizm is sponsoring the tournament, and that happens to be your favorite non-alcoholic beverage! Purple Prizm sponsored events always have free, non-stop flowing drinks of the violet variety!
6	You just so happen to be awesome at Q'uary-Q'uar and winning would get you 100,000 credits! The entry fee is only 100 credits, so what do you have to lose?

CLOUD OF STRANGE MATTER

The PCs are on their way to Zeta Minor when the ship's sensors pick up something and sound an alarm. An anomaly is detected up ahead - a nebulous cloud of lurid colors: magenta, orange, and indigo mixed with infra-white - but the ship will have a difficult time avoiding it.

If the autopilot is disengaged and an actual pilot rolls a 5 or better, the weirdly-hued cloud is avoided. Otherwise, the PC's ship goes straight through.

For those adventuring parties who successfully maneuver out of the cloud's way, the ship's sensors detect something floating within the strange nebula - like a derelict vessel or person in an environmental suit drifting through space.

Direct contact with the cloud of strange matter means that one or more incredibly bizarre things will occur within the next few hours.

FAMILIAR GREETINGS

A little while later, an unknown starship approaches and a hailing signal followed by direct communication is coming through. It's one of the PCs!?!

It may take some convincing before the PC talking to himself is ready to believe that that is him. Probably one or more PCs aboard the other ship will chime in, adding another layer of reality to what's going on - the adventurers are communicating with themselves!

Turns out, these alternative PCs are from another dimension, parallel world, timeline, or whatever you want to call it. They are on the run from a dark star elf turned ruthless bounty hunter named Zyrnakanan. Why? Because all of them fucked some chartreuse-skinned princess who was meant to be married while still a virgin. Oops!

The alternative PCs ask the actual PCs to meet them at coordinates B19 - X11 - Delta. "Rendezvous to that point in space and we can attack Zyrnakanan simultaneously." Apparently, Zyrnakanan is about 40

standard minutes behind them, and they need to refuel before the battle.

Tall and thin with distrustful violet-gray eyes, dark star elves are sly, secretive, and ambitious rogues of the space lanes with a murky plum skin tone and evil in their hearts. For them, betrayal is as natural as drinking Purple Prism... their favorite non-alcoholic beverage.

What the PCs don't know is that the alternate PCs are total dicks, planning to lure the actual PCs to those coordinates so that Zyrnakanan will find and capture (or kill) those guys instead of the ones he's after.

FYI, don't ever use the D-word in the presence of a dark star elf. Referring to dark elves as drow is the lowest of ethnic slurs, and will absolutely incite violence. However, it's fine for dark elves to call themselves or each other drow. In fact, they do it all the time.

ZETA MINOR

This planet used to be a profitable world for mining, but the blue crystal (dyrellamin) has been stripped out. However, the leisure facilities built a couple decades ago are still intact and available for renting out at only 10,000 credits per day.

Specifically, the Zeta Minor exhibition hall is the place to hold events. The exhibition hall is nine miles long by thirteen miles wide and three levels deep. The place feels like a small city, strewn with neon eye-candy, decadent technological comforts, and all manner of alluring vice.

If the Space Dungeon Master wants to extend the length of this scenario, he is welcome to add rumors of alien artifacts buried deep underground the planet's surface. Think of all the dungeonesque caves, tunnels, and mineshafts waiting to be explored by the PCs! Of course, nothing like that is provided in this short scenario, so you'll be on your own.

POMME GRANATE AKA MISTRESS GRENADINE

Mistress Grenadine used to be a Satisfier on Alpha Blue - until she took revenge on a high ranking official within the Federation who was blackmailing her. Now, she's too hot a commodity for even the space station of lust.



These days, Mistress Grenadine works as a dominatrix on Zeta Minor. She's known for her crimson hair and ability to squirt cherry syrup from her highly-sought-after vagina. She's 1/16th alien which gives her an exotic appearance. Mistress Grenadine can usually be found wherever the party is, wearing her signature, see-thru, red holographic dress.

In her private life, Pomme Granate is warm, jovial, and affectionate - interested in others; however, behind those sweet red eyes, she's wondering what they're up to... who they're trying to screw, why, and for how much?

Currently, she's attending the Q'uary-Q'uar tournament because of all the potential clients crawling around the Zeta Minor exhibition hall.

The PCs will certainly see her slinking around like a space cat in heat. If they seem at all interested, she'll ask if one or more are looking for a date. She charges 300 credits per hour; however, her private sessions yield a 2d4 Health bonus that lasts about 8 hours.

TOURNAMENT DIRECTOR

Quite a coup for the Galactic Series Q'uary-Q'uar tournament director, as this year the main event will not only take place on Zeta Minor, but will also be hosted by the enigmatic David "Space" Pumpkins and his dancin' skeleton sidekicks... the bone guard!

David "Space" Pumpkins

Health: 40 **Armor:** 2 (space pumpkin suit)

Attack Dice Pool: 3d6

Special: A wand is concealed behind his pumpkin tie. It is only known as the Wand of David S. Pumpkins (see entry below). David Pumpkins wears a wig, and it's the streak of lighter curls that teleports fresh skeleton dancers to his side. Destruction of the wig prevents any new members of the bone guard from appearing. Also, he has skeleton, pumpkin, and skeleton pumpkin fetishes.

Treasure: David Pumpkins always carries 2d4 x 100 credits on his person.

The Bone Guard

Health: 25 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6

Special: David Pumpkins will always be accompanied by precisely two bone guards. Even if one or both are killed in one scene, minutes later, two bone guards will be dancing alongside David Pumpkins. Apparently, there is an unlimited number of bone guard clones... yet no more than two will ever be seen at a time. If David S. Pumpkins dies, his bone guard dies with him... unless someone puts his wig on within minutes of David Pumpkin's death.

WAND OF DAVID S. PUMPKINS

This is a slender black wand decorated with white glow-in-the-dark bones and topped with an orange plastic pumpkin; its green eyes light up when the wand is used.

The wand is activated when the wielder holds it and says, "Any questions?" The wand can be used indefinitely, as long as, its power is not called upon more often than once per day. If it's used multiple times per day, there's a 1 in 4 chance that the wand will overload and self-destruct, causing 6d6 damage to everyone in a 30' radius.

Below is a random table for determining the effect of David Pumpkin's wand. Victims must be within 20' of the wand in order to be affected, and have a 2 in 6 chance of avoiding their fate.

Roll	Result
1	Jettisons an individual into the cold vacuum of space.
2	Turns an individual into a pumpkin.
3	Turns an individual into a living skeleton.
4	Causes utter confusion and bewilderment in 1d4 individuals.
5	It allows the wielder to teleport very short distances.
6	The wand wielder scares the hell out of 1d4 individuals.

PLAYING IN THE TOURNAMENT

I've come up with a few different ways for the PCs to get involved with Q'uay-Q'uar while on Zeta Minor.

The first way is to actually play a game of Q'uay-Q'uar against other players and/or the Space Dungeon Master. This is probably better for side-games - that's where the real money can be made (aside from the win, place, and show categories in the annual tournament, of course).

The second is for those who want to play in a non-tournament Q'uay-Q'uar cash game, have them roll 1d6-3 x 1,000 credits per hour of Q'uay-Q'uar gambling. That means if you rolled a "2," you'd have lost 1,000 credits. If you rolled a "5," you'd have won 2,000 credits. Professional gamblers get to roll 1d6-2 x 1,000 credits per hour.

The third way is for each player engaged in the tournament to roll a d100, determining how far their character has gotten before busting out. This tournament attracts just over a hundred players each year, so rolling a d100 will determine how long they last.

A result of "01" means you won the tournament, "02" is second place, and "03" is third, while a result of "100" (or similar high number) means that you either played terribly or got really unlucky from the get-go. PCs with the profession of "gambler" get to roll 3 times, taking the best of three. Zedi, droids, telepaths, those with natural luck, and aliens or mutants with extra-sensory powers who are willing to cheat can roll twice, taking the best of two.

However, the Q'uay-Q'uar cheaters have a 1 in 4 chance of getting caught. Those found to be cheating are immediately yanked out of the tournament, stripped naked, and have to stand there while onlookers get to throw freezing blue jelly, t'zadeki, at their junk. It's so cold that it burns. Victims take 1d6 damage and won't be able to have sex for an entire week!

The tournament winner gets 100,000 credits. Second place gets 50,000 credits. Showing in third gets 25,000. Not bad for a 100 credit entry fee.



CRUSHING SMUGGLER'S QUARRY

Hesina Goldenfire is a vibroswordswoman and gambler. She's not in the tournament, but can be found running the tables in a nearby area of the casino. Hesina specializes in Smuggler's Quarry and has amassed a stack of chips approximating 30,000 credits.

Approaching the gaming tables, the players see a rough looking woman with scars over her body. If the players inquire about her, they are told she is a vibrosword specialist named Hesina Goldenfire, and she does not lose easily. With a laugh, one gambler quickly warns, "When it's her deal, and she says, 'Cut,' you better have a blade!" Her studious gaze is made more foreboding by the continuing scar on both sides of her right eye.

Hesina's love for gambling is as strong as her deadly skills with a vibroblade, and both have served her well at the tables. Her many scars show that she is no stranger to a good fight. Gamblers who have survived games with Hesina will provide stern warnings. Hesina will do what she sees fit to win, and is not beyond showing her other skills if she feels cheated.

The higher the stakes, the higher the thrill. She'll bet 10,000 at a time if opponents are willing.

Hesina invites the players to a game. If the players join a game with Hesina, play starts quickly. She is constantly studying her opponents. Upon a more direct inspection, the players may identify that she has the M.A.R.K. combat cyber implant in her scarred eye socket. Hesina seems to have an amazing insight into the styles of the other players. The longer the game, the more unnatural her insight seems to be.

With the eye, Hesina Goldenfire has a dice pool of 4d6 when playing Smuggler's Quarry.

Mechanical Assessment for Response through Kinesiology (The M.A.R.K.) (modified) - This eye implant was originally designed to help melee combatants study the fighting style of their opponents to provide better responses and defense. With the deepest black market connections, and only the sleaziest of technicians, a modified M.A.R.K. can be purchased that provides the user with the same predictive information to identify tells in their opponent. The longer opponents are observed, the better chance the user has of responding. The modifications are nearly undetectable, and the unmodified M.A.R.K. perfectly legal.

JENNA RAYNE

Jenna Rayne is a professional space slut. She's been hooking up with random spacers for just over a decade - since she ran away from home at the age of 17. That's how she gets her kicks and that's also how she survives. Her many lovers buy her gifts, offer tips on the New Venus Stock Exchange, and give her all-expense-paid trips where she can get wild with other dudes (and the occasional girl).

As usual, Jenna Rayne is here to check out the scene, party with the wild ones, and make out like a bandit - men love to shower her with gifts before, during, and after she puts out! Tonight, she's wearing a sheer, loose-fitting garment the color of the sea on Rigel 12.

Now that Jenna is 30, she's pivoting. Jenna believes she can settle down, get married, and start a family, so she is trying to get knocked up by the most eligible bachelor. There's every chance she'll try to ensnare one of the PCs in her honey trap.

When Jenna sees someone that she likes or that could further her career (like the PCs), she'll walk up to them asking if they can help get all the glitter off her body. As she asks for help, Jenna will open up her top to reveal pink and aqua glitter covering her tits.

THE SPACER WHO LOVED WOMEN

Talador Grisholm is a successful pickup artist of minor renown in this galaxy. Talador has a 2 in 6 chance of getting the blue light (blue light means "go" for sex) from any female he chooses to seduce. Now, a 33%

chance doesn't seem all that effective, but if you propositioned 100 girls with that rate of success, you'd have approximately 33 dates for Saturday night. Not bad.

Talador isn't a high-born noble, but appears to be aristocratic due to all of his affectations, such as the way he speaks, walks, shaves, cologne, shoes, ultra-marine crystal communicator, eyebrow contours, etc. Talador is always well dressed and eccentrically so. He's human, but wears specialty cat-eye contact lenses to cast some doubt on his species.

Personality-wise, he's an introvert. In fact, being naturally shy and awkward around the opposite sex is what drove him to become a pickup artist. In certain situations, Talador forces himself to be not only extroverted, but the life of the party. However, he never becomes the annoying loud guy who can't shut the fuck up.

Talador Grisholm is looking for babes. Anywhere he sees a pretty girl, he'll put his skills to the test. If convenient, he'll try to have sex with them right away. If inconvenient, he'll get their number in order to hook up later.

Besides lots and lots of casual sex, Talador is critical of the Federation. The Federation despises freedom and revels in "glorious conformity." Talador is both a non-conformist and anti-authoritarian, so any chance to spit in the Federation's eye - that won't get him killed or locked up - is his cup of space tea.

He's a lover, not a fighter - but the following are his stats for combat if push comes to shove...

Talador Grisholm

Health: 25 **Armor:** 0 **Number of Attacks:** 1

Attack Dice Pool: 2d6

'Jenna Rayne is a professional space slut'



CRIME LORD SYRESH VOS

Crime is universal. Wherever there are sentient beings, there will be some kind of law and order... as well as the reverse - criminal activity. One can point to as many paths to criminality as stars in the void, but only a select few ascend to become crime lords.

Syresh Vos was born on an obscure, outer rim planet, making a name for himself in the gladiatorial games of Ush'kawa, graduating to the ignoble profession of bounty hunter, and finally striking out on his own as the man behind the crime wave of Tertiary 3.

Syresh Vos is leader of the Soltar Crime Syndicate and best melee combatant in the galaxy, which is why he's regarded as one of the longest, deepest, and most painful thorns in the Federation's side. Additionally, Vos is a known associate and sometime rival of both Grabba the Butt and Darth Facepalm.

The personal equipment of Syresh Vos includes his trademark vibrospear, personal energy shield mounted to his armor from a scrapped droideka, and an impulse jetpack allowing him to quickly close the distance between himself and his prey.

The following are some "fun facts" about Syresh Vos...

- He built his vibrospear based on sonic vibration technology that he stole from the desert revolutionary More Deep, aka the messiah of P'oon.
- His impulse jetpack used to be a common leaf blower.
- He has a harem of beautiful, exotic women... and he's in an exclusive relationship with all of them.
- His "dead eye" is actually a gift from the crystalline reptilians of Q'uerrek, giving Vos the ability to literally see the fear in those he faces.

- The outer rim crime lord's favorite food is chicken asteroids with szechuan sauce and favorite drink is Purple Prizm (no ice!)

So, why is the crime lord here on Zeta Minor? He and 2d6 minions intend on stealing the tournament prize money while cleaning out the rest of the casino. In total, Syresh Vos and select members of the Soltar Crime Syndicate will clear approximately 500,000 credits if they succeed.

Syresh Vos, outer rim crime lord

Health: 70 **Armor:** 3 **Number of Attacks:** 2

Attack Dice Pool: 4

Special: due to the energy shielding built into his armor, opponents attacking Vos must lower their attack dice pool by 1d6.

Treasure: besides all the gear Vos carries with him, his access crystal has 3d6 x 1,000 credits available.

Minions

Health: 25 **Armor:** 2 **Number of Attacks:** 1

Attack Dice Pool: 2

JIZZ CRUSHING Q'UAY-Q'UAR

He's probably the best Q'uary-Q'uar player in the tournament. In fact, his father was a champion Q'uary-Q'uar gambler and that's why he named his son Quai-Gon, "Quai" being an alternative spelling of purple on the border planets.

Quai-Gon used to be a zedi and Knight in White Satin, but then turned to the dark side after Quai-Gon's father was executed by the zedi council for humanoid trafficking. Now, Quai-Gon Jizz wallows in the gutter, looking for fresh meat to exploit. Specifically, he'll find pretty girls without any protection, get them addicted to drugs, and then sell the girls or their sexual services to those willing to pay top credit.

Unless he's stopped, Quai-Gon Jizz will probably win the tournament. Especially since he's cheating! Quai-Gon picked up a little gaming aid the last time he was in Hell's Cluster - a pentac pipe (see below).

Even if the PCs don't already have a grudge against this guy, Quai-Gon Jizz goes out of his way to be an asshole to everyone he comes in contact with. Quai-

Gon will probably criticize the PCs' clothes, their mannerisms, the way they do their hair, poor results in the tournament, etc.

Quai-Gon Jizz

Health: 55 **Armor:** 0 **Number of Attacks:** 2

Attack Dice Pool: 4d6

Special: knowing the zedi way as he does, Quai-Gon can double his dice pool once per day. He also can influence the weak minded and move small objects by willpower alone.

Treasure: void saber, pentac pipe, 8,000 credits, and the name/addresses of every strung-out skank from here to New Alderaan 2.

Void Saber - He carries a laser sword that's made of purest void - when dark matter can't escape a black hole and then whatever's come out the other side gets thrown into a sphere of annihilation - that's what his energy saber is made out of! It does an additional 1d6 every time it's wielded by a zedi or intuitive way-user.

Pentac Smoke Pipe - Disguised as an ordinary electronic smoking pipe, the pentac smoke pipe exudes an incense-like vapor as if one were passing by a new age shop.

When the smoke is inhaled, a saving throw must be made or the character experiences a chemical reaction in their brain causing them to "see" what they hope to see. Example: the targeted character has 3 Aces, the next card they pull is the 3 of diamonds, but they see a 4th Ace. An affected player will make their next move based upon believing they have a winning combination in their hands. This has led to many great players losing a game literally in the blink of an eye. The smoker is protected from the effects due to a counter agent that seeps from the mouthpiece and is absorbed in their system as they puff.

SHADOW HOLOGRAM

On the last day of the tournament, attendees are greeted to an announcement. This new information comes from a hologram - a mysterious man in black robes (Fructis New Zaelyn).

"Dear spectators and players in this year's Q'uary-Q'uar tournament. As you've noticed from all the advertisements on Zeta Minor, Purple Prizm is sponsoring this event... and Purple Prizm would like to extend an invitation. The Federation has asked us to apprehend several desperadoes on Zeta Minor. Apparently, they've eluded capture one too many times. The spacer who brings (names of several PCs) to justice, dead or alive, will collect 5,000 credits per head. Purple Prizm thanks you for your cooperation. Make your next one purple. Taste the next generation!"

It's possible that the entire tournament was more or less a front to take down the PCs. Even if their criminal activity hasn't warranted this kind of Federation attention, there could be another reason for their names being mentioned - settling an old score from an NPC who suffered at the hands of the PCs, data entry glitch, practical joke, etc.

At this point, the adventurers have a few minutes before lasers are fired, (pictures of the PCs can easily be looked up on the wave wire) but if they wait too long - bounty hunters and assassins come out of the woodwork to take the named PCs out.

FRUCTIS NEW ZAELYN

"It's pronounced Frook-teece!"

Fructis New Zaelyn is the shadowy figure in the hologram. Once upon a time, he worked as a messenger and errand boy for Grabba the Butt, but now he's on the board of directors at the Purple Prizm mega-corporation. Fructis is only dangerous because he's smart. The man has no fighting capabilities. If caught, he'll try to weasel his way out... and then escape when the opportunity presents itself.

He always travels with a short, female humanoid alien with milky greenish-blue skin. Her name is Kiwi and she acts as Fructis' personal secretary. Obviously, Fructis has sex with her, too, when he's in the mood.

Purple Prizm has decided to work with the Federation in order to clean up the galaxy and get scum off the streets. In exchange, the Federation is giving Purple Prizm several thousand juicy government contracts so that greedy, bureaucratic assholes can have something nice to drink while they make life a living hell for well-intentioned spacers trying to make some credits.

Fructis is sending out this holographic message from his lavish suite on the other side of the gigantic Zeta Minor exhibition hall. After his message has been sent, he's taking the next shuttle to Alpha Blue. If the PCs track Fructis to Alpha Blue and kill him, it's entirely possible that they will own his seat on the Purple Prizm board of directors. The seat not only holds a lot of power, but comes with a guaranteed payment of 17,000 credits per standard month.

**'It's pronounced
Frook-teece!'**



PanSpec'16

ATTENDEES

The following random tables will help the Space Dungeon Master come up with attendees of both the Q'uary-Q'uar tournament and pickup artist convention.

20 MORE SCIFI NAMES

Roll	Result
1	Bleenfroth
2	Zorjez
3	Kraash Moz
4	Hevezteem
5	Sroj
6	Yanzik
7	Soij Fass
8	Amreb
9	Peshtang
10	Xeef
11	Harresh
12	Kal' aan
13	Lorpshank
14	Preequo
15	J'aqueet
16	Gaarank
17	Ezro-gra'z
18	Tensor
19	Cillarzo
20	Vyn Chaazan

GENERAL DISPOSITION

Roll	Result
1	Rude and surly
2	Clueless and incompetent
3	Clever and shrewd
4	Amiable and accommodating

WHY ARE THEY HERE?

Roll	Result
1	Here for the Q'uary-Q'uar tournament.
2	Here for casual gambling and to see a show.
3	Q'uary-Q'uar tournament and... 1) arms, 2) drugs, 3) sex, 4) crystal
4	Is mostly here for the complimentary Purple Prism.
5	Enjoys the prostitutes on Zeta Minor.
6	Here on business (1 – 5 it's something boring like accounting, or 6 it's exciting like a secret agent taking down a crime lord).

AND WHAT THEY'RE WEARING

Roll	Result
1	Motley hued assortment of silk.
2	Poncho decorated with designs from the south-western sector of the galaxy.
3	Dressed like a company man aka "the Paul Reiser look" – either gray suit and red tie or button down shirt, puffy tan suede vest, and space khakis.
4	Tech-noir detective – dark pants, shirt, tie, and trenchcoat.
5	Military fatigues.
6	Flight suit, leather jacket, and boots.
7	Colorfully vibrant and chaotically patterned "Bill Cosby" sweater.
8	Sparkly silver spandex.
9	Dressed like a stage magician – oversized floppy hat, skinny jeans (black), jewel-toned duster, black fingernail polish, and cheetah-print scarf.
10	Pirate shirt with cravat and ruffled sleeves along with billowy buccaneer pants.

SURVIVE AND PROFIT

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. Besides living to fight and chase tail another day, what do the PCs have to show for their struggles? Well, that depends on them.

Some players will want their characters to carry on the time-honored traditions of fattening their wallets, taking revenge upon those who've done them wrong, and curb-stomping anyone who gets in their way. And there's absolutely nothing wrong with that.

However, remind players (if they forget) that RPG scenarios are not merely obstacle courses to get through on the way to the next set of obstacles. PCs have lives, they are life, they are alive - and all the stuff that happens in between shooting lasers and oral sex should be acknowledged and felt because it's part of the whole, the totality.

As human beings, we pay attention to the hard stuff - stress, frustration, anger, tragedy, and getting kicked in the teeth. And, in the moment, we revel in our occasional good fortune. But along the way, there's a lot going on where we lose focus, our attention drifts. Make the most of those rarely felt moments, the hidden ones that aren't particularly flashy because they, too, can be memorable. Carpe diem, motherfucker!

**'Carpe diem,
motherfucker!'**

CREDITS

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CAMPAIGN/SCENARIO NAME:

UNIFYING THEME:

INFLUENCES

DETAILS

























































PROMINENT NPCS









KEY LOCATIONS









THINGS TO REMEMBER

23 QUICK QUESTIONS FOR YOUR ALPHA BLUE CAMPAIGN

- ⬡ What are the templars in this corner of the universe up to?

- ⬡ Where can a spacer get a decent Venusian Raspberry Root Beer Slammer?

- ⬡ Where can spacers get outfitted with blasters, body armor, vibroblades, polyester, mind-condoms, blue dreamers, and explosives?

- ⬡ What's the name of the most active and notorious outlaw space wizard gang?

- ⬡ What's the zedi order (Knights in White Satin) doing in this galaxy? Is there a zedi council - what are they protecting the universe from?

- ⬡ What are the dark zedi, zith lords, and Knights in Black Satin trying to accomplish?

- ⬡ Who are the most ruthless bounty hunters in the galaxy and who are they currently working for? Who are they seeking?

- ⬡ In what sector of the galaxy is Alpha Blue currently stationed? Who is the hottest Satisfier and how much does she charge per hour?

- ⬡ Who are the richest individuals in this galaxy? What makes them so wealthy?

- ⬡ Why is the Federation such a corrupt, power-hungry bureaucracy and where are they cracking down this standard month?

- ⬡ Which mercenary crew in this galaxy is the most likely to be contracted for dirty jobs, and what makes them so effective?

- ⬡ If a rogue telepath is found out, where can they run to? Who is desperate to utilize their special abilities?

- ⬡ What's the nearest planet mining dyrellamin (blue crystal)?

- ⬡ Is there any sector of space where starships are forbidden to travel? If so, why?

- ⬡ Where are we with the local peace talks? Which side is about to invade? Who's preparing for war?

- ⬡ Where are we with the local trade negotiations? Who's screwing who over?

- ⬡ Where's the nearest gladiatorial arena, space fight club, and illicit gambling den?

- ⬡ Where's an interesting place that spacers can get laid? What kind of drugs do they have for sale?

- ⬡ What's going on with this galaxy's Assassin's Guild? Who's been contracted for assassination and why?

- ⬡ Are there any secret societies, cabals, or cults in the galaxy? What's their sinister agenda?

- ⬡ What's the strangest alien custom this galaxy has adopted? What are some popular slang words and phrases?

- ⬡ Who are the vilest crime lords in this galaxy? What criminal activities do they currently have their tentacles in? How easy is it to get a loan?

- ⬡ Where does one go to buy/sell/trade droids, clones, and starships? How much does a used starship go for these days? What about humanoid slaves?

