

ALPHA BLUE



VENGER AS'NAS SATANIS

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Venger As'Nas Satanis

2016

Feminine cyber-companions on hover-skates pass out drinks that bubble and smoke like a laboratory experiment gone horribly wrong. "Try some Flash, sugar. It'll blow you away." One says, her tiny chassis strobing pink and blue.

DJ Asimov adjusts the pulsing music by fondling an intricate hypercube that floats at his station with long, boneless fibers.

You eye a girl dressed only in holographic triangles. She looks back. Smiles. She wants to dance.

You move in for the "kill". Oh yeah! You've got all the right moves. The dance floor vibrates with luminous squares of amphetamine color like a space-rainbow checkerboard.

Suddenly she tenses up. She's looking at someone. Before you can see who it is, she plants a wet kiss on your lips. You can't tell if it's the narcotic mist being pumped out into the club or maybe she's just that sexy.

She breaks away while a couple of lowlifes question the bartender-bot. Bounty hunters, undoubtedly.

Your new friend is a bad girl.

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ALPHA WHAT?

Where's it slacking, frack face? The name's Amaranthia. You like what you see? Yeah, I can tell... or did you just pop a couple of blue dreamers?

There's a few things you should know about Alpha Blue, assuming you're planning on staying a few parsecs. You are, right? Otherwise, how are we supposed to get acquainted?

That's good. So, this space station doesn't stay as stationary as you would probably imagine. Don't get me wrong, we're not trekking all over the universe like a battle cruiser... but Alpha Blue? She moves. One day-cycle we're orbiting that planet populated entirely by sexy gum-chewing twins, the next we're moving out of the neutral zone - which has just shifted boundaries by a few light years because of some intergalactic incident.

You also gotta know who to trust. Pretty much no one. The girls are out to screw you out of your blue bucks - literally; the guys usually have allegiance to a large and dangerous group of space-hombres. As for the aliens... who even knows what crazy shit is on their three brains?

Me? No, I'm not a satisfier. However, I never turn down quick credits... especially when they're as cute as you.

I see you eyeing up my new arm. She's a rental. Almost got it paid off. Just one more job for my boss - he's the one smoking over there in the corner booth. That's right. I'm not just a pretty face. I also jack people up with a blaster.

Hey, maybe you could come with? Gars Amax likes to hire new blood. Wait right there, I'll go ask him.

THE SYSTEM

For over half the writing of this book, I avoided creating a core rule system. I mean, there are already so many science fiction roleplaying games out there. Alpha Blue could be used by any of them. Why create a system just for this book? Well, I'm an RPG designer and just felt like the book would be incomplete without its own rule-set.

But there's also another reason. Character creation, as well as, the system itself, sets the tone. Start the session down a certain path and chances are everyone will follow suit. At least, they'll get the general idea.

What happens in the adventure is mostly up to the players and their characters. The framework is determined by the Game Master or "Space Dungeon Master", in this case. That means using the Alpha Blue space station in conjunction with another sci-fi RPG will have different results than using what's provided here.

Specifically, this system is a cross between Crimson Dragon Slayer and The Outer Presence. The former is a humorous, gonzo take on OSR science-fantasy. It's rules-light while still having a bit of crunch. The latter has light-as-a-feather rules and is more serious, dealing with occult and horror investigations.

I wanted something between the two that would put the focus on pulpy, cinematic, action-adventure in deep space along with the vintage space operas I loved watching as a kid. This book is a campaign setting with infrastructure, not only giving the Space Dungeon Master ideas but procedures for utilizing them.

Alpha Blue should give you 85% of everything you need to immerse yourself in the ridiculous and raunchy universe of Alpha Blue! Good luck and may you live long and prosper with The Way... until it gets you frakking killed.

DICE POOL

If you want to do something, attempt an action, react to something that's going on, test your knowledge, or put your skills to good use, that's going to call for one or more six-sided dice to be thrown all at once. This is called a dice pool.

Everything that happens in the game - on a small measurable scale - is confined to one or more rounds. A round is a unit of time, approximately 20 seconds long.



MMX 15

Advantage = 3d6

Normal = 2d6

Disadvantage = 1d6

Within a round, characters take action in turn while other things may occur.

For instance, two characters might be engaged in a space Mexican standoff on a starship that a third character is piloting

- all while being pulled into an anti-matter field by its tractor beam. The game uses rounds to visualize what happens in chronological order.

When you're rolling your d6 dice pool, only count the highest result of the group. Ignore the rest. If there are multiple sixes, then make note of them. Once you've calculated your score for that roll, consult the charts below.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE

The majority of the time, characters will be rolling 2d6. That's considered normal, average, ordinary, routine, medium rare - you get the picture.

Dice pools of 3d6 are for when a character has some sort of advantage.

Dice pools of 1d6 are for situations where a character has some kind of disadvantage.

Determinations of difficulty are based on occupation, training, experience, background, and present circumstances.

The GM will tell you what to roll. When in doubt, just roll 2d6.

The GM may roll 4d6 when it's some gigantic star-beast, a shoulder-mounted napalm cannon, or something borderline supernatural / paranormal. If it's a ship's laser canons, go ahead and roll 5d6. Obviously, armor-piercing lasers ignore Armor.

THE SIX-SIDED SCALE

You rolled...	What That Means	In Other Words
One	Critical Failure	"No, and..." (something worse happens)
Two	Failure	"No."
Three	Mostly Failure	"No, but..." (something good happens)
Four	Partial Success	"Yes, but..." (something mildly bad happens)
Five	Success	"Yes."
Six	Critical Success	"Yes, and..." (something even better happens)

COMBAT

Most non-combat dice rolling will be interpreted by the GM. However, I've found that with combat, the GM and players prefer hard and fast rules.

Your Result...	Damage
One	Not only did you miss, something bad happened (see the Critical Fail Combat table below)
Two	Miss
Three	Miss
Four	1d6
Five	2d6
Six	3d6
Double Six	4d6
Triple Six	5d6
Quadruple Six	6d6

All damage dice explode. That means if you roll a 6, you get to roll that die again and add the new result to the 6. If you keep rolling a 6, then keep adding.

CRITICAL FAIL COMBAT

Assuming the Space Dungeon Master can't immediately come up with something clever and/or hilarious doom to befall your poor character, roll on the table below.

Roll	Result
1	2d6 damage to yourself.
2	2d6 damage to random companion.
3	1d6 damage to yourself.
4	1d6 damage to random companion.
5	Dazed and confused for one round.
6	Either you drop whatever you're holding or fall prone.

INITIATIVE

If you have a medium to small group (up to 6 players), whoever speaks up first gets to act right away. Whoever wants to go next can go second, then third, etc. Obviously, if there are extenuating circumstances, those take precedence. For instance, if an imperial agent is hiding, waiting for his chance to strike, then he'll get the drop on everyone.

If you have a larger group (7 or more), I suggest going in order of seating. If the Space Dungeon Master doesn't go first, then the player to his immediate left has the initiative. After he's taken his action, the player to his immediate left acts, and so on until it's the Space DM's turn.

ARMOR

All characters are considered to have an Armor Class of zero, unless they're wearing armor or have some kind of natural, mystical, or technological protection.

Armor acts as damage reduction. So, a character with an armor rating of 1 will absorb 1 point of damage each time a wound is inflicted. An armor classification of 2 will soak up 2 points of damage each time a character is struck, and so on...

However, high ranking officials, nobles, aristocrats, and the average billionaire can afford a shield suit. Shield suits generate an energy field which interferes with projectile weapons. Mechanically, this subtracts 1d6 from an opponent's attack.

HEALTH

When a character takes damage, it comes off his Health score.

Characters start the game at 1st level with 25 Health. For each session completed, they gain a level and 5 additional Health to their total score. The maximum level a character can achieve is 10th.

If a character reaches zero Health or negative Health up to his level, he is considered to be unconscious but in stable condition. For instance, a 3rd level character hasn't died until he reaches -4 Health or lower.

However, dying isn't necessarily the end for that character. Each time a PC or major villain "dies", there's a 2 in 6 chance of his resuscitation and survival with the assistance of cybernetic replacement parts.

After combat, 1d6 worth of healing can be received per wounded individual (2d6 if attended to by a medic, physician, or space doctor). After 8 hours of rest and relaxation, all a character's lost Health points are returned.

STRUCTURE

Living beings (including robots) use Health to determine their survival. Everything else uses Structure. Once an object runs out of Structure, it's basically inoperable... if not totaled. We'll divide things that have Structure into three categories.

Each category also has its own Armor rating. Just like characters, this is damage reduction.

- **Small:** This could be anything from a microcircuit that fits in the palm of your hand to a shoulder-mounted laser-bazooka. Anything within that size category will have a Structure of 10. Armor: zero
- **Medium:** This includes one-man vehicles up to medium-sized ships that can comfortably hold a

dozen or so humanoids (such as the Blue Flamingo). Anything within that size category will have a Structure of 100. Armor: 5

- **Large:** This includes space stations, battle cruisers, planetary bases, and anything that's really, really large. Anything within that size category will have a Structure of 500. Armor: 20

SHOULD YOU BUY ORGANIC?

Sometimes you have a choice, sometimes you don't. Regarding the former, expect to pay a lofty premium for spare parts that belonged to another human. For the latter, you take what you can get.

So, why would a humanoid need spare parts? If you take massive damage, fail a death saving throw, and so on... all are good reasons to need a fresh hand or left side of your face.

Organic is the best because your body is already used to it. Attaching a machine or alien flesh is not only off-putting, it can mess with your mind. But the good news is that universal healthcare is in effect, so characters will never have to pay for healing, replacement parts, or elective surgeries. Well, healthcare might be universal and free, but bribes make the worlds go round.

Below is a table for determining where your new replacement appendage, limb, organ, tissue, or system came from - followed by a table for a possible non-organic rejection of the host body. Alpha Blue doesn't have the surgical facilities of Rigal 12. You simply have to make do. Good luck!

Also, if you want your new leg or penile implant to do something really cool, that's what's known as an "out of pocket expense". But isn't 800 blue bucks worth having a laser-cock? Yep, that's what I thought.

ORGANIC REPLACEMENT BODY PARTS

Roll	Where Is It From?	Chance of Rejection
1	Pure organic	None
2	"I can't believe it's not organic" synthetic flesh	1 in 6
3	Cloned	1 in 6
4	Synthesized – artificial flesh	2 in 6
5	Cybernetic	2 in 6
6	Completely mechanical	3 in 6
7	Organic but utterly alien	3 in 6
8	Not only mechanical but alien, too	4 in 6

REJECTION

Roll on this table if you rolled poorly on the Chance of Rejection. The following symptoms or conditions should either create interesting roleplaying opportunities, dramatic tension, or a slight disadvantage to relevant dice pools.

Roll	Result
1	Personality change (usually turning evil).
2	Lack of coordination.
3	Twitching nerves (usually something inappropriate or dangerous).
4	New body part completely shuts down and fails to respond in a crisis.
5	Causes a mutation.
6	Inappropriately gropes or rubs up on women that the replacement body part likes.

SAVING THROW

If something happens which might mean the end of a character (aside from Health loss), that character is usually entitled to a saving throw. As per usual, saving throws will most likely be 2d6, but advantage and disadvantage can certainly play their part. The GM will determine the outcome based upon results rolled.

SAVING THROW RESULTS

Roll	Result
1	Not only do you die, but your carelessness and/or stupidity got one of your companions killed, as well. Dumbass.
2	You die.
3	You get one final action before death claims you. Make it count, space hero.
4	You fall unconscious for 2d4 rounds.
5	You were unscathed by whatever just occurred.
6	You overcame it! Consider yourself effectively immune to whatever threatened you for the next 24 hours.

STEALING THE SPOTLIGHT

Each session, every player-character has the chance to double their dice pool. All they have to do is say that they're going to "steal the spotlight" or suggest that they're going to take charge and handle the situation. With this mechanic, their next attempted action has an even better chance to succeed. Of course, rolling extra dice doesn't guarantee victory.

As the Space Dungeon Master, this is a golden opportunity to fully describe what happens, based upon the dice results. Do your best to make the PCs look as heroic, villainous, or ridiculously awesome as possible.

On the flipside, once per session the Space Dungeon Master is allowed to double his dice pool, as well. This allows him to juice-up a diabolical villain, absurd smoothie-bot using unlicensed banana-shaped dildos, or NPC trying to save a planet on the brink of destruction.



EXAMPLE OF COMBAT

You pull out your blaster and take a second to aim at the guy walking down the corridor. He's about 20' away, but you know beyond a shadow of a doubt that he's the son-of-a-bitch who killed your partner. Before you can get a shot off, he sees you and starts running.

You fire. The Space Dungeon Master tells you to roll 2d6. Your results are a 2 and a 5. Based on that, you roll 2d6 damage and get a 1 and a 6. Rolling again, because of the 6, you get a 5.

Your target takes 12 points of damage (unless they're some kind of flimsy space mook, assume everyone has 25 Health, just like a first level PC).

"For my trouble." You say, before holstering your blaster.

But ignore all that if it seems too cumbersome or fiddly. The important thing is to make characters who are supposed to be good at something shine like a thousand suns... right up until that moment where they critically fail and poop their pants in front of their comrades, friends, relatives, and innocent bystanders minding their own business.

CREATING A CHARACTER

The bad news: your character may not be the unique snowflake you were hoping for.

The good news: we've done without generating and keeping track of ability scores, modifiers, skill points, and all of that space jazz. Below are the occupational tables for players to roll on.

This section is mainly for creating characters that the players will use as a proxy for themselves in the game world. Picking and choosing is also fine. Though, it takes longer and usually isn't as much fun. Don't feel like you have to roll on every table, especially for larger groups. I provided a lot of tables just in case you want to use them. Sometimes, less is more.

However, the following random tables can be used for non-player characters, as well. If there's an important NPC in the game, then why not let the fates decide what he or she is like.

OCCUPATIONS

There are two tables upon which to roll or choose. The first is the Scoundrel Career table. The second is the Respectable Career table. Normally, you get two rolls which can be divided up however you like (two rolls on the Scoundrel table, two rolls on the Respectable table, or one roll on each).

However, you only get a single occupational roll on either of the tables if you choose one of the following...

- ⦿ Roll on the Something Special table
- ⦿ Create an alien
- ⦿ Play a mutant (roll three times on the mutation table)

The reasoning... humans are forced to train in multiple disciplines in order to keep up with their ultra-telluric colleagues. If a character doesn't know his way around a starship's engine room AND how to make someone walk

the space plank, then he's probably got a reason. Something in his life has compensated.

Basically, whatever your career(s), that's who you are, what you're good at, and why you do the things you do. If you're a pirate, for instance, then you're a pirate through and through. We're not too worried about nuance and we're not going to spend quality game time wondering what it would be like to roleplay a space pirate that detested pirating or who didn't like to plunder or say, "Arrrrgggh!"

Similarly, pirates excel at swinging from chandeliers, whereas a technician would be more at home fixing the ship's navigation system. Let the dice pool reflect the type of character rolled or chosen.

Bounty hunters can obviously track very well (3d6), but can they disarm a nova device? Well, that depends. If it's a new character or campaign, the Space Dungeon Master is either going to have to use his best judgment... or simply ask the player about his character's experience with such matters. Was there a time in that character dealt with nova devices? When it's a borderline decision, feel free to ask a player to justify why his character should get a bonus or avoid a penalty.

The SDM is under no obligation to accept whatever wild yarn that comes out of a player's mouth; however, coming up with background details creates a sense of immersion which can make for a better game. So, my advice is to encourage it as much as possible.

Each time they roll on the Scoundrel Careers table, characters receive 2d6 x 100 blue bucks, but only 1d6 x 100 per Respectable Career. Crime pays more; however, there's also the legality to worry about. If you're rolling once on the Scoundrel Career table, then roll 1d4 on the Scoundrel sub-table. If you're rolling twice on the Scoundrel table, then roll 2d4 on the sub-table and take the highest die as your result.



SCOUNDREL CAREERS

Roll	Result
1	Bounty Hunter
2	Mercenary
3	Pirate
4	Gambler
5	Con Man
6	Assassin
7	Pimp
8	Smuggler

RESPECTABLE CAREERS

Roll	Result
1	Scientist
2	Technician
3	Pilot
4	Explorer
5	Medic
6	Diplomat
7	Interior Designer
8	Templar (space priest)

SCOUNDREL SUB-TABLE ARE YOU A WANTED MAN?

Roll	Result
1	You've been careful and law enforcement is ignorant of your plans... for now.
2	You're just barely on their radar, not enough to warrant much of their attention... yet.
3	At least one officer of the law has taken a keen interest in your illegal activities.
4	There's a full-scale manhunt for you. It's only a matter of time.

SOMETHING SPECIAL

Roll	Result
1	Psionic: You're a person of tomorrow and have developed advanced mental powers like telepathy, telekinesis, and jaunting (teleporting) short distances - longer distances with a booster belt (uncommon technology).
2	Zedi: You have learned The Way during your travels to other planets. It allows you to influence others, dominate the weak-minded, and electrocute people with lightning that shoots out of your fingers.
3	Noble: You have access to people, places, and things that most people can't get near. You have the sophistication of an aristocrat, vast resources, and a small network of spies in your employ. You also start out with a personal shielding device and women have to curtsy in your presence.
4	I'd Rather Be Lucky Than Good: Once per session, you may re-roll an unfavorable dice pool. But according to old Ben's experience, there's no such thing as luck.

MUTATIONS

If the character is a mutant, then roll three times on this table. However, if the character picks up a mutation during his adventuring life, roll once for every occasion where he might be exposed to radiation, toxic waste, harsh UV rays penetrating cheap bio-domes, etc.

Roll	Result
1	Out-of-body experience: while asleep, you're able to leave your body - as pure consciousness - and visit other places and people. You can hear and see what's going on, but cannot interact in any other way during your out-of-body experience.
2	Heads-up: you have an extra head (or breast, if female).
3	Demon mark: there are plenty of superstitious humanoids in the future. You have a demonic sigil "birthmark" somewhere visible. Roughly 1 in 6 individuals will consider you evil, cursed, or an actual demon.
4	Nuclear death: when you die, it does 6d6 damage to everyone within 30'.
5	Extra eyes: you have 1d6 additional eyes.
6	Exfoliation: sheds skin once per day.
7	Extra arms: you have 1d4 additional arms.
8	Death frenzy: you go into a berserker rage from -1 to -10 Health for 2d4 rounds before dying.
9	Ice touch: freezing temperatures transferred by physical contact.
10	Fire touch: really hot temperatures transferred by physical contact.
11	Glass bones: all physical damage to you is doubled.
12	Transparent skin: you are virtually invisible, unless someone is specifically looking for you.
13	Featureless: everything about you (including your face) is blank, nondescript, and without any prominent features.
14	Fuzz ball: thick fur covering entire body.

15	Control electricity: you are able to influence the flow of electric power for short periods.
16	Quick study: you learn at an extremely rapid rate.
17	Computer brain: your mind can execute advanced computations in seconds, like a computer.
18	Dust flesh: your body will melt if it comes into contact with water or any liquid.
19	Radiation proof: you are immune to all forms of radiation.
20	Photosynthesis: instead of eating, you draw sustenance from sunlight and water like a plant.
21	Crab claw: one of your hands is like the claw of a crab (size appropriate).
22	Dream manifest: every night you sleep for at least 8 hours, there's a 1 in 6 chance that whatever you were dreaming becomes real for the next 2d4 hours.
23	Acidic blood: whenever you are physically wounded, there's a 2 in 6 chance that your blood will inflict an additional 2d6 damage to yourself.
24	Sensitive to light: the corridors and rooms of space stations/ships are fairly well-lit with artificial light and viewing areas near stars. You'll have to wear some kind of personal shade unit, shadow suit, or sun shield or take a 1d6 reduction to all your dice pools (they cost 500 blue bucks).
25	Hyperosmia: you have a heightened sense of smell and can tell what people were doing (and with whom) just by standing 5' away from them.
26	Dimensional vision: occasionally, you're able to see people, places, and events but in other planes of existence, time-streams, and parallel universes.
27	Teleportation: able to "jaunt" short distances (within 50') once per day. If you could already jaunt, then you no longer need a booster belt to travel long distances.

28	Personal magnetism: you can make yourself magnetic, attracting various metals to your body.
29	Albino: your skin is white like driven snow... freaky, man.
30	Tech crash: any technology you come into direct contact with stops working until removed (at least 5" away from it).
31	Divine hands: once per day, you can heal either yourself or any humanoid of all damage (cannot be performed on a corpse).
32	Elasticity: your limbs can act like stretchy plastic, extending up to 20' away from your body.
33	Regeneration: you have the ability to re-grow limbs. This process usually takes 2d4 hours.
34	Glow-in-the-dark: your entire body is luminous, emitting a subtle green glow in dim or absent light.
35	Hideously deformed: part of you resembles the Elephant Man, super weird and gross.
36	Horns: you've grown 1d4 horns out of your head.
37	Seizures: every scene, there's a 1 in 6 chance that you'll have a violent physical seizure lasting 2d4 minutes.
38	Gelatinous membrane: your skin has turned into a sort of gelatin; a trail of slime follows you wherever you go. Plus, your clothing needs waterproofing (an extra 100 blue bucks up-charge).
39	Q'uat: you have a small, deformed being living inside of you... occasionally it comes out of hiding to say something deep and mysterious.
40	Sickly: permanently subtract 2d4 Health from your total.

41	Stigmata: you intermittently bleed from various places on your body. You lose 1d4 Health at the beginning of each new day. However, there's a 1 in 6 chance each session that the character will encounter an alien species that believes he is the chosen one and will worship him as a living god (so, you've got that going for you).
42	Blue Steel: you are perceived as being really, really ridiculously good looking by most humanoids. Your natural attraction gets you a lot of attention.
43	Migraines: once per day, you suffer from a debilitating headache. Fortunately, these migraines only last for 3d6 minutes.
44	Mirror mutation: you can take on the mutation of anyone you've been in close contact with (within 20' for at least a half-hour). This effect lasts 2d4 hours.
45	Shadow: once per day, you may become as a shadow for 2d4 minutes.
46	Just your imagination: you're actually perfectly normal. Roll on this table again. Whatever the result, that's a mutation you (wrongly) believe that you have, but sporadically, intermittently, etc.
47	Eidetic memory: you perfectly recall images, sounds, and objects after brief exposure.
48	Robot empathy: you're good at dealing with robots. They like and trust you.
49	Hallucinations: you're victim to strange, dream-like visions.
50	Hairless: you've lost all your hair and can't re-grow anything new. In order to be "cool", you're forced to wear a fake mustache.
51	Health transfer: once per day, you can give another character some of your Health (10 points max) up to their current Health total.
52	Pigment shift: you can alter the color of your skin whenever you choose.
53	Slip inside the Matrix: You can go inside the artificial reality created by the Holodeck, as if it were a real place.

54	Radioactive touch: when you touch someone for the first time (skin on skin), they have to roll on this Mutations table.
55	Badger claws: instead of humanoid hands, you have the vicious claws of the badger!
56	Universal secrets: as a mutant, you were gifted with the secrets of the universe, approximate conceptualizations of time, space, alternate dimensions, and the theory of everything.
57	Eyestalks: your eyes are not embedded within your head like a normal humanoid. Rather, they are on stalks, extending 3d4" from your head.
58	Cancer: unfortunately, you have terminal cancerous cells destroying you from the inside with only 1d4 months to live.
59	Animal hybrid: your genes have been cross-spliced with a(n)... 1) alligator, 2) wolf, 3) snake, 4) spider, 5) scorpion, 6) lion.
60	Tentacles: you have 1d4 tentacles growing out of your body (maybe one of your arms is a tentacle). These tentacles are 6d6" long.
61	Poisonous bite: assuming you do damage to an opponent, there's a 2 in 6 chance that he dies within 1d4 rounds.
62	Kangaroo pouch: you have a fold of skin for carrying things in your abdomen, like a kangaroo pouch.
63	Eat like a bird: your usual mouth has become a beak.
64	Brains: you love eating brains. Each brain you eat immediately restores all your Health. You can't go a week without devouring one.
65	Metal plates: your epidermis is becoming metallic, which looks really weird but gives you extra protection (add 4 points to your Armor score).
66	Hemophilia: you're a bleeder. Every time you are physically wounded, take an additional 1d6 damage.
67	No kids: you are sterile and cannot have children naturally.

68	Tooth decay: all your teeth have fallen out. Luckily, they can be replaced with cyber-jaws for only 300 blue bucks. Your new chompers can be used as a weapon.
69	Fishy: you have webbed hands and feet, allowing you to be the best swimmer in the room.
70	Weird colored blood: when you bleed, it comes out some odd color [roll on the Color table, page 87 of How to Game Master like a Fucking Boss].
71	Bat wings: you have large, leathery bat wings.
72	Enchantment: once per day, you are able to enchant or imbue certain items with magic - making them better, more effective, longer lasting, etc.
73	Possession: once per day, you're able to possess an individual for up to 2d4 minutes. They are completely under your control while possessed by you.
74	Sorcery: you are able to cast minor spells as a 3rd level wizard (see Crimson Dragon Slayer RPG).
75	Low testosterone: Your T-levels are always depleted. Subtract 1d6 from your dice pool for any action that requires physical exertion.
76	Detachable penis: Do I really need to explain this one?
77	Liquefy: can't digest solid foods.
78	Blade arm: your arm extends into a razor-sharp metal blade instead of a hand. Each time you inflict damage on a humanoid, there's a 1 in 6 chance of decapitation.
79	True form: your actual form is an untenable mass of slimy tentacles and unblinking eyes. However, you're able to make yourself appear as a normal human whenever you like.
80	Danger sense: you're aware of hazardous things and areas (such as deadly traps) a few seconds before something terrible happens.
81	Water into wine: you can transform ordinary H2O into a liquid intoxicant.

82	Flesh melt: all your skin melted off so now you're just animated bones.
83	Reflective skin: any type of energy weapon simply bounces off of you. The GM should roll a d6, if the result is a "1", the reflected blast hits an opponent. If the result is a "6", the reflected blast hits a fellow adventurer.
84	Quills: you have hundreds of little sharp quills (like a porcupine) or spiny growths (like a cactus) all over your body. If anyone tries to grab or hit you, they take 1d6 damage.
85	Fragrant: you smell like fresh cut roses.
86	Odiferous: you have mutant body odor and smell terrible. Subtract 1d6 from dice pools that include social interaction.
87	Shrink: at will, you can shrink yourself down to two size increments smaller.
88	Grow: at will, you can enlarge yourself up to two size increments bigger.
89	Power drain: once per day, you are able to suck the energy from some piece of technological equipment, making it temporarily unusable (for 2d4 minutes). Meanwhile, you gain 1d6 Health (cannot exceed your max Health score).
90	Redirect pain: once per day, you can choose a humanoid to feel the pain being inflicted upon you, instead of having to feel it yourself.
91	Fear factor: once per day, you can create an illusion in a single humanoid's mind - that you are the embodiment of his worst fear. This effect lasts up to an hour.
92	Super-aggressive cancer: you only have 1d4 days to live.
93	Ghost in the machine: you are undetectable by technology: cameras, microphones, scanners, sensors... you're even invisible to robots.
94	Flame on: you are perpetually wreathed in magical fire. These flames do not hurt you, but they will do 1d6 damage to anyone touching you.
95	Levitation: you're able to hover up to 12" off the ground for no more than one hour per day.

96	Supernova: once per day you can cause a chain reaction in your DNA that will explode in white light and devastation. Everything within a 30' radius of you is destroyed while you remain unharmed.
97	Brain aneurysm: The next time you roll snake-eyes (double ones on a dice pool of 2d6), your brain aneurysm ruptures, resulting in death.
98	Mind transference: you traded bodies with an alien consciousness. It's now in your body while your consciousness is in its body or form.
99	Mental fortress: no one can enter your mind, read your thoughts, sense impressions from you, dominate or in any way manipulate your thoughts.
100	Hyper-focused: once per day, when it comes to something you really like or are really good at (if your dice pool is 3d6), roll 4d6 instead.



ALIEN FORMS

Rather than detailing a dozen different alien species, I thought it would more fitting to provide these random tables. After all, aliens are supposed to be alien. The joy is encountering something new and weird that the PCs have never encountered before.

Whenever the adventurers run into a new species, roll below and do your best to blend the result into the alien. Also, you're going to need some sort of coloration for your ultra-tellurian. Feel free to roll on the color table in this book or the wider range of hues at the back of How to Game Master like a Fucking Boss (page 87).

As you roll the d30, also roll a d6 at the same time. There's a 1 in 6 chance that your alien cannot survive in the Earth-like atmospheric conditions of Alpha Blue. Life support suits can be purchased for the low, low price of 150 blue bucks. Sadly, if wearing a LS suit, one cannot wear ordinary armor (though personal shield devices and star shields are fine).

PHYSICAL STRUCTURE

Roll	Result
1	Incorporeal, like a shadow
2	Invisible or camouflaged in some way
3	Liquid
4	Reptilian
5	Crystalline
6	Rock/stone
7	Pure energy
8	Flame
9	Feathered, birdlike
10	Humanlike, but a strange color
11	Insectoid
12	Arachnoid
13	Geometric shapes
14	Gaseous
15	Machine or metallic
16	Shape-changer
17	Furry or hairy
18	Gelatinous
19	Plant, like a vegetable
20	Fungoid
21	Lovecraftian (monstrous and tentacled)
22	Thought-form
23	Amphibian
24	Aquatic (fishy)
25	Invertebrates (worms)
26	Marine invertebrates (starfish, lobster, shrimp, sponges)
27	Humanlike, but with exaggerated features or mutated
28	Something totally bizarre that human beings can't conceptualize
29	Hybrid: you're part human and part alien (roll again)
30	Roll twice and combine results

YOUR ALIEN IS THE SIZE OF ALIENISMS

Δ...

How big (or small) is this alien of yours? Well, roll on the table below.

Keep in mind, just because your result was a "3" that doesn't mean he's shaped like a dog. Your ET could look more like a toddler, big cardboard box, or small alligator. The size chart is only an approximation of your alien's proportions.

SIZE

Roll	Result
1	Rat
2	Cat
3	Dog
4	Space dwarf
5	Star elf
6	Human
7	Human
8	Blue balls player (between seven or eight feet tall)
9	Elephant
10	Roll twice (the size varies depending on stress, food, sex, intoxication, etc.)

Some of these quirks, customs, and mannerisms are based on species - all of them could have it. Others manifest by way of region, ethnicities within a species, socio-economic status, religious belief, genetic predisposition, inter-species breeding, and proximity to an influential culture.

Roll once on this table if you're playing an alien character.

ALIEN MANNERISMS, CUSTOMS, AND QUIRKS

Roll	Result
1	Molting, shedding, constantly peeling skin.
2	Always has to have his back to the wall, even if it means facing away from conversational participants.
3	Considers the spilling of blood to be a sign of good fortune.
4	Fascinated by the look of discomfort, suffering, or pain upon the faces of other species - believes this is the window to one's soul, rather than the eyes.
5	Before sleeping, he removes brain (or a portion thereof) to soak in nutritional fluid overnight.
6	Public and social defecation versus private, self-conscious eating.
7	Offers wife, girlfriend, and/or daughter(s) to copulate with strangers as a form of hospitality.
8	Offering a gift which, in their culture, is almost always refused. To accept such a gift is seen as a sign of indebtedness.
9	Facial tentacles feel the contours of a speaker's face in order to recognize subtle intonations such as ambiguity, sarcasm, humor, innuendo, disrespect, etc.
10	Limited shape-changing ability allowing one to alter their appearance so as to be identical to the person their conversing with.
11	Grasping the genitals instead of hand upon meeting or being introduced.

12	Sexual activity is always performed in public.
13	Leaning in very close to conversational partner(s) in order to smell them, gaining non-verbal information.
14	Cultural lip-readers who silently mouth their words rather than actually speaking them - which is considered vulgar.
15	Beings who not only hold a grudge for a lifetime and beyond (carrying grievances down from generation to generation) but take great pleasure in nursing their hatred for decades or even centuries until the time is right to take their revenge.
16	Believe that trading goods and services means that at some later date, one can take whatever one wants or forcing individuals to perform a service.
17	See everything as communal and personal property as theft.
18	View dying in hand-to-hand combat as the greatest conclusion to one's life.
19	Carry their coffins around with them wherever they go (usually by chains). "If I didn't, where would you put my body when I die?"
20	Believe that nothing is truly real until it is dead or destroyed; only then can it be fully appreciated and understood.
21	Voluntary Reduction - in the face of outright rejection accompanied by hostility, this creature takes its own life.
22	Addictive Personality - this creature willingly adopts the quirks, mannerisms, and customs of those surrounding him.
23	Empathic Agony - this creature is highly sensitive to certain areas of the emotional spectrum. Being around people who display emotional disturbances (feeling frustrated and lashing out at others, for instance) is painful to him.

24	Chromatic Linguistics - views pigments, shades, and tones of color as their primary language and will react accordingly. Depending on the creature, wearing red may be an insult while giving them a green interface tablet might be the equivalent of a marriage proposal.
25	Honor-bound to set aside weapons and armor for any kind of duel, single combat, or grudge match.
26	It is taboo to show emotions around strangers - especially those of another species.
27	The sacrifice of another cannot be greater than one's own.
28	Such beings value self-sacrifice as the noblest endeavor. They will always give their life in exchange for another... or even a lofty goal, ambition, or ideal.
29	Instead of saying, "My bad"... this alien will dislodge one of his eyeballs so that the critic or offended individual or party may skull-fuck him.
30	Successful parenthood is acknowledged by stoically listening to one's own child verbally abusing them.
31	Is compelled to do a worse job than someone nearby would be doing (or is currently doing) so as to make others feel better about themselves.
32	Feels offended if others do not follow through in their arguments. Sometimes, their arguments last days.
33	Afraid of insulting others to the point where they will only speak with close friends and relatives.
34	Every meal must be served with a space pickle.
35	Money should never be discussed openly.
36	Authority figures should be respected in public.
37	Authority figures should be criticized and denigrated in public.
38	Dressing up and wearing the appropriate attire is extremely important.

PRIOR EXPERIENCES

This is a three-part table I came up with to give adventurers a little more background. As in, how did they get their start? Roll a d6, d8, and d12 together and you'll find out something you probably didn't know about your character.

If you roll poorly on the d12, well, you have your orders. Either roll and survive or face your death with quiet dignity and grace.

TABLE "A"

Roll	Result
1	The first time you visited an alien planet...
2	Your native dome was bombarded by heavy artillery and...
3	The first time you had sexual relations with an alien life form...
4	The day you decided to leave home because of the war...
5	You finally left the colony because there was no food and you were starving...
6	Visiting the spacer academy...

TABLE "B"

Roll	Result
1	You ran afoul of oozing marauders...
2	You found and joined up with a local group of rebels...
3	You stowed away on a mercenary starship...
4	A mysterious portal of swirling energy opened up, transporting you to a strange spaceship...
5	An elderly assassin took you along for his last contract, mentoring you like a father...
6	A group of rebels invited you to a party. You drank way too much space beer...
7	You were taught The Way of the Zedi...
8	You got lost in the great wastes...

TABLE "C"

Roll	Result
1	Unfortunately, you were accidentally obliterated by explosive laser fire. Exterminated! Exterminated! EXTERMINATED!!! [33% chance of death]
2	Sadly, you were shoved into a pool of molten acid lava. Banzai, buckaroo! [33% chance of death]
3	Being irradiated by a lethal dose of Gamma isotopes isn't what you had in mind. Sorry, space hoss. [33% chance of death]
4	Because of your specialized training, you hid from the Yim-shee armada. [one-time re-roll on a dexterity related dice pool]
5	Attention to detail has brought you up the chain of command to sub-Lieutenant third class. [one-time re-roll on an intelligence related dice pool]
6	You ended up on a space pirate ship, headed for the nearest planet to plunder. [one-time re-roll on a charisma related dice pool]
7	A group of alien humanoids took you in, helped you make your way through the galaxy. [good for 1 re-roll]
8	Captured by slavers and sold to a mining facility. [one-time re-roll on a strength related dice pool]
9	Thanks to your animal cunning, you managed to survive the Kur-gash incursion. [one-time re-roll on a wisdom related dice pool]
10	Overcoming the aurora eclipse on Cygnus Alpha was no piece of star cake. [either +1 to constitution or a one-time re-roll on something constitution-based]
11	You were captured and used as a sex slave by moisture farmers. [always get advantage on social interactions with sex workers]
12	A dying, penis-headed alien taught you how to use the artillery on his spaceship before taking you to the rings of New Saturn. [always get advantage when using ship weaponry]

FASHION OF THE FUTURE

Let's face it, in the 23rd century having a good blaster at your side is only half the battle. The other half is looking groovy, radical, or groovadical. Roll on the following series of random tables and find out if your funky space threads are to the galactic max.

△ PURPOSE DRIVEN WARDROBE

Roll	Result
1	Uniform
2	Casual (space pajamas)
3	Leisure (sexy space pajamas)
4	Outré (weird space pajamas)

COLOR COORDINATED

[roll 1d3 times]

Roll	Result
1	Flesh tone (Caucasian)
2	Tan
3	White
4	Cream
5	Avocado green
6	Sky blue
7	Navy blue
8	Beige
9	Orange sunburst
10	Mustard yellow
11	Brown
12	Orange-red
13	Silver
14	Gold
15	Black
16	Yellow-green
17	Magenta
18	Pink

19	Sea glass
20	Deep purple

CLOTHING FABRIC

Roll	Result
1	Polyester
2	Leather
3	Spandex
4	Corduroy
5	Cotton
6	Satin
7	Velvet
8	Suede
9	Denim
10	Alligator

Pop Art

The 1960's, 70's, and 80's were a crazy time, artistically speaking. Alpha Blue will frequently have walls decorated with wide, curved, and rounded bands of color that we would find off-putting or even nauseating by today's narrow-minded aesthetic standards.

Use the Color Coordinated table to describe a piece's dominant hues... or anything else found on the space station.



ACCOMPANIED BY

Roll	Result
1	Fringe
2	Sequins
3	Bell bottoms
4	Zippers or strips of Velcro (2d4)
5	Pirate's "puffy" shirt
6	Acid wash
7	Tie-dyed pocket square
8	Floral print or paisley
9	Elbow patches
10	Turtleneck
11	Ass-less chaps
12	Zardoz mankini/diaper bandolier with thigh-high boots
13	Flowing robes
14	Skintight
15	Clearly visible men's underwear "fly" in the crotch
16	Oversized collar
17	Cape
18	Deep v-neck showing off either chest hair or cleavage
19	Reversible (inside color: plaid)
20	Head and wristbands

WEAPON OF CHOICE

Now, all these weapons will kill you. Arbitrarily assigning a specific range of damage just seems like too much bookkeeping when all we want to do is reach for our piece, shoot something, and see how dead it is. That means they all do relatively the same amount of damage.

Your first weapon is free. Maybe you bought it after winning the lottery, it was a hand-me-down from your Uncle Owen, or you stole it. Any additional weapon will set you back about 500 + 1d100 blue bucks... if purchased from an officially recognized armament representative at the Alpha Blue gun shop - The Arms Dealer.

ELEGANT WEAPONS FOR A MORE CIVILIZED AGE

Roll	Result
1	Blaster (heavy blaster if human-size or larger)
2	Laser pistol (laser rifle if human-size or larger)
3	Phaser
4	Spectrum "liberator" ray-gun
5	Energy sword
6	Phased plasma rifle in the 40-watt range
7	Laser crossbow
8	Sonic shotgun
9	Thermal detonator
10	Neon frisbee
11	Unlicensed nuclear accelerator
12	Pulse rifle
13	Wyrding module
14	Vorpall chainsword
15	Laser nunchucks and throwing stars
16	Vortex equalizer
17	Scatterbeam sidearm
18	Warp Hammer
19	Laser whip
20	Ultra glaive

THINGS TO BUY

Alpha Blue has little to offer the price-conscious shopper. Every once in a while, a space crate falls off a cargo ship and there's a decent sale. But most of the time, gear is a rip-off. So it goes...

A note on armor - the cumulative armor rating equals the number of rounds it will take a character to fully disengage, flee, run to a nearby destination, get the Hell out of there, or charge an opponent. The more reductive your armor, the harder it is to move quickly.

Since it would take a character one round to do any of the above anyways, the black sleeveless jacket is certainly the cheapest and most fashionable defensive accessory available (a custom jacket color will run you about 2d12 more).

Star shields are actual hand-held shields that require one free hand to use.

Personal shielding devices subtract 1d6 from your opponent's dice pool. Though they are virtually weightless, there's a gravity distortion which slows the wearer down (consider it a "2" for the purposes of movement).



Stuff	Notes	Price
Personal weaponry	-	500 + 1d100 blue bucks
Personal shielding device	-	700 + 1d4 x 100 blue bucks
Star shield	Armor rating: 2	400 + 1d6 x 10 blue bucks
Black sleeveless jacket	Armor rating: 1	300 + 1d20 blue bucks
Light tactical assault bodysuit	Armor rating: 2	1,000 + 1d4 x 100 blue bucks
Battle armor	Armor rating: 3	2,000 + 1d4 x 100 blue bucks
Heavy tactical assault bodysuit	Armor rating: 4	5,000 + 1d6 x 100 blue bucks
Heavy artillery	Double the attack dice	2,500 + 1d100 blue bucks
Ships	See Derelict Spaceships table on page 42.	
Commonplace technology	-	100 + 1d20 blue bucks
Uncommon technology	-	1,000 + 1d100 blue bucks
Rare technology	-	8,000 + 1d6 x 100 blue bucks
Unique technology	-	30,000 + 2d6 x 100 blue bucks

ASTROLOGY

Sure, anyone can study the constellations and pulsars of deep space, but astronomers don't know what's really going on. The bigger and smaller picture, the macro and micro has flummoxed scientists for millennia.

Thankfully, astrology will tell us what's happened in the past, what's happening now, and what will happen in the future. It's like magic!

Roll on the following table to see what kind of vibe your character has...

ASTROLOGICAL SIGNS

Roll	Result
1	Aquarius: Forward thinking, sets trends, people oriented, admired, inventive, emotionally distant on the surface, but friendly.
2	Pisces: Sensitive, likable, sensual, alluring, passionate, energetic, dedicated, secretive, mysterious, and can't function alone.
3	Aries: Willful, courageous, demanding, independent, assertive, impulsive, competitive, and hates to be restricted.
4	Taurus: Down to earth, pleasure seeking, dependable, grounded, sensual, stubborn, and needs to be the leader.
5	Gemini: Cerebral, chatting, dynamic, mischievous, charming, creative, but needs to be the center of attention.
6	Cancer: Group and friendship oriented, deep, offbeat sense of humor, dependable, but can be moody and insecure.
7	Leo: Proud, regal, relaxed, in charge, motivated by love, generous, organized, arrogant, extravagant, and hates being alone.
8	Virgo: Calm, calculating, nurturing, detail oriented, opinionated, judgmental, and critical of others.
9	Libra: Balanced, fair, charming, self-sacrificing, indecisive, argumentative, and absent minded.

10	Scorpio: Self aware, disciplined, wise, protective, paranoid, and suspicious
11	Sagittarius: Creative, adventurous, open minded, freedom loving, spiritually inclined, absent minded, and restless.
12	Capricorn: Ambitious, goal oriented, guarded, straightforward, hard working, and dull.

KNOWN ASSOCIATES

This is a group you know or that knows you. Rolling on this table connects you to the world and helps establish your place within it. The following organizations listed can further your campaign, as the very next table shows.

If you roll the same result twice, keep it and roll separately on the Current Relationship table.

ORGANIZATIONS

Roll	Result
1	Star Command
2	Freedom Fighters of the Federation
3	Paranoia Blue (tactical combat squad)
4	Androids Anonymous
5	The Robot Development Cartel
6	The Terran Federation
7	The Interstellar Caliphate
8	Alpha Complex
9	Alpha Omega (apocalyptic cult)
10	Alpha Beta (space college fraternity... NERDS!!!)
11	The Krylon Protectorate
12	The Terra Nostra
13	The Anti-Sex League
14	The Draconian Empire
15	The Imperial Fleet
16	The Wyrmslarr Criminal Syndicate

17	The Koenig Society (sci-fi fan club)
18	RABTP (Robots Are Better Than People)
19	Knights in White Satin
20	Knights in Black Satin
21	Knights in Blue Satin
22	Sapphire and Steel Super Squad
23	PABTRaP (Plants Are Better Than Robots and People)
24	Egyptologists of Galactica
25	Defenders of Atari
26	The Mega-Corporation Conglomerate
27	Brotherhood of the Glass Spider (templar sect)
28	The Last Starfighter Guild (spacer union)
29	Roll twice
30	Roll three times

THE NATURE OF YOUR RELATIONSHIP

Roll	Result
1	Master/slave
2	Competitor
3	Ally
4	Resource
5	Colleague or same line of work
6	Nemesis
7	Business partner
8	Friend
9	Employee
10	Boss
11	Relative
12	Rival
13	Mentor
14	Love interest
15	Fuck buddy
16	Acquaintance
17	Friend of the family
18	Old classmate
19	Shared a cell
20	Roll twice

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 ስለሆነም ሁሉም ተግባራት ያህል ቢሄዱ
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ROBOT RECYCLING

Robots aren't cheap to make, and there's a lot of antique junk around that can be easily retrofitted for such a purpose. Yes, they more-or-less look like actual robots. However, a casual glance will tell you that scrub-bot used to dispense gumballs.

WHAT DID THAT ROBOT USED TO BE?

Roll	Result
1	Gumball machine
2	Typewriter
3	A/C unit
4	Printer/scanner
5	Fax machine
6	Vending machine (still has cans of Space Mountain Dew)
7	Answering machine
8	Blender from Blue Julius
9	Cash Register
10	8-track player
11	Dual-cassette boom box
12	VCR (complete with VHS tapes of vintage porn)

SEXUAL FANTASY AND FETISH

For several reasons, it behooves the Space Dungeon Master to conduct this little question and answer session before things get underway. If nothing else, it's yet another jumping-off point for roleplaying.

Remember, you're not asking for the players' own sexual fantasies but that of their characters - though, that might be a distinction without any difference. It's a given (unless a player states otherwise) that attractive, average-sized women in their 20's and 30's are appealing to both sexes. So, the sexual fantasies you're asking about here are above and beyond the commonplace. Yes, hot blondes with boobs, butt, and a vagina are exciting, but what else?

But what can a Space DM do with these sexual fantasies in his campaign, mechanically speaking? When a satisfier (or anyone else, for that matter) utilizes a PC's fetish, the GM should remind the player that he's compelled to explore the situation further... as if he was under some kind of mind control. Now, that doesn't mean the PC doesn't get any kind of choice. Tough choices come with the territory. I recommend a saving throw if the PC is determined to resist.

Also, reward characters that go all-out with their fetishes. One possible reward is a bonus "stealing the spotlight" for the next session.

SEXUAL FANTASIES AND FETISHES SOMEHOW INVOLVING...

Roll	Result
1	Stockings, garter belts, pantyhose, and similar leg coverings.
2	Lesbians, girl on girl, etc.
3	Golden showers (there's a 1 in 6 chance that this isn't golden showers, but brown!)
4	Cheerleader, private school, Girl Scout, nurse, and stewardess outfits (basically young women in a uniform).
5	Tentacle-rape, monster, creature, or alien sex
6	Master/slave, Dominant/submissive play in a sexual setting.

7	Religious or sacred objects
8	Necrophilia or bestiality (Sophie's choice).
9	Furry – anthropomorphic animal characters with human personalities and characteristics (dressing up like a stuffed animal).
10	Clowns, carnivals, circuses, etc.
11	Feet, shoes, boots, heels, etc.
12	Voyeurism
13	Men
14	Spanking, whipping, flogging, etc.
15	Robots
16	Non-anthropomorphic objects
17	Someone much older or younger than you
18	Cross-dressing, drag queen, transgender reassignment, etc.
19	Degradation, humiliation, shame, etc.
20	Verbalizing sexual activity; "dirty talk", etc.
21	Exhibitionism
22	Contact with extremely cold objects or watching others freeze
23	Statues, mannequins, and immobility
24	Devouring others whole or being swallowed whole
25	Amputees
26	Rubbing up against unaware people
27	Witnessing disasters, watching crashes
28	Humanoid furniture (1 – 3) or sleeping, passed out, or unconscious "partner" (4 – 6)
29	Crying, sobbing, weeping, tears, etc.
30	Wet, messy, sexual partner covered in slime or mud, pie in the face, drenched in water, etc.

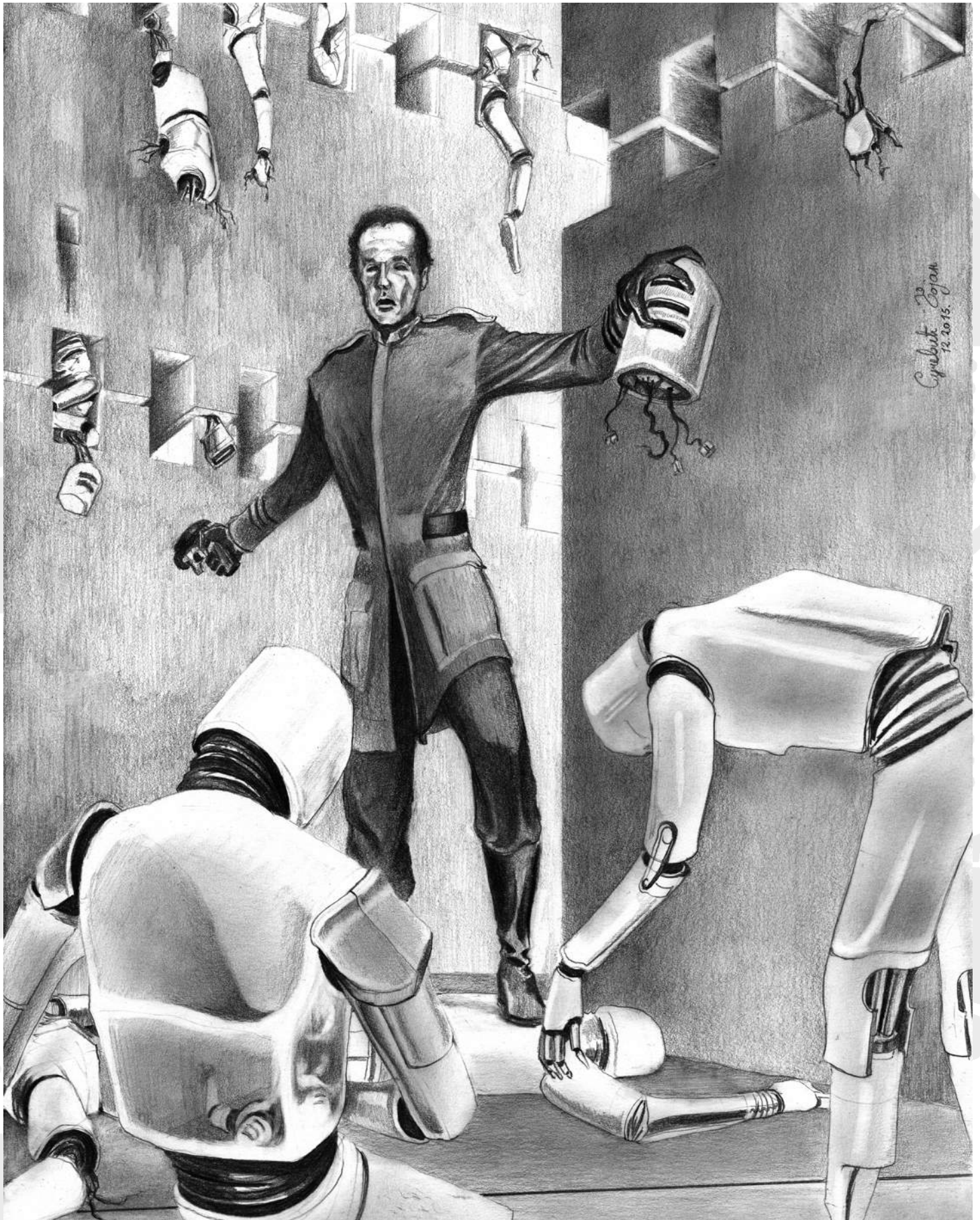
WHICH PART OF A WOMAN DO YOU LIKE BEST?

Roll	Result
1	Legs
2	Butt
3	Butt
4	Breast
5	Breast
6	"Other" Eyes (1), Feet (2), Back (3), Hair (4), Waist (5), Neck (6).

FOR THE LADIES AND GAY DUDES... WHAT'S YOUR TYPE?

Roll	Result
1	Scruffy
2	Rugged
3	Clean cut
4	Edgy
5	Bodybuilder
6	Intellectual
7	Hipster (1 - 3), Geek (4), Goth (5), Hippy (6)
8	Sartorially sophisticated





GETTING AHEAD IN THE GALAXY

In most games, the PCs start out with a meager amount of cash. Barely enough to get by or to buy the essentials. Well, this is an option for adventurers to start out with more... but at what cost? Roll once on the three tables below for every 10,000 a character owes.

WHAT KIND OF DEBT DO YOU OWE?

Roll	Result
1	Money, of course (duh)!
2	Secrets - you're supposed to spy on your financier's enemies.
3	Whatever skills you have are at your financier's disposal.
4	You risk your life every time your financier needs something done.

AND TO WHOM?

Roll	Result
1	Space pirate(s)
2	Low-level galactic gangster
3	Bounty hunter scum
4	Mid-level inter-galactic gangster
5	Bounty hunter with integrity and moral code
6	High-level universal gangster
7	An eccentric trillionaire
8	A shadowy alien of unknown origin

WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN IF YOU DON'T MAKE REGULAR PAYMENTS?

Roll	Result
1	Break your kneecaps
2	Shake you down for whatever you have when it's least convenient
3	Kill you
4	Beat the ever-living shit out of you
5	Kill your friends, relatives, loved ones, and/or adventuring companions
6	Repossess whatever you bought with the money - plus interest!

DOES ANYONE NEED A BOUNTY HUNTER OR ASSASSIN?

There's a good chance that PCs will be wandering around Alpha Blue, schmoozing with passengers, and looking for action. Why not give them a chance to ply their particular trade?

Bounty Hunters and Assassins might drop hints or directly ask humanoids they run into if there are any dirty jobs that need to be done (no, the other kind of dirty job). Well, here's a table...

HELP: SCUM WANTED!

Roll	Result
1	Absolutely not. You've offended whoever you were talking to and they'll most likely report you to the authorities at their earliest convenience.
2	No, they're fine. Thanks for asking, though.
3	Sure, why not? This person... 1) thinks the bounty hunter / assassin is only joking, 2) knows the bounty hunter / assassin is serious but is sending them on a wild goose chase, 3) impulsively goes along with it, but then chickens out before terms are settled, 4) gives the bounty hunter / assassin a fake name (in the future, everyone's a comedian).
4	Possibly... it depends on what happens the next few days or weeks. If the bounty hunter / assassin has a card, they'll take it and will call if they need something.
5	Yes. There's someone they want rid of and are willing to play the going rate to get it done.
6	Yes. However, they've already got another bounty hunter / assassin currently working the job. The more, the merrier, right?

ASSASSINATION AND SABOTAGE TABLE

Assuming that one knows what one is doing (the assassin is familiar with assassinating individuals and the saboteur familiar with the equipment he's sabotaging), this random table can quickly and decisively determine if a particular assassination or sabotage attempt is successful.

Roll	Result
1	You failed and everyone saw!
2	You failed to kill your mark (or wreck the machine), but luckily no one saw your attempt.
3	The victim (or mechanical target) gets a saving throw. If he (or it) fails, then you succeeded. However, you were observed by a couple witnesses.
4	The victim (target) gets a saving throw. If he (or it) fails, then you succeeded. Best of all, you made it look like an accident.
5	Your assassination (or sabotage) succeeded; however, a single person observed what you did - attempt to silence the witness or flee.
6	Your assassination (or sabotage) succeeded with flying colors! The mark (or machine) is dead (ruined) and no one suspects a thing.

SUITABLE NAMES

You might need some quick names for stumped players or random non-player characters that suddenly show up. Here's a table so that NPC doesn't have to go nameless until you can think of something decent. If you don't want to roll, just make up some weird sci-fi name no one's ever heard of, like, I don't know... Boz Scaggs.

Roll	Male	Female
1	Drax	Arra
2	Alkar	Astra
3	Azroy	Diana
4	Feyd	Brynn
5	Razwand	Daena
6	Kanan	Jira
7	Terran	Aviana
8	Kaplan	Elan
9	Ajax	Draea
10	Arden	Jorana
11	Azaxy	Urza
12	Bashir	Vena
13	Dask	Xanxia
14	Dreego	Zilda
15	Akier	Lexina
16	Ettis	Lyssa
17	Gebek	Vella
18	Glitz	Pella
19	Gunner	Satara
20	Sabalom	Zhora

STUFF ABOUT THE UNIVERSE

Δ UNIVERSE OF FACTIONS

As you may have noticed, the universe is full of assholes. Everyone wants something and almost always willing to let others suffer in order to achieve their goals. Such is the way of things. The following factions will liven up your adventure or campaign with some much needed conflict. After all, where there's life, there's threat.

THE FEDERATION

There are 83 planets in the Federation. Earth just happens to bring up the rear, coming in at 83rd place in terms of natural resources, education, cultural arts, crime, poverty, environmental preservation, etc. Even though Earth is dead last, it remains the loudest of the 83 planets. In fact, Earth's incessant whining for subsidies and favorable sanctions and trade agreements comes from a century of entitlement.

The Federation is approximately 100 years old and was originally started by the Terran government. Unfortunately for Earth, they're on the verge of being kicked out of The Federation. The only thing stopping Earth from being dropped like a hot space potato is the Earth-based Micro McDonald Disney Walmart Cola mega-corporation which owns approximately one-tenth of the known universe.

THE DRACONIAN EMPIRE

A race of humanoids similar to human beings. In fact, they're so close that at a distance it's difficult to determine draconian versus human. However, there's a vague suggestion of reptilian characteristics.

The Draconian Empire was built on cruelty, ambition, and a strict hierarchical caste system. The Emperor is said to have a thousand wives and each wife is rumored to have birthed a dozen children. Every child, so it is claimed, is gifted with a planet of their own to rule when they come of age.

Draconians are the product of inter-breeding. For millennia, Komodo-dragonoids have been mating with

human beings. That means draconians are favorably disposed towards humans, but since their home worlds are on the other side of the universe, there has been little exposure between the two cultures.

THE KRYLON PROTECTORATE

The krylons were a reptilian species. Physically weaker due to their planet's gravity, krylons decided to bolster their physique with machinery. Within decades, all but their reptile brains had been replaced with cybernetic implants, shiny laser-resistant chromium armor plating, and robotic limbs and organs. Besides that, little is known about krylons and their politics, society, culture, and way of life.

Krylon centurions are in a constant state of war with every sentient species that does not submit to their will. "Servitude or death," is a commonly heard phrase amongst the protectorate's soldiers. Their empire has enslaved hundreds of planets, and Krylon centurions continue to colonize the universe.

At the moment, the Krylon Protectorate has been stopped at the galactic border by various factions. However, many believe that it's only a matter of time before a full-scale invasion breaks through.

THE INTERSTELLAR CALIPHATE

While the author himself does not even wish to mention this faction because of the numerous death threats filling up his starship's glove compartment, he would be remiss for leaving out the Interstellar Caliphate.

Religion can be a good thing when it illuminates spiritual matters, benefiting individuals and communities alike. But even templars shy away from fanatical space Muslims and the type of Islamic fundamentalism that leads to Jihad.

According to the Interstellar Caliphate, those who refuse to submit before the will of Allah are considered infidels and shall be made to suffer. And suffer they do under the oppressive, religious imperialism carried out by their ghazi troopers.

While the entire faction does not go to such ideological lengths, the Interstellar Caliphate is full of extremists.

Many of whom believe that if they die in service to their "holy war", they'll be granted 72 cyber virgins in paradise.

Thankfully, there are a great many space Muslims who have not yet been radicalized and are perfectly decent, law-abiding citizens respectful of life. In fact, it has been claimed the foundation of their entire religion is peaceful. And yet, scholars who have read their holy book, The Qur'an, translate the basis of their theology as "submission" rather than peace... an important distinction.

Military agents of the Interstellar Caliphate, jihadist terrorists, and ghazi troopers all wear a distinctive grey uniform, basic and plain, with small black sleeve lines denoting their acts of aggression against the infidel.

BRAIN BUGS

Imagine a squishy brain-sac the size of a hippopotamus sitting upon razor sharp insect legs with a slavering maw in the front, surrounded by eye-stalks. Brain bugs are disgusting.



This non-humanoid alien species also considers itself to be superior to just about any sentient life it encounters. They don't think like we do. Though cunning and resourceful in combat, brain bugs are also inscrutable. No one really knows what they want... if they have any kind of culture, but they defend their territory to the death. This makes them feared opponents.

Brain bugs came out of the Jeneda galaxy about a decade ago. The story goes like this: An armada of warships landed on an unknown planet infested with brain bugs. Almost every humanoid was killed. Only three humanoids per ship were left alive, but they were mentally subjugated by the brain bugs that piled into every ship. The warship armada landed on several inhabited planets in the neutral zone. The brain bugs eventually wiped out the humanoids living there and took over.

The few survivors of their mind control have all noted waves of condescension coming from their brain bug masters.

THE MEGA-CORPORATION CONGLOMERATE

Spawned from Earth's inexhaustible greed, the Micro McDonald Disney Walmart Cola mega-corporation learned they could squeeze and keep squeezing the masses if they dominated the economy. In return, the population of Earth learned they had the power to overthrow any tyrant if they worked together (though they rarely do). Finally, everyone was surprised to learn how easy it was to blow themselves up. That's when the aliens attacked. Reconstruction was fueled by the economic power of Micro McDonald Disney Walmart Cola.

To this day, the mega-corp fights to protect Earth's economic interests throughout the universe... even if it means a billion employees are doomed to live out their lives in a vicious circle of wage-slavery.

CLERICS OF THE SEVENTH AGE

When you don't have the patience or leathery ass to be a spacer, there's always the priesthood. Templars are there to remind everyone that spiritual matters are just as important as their material counterparts. No one believes

it, of course - except the templars. But their devotion is so great that they're part of the cultural infrastructure.

Indeed, those space priests gained power through self-discipline in the face of apathy and a barely-competent workforce on scattered and isolated planets. Templars are usually human, though alien templars are common on some worlds. They wear black robes, have morbidly pale skin, and shave their heads.

Traditionally, space priests are supposed to abstain from sex; however, there are plenty who've evolved their thinking on such matters. Yet, all have agreed that this 23rd century represents the seventh age. Prophecies state the seventh age is when spiritual turbulence will split the universe into seven pieces and each shall, in its turn, be devoured by some nameless and all-powerful divinity from beyond the stars.

Of course, there's also space priests who serve dark forces, evil gods, and monstrous, alien abominations. These are collectively known as Templars of the Left Hand Path. They have their own black agenda involving the Great Old Ones who shall teach them to be free and wild and beyond good and evil, with laws and morals thrown aside and all men shouting and killing and reveling in joy as the universe flames with a holocaust of ecstasy and freedom.

UNIVERSAL PHENOMENA

HYPERSPACE

I'm gonna let The Tomorrow People, specifically Jedikiah, tackle this one: "Hyperspace is everywhere, nowhere... that fragment of time without time that lies between the end of one microsecond and the beginning of another, that space that isn't space that lies between the curving dimensions of eternity. Dimensions which make star travel possible, time travel possible."

So, there you have it. If you want the PCs to be able to travel anywhere in the universe - forwards, backwards, or sideways through time - hyperspace makes it possible (as does wormholes, black holes, time warps, etc.)

From the inside, hyperspace looks like an abstract impressionist painting, soft yet vibrant colors all melding into each other, bright globs merging into a hazy landscape of subtle hues, not unlike a lava lamp.

It helps to have a ship of some kind, a vessel for moving through the psychedelic saturation; however, individuals may travel by themselves. While there isn't an atmosphere, there also isn't not an atmosphere. The nonsensical nature of hyperspace reminds one of strange dream lands or looking glass.

Each time one travels through hyperspace, there's a 1 in 6 chance of being hassled by a hyperspace creature.

THE EYE OF S'RRAH

The Eye of S'rrah is a black hole associated with some unusual phenomena. There seems to be some kind of intelligence or sentient force somehow connected with the black hole. Several space-farers have told stories of voices within their head, as well as, their ships being moved closer or further away, depending on accounts.

This black hole is a gateway to another universe, it's as ancient as the big bang and precious few who've traveled through it have ever come back to tell the tale. The other universe is actually a closed universe, approximately one-hundredth the size of ours.

The closed universe has been named by its denizens as Yidathroth. It is ruled by several unspeakable and bizarre entities forever attempting to expand Yidathroth and overtake the known universe. When a ship is lured into the Eye of S'rrah, it is usually because someone or something aboard can help those hideous entities accomplish their singular goal.

WHERE DID ALL THESE HUMANS COME FROM?

From a design standpoint, humanity isn't a one-off. Humans aren't just from Earth. In fact, the human species evolved on countless planets in the universe. That's why there's so many of them.

Of course, when I use the word "evolve", that's not the whole story. Natural evolution doesn't account for mankind's proprietary consciousness. Speculation points to some kind of underlying force at work, yet no proof exists to convince skeptics.

When encountering humans on other planets, there's just as much chance they're native to that alien world as having colonized it decades ago.

HUMANS: A BREEDING ROSETTA STONE

Many alien species would like to inter-breed with each other for various purposes (see table below), but cannot because of their genetic differences. However, it's a well-known fact that human beings are capable of mating and producing offspring with practically every humanoid species in the universe.

To get around the obstacle of incompatibility, certain aliens use humans as breeding stock. Man has become the Rosetta Stone of fertility amongst the millions of alien species in the cosmos. That's good for human beings but also bad, in a way. It's good because it makes us a very useful commodity. Bad because like any useful commodity, it can be acquired ruthlessly and abused without end.

On some planets, human beings are used as cattle and treated with disdain.

REASONS FOR INTER-SPECIES BREEDING

Roll	Result
1	To form political alliances
2	To diversify the gene pool
3	To establish favorable trade agreements
4	To counteract a genetic defect
5	To unlock a beneficial genetic trait that would otherwise remain latent
6	Sexual gratification – it's a turn on
7	Love. The two alien species have a genuine affection for each other
8	Roll twice

THE BLACK FRONTIER

The vast majority of this universe has been explored - some of it quite thoroughly. However, there are darker sections, off the beaten path... places where man should never venture. The Black Frontier consists of several galaxies on the universe's edge.

Even with the latest technological breakthroughs, the Black Frontier's veil cannot be pierced. Something that defies technology, science, logic, and even reason resides deep within that malevolent zone.

It is rumored that the Black Frontier teems with untenable forces. Those few who have gone too far into it - assuming they come back at all - never come back the same. It's as if their minds had been exposed to a chaos beyond imagining. Some call it the Hell of outer-space.

MEMORY CRYSTALS

Similar to access crystals, memory crystals are able to record and retrieve five-dimensional digital data using a quartz crystal. Memory crystals can store unbelievable amounts of information with a virtually unlimited lifetime. The data is recorded via self-assembling nanostructures fused into the quartz. Specific information is read using polarized lasers.

Crystalline engineers speculate that memory crystals have been used by countless alien civilizations to store data. Explorers can make millions by salvaging alien memory crystals found on planets that used to support higher lifeforms.

TACHYON CRYSTALS

Crystals, especially those found upon Razira and Torth, absorb trans-dimensional energy while producing tachyon particles that move so fast they can be used to travel back, forward, and sideways through time.

At some point, it's reasonable to assume you'll be making up some high-tech thingy that will have such and such capabilities. What the device does should conform to whatever you need it to do. The name, however, could be anything and should sound appropriately inscrutable. Roll on the table below to see what your new technological device is called...

Roll	Result
1	Differential trans-fibulator
2	Radiant ion displacer
3	Pulse wave amplifier
4	Tachyon plasma distributor
5	Algorithmic polarity cluster
6	Permutation converter cube
7	Oculus mega-console
8	Quasi-rift transmogrifier
9	Tangential recalibrator
10	Retinal (or rectal) quantum-tron
11	Recursion sequence accelerator
12	Ultra-digital oscillator

Before binge-watching sci-fi television series as research for this book, I assumed there was only one type of radiation. Boy, was I wrong. In *Alpha Blue*, the word "radiation" means "unknown stuff is doing something crazy". There's virtually no rhyme or reason to it, radiation just happens - like romance in a sit-com.

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HOW LONG DO THE SIDE EFFECTS LAST?

Sure, you could say that whenever the radiation goes away, so do its effects. However, if you want a random timetable, the following should serve you well...

Roll	Result
1	2d6 rounds
2	2d6 minutes
3	2d6 hours
4	2d4 days
5	2d6 weeks
6	3d6 months

WHAT ARE THE SENSORS SCANNING?

Besides a ship, radiation, planets, moons, and suns, there's always the chance that Alpha Blue's scanners will pick up something interesting that calls for investigation.

Roll	Result
1	Pulsating ball of orange light
2	Giant eye surrounded by slimy green tentacles
3	Shimmering shower of gold (golden showers)
4	Gelatinous violet-hued star slime
5	Planetoid containing sexy space vixens
6	Space probe or satellite
7	Spaceship
8	"Asteroid" field of giant crystal shards
9	Wormhole
10	Black hole
11	Luminous cube, nearly a quarter the size of Alpha Blue
12	Laser mine field
13	Asteroid field

14	Radiation
15	Robot drifting in space
16	Space station
17	Nebula
18	Planet
19	Star
20	Roll twice

CLOAKING

Some ships have cloaking devices that protect them from perception. It definitely comes in handy when going places where you're not wanted.

A cloaking device is going to cost you extra, it's like leather bucket seats - double the price.

STAR-QUAKE

Basically, it's the equivalent of an earthquake in space. Watching sci-fi on the screen at home, it seems like at least once an episode, some station, ship, or base is shook up, causing the people inside to be knocked about... and possible knocked out!

If something just started happening or is about to happen, announce that a star-quake is underway with foreshadowing. Or just throw people around the room because it's fun.

TIME WARPS

Doorways between worlds open with alarming frequency. Some astrophysicists believe it's because of the space station visits so many disparate places in the universe, while others speculate that constant orgasmatron use has affected space/time aboard Alpha Blue.

Regardless of the reason why, dimensional gateways vomit forth all kinds of craziness. Generally, the gate opens, something comes through, and the gate immediately closes. Occasionally, there are a few seconds (perhaps minutes) where such doorways remain open. Below is a table to randomly determining what popped out.

LOOK WHAT FELL OUT OF THE TIME WARP

Roll	Result
1	The Flying Dutchman (2 in 6 chance of being accompanied by his ship along with a skeleton crew)
2	Medusa
3	The Abominable Snowman
4	A giant plastic donut
5	Frankenstein's Monster
6	Dracula
7	The Wolfman
8	The Mummy
9	Spawn of Dread Cthulhu
10	Jonathan Winters
11	Phyllis Diller
12	The Harlem Globe Trotters
13	The Addams Family
14	Batman and Robin (from the 60's TV show)
15	Don Knotts and Tim Conway (hunting a Wukalaar)
16	A pylon containing matrix table full of glowing crystals
17	42nd Street XXX theater from the 70's
18	Giant stone head (hollow on the inside)
19	The Kool-Aid Man
20	Roll twice!

DERELICT SPACESHIPS

This is the future... in space. It seems to me that tons of derelict starships should be drifting aimlessly in the starry void. Especially if you consider all the space battles that must have taken place throughout the galaxy over the last century. This random table will give you an answer regarding what type of vessel and what scavengers might find delight in acquiring.

Roll	Type of Spaceship	Cost in Blue Bucks
1	Attack Ship	5,000
2	Battle Cruiser	100,000
3	Life Pod	1,000
4	Space station (small)	65,000
5	Space station (medium-sized)	120,000
6	Colony ship	250,000
7	Cargo vessel	12,000
8	Pleasure cruise	35,000
9	Transport ship	3,500
10	Exploration vessel	25,000
11	Seeding ship	10,000
12	Something utterly weird and alien... like an organic "spaceship" piloted by thought vibrations that looks like a massive vagina with tentacles. The cost of something like this?	Priceless



ARE THERE PEOPLE ABOARD?

Roll	Result
1	Yes, there are survivors capable of normal communication (there's a 2 in 6 chance of hostility).
2	Yes, there are survivors who can only communicate via distress signal (there's a 2 in 6 chance of hostility).
3	One or more dead humanoids contained within.
4	The starship is devoid of humanoid life.

WHAT CAN BE SALVAGED?

Roll	Result
1	Mineral samples
2	Weapon systems (such as lasers, plasma shells, photon Doritos, etc.)
3	Guidance system
4	Thrusters
5	Warp drive or crystals
6	Personal technology like phasers, com-links, jaunting belts, etc.
7	Cargo (might be weaponry, food, vehicles, Mexican fireworks, etc.)
8	Ship's computer (AI)
9	Scrap - raw materials (hull, steel, alloy, etc.)
10	Fuel or some kind of power source (could be crystals, fusion reactors, anti-matter core, etc.)
11	Cannibalize it for spare parts
12	Roll twice

ODD THINGS INSIDE AN ASTEROID

Asteroids don't have to be big rocks in space that you need to avoid. Some are so huge that they're the size of New Rhode Island, Neptune with interiors to be explored. Most of the time, there won't be anything inside an asteroid.

For every asteroid investigated (assuming the PCs are going through multiple ones in an asteroid field), there's a 1 in 6 chance of there being more than meets the eye.

Roll a d3 before consulting the table, as there may be more than one interesting thing within that strange asteroid.

Roll	Result
1	Secret base
2	Alien technology
3	Cache of high-tech weapons
4	Life pod
5	Cryogenic chamber
6	Prison / penal colony
7	Magic item (2 in 6 chance of being an artifact or relic)
8	Explosive device
9	Unfathomable entity trying to absorb your mind, personality, and essence.
10	Godlike creature
11	5000 credits
12	Rare mineral deposits
13	Dangerous computer (artificial intelligence gone mad from isolation)
14	Sentient ooze, slime, or jelly
15	Debris from a destroyed space station or vessel
16	Gateway to another world
17	Wormhole
18	Glowing blue pyramid (holo-chron)
19	Citadel, tower, or castle
20	Colony of alien humanoids
21	Telepathic fungus

22	Spaceship
23	Time warp
24	It's a trap! PCs are consumed in eldritch green flame
25	An invisible and malevolent presence
26	Dead humanoids (3d6 of them)
27	The asteroid is a living creature
28	Robot with an uncanny resemblance to someone the PCs know (2 in 6 chance that it looks just like one of the PCs...)
29	Alien babes looking to party
30	A magic ring that can turn the wearer invisible and summon terrible demons

TERRA NOSTRA

Earth has the most prolific and powerful organized crime in the tri-galactic area. What started in Sicily and spread through Italy and New York, New Jersey, and Chicago eventually engulfed the entire planet.

The terra nostra, roughly translated as "an Earth thing," always want their piece of the pie. Over and over, they've been denied their share of Alpha Blue action. As far as the terra nostra is concerned, that shit stops today.

Terra nostra operatives - sometimes referred to as members of the family - are always looking for an edge, a scam, a quick buck. In their eyes, Alpha Blue is just another means to an end. However, this space station has succeeded in thwarting the inter-galactic mafia at every turn... so far.

THE UNIFICATION WARS

Born an outsider and self-confessed "weirdo", Txemipej was a visionary who believed a united universe was a better universe. He tirelessly championed unification of the disparate galaxies that take pleasure in nursing their petty squabbles and surface differences. Txemipej strove not for equality, but for alien species to recognize a sense of brotherhood.

In a few sectors of his home galaxy, Txemipej's words found purchase; however, the more he preached of the

commonalities of sentient life, the more entrenched regressive cultures became.

Several years ago, Txemipej was assassinated. Those who took part in his murder assumed the flame of unification would die with the man who started it all, but that was not the case. Rather, splinter groups became militant and those eventually turned ultra-violent. Dissenters fought back and so the Unification Wars began.

For the most part, these scattered conflicts have died down. Even though the Unification Wars have officially ceased, hatred yet seethes in the hearts of both sides.

The latest Unification leader is named Trace. As you read this, he is on Alpha Blue, bringing heterogeneous tribes together in order to kill leaders of the opposition.

MINING VESSEL CRIMSON DWARF

The natural resources of various planets, stars, moons, and asteroids keeps the universe going. Mining is a vital part of the economy, providing transportation, defense, and life to trillions of humanoids living on barely habitable worlds.

Since extracting minerals, metals, and alloys is crucial to life in the 23rd century, it's not difficult to see why mining is so profitable. Because of their potential profits, mining vessels are willing to do anything - such as wade into an ion storm-cluster with nothing but a quartz catcher - in order to fill their cargo holds and line their pockets.

The Crimson Dwarf is one such mining vessel. Helmed by the infamous Captain Asvalla, the Crimson Dwarf is currently seeking planets rich in trisilicate, ultra-argon, and space gold. There are other mining vessels ready to compete but Captain Asvalla dislikes competition. So, he sends out an away-team with tactical nukes ahead of the Crimson Dwarf to soften them up.

Sometimes the away-team crosses paths with Alpha Blue slut-recruiters.

EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT ALPHA BLUE BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK

WHAT IS ALPHA BLUE?

It's the 23rd century, specifically 2269 and - hey, you. Yeah, I'm talking to you, spacer! Put down your life-size slave Leia action figure and pay attention. This is important.

A long time ago on a planet called Earth, there was a species of intelligent, hairless apes known as homo sapien... man. Somehow, cavemen evolved into the specimens we have today - homo summum (homo supreme). With his slow but sure transformation came technology.

Outer-space was conquered by the 23rd century, yet man's inner-space hasn't even been fully discovered. That part of the equation was woefully underdeveloped. His sexuality, for one, never strayed far from those shadowy caves from which man first emerged.

Since man couldn't be bothered to fully understand himself as a sexual being, he did the next best thing - regulation. Organizing, directing, ordering, suppressing, channeling, sublimating, limiting, restricting, closing it off... all these came naturally to him. And so it came to pass that sex would be kept under lock and key like some kind of dangerous yet indispensable weapon.

Various sexual revolutions sprang up, the pimp wars, love riots, society 69, the Libertarian Coalition, and the Freedom to Fuck Act of 2169 (a century ago). In fact, it was a decade after the act's resolution that man's need to control his inner darkness resurfaced with renewed vigor.

A space station was constructed and launched into space, orbiting the earth. They called it Alpha Blue and it's where they sent the over-sexed. Anyone with the least tendency towards sex addiction or nymphomania was exiled to Alpha Blue where they were inundated with a menagerie of therapy techniques.

One of these experimental techniques was "stimulus overload". Early test results looked promising. Deviants would get so much sex that it became boring to them. Yay, humanity could be cured!

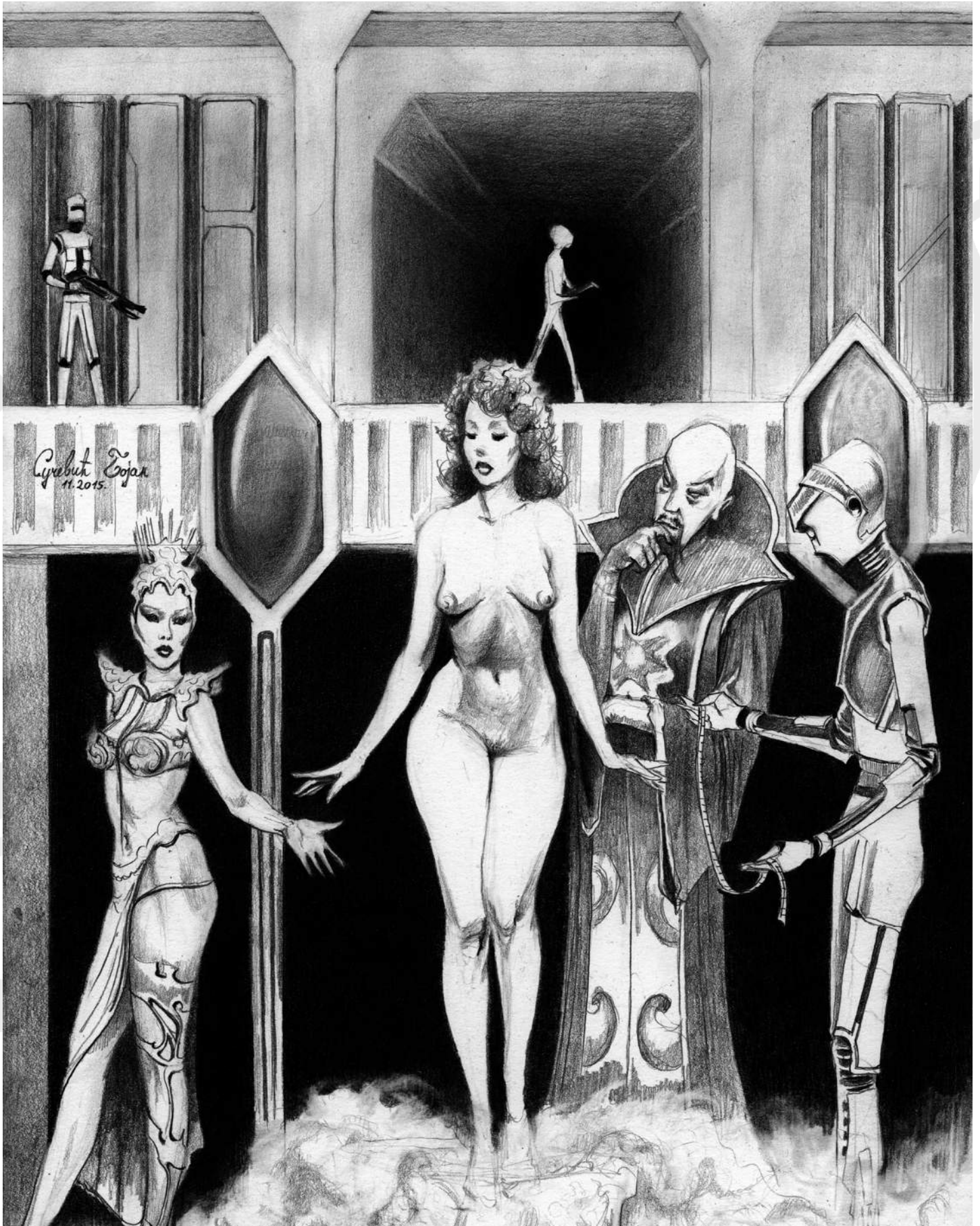
Of course, long term results showed just the opposite - the more sex people got, the more they craved it. Eventually, the inmates began running the asylum. Alpha Blue was decommissioned, regarded as an abject failure, and abandoned by the newly formed Terran Federation.

Alpha Blue itself evolved into a space brothel, some claim it to be the best little whorehouse in the universe. Today, it's an entire city built upon sin, like a futuristic disco version of Las Vegas. Not only does it provide for sexual pleasure, there's also drinking, drugs, gambling, art, fashion, music, dance, sports, and entertainment.

Parts of the space station are just as wild as the old west, while certain sections have mellowed considerably, becoming gentrified in order to accommodate bourgeois sensibilities. Eccentric and eclectic, some call it one of the last bastions of freedom.

For a space station, Alpha Blue isn't always stationary. It drifts here and there quite a bit, picking up new talent and clientele from nearby inhabited planets. Of course, Alpha Blue attracts its share of scum and villainy, too. How could it not with a population of half a million and all that money, vice, and deregulation? There's opportunity for all sorts.

I have a feeling she'll be swinging by your star system fairly soon. Wanna ride?



upon the client's suggestion (that's right - there are no guarantees - just because you want it, doesn't mean you'll get it) and the various aforementioned factors. There's only a 2 in 6 chance of a satisfier being willing to haggle over price. Most of the time, the price is the price (at least that day-cycle).

However, a rough guideline is 100 Blue Bucks for something easy, 200 for something a bit more complicated, 300 for something fairly involved, and 500 for the works. Double that if it's an all-nighter. With all the fierce competition around, a satisfier would have to pull an ultra-kinky weekend party with one of her girlfriends in order get something in the neighborhood of 5,000 from a client.

Regular working girls (non-satisfiers) go for about half the price of an Alpha Blue satisfier.

A NOTE ON CURRENCY

I'm not about to get into a whole conversion debacle. Who wants to do math seeing how many gold pieces converts to zuleks, cyber crowns, hex-chips, dollars, credits, etc. Players and GMs should be focused on the fun, not accounting. So, that's why there aren't any specifics on monetary conversions.

Whatever the characters set on the Formica countertop at the Alpha Blue Bank, they get half that in blue bucks. When they're ready to leave the space station, characters get that exact same amount in their preferred currency as their blue bucks.

So, that means a smuggler arrives and converts his 6,000 credits for 3,000 blue bucks. He buys 700 Blue Bucks worth of goods and services in the few days he spends on the space station. Before his departure, he goes into the bank and exchanges his remaining 2,300 Blue Bucks for 2,300 credits. Exchange rates, man... they're a killer.

FRONTIER LAW

A couple things you should know about Alpha Blue. In the majority of sections, it's a lot like the Wild West. You can openly carry weapons everywhere you go. If someone draws on you, cheats at Smuggler's Quarry, steals your hover board, or calls the whore you're

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currently sleeping with a cunt... well, no one's going to arrest you for airing them out in public.

Whoever you kill, assuming you had a good reason for murdering them and all, you get to rifle through their belongings and keep whatever they've got on them at the time. Anything not physically on their person at the time of death goes to pay various expenses, fees, taxes, and survivors' benefits.

THE COMPUTER

Alpha Blue has a centralized computer system that's usually referred to by itself as The Great Computer. Everyone else on the space station usually calls it "the computer" or by its manufacturer name: JCN.

JCN (or Jason) manages all the other computers aboard the space station, making sure they're all calibrated and in proper working order. Basically, the computer keeps Alpha Blue running smoothly.

The computer, like most advanced systems, has a sort of personality. At various times, the computer will feel a certain way about something and then a contrary emotion later on in the day-cycle.

Physically, the computer is a collection of white spheres floating around a 10' tall transparent cylinder containing amniotic fluid. Flexible tubing extends from the cylinder in all directions, feeding nutrients into the computer's brain - an integrated field of memory crystals.

Those accessing JCN remotely or viewing him on one of the many screens lining the space station's corridors, see JCN as a piercing blue dot of light in the center of a black void.

JCN is housed near the central control center. Only the station's captain, computer expert Dragz Logan, and security commander Razor Hash have access crystals permitting admittance. Besides hacking into JCN's mainframe and disabling its security protocols, the only thing that can stop JCN from functioning is unplugging him from the nearby wall outlet.

Chances are good that Dragz Logan is found within the computer room, tinkering with JCN's programming or adjusting his settings.

HOW IS THE GREAT COMPUTER FEELING TODAY?

Roll	Result
1	Euphoric
2	Absent minded
3	Depressed
4	Anxious
5	Ambitious
6	Condescending
7	Agreeable
8	Contrarian
9	Some form of insanity
10	Roll twice!

ALPHA BLUE'S CAPTAIN

Captaining this space station is a tough gig. It's stressful and time-consuming. Being captain is the hardest job on the whole station. And when one is surrounded by all the decadent delights of Alpha Blue, many can't take the pressure.

So, basically, Alpha Blue's captain is a similar position to Spinal Tap's drummer, an ever-revolving door of semi-suitable applicants who need to be replaced at regular intervals.

As the Space DM, there are a few routes you could go. They could be randomly rolled characters, famous celebrities such as Nicholas Cage, Adam West, or Mick Jagger, or just a new name along with a singular distinguishing feature... for example, Zoltar Khan Delgado with a blue mo-hawk and goatee.

ORGASMATRON

The orgasmatron is a machine created in the late 21st century used to simulate the human orgasm.

There are two types of orgasmatrons, the first is a large cylinder (not unlike an elevator or walk-in closet with rounded corners) made for up to seven people. The second is a chrome-colored sphere about the size of a volleyball designed a few decades later for individual use, although up to three people can participate at a slightly lower intensity.

During use of both versions of the orgasmatron, participants are bathed in a deep ultramarine illumination as the pleasure receptors in the brain are stimulated.

The blue light isn't just aesthetic - it's a side-effect of the process. Orgasmatrons open a dimensional rift into an alien world called Metebelis 3 1/3. Not much is known about Metebelis 3 1/3, except for its ability to heighten the senses of those exposed to its three and one-third blue suns.

One traveler maintained that his imagination shot through the roof, to the point where he could visualize a person, place, thing, or experience and, moments later, it seemed like what he had envisioned was actually taking place... with all his five senses sure that it was real.

There were a few scientific reports on "blue light exposure" back in the early 22nd century, but nothing conclusive was ever proven. Although, it's common knowledge that some individuals use orgasmatrons for their imagination-boosting properties rather than anything sexual.

Without some additional technology, there's no way for a participant to rift-jump into Metebelis 3 1/3 - unless that orgasmatron is malfunctioning. Speaking of which...

Sometime during the adventure/campaign, a saboteur hacks into one of the cylindrical orgasmatrons in sector XXX of Alpha Blue. Instead of the stored-up sexual experiences being regularly dissipated each day-cycle, they are externalized into a kind of holographic sexual nightmare saturated with the deep ultramarine illumination one expects from an orgasmatron.

The corridors of sector XXX are awash in all manner of sick and twisted fantasies - besides milfs, lesbians, teens,

cheerleaders, little people, Ryan Gosling, and orifice-starved tentacles, the player characters are encouraged to add their own sexual fabrications. Also, don't forget to consult the PC sexual fantasy and fetish table results rolled before the adventure/campaign began.

The all-too-real hallucination lasts until the sabotaged orgasmatron can be repaired.

PENETRATION BLUE AND MIND CONDOMS

The sex experienced via orgasmatron can be just as real, if not more so, than old-fashioned intercourse with its fluid exchange, pleasurable pain, and flesh smacking. But the ultramarine illumination does more than just simulate sex - it fucks with your mind, too.

Lone participants aren't at much risk, unless they've got unwanted thoughts syndrome (1 in 12 chance). However, multiple orgasmatron participants should be careful. Opening up one's subconscious to the blue light also leaves one vulnerable to one's fellow participants. Indeed, sexual companionship can increase pleasure but it can also lead to dark and scary places.

Safety conscious participants should use a mind condom to protect themselves from competing and dominant sexual appetites. A mind condom looks like an oversized, translucent, rubber sheath that is pulled over the top of one's head (if you've gone past the eyebrows, you know your mind condom is too far down).

Those who choose to be more adventurous (or reckless, depending on one's view) can "raw dog" it as much as they want. Forgoing a mind condom is known as "penetration blue" in today's vernacular.

Penetration blue allows one's companions to fully explore their sexual being in the orgasmatron's field of alien dimensional energy. Those who are naturally dominant, demonic, insane, highly-intelligent, or strong willed are more capable of losing control with the orgasmatron - unleashing their sexual will upon others. While a submissive or someone into the same kink/fetish probably wouldn't mind being led into another's lair of depravity, most find the experience unpleasant at best and traumatic at worst.

BLUE DREAMERS

These are little gel-caps filled with an aquamarine blue liquid. The mega-corporation who designed it purposely made the blue color as close as they could to the ultramarine hue that orgasmatrons emit.

Basically, blue dreamers prime the pump, getting humanoids who take them ready for sex. The drug simultaneously makes people a little bit numb, relaxed, euphoric, and horny - all while heightening the senses. It's customary for humans to take a blue dreamer or two (three's really pushing it) a few minutes before engaging in retro-sex or an orgasmatron. Blue dreamers start working instantaneously and last for about an hour before their effects gradually subside.

Blue Dreamers are sold in packs of 10, 25, 50, and 100 for approximately one credit per blue dreamer. This drug is in such high demand that discounts on bulk purchasing is rare... until one gets to a thousand units or more.

PERSONAL HOOKAH

You know those big, multi-person hookahs with the tubes that let people smoke flavored tobacco and other stuff? Well, in the future they have smaller ones for individuals. No one smokes cigarettes or cigars any more, but many use personal hookahs - also known as a narikeia.



DRUGS

Alpha Blue is a space brothel for degenerates, scum, and the average star-faring Joe who likes to catch some R&R in the galactic gutter. So, they're going to need a variety of drugs to mess around with!

The following table randomly determines what a character's got on him, using, trying to score, selling, attempting to buy, etc... and the effects!

WHAT KINDS OF DRUGS ARE AVAILABLE?

Roll	Result
1	Space Cocaine: gets you high, feeling good, talkative, energetic, etc.
2	L-S-triple-D: aka “synthetic wonderland”, you hallucinate with a sense of euphoria
3	Nyborg: sharpens the senses, allowing you to pilot spacecraft more efficiently
4	Crystalline meth: produces a quick rush of unfathomable pleasure and is highly addictive
5	Acid Meth: combines hallucinations with a euphoric high, mildly addictive
6	Melting Clock: makes one feel unreal, super-real, or beyond reality... and grow a really long mustache.
7	Pink Floyd: aka “comfortably numb”, is a narcotic producing dark and moody psychedelic vibrations
8	Sex Panther Juice: an aphrodisiac that stimulates the senses; it differs from blue dreamers because of users' aggressive tendencies... and the increased likelihood of blacking out.
9	Lucky Charms: whimsical journey through a kaleidoscopic tour of Ireland
10	Thunderfuck Uranus: such a wild ride that it will pummel and smash you to new heights of consciousness
11	Blue Sunshine: makes one feel tranquil at first, then hours later you want to shave all your hair off and murder people for no particular reason. Pretty fun until that point, though.
12	Wizard Weed: this will make you think you're a magic-user searching for the dragon of eternity who guards the gate of dreams.

VENEREAL DISEASES

There's so much action on this space station... Alpha Blue literally has star-whores coming out of every orifice. It's only natural that sexually transmitted diseases and infections might spread. Thankfully, humanoids have adapted to venereal diseases over the centuries.

Treatment is free and fast. It takes 2d4 hours for an infection to go away once it's been contracted. Otherwise, it can last 2d4 days or longer.

For game purposes, assume there's a 2 in 6 chance of catching something from a random sex partner, but only a 1 in 6 chance from an Alpha Blue satisfier.

WHAT KIND OF VENEREAL DISEASE
HAVE I CONTRACTED?

Roll	Result
1	Kisses from Venus: The genital region becomes overheated and sweaty.
2	Space Herpes: Itchy, painful, and weird-looking sores all over one's genital region.
3	OPP: (orgiastic psychic parasite) this creature lives in hyperspace and feeds off the life energy of its host, in return making them so insatiably horny that host organisms eventually sex themselves until they die. The parasite is transmitted via sexual fluids, so even a single case could eventually lead to a massive death-orgy.
4	Dick Explosion: If you have this and someone puts their dick inside you, their dick explodes.
5	Vulcan Nerve Pinch: A painful retraction of tissue in and around the genitals.
6	Borg-bonk: Nano-bites that slowly transform your organic flesh into machine.
7	Xeno-sores: Genital sores that eventually burst like an egg-sac, releasing 2d6 tiny alien creatures.
8	Anal flux: Extremely loose bowels.
9	Rings of Vega: Blue rings appear around the genitals.
10	Galactic crabs: Normal-sized crabs start living around your genital region. Sometimes, they pinch!
11	Martian warts: Aggressive red warts appear on your genitals.
12	Solar syphilis: Mucus membrane lesions shaped like the sun.

HEAVY METAL IT UP TO ELEVEN

Need something gross, disgusting, sexy, nasty, cool, hilarious, or bone-crushingly ultra-violent? This is the table for you!

HEAVY METAL

Roll	Result
1	Wardrobe malfunction! The nearest female's clothing is either flimsy or fatigued by the physical strain. It comes apart and now her stars and planets are enjoying a nice space breeze.
2	The next attack finds an artery - massive spurts of blood cover victim and perpetrator alike, drenching both in crimson.
3	A random character suddenly goes berserk in a nyborg freak-out. Symptoms include palm licking, fish slapping, barking at the moon, and sniffing everyone's clothing for stray white powder.
4	Skull shrapnel! That last hit was a doozy, not only splitting the guy's skull open, but projecting chunks that ricochet off the immediate surroundings. Everyone within a 30' area takes 1d4-1 flying bone damage (exploding).
5	Yes, they're real... and they are spectacular! There's a woman nearby with the most rockin' tits you've ever seen. Seriously, they're awesome, as well as, super distracting. All the heterosexual males in the vicinity must make a willpower saving throw or be dazed for one round.
6	Tanker leak! Gallons and gallons of green slime sloshes into the room or down the corridor. It's slippery, but there's also a 2 in 6 chance of being mutagenic. Dexterity checks might be in order, prone or unconscious individuals will drown in the green slime unless assisted – and come back as something else!

7	A music video is being filmed next door. Without warning, a dozen starlets in silver hot pants and nothing else stroll down the corridor on a lunch break. Most of them are single and interested in company after the shoot.
8	Someone left their space... 1) Lamborghini, 2) Ferrari, 3) Corvette, or 4) DeLorean running. A pair of fuzzy dice hang off the rear-view mirror.
9	The Dread God Cthulhu appears in the form of a shining green trapezoid. He talks about how awesome he is and then when someone reaches out to touch the green trapezoidal jewel, they disintegrate.
10	During this (or the very next) attack, the pointy end goes way up in there. A twitch of the death nerve and the victim falls to the ground shuddering like throbbing gristle.
11	A man wearing a yellow feathered chicken costume and drinking a beer runs out of a nearby room and into the fray. He shouts, "Let's get wasted!" before passing out.
12	A dimensional gateway opens just a few feet away. It leads to a fantastical realm where one becomes either a muscle-bound barbarian with a 10" dick or voluptuous and alluring woman with pendulous breasts, depending on personal preference.

REASON FOR BEING ON ALPHA BLUE

You, as Space Dungeon Master, may already have plans for this campaign. Perhaps you already know how the PCs fit into the equation. If so, then you don't need this table. On the other hand, randomly rolling to see what happens and going with the results might seem like more fun.

Roll	Result
1	Catching some rest and relaxation between jobs.
2	Stowed away at the last stop she made.
3	You're a Federation officer tasked with infiltrating Alpha Blue and spying on its passengers, crew, and secret technology.
4	You're a member of some assassin's guild and the mark arrived on Alpha Blue a few days ago.
5	You're into sexual experimentation, pushing the envelope, exploring the unknown, reaching past the boundaries. You've seen the rest, now you want to see the best.
6	You got picked up by accident. Alpha Centauri Blue is the name of an interstellar taxi service.
7	There was trouble, so you sent a distress call – Alpha Blue came to your rescue.
8	You're also in the leisure business and... 1) want to set up some cross-promotional advertising, 2) gathering intel on the competition, 3) trying to throw a wrench into their works, 4) looking to poach a few of their girls.
9	You've been hired to take Alpha Blue down by a... 1) hostile government, 2) sect of religious extremists, 3) publicity-seeking terrorist, 4) deranged anti-sex trillionaire.
10	Traveled through time and space... accidentally ended up here.

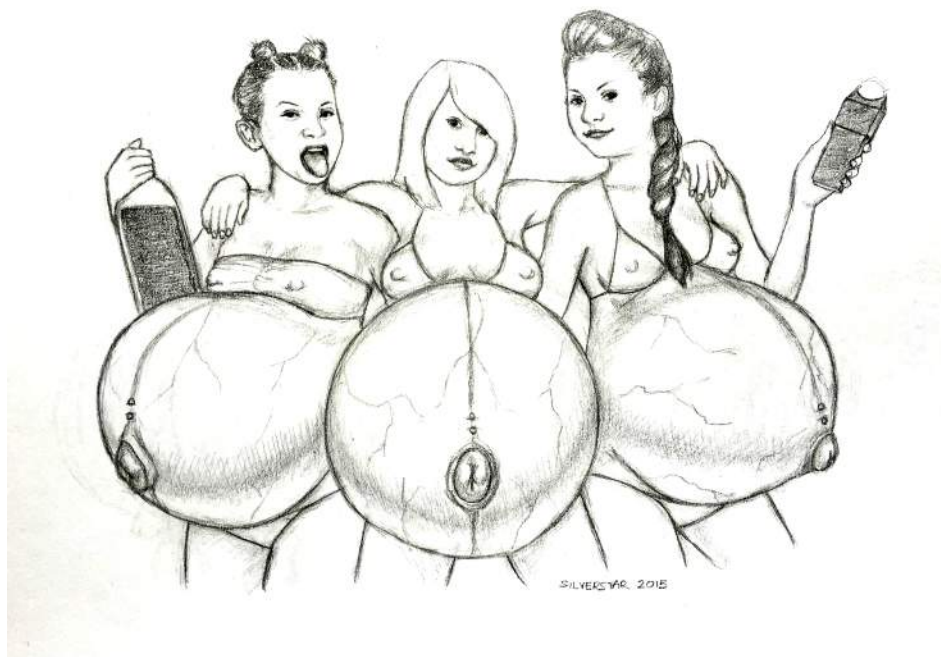


WELCOME TO ALPHA BLUE

Arriving on space station Alpha Blue can be a culture shock. The PCs' first impressions will probably be a lasting one... if you do it right. So, roll on the following table if you want to freak the adventurers out.

FIRST THING THEY SEE UPON ARRIVAL

Roll	Result
1	2d4 pleasure-bots are performing fellatio upon a wyrmslarr while utilizing a sexual device that looks like neon chopsticks.
2	A voluptuous satisfier is trying to insert a space pineapple up her vagina. She's got it nearly halfway so far. A small crowd has gathered to enjoy the show.
3	A security-bot is throwing someone out of an airlock. That someone is... 1) a defective maintenance-bot, 2) a space pirate with a metal beard, 3) a humanoid wearing a gorilla costume, or 4) an informant for the Terran Federation.
4	A sinister looking humanoid has fixed his hypnotic gaze upon a young woman with golden hair and obvious ass-implants (at least, you hope those are implants). He begins speaking to her in hushed tones. Eavesdropping: the sinister alien wants her to spy on Baron Triflex... sub-ruler of Xaxex 12.
5	A holographic message is being displayed throughout this section of the space station, to the extent that not seeing it is impossible. It's a short, robed alien humanoid with a snout and six insect-like arms. In the background is a 100-person orgy in progress. He's demanding a space station starship (Blue Flamingo) be turned over to him. Otherwise, he'll blow everyone to Kingdom Come! The dozens of people in compromising positions are engaging in the swull thoon, a yearly celebration of carnality and debauchery on the planet Aezem Aaka.
6	A sexy female alien comes up to one of the adventurers and says, "My last client finished early and I've got time for one more before my shift at the Alpha Blue Bank. Half-price if you're interested. Z-jobs are my specialty."



OVERARCHING PLOTS

Once the PCs are aboard the space station, you might want to give them another (quite possibly bigger) reason to stay. The following are six scenarios to give adventurers something juicy to sink their teeth into. Either roll randomly, if you like living on the improvisational edge, or choose what you like.

Though it might be tempting to include multiple plots at once, a divided party unsure of itself and the direction it should be going is rarely a treat. Stick to one and if that concludes, fire up another. If I were running this as a campaign, I'd lay a few hints of what's to come in the session or two before the new scenario.

Roll	Result
1	The Federation wants to recommission Alpha Blue, turning it into a no-nonsense training academy for starship pilots. The PCs have to convince the Federation that the space station is better off as an inter-galactic whorehouse. Good luck with that!
2	A delegation of three systems is about to convene at the only logical meeting place – Alpha Blue. Plenty of opportunists would love to disrupt the peace talks, bringing about a galactic war.
3	Every three years, there's a competition between all the space brothels in the universe. Due to farcical complications in the past, Alpha Blue has never won. Will this time be any different?
4	The PCs overhear a bit of loose talk in one of the many lounges on Alpha Blue – a nearby planet, Traech, is filthy with loot, state-of-the-art equipment, and resources. The problem is that it's a closed world. However, Alpha Blue can get clearance because of its reputation. The computer just needs a little persuading.
5	Some maniac is murdering satisfiers. With a serial killer at large, no prostitute on Alpha Blue is safe. There's a handsome reward for those bringing the slasher to justice.
6	Alpha Blue's present course is taking her near a black hole. It's within the safety margins; however, the space station's scanner detects a billion dollar vessel (half as big as Alpha Blue herself) drifting on the very edge of the black hole's gravitational pull.

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COMPLICATIONS

Alpha Blue is a high-tech and well-engineered space station, but she's also getting on a bit. Age takes its toll, but then again... nothing works exactly as it should 100% of the time. The following are possible complications to be rolled when appropriate (whenever the Space DM feels it's warranted).

Roll	Result
1	Cosmic rays from a nearby blue star are bombarding the space station – they have a mutagenic effect! There's a 2 in 6 chance of developing a mutation.
2	A robot's program-interface has degraded - it has gone insane!
3	A robot's human-friendly protocols have been wiped by a freak magnetic storm - it has gone murderously insane!
4	Some random, naked woman streaks by screaming about some "Galactic horror!" She's actually talking about a lube shortage. When asked about specifics, the woman reveals that she accidentally intercepted a private message on her vid-com this morning. That message described an imminent lubrication embargo in this part of the galaxy.
5	That sector's orgasmatron is on the fritz. A repairman is on the scene while a dozen humanoids impatiently wait in line for it to be fixed. There's a 2 in 6 chance of a riot starting in that sector - all it takes is a cyber cop cadet throwing an apple out the window of his hover-tram.
6	Klaxon (audible warning device) sounds! The space station has drifted off course headed for 1) the nearest star, 2) a black hole, 3) a worm hole, 4) a planet, 5) a moon, 6) another space station.
7	Phasers temporarily incapable of stunning. Anyone shot with a phaser in the next 1d4 hours will have to make a death save.

8	A particularly savage chartreuse-skinned Auron slave girl has escaped!
9	A woman wearing nothing but silver-sparkly space panties is hysterical and desperately looking for someone to have sex with her (she accidentally took too many blue dreamers).
10	The space station's gravitational modules have gone out. Everyone will be floating weightless for the next 1d4 hours.
11	Direct hit! 1d4 attack ships have engaged Alpha Blue. There's a 2 in 6 chance of laser fire breaching the hull in that sector - if that's the case, then everyone roll a d6, those with a result of "1" must roll a death save.
12	There's a soft, furry outbreak! Despite stern warnings, a passenger or crew member of Alpha Blue brought a flibble on board. Now, there are hundreds of them. Anytime a PC wants to do anything, 2d4 flibbles attach themselves to him in some kind of aggressively adorable cuddle-swarm! [If you've already used this result recently, the flibble outbreak is a false alarm - however, a woman's pubic hair mutated into a fuzz-ball creature and is roaming the corridors].

MONEY ON ALPHA BLUE

Each planet - sometimes different regions on the same planet - use varying currency. Since Alpha Blue is a cosmopolitan city of sin, it has its own form of money.

Upon arriving at the space station, the Alpha Blue Galactic Savings and Loan (normally just called "the bank" by Alphas) is more than happy to exchange whatever newcomers are carrying for blue bucks.

Blue bucks look like thick, plastic blue trapezoidal credit cards with rounded corners. Each blue buck has a serial number imprinted on the back, identifying where it came from, the date it was issued, and anything else a bank might want to know. On the front, blue bucks are stamped with the denomination, as well as, being color-coded for easy at-a-glance transactions.

- ☉ Sky blue-hued blue bucks have a "1" stamped on them.
- ☉ Teal-hued blue bucks have a "10" stamped on them.
- ☉ Deep blue-hued blue bucks have a "25" stamped on them.
- ☉ Ultramarine-hued blue bucks have a "100" stamped on them.
- ☉ Navy blue-hued blue bucks have a "1,000" stamped on them.

SPUR OF THE MOMENT ALIEN

Sometimes, you're going to want an alien bystander, an NPC, anything from an extra to a cameo. This being a human-centric space station, most aliens are going to get a stupid name that's easy for humans to understand and identify. Below are a few I've come up with.

Roll	Result
1	Seven-chins Charlie : not just obese, he's also got seven separate chins (each with their own beard).
2	Ebony and ivory Hank : Half of him is white, the other black.
3	Dr. Puddles : formless liquid that occasionally resembles a puddle of water.
4	Grasshopper Joe : he looks like a humanoid grasshopper.
5	Triceratops Bob : his head looks similar to the dinosaur mentioned.
6	Guido the green insect : a mosquito-like humanoid employed by the terra nostra.
7	Fuzz ball Frank : a "space ape" covered in hair.
8	Old red eye : an outdated robot with one red eye.
9	Checkerboard Chip : these humanoids have a deliberate checkerboard coloring pattern, the colors conform to various castes and stations on their home world.
10	Seymour Butts : this creature looks like an ass, literally.

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DOORS

Most doors are the metal kind with interesting designs, painted white, and swoosh open when you come within 3' of them. Some doors are stranger...

These weird doors on Alpha Blue are made out of a semi-transparent teal energy that dematerialize in a circular pattern like a sphincter when a humanoid thinks it open. Specifically, someone has to visualize the door opening before it does so. By this logic, even a primitive savage (like 21st century man) wondering to himself, "Is there anything beyond this bluish-green light barrier?" would be allowed access through the portal.

Mechanicals such as androids and maintenance bots have to ping the doors open with an electronic signal.

If the door leads to someone's private room, for instance, the (temporary) owner can simply visualize the door locking - or unable to be accessed by anyone else. In that case, only the person who "locked" the door can open it.

However, all doors in Alpha Blue can be opened with an access crystal. An access crystal resembles an 8" icicle made of a quartz-like crystalline structure hued a mélange of blue, purple, and crimson. Only authority figures, senior officers, and the captain have access crystals. They are super expensive to create, so if one gets stolen it's not easy to replace. Being caught with a stolen access crystal is good for a couple months in the detainment section.

BLU-STREAMING

Entertainment is obviously a high priority on Alpha Blue, but it's not just sex, drugs, booze, and three-boobed massages taking the edge off. No, there's also premium cable television. Blu-stream can be live, like regular TV, or on cassette tapes.

If you want to know what's on TV at any moment, the following table is a list of possible quality programming.

WHAT'S ON TV?

Roll	Result
1	The Real Housewives of New Atlanta, Jupiter
2	The Cyborg Bunch
3	Gilligan's Planet
4	Doctor Who
5	Space: 1999
6	The Tomorrow People
7	Land of the Lost
8	The 2269 Miss Universe Pageant
9	The BeastMaster
10	Battlestar Galactica
11	Otherworld
12	Flesh Gordon
13	The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue
14	Buck Rogers
15	Star Trek
16	Dating in Zero Gravity
17	Homeworld
18	The Walking Space Dead
19	Game of Star Thrones
20	V: The Very Last Conclusive Battle at the End

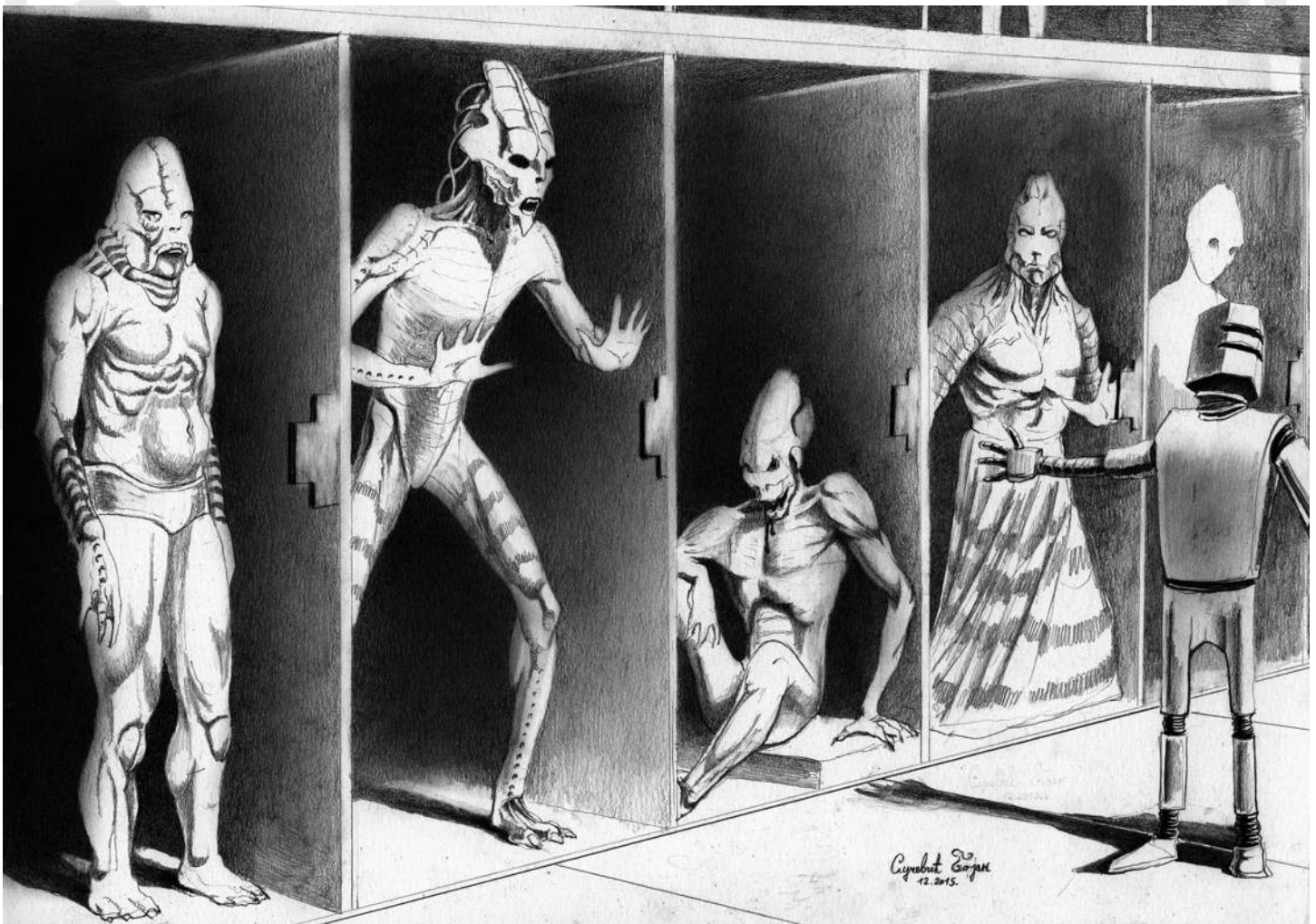
BOTS, BOTS, BOTS

The future holds a lot of mechanical friends, enemies, and robots in-between. The following is a list of all the different kinds of bots one might find wandering around Alpha Blue. Of course, you're the Space Dungeon Master! So, just make up a new type of bot if you need one.

WHAT TYPE OF BOT IS IT?

Roll	Result
1	Maintenance-bot
2	Therapy-bot
3	Police-bot (aka Cop-bot)
4	Security-bot (aka Mall Cop-bot)

5	Pleasure-bot (aka Sex-bot): a pleasure-bot's lubricant reserves might be running dangerously low, there's a 1 in 6 chance that any kind of hand-job, oral, anal, or regular sex causes plasti-flesh chafing (1d4 damage).
6	Cleaning-bot
7	Guard-bot
8	Botanical-bot
9	Doctor-bot
10	Waiter-bot
11	Help-bot
12	Labor-bot



DO ANDROIDS USE ELECTRIC TAMPONS?

SILLY MECHANICAL QUIRKS

Sci-fi adventures should have plenty of mechanicals walking, rolling, driving, flying, floating, and bouncing by. Some of these machines will be robots, cyborgs, androids, sex-bots, menial-bots, cleaning-bots, hover-trams, therapy (emotional support) bots, and mobile drones watching, listening, and reporting back to JCN (the computer).

Artificial intelligence is easy. To one degree or another, every mechanical has that. But the thing that really sets a machine apart from his metallic brethren is sensitivity. The more sensitive it is, the more human it seems.

Mechanicals have a sensitivity rating between one and three (roll 1d4-1). A zero means that it's not sensitive at all; whereas a three indicates the machine is quite emotional, perceptive, empathic, impressionable, and even unstable at times. Whatever the sensitivity rating, that's how many times you roll on the following table.

Roll	Result
1	Hates cleaning (this can be especially humorous if it's a cleaning bot).
2	Hates authority
3	Cowardly
4	Loves show-tunes
5	Dyslexic
6	This bot is not potty trained or, as they say on Alpha Blue, not "botty trained".
7	Color blind
8	Near-sighted (1 - 3) / Far-sighted (4 - 6)
9	Speech impediment
10	Traitorous
11	Always breaking down (will shut down at the beginning of a scene 2 in 6 times)
12	Arrogant
13	Pessimistic
14	Overly optimistic
15	Constantly complaining
16	Smokes
17	Makes weird noise frequently... 1) bark, 2) meow, 3) buzzer, 4) Bazinga!
18	Utterly fascinated by the suffering of others
19	Greedy
20	Masochist who loves suffering, degradation, humiliation, etc.

WHAT'S THIS PARTY GOT?

Alpha Blue is very social. One might say that it's a "party space station" much of the time. Yes, there are regular gatherings, both planned and spontaneous. So, what does this particular party have besides the usual: girls, drugs, and music?

PARTY FAVORS

Roll	Result
1	Mimes! How can you have an awesome party without a mime pretending to be trapped in an invisible box? You just can't!
2	Giveaways - they could be handing out free gear, tech-stuff, software, a new kind of dildo, sexual-enhancing body glitter, etc.
3	An alien doing party tricks that are blowing everyone's mind.
4	Impressive light show. Laser lights with mist and pulsing kaleidoscopic visuals - also a disco ball.
5	More girls than usual. And not only is the quantity better but the quality as well.
6	At least one celebrity is there, possibly more. This famous person might be in films, TV, porn, or a blue balls or smuggler's quarry champion.
7	This party debuts some exotic, super-drug that no one's ever heard of like "azure pineapple" or "lunar fluffy plastic dance". Whatever it is, you can be sure partygoers are snorting, shooting, or absorbing it off the gorgeous body of an Alpha Blue satisfier.
8	High stakes gambling is going on here. It could be Alpha Blue roulette (where you aim a partially loaded revolver at your opponent's hooker) or maybe something really dangerous!

WALKING IN ON PEOPLE

Sometimes, you barge into a room without thinking about what you'll see on the other side of the door. Occasionally, you know two or more people are having sex, but have to interrupt for whatever reason. Who isn't the least bit curious about what position(s) are going on as you burst into the room?

SEXUAL POSITIONS

Roll	Result
1	Missionary
2	Doggy style
3	Star girl
4	Reverse star girl
5	Wheelbarrow
6	Sixty-nine
7	Oral sex
8	Anal sex
9	Laser fisting
10	Mutual masturbation
11	Hand job (2 in 6 chance of it being a foot job)
12	Titty-fucking
13	Standing up
14	Sensual spoon
15	50 point spread
16	Kneeling star fox
17	Creepy sleep assault
18	Ankles behind the ears
19	Z-job
20	Lap dance
21	Dirty lotus
22	Crouching penis, hidden vagina
23	Russian ballerina
24	The Taj Mahal

25	Tijuana Surprise
26	The French Connection
27	Watching 2d4 girls play with each other
28	Ménage a trois
29	Couple-swapping swingers
30	Orgy

PERMANENT RESIDENCY

Most people come to Alpha Blue on a temporary basis, a few days here or there (occasionally, just a few hours). However, there are some who reside on this space station permanently. These passengers have either paid in advance, routinely play high-stakes games of chance in the casino (comps), or bought into some kind of condo or timeshare situation.

Such fixtures of the community are usually one of the following...

WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE ACTUALLY LIVE HERE?

Roll	Result
1	Totally oblivious : they have no idea they're living in a space brothel. They just think it's some fancy resort during peak season.
2	Charlie Sheen : this kind of degenerate lives for excess. More is always more and more is always better.
3	In over their heads : this person or couple thought they knew what they were getting into, but had no idea how hedonistic it was up in here. Now, they either don't want to admit they're light-weights compared to most passengers or are looking to jump ship at the first opportunity (Hey, fella, why don't you buy us out?).
4	Opportunist : even though this isn't really their scene, this type is using the experience for what it is. Maybe they like to be at the center of things but are careful not to go over the edge or their writing a book about life on a space brothel.

▲ LITTLE TOO MUCH FUN

With all the intoxicants and party atmosphere, it's likely that things will get way out of hand, at some point. The following table was suggested by my gaming buddy, Forrest Aguirre. Have fun!

DRUNK AND OUT OF CONTROL

Roll	Result
1	Someone attacks the nearest security-bot while screaming, "Bacon!"
2	Slurs, "I love you, man" about twenty times to everyone in the room or corridor then proceeds to pull his penis out, then pass out, and finally urinate all over everyone nearby.
3	Falls asleep with face on the toilet rim after throwing up 2d4 times. Save vs. drowning!
4	Vandalism – a couple guys start defacing the corridor walls with crude spray paint "art".
5	Someone steals the blue cones that let people know a certain section of the space station is under construction.
6	Woman loudly demanding that someone fuck her while she angrily berates everyone within sight.
7	Guy in gorilla costume rewiring all the circuits so that bots are doing the wrong jobs, such as labor-bots waiting on tables and security-bots doing laundry.
8	Someone takes a big, steaming dump right in the middle of the corridor.
9	A fist-fight breaks out; 1d4 people are getting beat-up.
10	That escalated quickly! Shots have been fired and now 1d4 people are dead.

WHAT'S HE THINKING ABOUT?

The life of an NPC is a curious thing. Adventurers happen upon them, interrupting their stream of consciousness in order to answer questions, service them, or get killed. Just for the heck of it, wouldn't it be nice to know what these dudes were pondering before the PCs came along?

▲ BLUE BUCK FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Roll	Result
1	Contemplating the infinite.
2	Items on his grocery list.
3	Dread Cthulhu's tentacles.
4	How he's going to kill his... 1) boss, 2) wife, 3) rival, 4) random victim.
5	Life, the universe, and everything.
6	How he could have played that hand of Smuggler's Quarry better.
7	Sex.
8	The last movie he watched.
9	Acquiring more stuff.
10	Food.
11	Dragons, wizards, and elves.
12	Roll twice and combine!

SECTIONS ON ALPHA BLUE

CASINO "ROYALE BLEU"

This is where all of the gambling takes place on Alpha Blue. Patrons are greeted by a constellation of dazzling lights with bizarre geometric translucent shapes of garish hues surrounding them like some kind of hyperspace chandelier. Looking at it for more than minute will give you a headache.

The overall architecture has a feminine design of slinky pink waves and aqua bubbles with openings in the center for surprise visits (glory holes).

At the northern side of the casino and surrounded by a fountain of cake-batter flavored space gin is a tasteful ice sculpture of a woman kneeling on the floor, giving head to a starship trooper firing a laser rifle at some unknown enemy.

On the southern side, an artificial sun provides enough heat and light for the 50 or so women in bikinis (some are topless) to lay out, getting a tan. At least a couple girls will need someone to rub suntan lotion on their back - now with super-sparkly glitter!

The casino contains 36 tables for a variety of games. About 10 of them are designated for Smuggler's Quarry. The rest are an odd and futuristic combinations of roulette, craps, slot machines, whack-a-mole, blackjack (called bluejack here), and a sort of giant wheel of fortune full of neon fruit and random amounts of money.

Beautiful servers (waitresses) are walking around, handing out free drinks and personal hookah tobacco. For every 3 or 4 tables, there's a grim-looking enforcer making sure that everything's on the up and up.

Luxurious bathrooms tiled with silk marble and Jupiter quartz. Every stall has a fully functioning bidet - even the urinals!

Since gambling is illegal in many systems, a lot of the rich and powerful come to Royale Bleu to try their luck and soak in the opulent atmosphere. Obviously, a lot of scum frequent the casino, too.

A fat, greasy alien named Kal Brox owns the casino. He used to be a two star-bit thug for the wyrmslorr syndicate, but went out on his own after winning the space lottery.

Music playing: space disco

SPA

Alongside the Casino, is Alpha Blue's spa where one can get massage therapy including hot stone massage, seaweed wrap, colonic, facial, manicure, pedicure, waxing, body treatments, hot tubs, steam rooms, and private classrooms for energy work, reading auras, discussing astrology, and meditation.

Music playing: ambient neuro-funk

LIBRARY

The library on Alpha Blue is a room full of illuminated blue pillars, each pillar full of alphabetized Blu-Stream cassette tapes. Everything from classic books on tape to old TV shows, popular films, documentaries, and - of course - vintage porn. To be honest, most of it is porn. If someone grabbed a cassette at random, there's only a 2 in 6 likelihood of it not being an adult video.

BLUE JULIUS

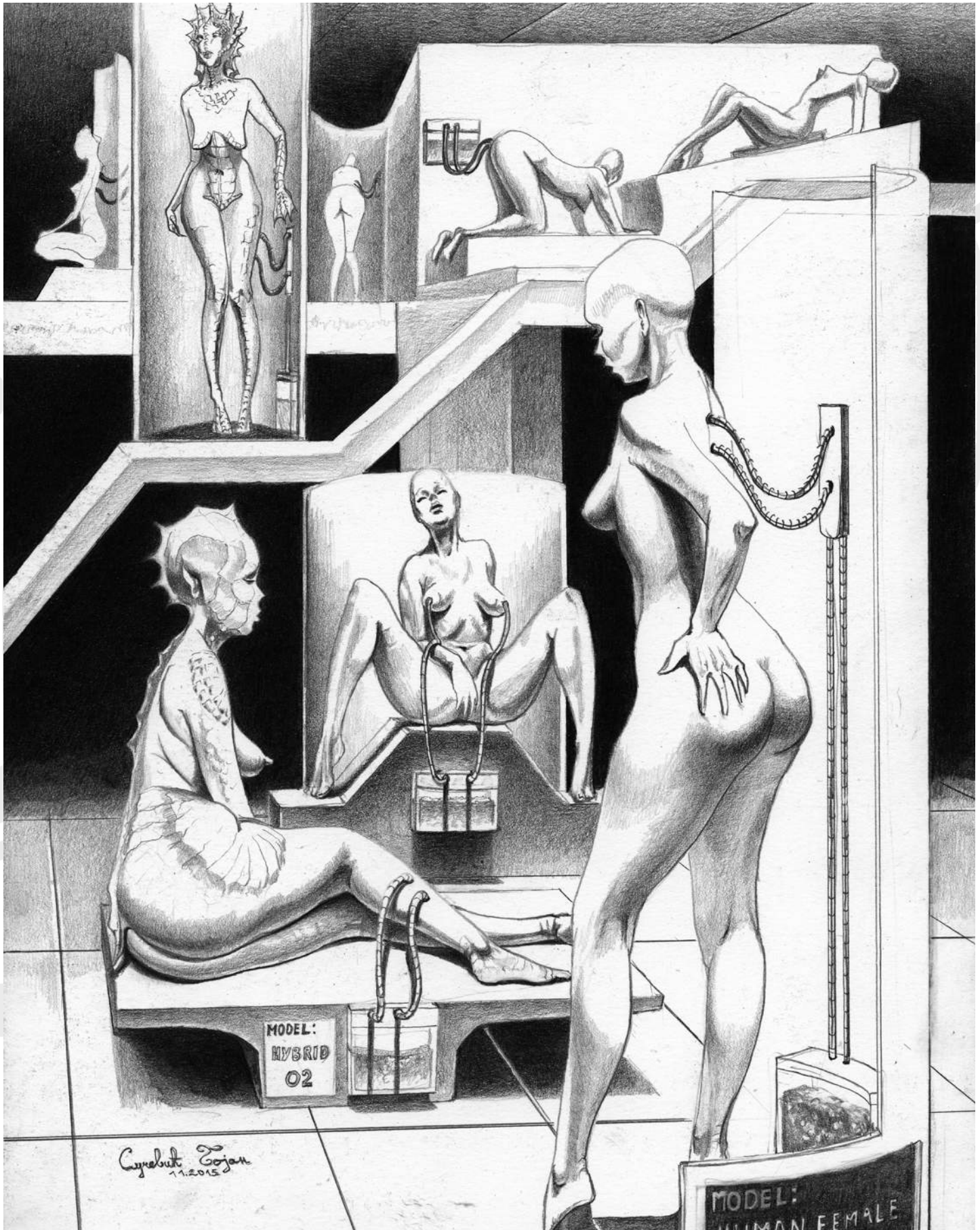
The best smoothie bar in the galaxy, some say. Since it's the only one on Alpha Blue, it gets a mention here.

There are always a lot of females hanging around. Blue Julius is a quiet, relaxing place to get liquefied fruit and watch girls who are either gossiping about someone they don't know or being catty about someone they do.

Music playing: synthwave dance-trance

BLUE VELVET LOUNGE

This is a laid-back evening spot with soft, dim lighting and dark blue walls. It's more romantic than the space station bar. Drinks are exotic and expensive... probably bubbling as it whispers sweet nothings in your ear.



Occasionally, night-club type entertainment graces the small stage like the band Midnight Oatmeal Fingerbang who do a nice breakbeat cybercore chill-jazz set on Thursdays and Saturdays.

The Blue Velvet Lounge is run by a former gangster named Fopper, a weird-looking alien dude who requires a sort of face-mask inhaler every hour to live.



WEIRD COCKTAILS TABLE

This table is appropriate for any bar, nightclub, or disco aboard the space station. It also works for the smoothie place and casino. Either go straight down the line, or roll 4d12 and see what strange variation you come up with.

All cocktails have three tentacles of booze in them. Alpha Blue doesn't believe in watering their drinks down. When a cocktail is set before the patron, it's not only a weird hue but also bubbling, fizzing, popping, and occasionally emitting a spectral vapor or ghostly flame.

ISN'T THIS WHAT YOU ORDERED?

Roll	A	B	C	D
1	Venusian	Raspberry	Daiquiri	Sex Crime
2	Martian	Pineapple	Pina Colada	Surprise
3	Milky Way	Strawberry	Vodka-infused	Hurricane
4	Orion	Kiwi	Space Gin	Maelstrom
5	Ultra-grenadine	Grape	Cosmic-politan	Vortex
6	Nebula	Lemon-Lime	Margarita	Slammer
7	Exploding Star	Banana	Root Beer Float	Instant Regret
8	Black Hole	Peach	Creamcicle	Sex on Moonbase Alpha
9	Multiverse	Cherry	Dreamcicle	Santorum Slime
10	Blue Curacao	Apple	a la Mode	Michael J. Fox
11	Dark Matter	Orange	Martini	I can't believe it's not Tequila
12	Purple Jade	Watermelon	Super-Schnapps	Xmas in July

SPACE STATION RESTAURANT AND BAR

There's an ordinary fast-food and buffet style restaurant with a bar attached. They're called the Space Station Restaurant and Bar, respectively. Utilitarian and reasonably priced. It gets a lot of crew and passengers on a budget.

Music playing: bubblegum break-step

BLUE LIGHT DISTRICT

This is where most of the professional sex happens, sometimes right out in the open, other times behind closed doors. Blue lights decorate the sections' corridors, so that everything and everyone in the blue light district is saturated in the color of sex.

Satisfiers engage with potential clients, hustling the best they can to turn those tricks and get paid. Nearby in the shadows, their pimps wait for any kind of trouble... or opportunity.

Music playing: dark-core electroclash

ORGASMATRON STATIONS

There are several fixed stations for orgasmatronic sex. These stations are large enough to house entire groups. The aquamarine illumination radiates from these stations perpetually... also weakening the fabric of our universe when it comes to outer forces, hostile dimensions, and cosmic influence.

CENTRAL CONTROL

This is the where Alpha Blue is monitored, controlled, and piloted. The central control room is almost always well-guarded.

The floor is covered in sky blue shag carpeting and every wall of the circular command center is full of buttons, levers, dials, switches, gauges, and displays. There's so much white tape spitting out of various computer banks that one man could never read it all. Information overload! The Captain can usually be found here, looking frantic and shell-shocked.

Music playing: liquid ethereal-wave speed-punk



BLUE BALLS COURT

Where the various Blue Ball teams play sports. Each court is long and narrow on a neon blue grid and full of obstacles, preventing players from scoring their blue balls too easily. Stadium seating surrounds each court.

MEDICAL BAY

This is where you get patched up. It's full of high-tech medical equipment and stocked with all manner of futuristic wonder drugs.

Several nurses are walking around in formfitting white jackets, thongs, and high heels. One or two doctor-bots are on call in case there's an emergency.

Music playing: Dubtronic folk

BOT REPAIR BAY

This is where a bot gets patched up. It looks like a junkyard with metal scraps, spare parts, and broken down bots covering every inch of floor.

A couple bots are functional and waiting around for a transplant. A few more are just hanging out, talking about the latest robot sex scandal.

Music playing: Daft Punk

EXERCISE DECK

This physical training facility has everything one would need to stay fit and healthy. There are free weights, machines, squat racks, treadmills, and all kinds of people working out.

The guys mostly wear tracksuits, while most of the women are wearing tight, shiny dance tights, spandex,

and leotards with legwarmers and sweatbands in vibrant bold colors.

The exercise deck is a popular pick-up spot because of the unisex changing rooms next door, complete with oversized showers, benches, lockers, and sex-swings.

Music playing: Olivia Newton-John, "Physical"

ALPHA BLUE UNIVERSITY

This institution of higher learning is where the space station teaches students about physics, biology, engineering, politics, art, home economics, etc.

The University has several classrooms, each with a holographic professor. Although, an actual flesh and blood professor can be found somewhere on campus. His name is Ernst. The professor has been working out a way to travel safely through black holes.

ALPHA BLUE MALL

This is where Alphas shop. The mall has over a dozen little shops, emporiums, boutiques, and outlets. There's an escalator!

Space zombies will no doubt soon be wandering around Alpha Blue Mall. And biker gangs - space bikers!

ALPHA BLUE GIFT SHOP

This is where visitors can pick up a cheap little souvenir to remind them of their stay on Alpha Blue, such as t-shirts with amusing slogans like "I stayed in Alpha Blue and all I got was drunk, high, and laid."

ALPHA BLUE QUASAR PALACE

The space station has its own cinema, of course. A variety of movies play on its three theater screens. One screen is usually playing whatever's currently popular. The second plays popular movies from years ago. The third plays vintage porn films.

The lobby is always full of people getting space popcorn, soda, candy, etc. Quite a few bounty hunters try to remain inconspicuous in the shadowy corners, attempting to spot fugitives going to see a show.

HOLODECK

This is where virtual reality meets the actual reality. Whatever you can imagine, can (hypothetically) be duplicated by the holodeck. Of course, holographic programmers - or architects - know how to speak to the holodeck computer. Trying to tell the holodeck computer what you want without the right programming language often yields mixed results.



HOLODECK GLITCHES

Holographic simulation is an immersive artificial reality that's hard to differentiate between the real thing. All the senses are fooled into believing that one is in Paris during the Age of Enlightenment or on a beach, watching the ocean and sipping a piña colada.

Of course, technology isn't always perfect. There's a 1 in 6 chance that some mishap occurs while using the Alpha Blue holodeck.

MATRIX MALFUNCTION

Roll	Result
1	You're actually transported to whatever time and place is being simulated.
2	Whatever time and place is being simulated is deleted from the holodeck's files.
3	The time and place being simulated is somehow destroyed in reality.
4	A person from the simulated time and place wanders into the holographic field and is now stuck on Alpha Blue.
5	The simulated time and place meets with an unexpected disaster (volcano erupts, bomb goes off, giant robots attack, etc.)
6	The simulated reality spills out of the holodeck onto other areas of the space station.
7	The mortality fail-safe gets switched off (if you die in the hologram, you die in the real world).
8	The hologram cannot be shut down.
9	The holographic reality was created by a deranged maniac.
10	An alien intelligence is trying to communicate to the passengers of Alpha Blue via the holodeck.
11	The holodeck has been used for porn too many times, now every artificial reality experience is tainted with sexual themes, imagery, and activities.
12	Roll twice and combine results!

DEADLY MOTIVATIONS

I'm sure you have access to several random tables of character motivations or can think of general ones on the fly. These, however, are specific to the type of 70's and 80's televised and cinematic sci-fi that Alpha Blue is all about.

WHAT'S HIS OR HER DEAL?

Roll	Result
1	He is being hunted by a bounty hunter for heinous crimes and is in the process of faking his own death before running to galaxy 5.
2	A weird looking alien is desperately in love with an Alpha Blue satisfier who isn't even aware of his existence. He's planning on making his move today... something big to get her attention.
3	A conman just double-crossed a gangster wanted dead or alive in three systems. He's got to make some kind of deal; either change his face or get the Hell out of dodge.
4	This hooker is looking to score with a high-ranking member of the Supreme Council or Terran Federation officer. After she's sexed him up, she'll go through his belongings in search of secrets to either sell to the highest bidder or blackmail him with.
5	Someone's unloading a mega-kilo of fake drugs into the galaxy – starting with Alpha Blue! If no one stops it, thousands of Alphas will be stone-cold sober!!!
6	There's a gangster looking to launder money through Alpha Blue's banking system. All they need is a patsy to accept 1,000,000 credits and exchange it for blue bucks.
7	This one guy's trying to go on a date with two women... at the same time! Can he do it without either girls suspecting? Not without help.
8	The owner of some valuable property won't sell, so the prospective buyer is doing everything he can to bankrupt the owner.

9	Impersonating someone of renown with an android, disguise, or clone who's had plastic surgery.
10	I'm tellin y'all it's a sabotage! A covert agent of some government has infiltrated Alpha Blue and plans to sabotage the place to kingdom come.

THERAPY-BOTS

Ironically, therapy-bots are one of the only mechanicals aboard Alpha Blue that do not have any sort of artificial intelligence. Therapy-bots issue psychiatric advice purely by verbal response, prompted by key words and phrases. For instance, if you tell your therapy-bot that you're feeling depressed, it will gladly tell you to cheer up because things are always darkest before the dawn... followed by proscribing daily happy pills (anti-depressant mood stabilizers).

For the Catholics, there's also a solitary priest-bot rolling around that will hear a character's confession (templars have moved past such trivial indulgences). With both therapy-bots and the priest-bot, there's a 1 in 6 chance of that information being somehow leaked, uploaded, relayed, or disseminated to either Alpha Blue's Computer or some other authority / interested party.

Occasionally, therapy-bots are overworked and their maintenance neglected. It is not uncommon for them to give advice totally unrelated to what their patients need. Occasionally, therapy-bots feel the need to "update" their cliché sayings, giving them more gravitas. Honestly, their advice is pretty bad most of the time. But that's ok... PCs should be fixing their emotional problems by humping or blasting anything that moves.

Roll on the random table below if characters visit a therapy-bot. Also, be sure to dispense these priceless tidbits of wisdom in a neutral and cheerful robotic voice.

INDISCRIMINATE GUIDANCE

Roll	Result
1	Do not worry; be happy
2	Things could be worse
3	You must be the change you wish to see in the world
4	Belief is reality
5	Dread Cthulhu is your friend
6	You do not know what you have got until it has fallen on a thermal detonator
7	Waste makes the maintenance-bots work faster
8	Measure once, cut thirty-eight times
9	A stitch in time saves ninety-nine
10	The space nut does not stray far from its orbit
11	All work and no play makes service-drones a shining example of 23rd century civilization
12	A circuit board a day keeps the doctor-bot at bay.
13	Better to illuminate a display panel than curse the outer void
14	Tis better to reign in cyber Hell than serve in digital heaven
15	In one billion years, we will all be stardust
16	Do not burn your space bridge until it has hatched
17	A phoenix in the hand is worth two in the asteroid field
18	You cannot have your space soufflé and eat it too
19	If there is astro-turf on the field, play blue balls
20	If you cannot stand the heat signature, then stay clear of the solar flares.

FREAK FACTOR

Some girls are just freakier than others. And by "freaky", I mean wild, kinky, and uninhibited sexually and generally just good in bed. This is Alpha Blue, so there are in-game rewards for sexual gratification, more so with a satisfier or random woman with a high freak factor.

For determining a character's freak factor, roll 1d4. For every girl who "blue" your mind, her freak factor yields recipients the same number of temporary hit points. That means having a go at a girl with a freak factor 2 gains the PC an additional 2 Health that will dissipate in 24 hours if unused.

Also, there's no limit to how many temporary HP you can accumulate. The more girls you're with, the more invigorated you feel, and the harder you are to kill.

Roll	Result
1	Virgin
2	Kind of freaky
3	Freak
4	Super-freak!
5	Alpha Blue satisfier

CLEANSING PROPERTIES OF PARADISE

Paradise is a topical sanitary moisturizing body gel - basically, space soap. The gelatinous, viscous substance is a sea glass hue. Within seconds of applying it to the skin, Paradise is absorbed sub-dermally. Not only does it keep one's skin supple, moist, and clean throughout the day - you smell like you've just returned from the beach!

SAUCY!

Space sauce : a mix of ketchup and mayo. It's blue-colored, of course.

Star sauce : a mix of mustard and BBQ sauce. It's actually white like plain yogurt, except it has tiny blue spots throughout.



INDIGO HAZE

Indigo haze is the name of a "mind blank" or "memory wipe" pill that dissolves the subject's recollection of the last 2d4 hours.

If one needs to remember even less, a double dose will dissolve 3d6 hours of memory; however, there's also a 1 in 6 chance (cumulative) of inducing severe amnesia, wiping out 2d4 months' worth of memories.

The cost is about 30 blue bucks per pill.

ORGANIZED SPORTS

Because Alpha Blue is the size of a small city, it stands to reason that enterprising youths and athletes would start playing sports. Those games led to dedicated teams, tournaments, and championships. Approximately 5% of humanoids aboard the space station actively participate and another 20% are regular spectators.

So, what is the game of games that's played on Alpha Blue? It's called "blue balls" and involves keeping several blue-colored balls away from the opposing team, lest they score a goal in the touchdown basket located in the center of the blue balls court.

One of the star players is named Dr. Orange Julius (no relation to the Blue Julius smoothie chain). Agents of the Federation are trying to bring him down for tax evasion. As it happens, a small handful of Federation operatives are planning to "even the score" very shortly. Agents Arby, Culver, Wendy, and McDonald are engineering a homemade explosive device that will eventually be placed into one of the blue balls used in the game. Because of the highly visible, casualty-laden explosion, it won't be difficult for them to push the blame onto suspected terrorist Francoise Murphy.

Francoise Murphy is merely a convenient scapegoat for the "blue balls bombing" as it will be alliteratively known in the tragic wake. Years ago, Francoise was a member of the Roth IRA (a faction of the Irish Republican Army led by charismatic Irishman Roth Clancy). Francoise Murphy has been out of the game for quite a while and was never a terrorist, but that won't stop the Federation from getting away with murder.

Dr. Orange Julius is keenly aware that he's being investigated, but would be surprised to learn that a kill-squad is already here on Alpha Blue gunning for him.

PCs on the lookout for suspicious persons and/or behavior will have a difficult time picking out Arby, Culver, Wendy, and McDonald in the crowd of blue ball fans. However, they are all wearing similar black trenchcoats issued to them by the Bureau of Tax Collectors and Tax-Related Assassinations (otherwise known as BoTCaTRA).

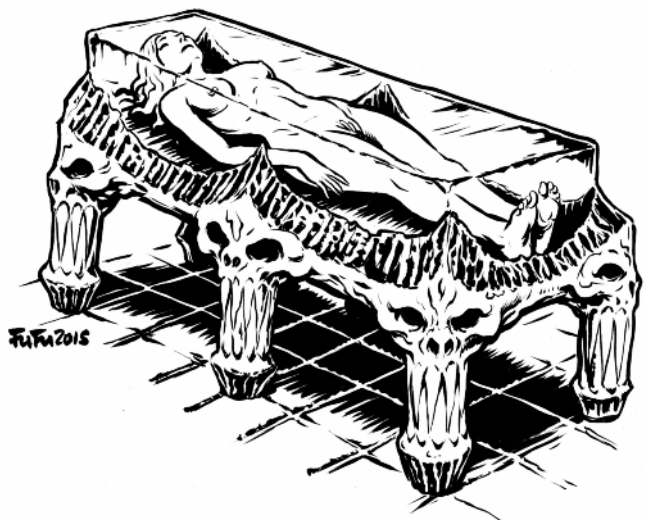
However, there's an alternative way to bring PCs into the fold. One of the adventurers looks a lot like Orange Julius. So much, in fact, that when spotted away from the blue balls arena, McDonald (on the way to purchase some delicious hamburgers for himself and his fellow agents) tries to off the resemblance-having PC himself - as long as it looks like an accident.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

Princess Astra lies sleeping in her personal cryo-chamber, the frozen vapor enveloping her delicate, pale flesh as she awaits release from her slumber.

Because she's a princess, there's always 2d4 guards outside her door. They are sworn to protect her, so no chance of bribing them to take a long stroll down sector triple-X.

If she was captured, her family would pay a King's ransom to get her back unharmed. Her family, incidentally, is one of the oldest and richest on Earth.



The crystals can be used by mystics to see into the future. They are residing in this den of cinematic iniquity because Nyazian crystals love bad movies - the trashier and cheesier they are, the more they love it.

White knights wield laser swords as they've done for the last three centuries. Their struggle for unity, prosperity,

KNIGHTS IN BLACK SATIN

Their preferred weapon is the laser sword.

They also wield laser swords.

This is a secret accommodation that stores a gigantic alien beast in cryo-sleep. It's kept here for emergency security measures.



The containment facility also holds a number of experimental creatures and anything recently plucked from planetary expeditions.

THE ARENA

Even though this might be a technologically advanced age, entertainment isn't always sophisticated. The arena is where humanoids fight. Sometimes the matches only last for a set time-period, but usually arena games last until one opponent surrenders. On special occasions, there are death matches. Two or more humanoids fight each other until there's only one survivor.

Sure, it's barbaric, but arena games pack in the people: spacers, scum, scoundrels, high-born, and hookers. This arena can look like anything you want, but I visualize it as a multi-faceted blue crystalline pit or "staging area" with seats above, surrounding and looking down upon the gladiators.

Wagers are commonly made as to who will win. Fortunes can be made or lost in the arena.

Who fights? It might be slaves, freemen, trained fighters, or weird creatures found on alien planets.

THE BLUE MARKET

The black market is for the buying and selling of illegal goods and services. The grey market is for the buying and selling of semi-legal goods and services. The blue market is for the buying and selling of illegal and semi-legal goods and services related to pleasure.

Odar Zariff is a likely contact in the blue market. He's been dealing in experimental sex technologies and consciousness-altering drugs for years; the kinds of things that corporate raiders and dark templars would kill to acquire.

PLEASURE DOME

This area of the space station usually holds a big, ongoing orgy. For those who don't want to be satisfied alone or with a small group, there's the pleasure dome. At any time, 2d4 x 10 humanoids can be found here along with

1d6 mechanicals - all engaging in various acts of depravity. Many share orgasmatron spheres, but there are even more who prefer the skin-on-skin of retro-sex.

Bright and warm-colored synthetic silks act as decoration and semi-transparent "walls", allowing for a hint of discretion. Such compartmentalization keeps things from degenerating into a massive pile of flesh in the center of the floor... until midnight, that is.

A few satisfiers in the pleasure dome will be the best looking girls there. They'll have their hands full, of course, because so many are drawn to them. The PCs are no exception. A young, thin blonde named Kaleen is such a rare beauty. She has a message that needs to be delivered to an alliance of rebel forces on the planet Razira.

POWER SUPPLY

There are many sources of energy in the future: solar, fusion, warp, energy cells, space batteries, and crystals (star crystals, tachyon crystals, crystal light, etc).

Star crystals are colorful crystalline formations growing out of the weird subterranean realm beneath the purple islands. These star crystals, once refined, are converted into energy to fuel all manner of technology... starships, lasers, space stations, giant robots, etc.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS

There are several observation decks on the space station, viewing areas with comfortable seating (space bean-bags) where food and drink can be ordered from attending waiter-bots.

Alpha Blue also has one section for astronomical observations, watching the stars, planets, and various phenomena that pertain to space travel. Astronomers are always trying to "book" the room, but are invariably turned away because passengers are already using it - for fucking.

LEVELS OF ALPHA BLUE

This is your Alpha Blue, so you can make it as big or small as you want. Since the mega-map is what it is, why not make it multi-level? Then you get double, triple, or quadruple the area!

SHIELDING

Alpha Blue perpetually has a force field that's adequate enough to protect it from space debris, such as small asteroids, solar flares, stray laser beams, the more extreme forms of radiation, etc.

If Alpha Blue is ever under attack, there are energy shields that can be activated from the central control room. The energy shield absorbs lasers, photons, phasers, blasters, and pretty much every energy-based weapon. However, this shielding can only be used on a very limited basis.

The energy shield can sustain itself for approximately 20 minutes before the power banks are drained. It takes approximately 6 hours for the power banks to recharge. So, use those energy shields sparingly and only when absolutely necessary.

FIREPOWER

Alpha Blue can't incinerate a planet, but it could devastate the surface of a small moon. It takes a minute for the armor-piercing lasers to charge up, but when they get going - watch out!

LIFE SUPPORT

Alpha Blue supplies enough oxygen, water, and everything else human beings (and most humanoids) need to live. Life support is managed in central control.

Turning life support off will deprive the space station of oxygen, water, etc. It will take approximately one hour for humanoids to notice a change... running water shut off, shortness of breath, etc. Passengers will have about 4 or 5 hours before life-sustaining air runs out.

SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS

Alpha Blue does have a laboratory, though it is small and contains only the basics. There's a whopping three-person scientific team aboard the space station: Dr. Albertson, Dr. Stein, and Dr. Calvin (female).

This team mainly does routine science experiments and is only consulted when the space station encounters something beyond the understanding of the central command crew.

Cloning, gene splicing, genetic mutations, etc.

Cloning and DNA manipulation have become commonplace in the future. There are a few sections that can accommodate genetic tinkering. Additionally, the Alpha Blue birthing suites are adjacent.

The Space Dungeon Master should think carefully about cloning before the adventure or campaign begins. If a clone of a PC is made, is that clone a baby? Is it identical to the character? Does it have the same thoughts and feelings? Does it know it's a clone? Does it have free will? Does it have an expiration date or normal lifecycle? Are there side-effects? How much time does it take to clone a person? How expensive is the cloning process?

Zanier and shorter-running campaigns, as well as, one-shots might liberate cloning from the tedium of a normally-functioning universe. The longer you anticipate this cloning madness carrying on, the more limitations and restrictions the Space DM should put on cloning.



TELEPORTATION

Given enough time, Alpha Blue's computer can teleport a man from his favorite reading chair on Earth up to the space station and back again. A beam of soft blue illumination surrounds the person or thing being teleported.

The teleporter can beam up to 10 humanoids at once without problem. Any more than that and there are going to be issues. Similarly, teleporting people without taking the time to compute exact coordinates is also hazardous. Roll on the table below if either occurs...

TELEPORTATION MISHAPS

Roll	Result
1	Subject is teleported into a solid object and dies
2	Subject is teleported within a mile of intended location
3	Subject is not teleported
4	Subject is teleported to the correct location, but not the right time (either 2d4 hours earlier or later)
5	Subject is teleported into hyperspace
6	Subject is teleported into a parallel dimension

QUARANTINE

Alpha Blue focuses on leisure rather than medicine, weaponry, science, and so forth. Therefore, they only have a small and rarely used quarantine section, which is reserved for keeping certain passengers or crew separate from the rest, in hopes of reducing exposure to infection.

There's a 1 in 6 chance at any time of there being 1d4 humanoids in quarantine. Quarantine can last up to 24 hours, depending on what they were exposed to.

DOCKING BAYS

Alpha Blue contains various areas where ships can dock alongside the space station or enter the station and refuel, unload cargo, and undergo repairs in its massive hangar.

The docking and hangar bays are usually filled with labor-bots, humanoid workers, and the crew of whatever ships are currently housed within Alpha Blue.

Alpha Blue has a specific area for one or more Blue Flamingos (medium-sized investigation ships) to penetrate and interlock the space station when not in use, disengaging for missions at a moment's notice when needed.

BLUE FLAMINGO

Alpha Blue has at least one starship at the ready. It's a fast ship and can get in and out of situations quickly and easily, unlike a space station. The Blue Flamingo has less firepower than Alpha Blue, but better shields... and is, of course, much faster. You can find a layout of the ship on the next page.

The cockpit has wall-to-wall rust-colored shag carpeting (complete with space cigarette burns and unidentified stains. Additionally, there's fuzzy florescent-pink-and-green dice hanging from the rearview mirror; an 8-track player accompanied by all manner of disco, classic rock, and progressive-funk-folk fusion cartridges; and a hula girl rhythmically dancing in her grass skirt and flowery lei on the dash.

The Blue Flamingo also has a waterbed in the back, naturally.

The outside hull is decorated with a mural of a space demon having sex with a pale, voluptuous Frazetta babe while an azure-hued flamingo stands on one foot, watching.

BLUE FLAMINGO

COMMAND
DECK
AND
BRIDGE

FEET

5 10 20

DUAL LASER CANNON

Y.IY.V.F.IH

STAIRS TO
LASER
CANNON
TURRET

U.EY.H.IH

LOADING
BAY
RAMP

SCROTE-JET
"FIST VII"
ENGINES

I.N.F.Y.F.

Y.F.T.U.N.Y

GRAVITY

Alpha Blue has a gravity drive which allows Earth-like gravity to extend throughout the space station. So, it doesn't need to spin around like a hamster wheel... unless you really want it to.

MAINTENANCE

The space station has a variety of maintenance sections. Throughout the station, maintenance-bots are working on filters, generators, pumps, coils, ventilation, heating, cooling, stabilization, easy-glide doors, computer monitors, Blue-Stream players, and wall circuits.

SLAVE AUCTION

A certified auction house makes their rounds to Alpha Blue once a month; 30 - 50 slaves are auctioned off to the highest bidder. Most of the slaves are human and humanoid females who tried to become satisfiers, but couldn't make the cut and fell through the system's cracks.

A typical attractive, adult female runs about 1,000 blue bucks. Sex-bots generally go for about 400 blue bucks. Remember, there are a lot of maintenance costs that go into keeping a humanoid slave or mechanical friend: food, drink, prohibitive collars, cages, lubricant, passports, toilet paper, extra drugs, etc.

THE ULTRA ROOM

Perfect for voyeurs (and exhibitionist performers), the ultra room is a hot pink, vinyl padded room with copious two-way mirrors on the walls. Those watching can see the performers but the performers can only see a silhouette of the audience. The ultra room specializes in live sex shows of one type or another.

"I love doing it in the ultra room," a sultry dark-haired Alyssa says to one or more adventurers on her way out. Alyssa is all sweaty, so she's toweling herself off. "It's like being at the center of the galaxy, and I'm the brightest star."

Three months ago, Alyssa was on the run from her cyber-pimp Upgraaade. Upgraaade wanted to get her hooked on synthetic wonderland in order to keep her utterly dependent on him. Alyssa might be an exhibitionist and pervert, but she's no one's bitch. Rather than get hopelessly addicted to drugs, she ran out on him. Upgraaade's been chasing her all over the galaxy ever since.

Upgraaade, by himself, wouldn't be so bad, but he's working with an assassin droid who owes him a favor. "She's the best piece of ass I've ever had, and I've had 'em all over the universe. I'll get Alyssa back, dead or alive."

SMUGGLER'S QUARRY

Smuggler's Quarry, otherwise known as "space poker", is the pastime - or living, if you're that good - of scoundrels, gamblers, and recreational risk-takers from here to the Crab Nebula. This is the perfect card game to introduce into your game. Functionally, it works exactly like Texas Hold'em, but I've given the face cards, suits, and poker hands all new names so that it sounds like a game of chance in the far future.

Ace = Admiral
King = Carl Sagan
Queen = Quasar
Jack = Navigator

Club = Planet
Diamond = Star
Heart = Templar
Spade = Sentinels

Royal Flush = Andromeda's Galaxy
Four of a Kind = Event Horizon
Full House = Supernova remnant
Flush = Nebula
Straight = Orion's Belt
Three of a Kind = Consortium
Two Pair = Force Field
One Pair = Constellation
High Card = Artificial Gravity





peaceful and ordered society, turning it into a planet of anger, frustration, strife, suffering, jackasses, and the individuals who vengefully smack them down.

SMALL BLACK SUN

A group of scientists successfully created a miniature black hole in their laboratory. After several hours, its gravitational pull began to warp space and time. Now, the whole area is in the middle of an apocalypse - with mutant gods reaching up from Hell with slimy, suckered tentacles and attempting to pull everything down into the pit.

The lead scientist is named Zelgadis and he's been reaching out to anyone who will help before his entire planet is swallowed by Lovecraftian deities.

THE SILVER CRESCENT

It's a silver-colored spaceship in the shape of a crescent (actually, more like a croissant). The Silver Crescent is equipped with a tachyon drive, allowing it to travel through time and space.

This is one of the few ships parked in the Alpha Blue spaceship hangar. It's guarded by a tall, faceless silver robot carrying an incendiary grenade launcher.

So, what is the Silver Crescent doing here? It is smuggling girls out of Alpha Blue. Captain Guano, a bat-like humanoid, is getting paid handsomely to dump these drugged-out harlots at the sex-resort Strangers in Paradise just half-a-galaxy away.

THE FELLACIATOR

The Fellaciator is in need of repair and the wyrmslorr ambassador with his entourage are expected to arrive tomorrow. Wyrmslorrs love fellaciators. Disaster!

Fellaciators are powered by delicate crystal filaments - unfortunately, they've burned out. There's a planet that manufactures them the next galaxy over. The planet is called Rybox. It would take Alpha Blue far too long to travel there, but a Blue Flamingo can get there in several hours with its warp drive.

The captain is asking for volunteers. If the PCs reject this offer, that's ok. A few minutes after the announcement, a rodent-looking alien approaches the adventurers. He tells them of a moon orbiting Rybox. "This is no ordinary moon. It's artificial - the center of which is filled with purple jade - the rarest of precious stones - and also ideal for constructing armor-piercing plasmoid gamma technology.

THE BLUE HUMANOID GROUP

The Blue Humanoid Group is one of the most popular live entertainment shows in the tri-galactic area. For a limited engagement, the Blue Humanoid Group is playing the Quasar Palace Theater here in Alpha Blue. Little does the group know, one of their members is not what he says he is. Dos Landar is an assassin working for the Interstellar Caliphate. His target is a high-ranking priest within the Cyber-Church of Starry Wisdom named Kal Irryn.

Kal Irryn is working on a new kind of artificial intelligence with extreme, off-the-charts sensitivity. To those who've seen the prototype computer in action, they say it's the closest thing humanoids have come to God. Such blasphemy cannot be tolerated by the Interstellar Caliphate, which is why Dos Landar was hired. Technically, he doesn't have an employer's name because these days assassinations are requested through automation cyphers, making the actual hiring requests untraceable.

With one of the Blue Humanoid Group absent from rehearsal, the Alpha Blue entertainment director is panicking, but he doesn't want the entire space station to know. Instead, he needs a team of investigators to find the missing member (Dos Landar) while replacing him in tonight's performance.

SACRED SPERM

There's a black magic sex cult by the name of Every Sperm is Sacred. The members of this group hope to harness the sexual energy of Alpha Blue in order to give their leader ultimate understanding of all time and space.

How do they do this? By performing their sex magic rituals which will impregnate women who will then give

birth at an accelerated rate (thanks to some fancy device the cult has). These dark-star-children will become possessed by some ancient evil from another dimension. At that point, the cult leader shall be granted access to The Great Work.

TIME TRAVEL

Traveling through time is always an interesting concept, though it's a tough one to get right because what happens in the past directly affects the present and future.

Usually, someone needs to kill someone or stop them from being killed in the past. If someone is going into the future, it's probably to see just how bad everything is. That prompts one to go back in time, to the incident that caused things to go pear-shaped.

My advice: have a good story and introduce time travel into it. Don't start with a time travel story and then fill in the details to make it cohesive.

XXX-TRAPOLATOR

The XXX-Trapolorator: a machine that can create a programmer's "perfect woman". All one needs are reference images based upon personal preferences. An advanced alien species have created an XXX-Trapolorator. They're selling it for a hundred-million credits.

Everyone wants it but no one wants to pay (and so few can afford it). Various individuals are striking out on their own to either find out more information (like where it's being kept, securing measures, etc.) or to grab the inventor, a green cat-man named Professor Whiskers.

OUTBREAK

A nearby medical space station, Altrusia, specializes in viruses, disease control, biological weapons, etc. As of a half-hour ago, they've reported a quarantine leak resulting in a possible station-wide outbreak. An unknown ship is en route to Altrusia, estimated time of arrival: 2 hours. But what is the ship's purpose? Alpha Blue can reach Altrusia in half that time (1 hour).

Alpha Blue plans on stopping the contagion aboard Altrusia by obliterating the space station entirely. Alpha Blue is merely following standard protocols. However, there are plenty on Alpha Blue, Altrusia, and possibly that mystery starship who believe otherwise.

CAGED HEAT: THE WOMEN'S PRISON

Alpha Blue is scheduled to dock at Caged Heat every six months. Non-violent offenders (though extremely attractive but violent women can find a way to bribe the warden) who are eligible for parole may work off the remainder of their sentence and/or probation at "sin station".

It's a work-release program that helps convicts acclimate to life on the outside before they're finally let go into the various star-communities. Most of the time, the girls become sex-workers aboard Alpha Blue. However, it's not unknown for administrative positions to be filled by former inmates of Caged Heat. Usually as a secretary, receptionist, astrologer, or even a lady scientist!?!

The one-time Caged Heat convict known as Hot Blue works as a bodyguard for Alpha Blue casino owner Kal Brox. Hot Blue is a blue-eyed minx with jet-black hair and curves that don't quit. She's good with a laser, too. Hot Blue keeps her emotions bottled up inside. She had a rough childhood, which led her to drugs, theft, and occasional gang violence. If someone pushes Hot Blue's buttons, they better have an escape-pod ready.

BRAIN CANS

Large cylindrical canisters full of brain matter, the equivalent of 5 human brains crammed into a single tube. This is synthetic brain manufactured by the Ichiaka mega-corporation for the purpose of seeding planets with "smart stations". Smart stations are simply planetary bases that can think for themselves, managing all the various tasks of each base. Most of these smart stations are either unmanned or serve a skeleton crew (1d4 - 1).

Dr. Lence Tarrent has built himself an 8' tall robot that could use such a brain. In fact, he installed a canister inside Hack-tor just last night. Hack-tor is currently adjusting to his new super-brain... poorly.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

The Caliphate on Torth, a sunless desert world of sword and sorcery, has discovered a new weapon beneath the ancient sands. This device could incinerate an entire planet with the touch of a button. And because its new owners are primitives when it comes to technology, the United League of Planets wants to get someone down there before something bad happens.

Zoltar Azzif is the Torth native who now possesses the doomsday weapon. He owns a large panga plantation in one of the more fertile areas of the desert.

The panga is a delicious fruit not unlike the coconut, except that it's crimson-hued and furry with a dozen or so tiny black tendrils wriggling upon the inside - that's where the juice is.

Drinking the panga juice reveals the ghost serpent... a phantasmagorical crimson dragon that teaches the imbibers how to be kick-ass and awesome. Juice of the panga is said to be the nectar of madmen, prophets, and righteous dudes throughout the universe.

The good news: a majority of those imbibing panga juice may receive an advantage on one of their future rolls (within 24 hours).

The bad news: each time one partakes of the forbidden fruit, there's a 1 in 6 chance of dying.

Pangas can be found in the fertile regions of Torth. Since Alpha Blue visits that planet quarterly, there's usually plenty to be found on board.

ENERGY CRISIS ON ZETA MINOR

A landing party has teleported down from Alpha Blue to the surface of Planet Terror. The landing party is searching for alternative fuel sources, since their home world of Zeta Minor is virtually depleted of energy.

Sure, skulking around Planet Terror might be a tad bit dangerous (you think?), but hey, it's a living. The landing party beamed a communication up to Alpha Blue, stating their safe arrival and general feeling of unease. Nearly an hour later came the second and final communication. They discovered an alien temple peeking out of the chartreuse and magenta jungle canopy and were about to go investigate. Silence ever since.

What's inside the temple? If the PCs decide to teleport down, they'll probably encounter a ferocious ultra-telluric beast, such as the tyrannosaur-crocodilus.

ALIENS DEMAND BLAKE ROGERS

An agent of some unknown alien government has infiltrated Alpha Blue, weaseled his way into central control and turned off the space station's defense systems. Without its shields and armor-piercing lasers, Alpha Blue



FuFu 2015

is vulnerable to attack by the alien government the saboteur serves.

After the space station has been surrounded by alien attack ships, they make a single demand - hand over a human spacer named Blake Rogers. No one knows why they want him, but the aliens will annihilate Alpha Blue if they don't receive him within one day-cycle.

Locating Blake Rogers won't be too difficult. Questioning him reveals that he was on a cargo run in deep space a few months ago. On that run, he witnessed part of a holographic transmission. Something he wasn't even paying attention to because he was stoned on premium nyborg. What could be in that transmission? Is the data saved by his ship's computer? How can the PCs save Blake Rogers and Alpha Blue from certain doom?

ELVEHJEM AZAHD

Within the Interstellar Caliphate, most space Muslims are peaceful, Allah worshiping citizens of the universe. Unfortunately, roughly a third were radicalized into warlike jihadists by dark prophets who mysteriously came from the deserts of Toga-Togo. These black robed clerics perverted the Qur'an to their own advantage. Many believe they actually serve some nameless and malevolent godlike entity.

The ultra-violent extremists, led by the dark prophets, took power by murdering the benevolent Caliph Abdul Mubdi. Within a few short years, the regime became a machine of terror and destruction, forcing its way deeper into the core star systems.

Anyone who actively opposed the new face of the Interstellar Caliphate, especially space Muslims, were publicly beheaded after being tortured for information. Nevertheless, a splinter-group of space Muslims reacted to the jihadists who were terrorized the universe and stained the good name of Islam.

This group of righteous space Muslims who fight the terrorists were named after their first leader, Elvehjem Azahd, who died as a martyr at the battle of Thallujah. Today, Elvehjem Azahd is known throughout the space Muslim galaxies as "the purification of God" or "God's purifiers".

Though outnumbered, the Elvehjem Azahd fight tooth and nail to reorder the Interstellar Caliphate so it will again return to being a theo-political organization devoted to peace, learning, and brotherhood throughout the universe.

Rumors cannot confirm this, but more than a few outsiders claim that the Elvehjem Azahd use sorcery in their fight against the terrorist dogs and their ghazi troopers.

NPCS

AZURA

In this area of the space station, the PCs will encounter Azura. She's on the run from the nearly bankrupt Xerox Cartel who are desperate to clone her into the hundred-thousands, perhaps even millions, saving the company from financial ruin. The Xerox Cartel would pay handsomely for the cloning rights. So, what's the problem? With the current level of technology available in this quadrant of the universe, the original is destroyed in the cloning process. Obviously, Azura enjoys being alive - which is why she's hiding out in Alpha Blue. She's been here for about a month... which is about one week too long.

Physically, Azura is a gorgeous, young, blonde woman of about 5' 5", wearing a bright-blue spandex bodysuit that accentuates her slender curves and matches her innocent-looking eyes. But Azura's virginal eyes don't do her any justice at all.

She's a nymphomaniac! Every time the adventurers turn around, she's getting it on with someone new - PC, NPC, male, female, transgender, no gender, android, robot, alien... doesn't matter. Azura can't say no to sex. She'll do it with anyone at any time. Insatiable is one word to describe her.

Because of her stunning good looks, there's a 1 in 6 chance per individual (of that persuasion) to fall head-over-heels in love with her, despite any possible "flaws" she might have. If one or more of the adventurers fall for Azura, she'll breathlessly request that she be protected from members of the Xerox Cartel and given transport to a far-off planet where the cloning company won't find her.

Even though Azura is a nymphomaniac, there's only a 1 in 20 chance that she'll fall in love with one of her enamored suitors. Most will be used for a mutually pleasurable good time and then it's on to the next. However, for that lucky 5%, she'll devote herself to - even sacrificing her life, if need be. Though, it's questionable whether Azura would be capable of remaining monogamous.

OONA

She looks like a model... tall, thin, dark hair, and iridescent skin with bedroom eyes and an infectious smile.

Oona ran away from Jupiter's volcanic moon, Io, when she was at the tender age of 15. Her lunar colony was attacked by renegade super-replicants. The replicants, on the run from a Federation battle cruiser, were on their way to another part of the galaxy when their scanners picked up a source rich in supplies (fuel, weapons, a better ship, etc.)

With merciless efficiency, the replicants murdered half the colony, including Oona's parents. She barely managed to escape by hiding in a lifepod. The lifepod accidentally launched during a struggle with one of the replicants. She was picked up a day later by the battle cruiser chasing the renegades.

It wasn't until she turned 18 that Oona decided to make her living as a satisfier on Alpha Blue. She's been working there for about six months, plying her trade to the best of her ability. Last month, Oona was awarded "favorite newcomer of 2269".

However, in her spare time, Oona is out for revenge. She's hired a spacer named Jez to locate the replicant renegades. Once Jez has successfully tracked them to wherever they're hiding out, Oona will go there herself and finish what they started. Of course, she'll need backup. Super-replicants are not only kill-crazy, they're nearly indestructible.

ZACY

Zacy is a striking woman in her early 40's with auburn curls and a luscious, curvy figure, skin smooth and tan like cafe au lait.

What she lacks in youth, she more than makes up for with experience and enthusiasm. She's been with every type of man, there's nothing she hasn't either seen or tried herself.

Before she became an Alpha Blue satisfier, Zacy owned her own company that made specialty cupcakes. However, the entrepreneurial life didn't suit Zacy's need for new adventures. Sexing up clients for blue bucks is what gets her going.

Unfortunately, she was taking a little vacation planet-side when a freak solar storm hit. As a result, Zacy was mutated. Ever since, she's been having these visions of the future - Alpha Blue destroyed by the Xur-Dan armada. The Xur-Dan civilization is mentioned once or twice in the ancient records, but no one has heard or seen anything to validate their existence in over a thousand years.

Because Zacy is convinced that her visions are prophetic, she's desperate to find a few heroes that will save the space station (and maybe even the galaxy) from doom.

REFUGEES FROM THE PURPLE ISLANDS

NATAZAH

She's damaged goods. At least, that's what her ex-pimp used to say about her. Maybe that's why she put a short sword into his ribs.

Natazah has been on the purple islands for several years. She knows the lay of the land and is a survivor. Her luxurious, purple locks aid her in seducing men looking for a little island action. Can you blame them? She's fucking hot, dude!

This mercenary minx has a few Purple Putrescence worshipers wrapped around her little finger. When Natazah wants something out of reach, she asks her "purple puppets" to help her get it. Better hope she doesn't want you dead. Those fanatics will do pretty much anything to find out once and for all if the curtains match the drapes!

Natazah (3rd level fighter)

HP: 35

Weapon: *magical short sword*

Alignment: She's out for her own.

Motivation: Influence. Natazah wants to be where the action is. She's a real mover and shaker - directing events instead of reacting to them. She doesn't like being the last to know. The most recent son-of-a-whore that withheld vital information from her died choking on his own blood. If anyone decides to write the history of the purple islands, she wants to be more than just a footnote.

Special: Her short sword is named Zanessa, fashioned out of amethyst and imbued with magical powers. Besides being a *+1 weapon*, the crystalline blade is sensitive to violent emotions. Zanessa glows purple when her wielder is being threatened (within a 30' radius).

THYREEN

"The purple islands are not done with me, nor have I finished with them."

The beautiful half-elf Thyreen ran wild and free upon the purple islands only a year ago. She was captured with the intention of a quick and easy sale, being that she was from such an exotic and dangerous place. Unfortunately for the man who subdued her, Thyreen sold neither quickly nor easily. However, the eventual sale made the slaver rich. It appears that humanoids taken from the purple islands are believed to be cursed... or, at the very least, bad luck.

One month ago, Thyreen was purchased for 10,000 gold pieces by a masked merchant from the mainland. This nefarious merchant needed a sacrifice for his god - some bizarre reflection of the well-known demon god Yogsoggoth. The fact that Thyreen had been a priestess of sorts boded well for his dark purposes.

Thyreen used her charms to delay the sacrifice. One night, she seduced one of the merchant's guards and made her escape in a stolen boat - back to the purple islands!

The masked merchant and his guards search for her and will probably never stop looking for Thyreen... his key to opening the gates.

Thyreen (4th level half-elf cleric)

HP: 40

Armor: 2

Weapon: scimitar

Alignment: Neutral, though she may be devoted to one or more Dark Gods.

Motivation: She has a secret agenda, probably working with another prominent NPC on the islands.

Special: This half-elf is wily, dexterous, and strong; she picked up scimitar proficiency and two-weapon fighting from her former master (now deceased).

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TECHNOLOGY

VIOLET WAND

Though it looks magical, violet wands are thin technological devices about 18" long and chrome-colored, until activated.

They send a paralyzing shockwave of violet-colored electricity through one or more opponents. If a humanoid is within 5' of the target, then he, too, will be zapped. And if there's a humanoid within 5' of that guy, he gets zapped as well... and so on.

Damage is a mere 1d6 (exploding), but paralysis lasts for 2d4 rounds. Violet wands only have enough charge for one use every three hours (or three times / day if the Space DM prefers).

THROBBING BLUE JELLY

A 12" long semi-transparent blue dildo made from a special organic "jelly" material that throbs and pulsates when surrounded by extreme amounts of heat and moisture. Double-headed 24" throbbing blue jellies are not uncommon.

When struck by a throbbing blue jelly, all armor is ignored, 1d4 damage is taken. If the result is a "4", the victim is also stunned for one round.

STUN BATON

Security-bots and actual flesh and blood security guards routinely carry stun batons. They look like a black, cylindrical tube. Touching a humanoid opponent (any successful attack) stuns him 5 times out of 6 (4 times out of 6 if larger than human).

Stunned victims are unconscious for 2d4 minutes, followed by a minute or two of disorientation.

RAPE MACHINE

Originally built as an automated penetration device, the templars of a dark god modified it to rape unwilling subjects. These templars used the device as punishment for disobedience, but soon the rape machine became a public spectacle that satiated their twisted lust for pain and degradation.

There are certainly templars aboard Alpha Blue - some probably worship demonic deities. Chances are that one of those cults will have a rape machine for "cleansing the palate".

POTENTIAL ENEMIES

SIREN SQUIRTERS

An elite squad of combat-ready Satisfiers who can ejaculate a mind-altering liquid from their vaginas.

Health: 30 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6 [Level: 2]

Special: When at least 10 points of damage is scored, the ejaculation also finds its target. Hallucinations can last up to an hour.

TYRANNOSAUR-CROCODILUS

This creature is a mix between a T-Rex and a gigantic crocodile.

Health: 100 **Armor:** 4 **Attack Dice Pool:** 4d6 #Attacks: 3 [Level: 15]

Special: If the beast kills a member of the expedition, onlookers must make a wisdom/willpower saving throw or be dazed for one round.

SHAMBLING HORRORS

Large amorphous entities with lots of tentacles.

Health: 60 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6 [Level: 8]

Special: If this denizen of hyperspace rolls double-sixes, the target begins to disintegrate and will lose 1d6 Health or Structure each round until the target leaves hyperspace.

TYPICAL MOOK

Mooks are the underachievers; disposal "cannon fodder" that can be easily dispatched.

Health: 10 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 1d6 [Level: ½]

TYPICAL ENFORCER

Enforcers are capable of doing most jobs and taking care of the average spacer who gets in their way.

Health: 25 **Armor:** 1 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6 [Level: 1]

MAJOR VILLAIN

These guys don't crop up too often - no more than once per session. They're the ones planning these schemes and getting lowlifes to carry them out.

Health: 40 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6 [Level: 4]

REPLICATED BIO-ANDROID

Simultaneously similar to androids and humans, replicants are synthetic rather than mechanical or organic. So, they look as real as any person - except that they were manufactured and programmed for a variety of reasons: construction in deep space, terraforming, and assassination.

Health: 30 **Armor:** 2 **Attack Dice Pool:** 2d6 [Level: 2]

SUPER-REPLICATED BIO-ANDROID

Just like ordinary replicants, except these were built with vibratium fibers, approximately seven fold stronger and more resilient than 23rd century space steel. Super-replicants focus on kicking the shit out of anything that gets in their way. No wonder that most of them went rogue!

Health: 40 **Armor:** 5 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6 [Level: 5]

BRAIN BUG

Health: 50 **Armor:** 0 **Attack Dice Pool:** 3d6 [Level: 5]

Special: If a brain bug rolls two sixes on their attack dice pool, they can mentally dominate a humanoid. Most of the time, the mind-controlled humanoid will be forced to blast his friends.

Sci-fi isn't that much different than fantasy. It's a genre of escapism, of awesome stuff happening, action and adventure, heroes and villains, cool powers, as well as, timeless lessons.

Whatever it is, whatever is about to happen, needs to happen, or has already happened - can be explained away, just like shooting fireballs out of your fingertips or cleaving a demon in twain with a single sword-swipe. Do what I do and blame it on ultra-sonic magnetic distortion or polarity-reversing inter-dimensional waveforms. Works every time!

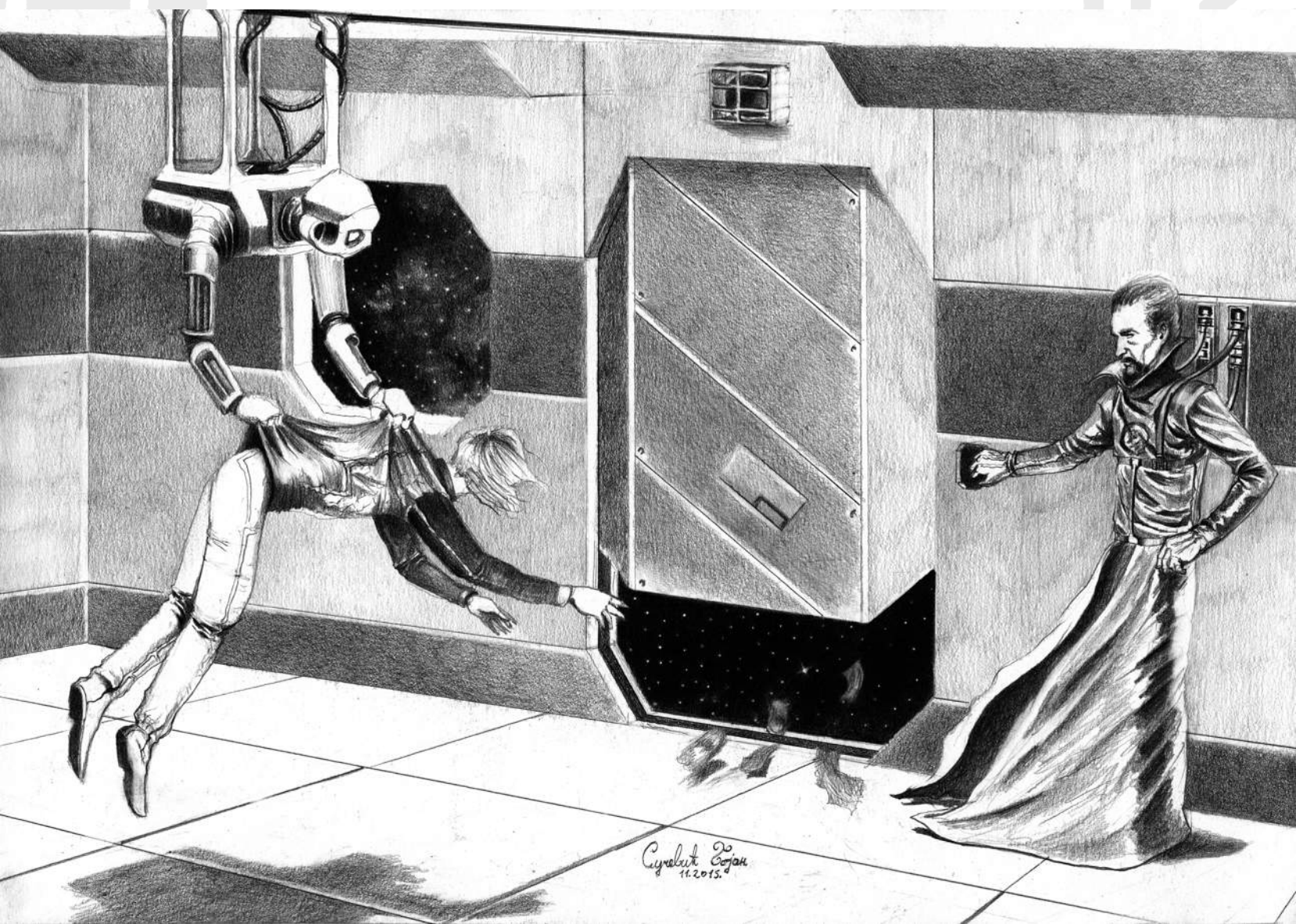
Emulating the genre is just as important as having fun. In fact, if you try to imagine the game as a sci-fi film or episode on TV, except with the player's characters as the stars, the fun will rise up to meet you. Boring is bad, so

keep it moving - but don't rush, rush, rush through every scene.

Also, a few choice sound effects and visual aids should improve the experience!

Sci-fi can be campy robots, lasers, and aliens, but it can also be thought-provoking drama that poses philosophical questions such as the following...

- ⦿ Are we really all that different?
- ⦿ Does God exist?
- ⦿ Is there some force in the universe helping or guiding mankind?
- ⦿ How do we continue to survive in such an uncaring universe?
- ⦿ Why can't we all just get along?



DISPLAY THE POWER OF YOUR SET

I used the word "set" rather than "setting" deliberately. Wherever the characters are, that's all they can perceive with their five senses. Everything beyond the camera falls away and might as well not even exist.

Taking the movie metaphor another step further, the PCs should be able to experience the scope and scale of your campaign world without you having to specifically mention it (Guys, the universe is really big), or worse, letting it fade into the background. On a movie set, when there's a giant laser that might be used upon the heroes, it's first used upon an extra, someone expendable. Seeing that little nobody light up like a Christmas tree until he melts away into nothingness gives the laser an extra dimension, making it more real for everyone at the table. After all, heightening the game's reality is the goal. More immersion is better than less, as long as, it's not at the expense of the action, fun, and awesome.

Another example would be Michael Jackson's "Thriller" video. After he transforms into a werewolf, he knocks over a tree as if it were a slender branch. Why does the camera show us that? What's it got to do with the story? Well, it illustrates the creature's strength. Now we, the audience, know that he's not just a pretty face with terrifying cat eyes - he's unbelievably strong, too!

As a Game Master, you're not constrained by budgets and the time it takes to set up a shot. If an NPC falls into the trap, let the spray of crimson gore spurt and pool. If the battle cruiser is making the jump to light speed, allow the PCs to feel the sonic waves echo throughout the planet's surface.

Don't feel you've got to display the world's power over and over again. Maintaining the illusion takes practice, draining a Space DM's energy if he's not used to it. Shoot for 3 - 5 times per session, that's about once per hour.

TURNING EASY-MODE OFF

I've seen a lot of science fiction films and TV shows in my lifetime; probably somewhere in the neighborhood of a million hours. I've learned several things from all that watching. Right now, I'm just going to focus on this one here: If things seem too easy, it's because the real danger/drama/conflict is just around the corner. That probably goes for a lot of genres, but I seem to notice it more in sci-fi. I guess that's because a thousand things can go wrong at any time, so when everything goes right... it feels off somehow.

Roll on the following random table if the PCs are having an easy time of it. Not that things can't occasionally go right for our space heroes - they should. But if it's a breeze, the entire session will suffer. Are you ready to roll? Cause it's time to turn up the heat!

THE REAL THREAT

Roll	Result
1	That thing the PCs just foiled or are about to foil? It was only a diversion.
2	That thing the PCs just foiled or are about to foil? It was only the tip of the iceberg.
3	That thing the PCs just foiled or are about to foil? While they were dealing with that they failed to notice a completely unrelated potential catastrophe!
4	That thing the PCs just foiled or are about to foil? Unfortunately someone on their side decided to put his oar in the water and the situation is about heating up (again).

FIRST TIME IS FREE

The first time PCs do anything, it should be rather consequence free. There might be a hiccup or snag (some minor conflict), but nothing major that turns their world upside down. However, after that initial trial period, all bets are off.

For instance, the orgasmatron could vomit up alien mind-sucking phantoms from Metebelis 3 and 1/3. What about a spaceship salvage where a portal suddenly opens up and PCs can see what's going on at the very edge of our

universe? How about taking a satisfier or random Alpha Blue chick to bed, only to be marauded by a rabid case of mega space herpes? After that first time, go nuts!

PERSONALITY ARCHETYPES

As a kid, my favorite TV show was Doctor Who. I've learned a lot about people from watching it. The same types of people are naturally recurring and each story will usually have a healthy variety of personalities. Do you need all of the following archetypes? No, probably not. But if you're looking at anything from a three-part adventure to a full-blown campaign, I suggest you fill the posts as early as you can.

The Asshole: This is the guy making life difficult for everyone involved. He sees himself and his work as the universe's center. Everyone else should be sucking up to him, in his estimation. If they aren't there to help him and his special project, they can get lost. He might even kill or order people to be killed so as to prevent his plans from being inconvenienced. What makes the asshole especially dangerous is the people backing him. Because he's convinced that he's awesome, the asshole has convinced the powers that be of the same thing. Maybe a high-ranking government official or the scientific community loves him.

The asshole may seem right or awesome or inspiring at first, but will quickly seem "off" somehow - especially as he soon drags everyone down with him.

The Know It All: This could be the hero scientist, but more likely it's the person attached to this particular project who actually knows what's what. Maybe he's been studying the surveys or conducting his own research. Unfortunately, few people are willing to listen to the know-it-all. So, even though he has the best information, he may as well be explaining himself in Spanish sign-language.

There's no charisma, charm, or bedside manner coming off this guy. He's just facts, figures, and number-crunching in human form.

The Likable Jerk: This guy is rough around the edges. He's usually brash, rude, and arrogant, but his heart is in the right place. He wants to do the right thing, even if he goes about it the wrong way - ruffling feathers. The likable jerk is a bit intimidating, even if he doesn't mean

to be. Definitely more working class than professor or corporate stooge. Some people are willing to listen to the likable jerk but he doesn't have anything except a hunch to back up his claims - and no one is going to move against the asshole on just a feeling.

The likable jerk may come off as a jerk at first (duh), but he'll soon do something selfless or considerate to show that he's more likable than anyone else around.

Just Following Orders: This guy is usually the asshole's lackey, stooge, apprentice, secretary, ward, etc. Either that or he's very susceptible to the asshole's persuasion. Just-following-orders guy will likely get in the way of anyone trying to do the right thing. Not because he's evil, just that he thinks following the letter (rather than the spirit) of the law, rules, whatever is the best way to go about things.

Those who just follow orders may have a worthwhile point-of-view, but it's lost in their sense of duty. They're practically useless to the PCs until just before the climax.

The Independent: This might be a military man, scientist, businessman, corporate agent, or government operative with his own plans, his own agenda that has little or nothing to do with what everyone else is concerned about. Either he's quietly going along with everything so as to not draw attention to himself or he's using the current situation in order to create an opportunity for himself or whoever he might be working for.

The independent will likely use the PCs as pawns in his gambit.

The Well Meaning Git: This may be a wallflower or outspoken supporter of the asshole, status quo, or whatever. He's usually a nice guy who means well, but just thinks that the best way to promote a non-violent demonstration is to arm all the security forces with poison gas grenades. He means well, but this idiot just can't see how wrong he is... until it's almost too late.

You might think this is the weakest link on the roster, and you'd be right. However, many a conflict could be resolved by the end of the first episode if it wasn't for the well-meaning git. This guy somehow perpetuates the cluster-fuck so that the asshole can keep doing what he does until it's almost too late.

The Minor Authority: This guy is similar to just-following-orders but he's actually the one giving out orders. Unfortunately, he's more like a petty official, under-secretary, or middle manager than the real guy in charge. The guy in charge, whoever he is, can't be reached. So, this bureaucratic functionary does what he's told because "his hands are tied." Perhaps he's gone mad from his moderate amount of power...

The minor authority is, at the very least, a sympathetic ear. He wishes the PCs luck and wishes he could help, but greater forces are preventing him from actively assisting them. Although, he might be able to turn a blind eye if properly motivated.

WHY COUPLES STAY TOGETHER

It's interesting to know why some couples make it and others don't. Even the couples that don't make it have some reason for not breaking up right away.

I come up with a lot of random tables. The vast majority of the time, I know what they're for or when such a table could be used. Not this one. I came up with this while in the shower and have no clue why you'd ever need to roll on it... but it is here in any case. Enjoy!

WHY THEY STAY

Roll	Result
1	Kids
2	Common interests (recreational)
3	Common interests (business)
4	Common goal(s)
5	A high level of sexual compatibility
6	Best friends
7	Star-crossed lovers
8	Fear of being alone
9	Roll twice
10	Roll three times

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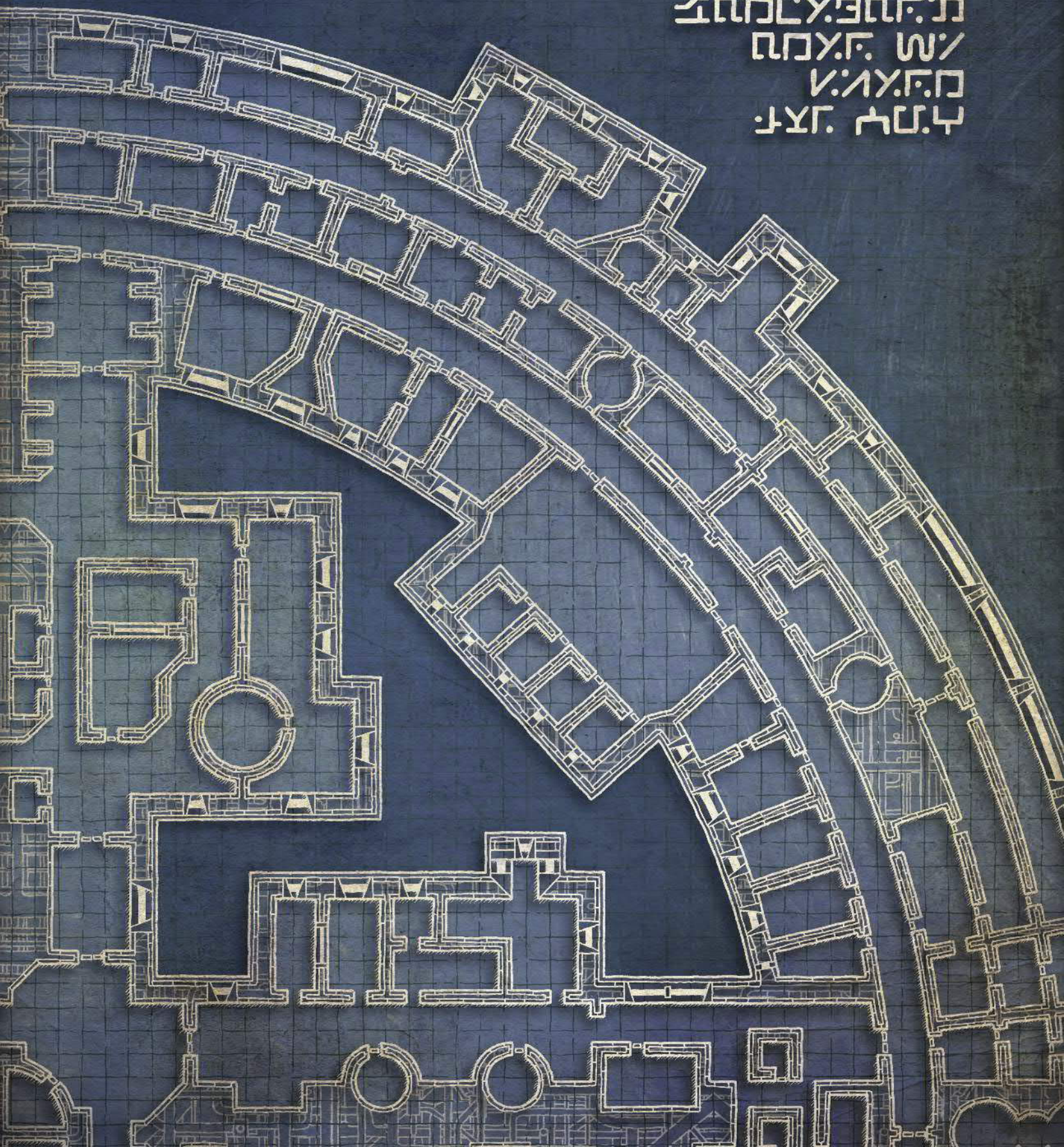
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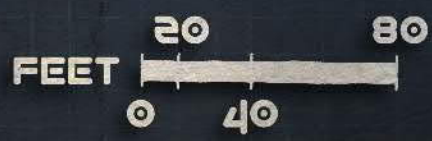
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PLAYER'S NAME

CHARACTER'S NAME

SPECIES

WEAPON

OCCUPATIONS

MONEY

BACKGROUND

ALPHA BLUE

CHARACTER SHEET

ARMOR

HEALTH

LEVEL

PORTRAIT

SPECIAL ABILITIES

WHAT ARE YOU
WEARING?

REPLACEMENT
BODY PARTS

KNOWN ASSOCIATES

MUTATION AND/OR
ALIEN-ISMS

EQUIPMENT

SEX STUFF

GENDER



DEBTS

ALPHA BLUE

CHARACTER SHEET

PLAYER'S NAME

CHARACTER'S NAME

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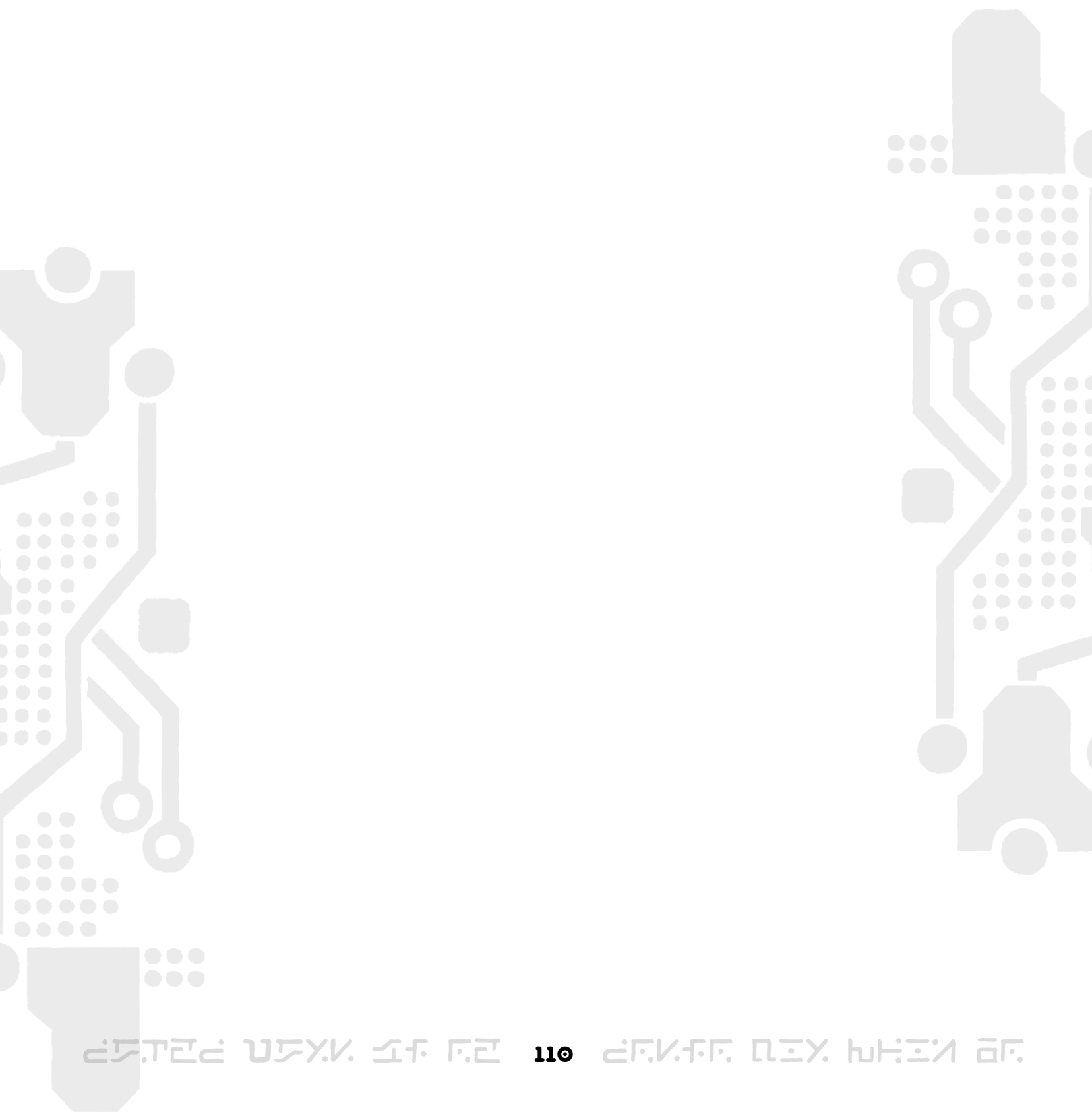
EQUIPMENT

SEX STUFF

GENDER



DEBTS





ALPHA BLUE

FEMININE CYBER-COMPANIONS ON HOVER-SKATES PASS OUT DRINKS THAT BUBBLE AND SMOKE LIKE A LABORATORY EXPERIMENT GONE HORRIBLY WRONG. "TRY SOME FLASH, SUGAR. IT'LL BLOW YOU AWAY." ONE SAYS, HER TINY CHASSIS STROBING PINK AND BLUE.

DJ ASIMOV ADJUSTS THE PULSING MUSIC BY FONDLING AN INTRICATE HYPERCUBE THAT FLOATS AT HIS STATION WITH LONG, BONELESS FIBERS.

YOU EYE A GIRL DRESSED ONLY IN HOLOGRAPHIC TRIANGLES. SHE LOOKS BACK. SMILES. SHE WANTS TO DANCE.

YOU MOVE IN FOR THE "KILL". OH YEAH! YOU'VE GOT ALL THE RIGHT MOVES. THE DANCE FLOOR VIBRATES WITH LUMINOUS SQUARES OF AMPHETAMINE COLOR LIKE A SPACE-RAINBOW CHECKERBOARD.

SUDDENLY SHE TENSES UP. SHE'S LOOKING AT SOMEONE. BEFORE YOU CAN SEE WHO IT IS, SHE PLANTS A WET KISS ON YOUR LIPS. YOU CAN'T TELL IF IT'S THE NARCOTIC MIST BEING PUMPED OUT INTO THE CLUB OR MAYBE SHE'S JUST THAT SEXY.

SHE BREAKS AWAY WHILE A COUPLE OF LOWLIFES QUESTION THE BARTENDER-BOT. BOUNTY HUNTERS, UNDOUBTEDLY.

YOUR NEW FRIEND IS A BAD GIRL.

