

REDSHIRTS

ADVENTURES IN ABSURDITY



STARFINDER
COMPATIBLE

ADVENTURE PATH 1, FOR LEVELS 1-3



T.J. Lantz, Lead Designer/Writer

Jake Murray, Designer

Kenny Tracy, Content Editor

Jordan Haynes, Character Art

Jeff Brown, Cover Art

Joshua Hennington, Consultant

Atreyu Studios, Map Design

Copyright 2017 Happy Gnome Publishing

Starfinder is a registered trademark of Paizo Inc., and the Starfinder Roleplaying Game and the Starfinder Roleplaying Game Compatibility Logo are trademarks of Paizo Inc., and are used under the Starfinder Roleplaying Game Compatibility License. See <http://paizo.com/starfinder/compatibility> for more information on the compatibility license.

REDSHIRTS RULES

Redshirts: Adventures in Absurdity is a humorous and silly trek through a futuristic Science Fiction setting. It is played using the open gaming mechanics, and is fully compatible with Starfinder and other D20 systems. It does however have some caveats that are unique to the setting:

1. We have one very important rule that players need to be aware of, as it is the central foundation for any good comedy game or improv routine, and that rule is “always agree”. No matter how absurd a request from the crew or how dangerous a situation seems, nothing is to be gained by avoiding conflict and interesting situations. While we’re not saying PCs can’t have a cautious character, having a PC who refuses to participate in the basic plot hooks will quickly derail the game.
2. That said, because we push our player’s characters to go beyond that which is safe, we’ve also adjusted death by including an ability called *Plot Armor* for NPCs and *Limited Plot Armor* for PCs. Plot Armor states that if a recurring NPC dies, they somehow miraculously survive anyway (you get to figure out how-clones, luck, time travel, divine intervention—any and all are viable reasons). This allows the PCs to have fun with the NPCs without completely destroying the plot of the Adventure Path. PCs don’t get quite as strong of a saving ability, but they do get a limited version. Any PC who dies can have the remaining living PCs return their body (or what remains of it) to Dr. Eldara aboard the *Uranus Hertz* where she can cure any ailment (even death). Unfortunately her experimental (and sometimes illegal) methods of medicine will leave the PC with a permanent disfigurement (physical, emotional, sometimes spiritual). While this disfigurement is up to the GM, examples include: a second head with a new personality, complete amnesia back to when the PC was a teenager, The spirit of an organ donor haunting you and making sure you bring honor to their old liver, ect...
3. In Redshirts, players also start with 1-3 chosen Flaws/Quirks. These can be found in the Appendix, though player created flaws, approved by the GM, are certainly possible. Whenever a player roleplays their quirks in a way that significantly adds to drama, conflict, or comedy they may receive a luck token (see rule #9).
4. Monsters in Redshirts have been designed with the numerical simplicity that Starfinder has brought to us. Bosses and important named characters, however, have been given class levels and created as if they were, or could one day be, PCs.
5. There is no right and wrong way to play Redshirts. Fun is all that matters and should trump rules at every turn. If you have a player desperate to play a sentient vacuum or a member of a warmongering tribe of jelly donuts, then see if you can make it work, even if requires creating some stats that may not be perfectly balanced. As well, keep in mind that while this AP (mostly) revolves around a mission-based linear plotline the actual game might not run that way. That’s okay, the plot here is just a suggestion and you can always find a way to bring the PCs back after they’ve exhausted the random, not plot-related things they want to do. In a sentence, let player creativity spawn most of the fun and use this simply as a guide to help them build their story.
6. Information in the white background areas of Redshirts is color-coded. Black font is for GM knowledge, **brown font can be read to PCs**, and **green font is NPC dialogue**.
7. A superscript “A” at the end of a word indicates that more information can be found in the Appendix at the back of the book. A superscript “+” indicates that we have factored in that ability into a stat block.
8. Mechanical creatures come in a variety of categories in Redshirts. Robots are created to do a job and have no free will, androids are created mechanical creatures who are born with souls and appear like humans, soul-cages are robots who later gained a soul (often through transference of a living personality, reincarnation, or evolution by earning it) and do not generally look like humans. While other types exist, these are the most commonly found in Redshirts.
9. Luck tokens are the players ability to call upon a bit of deus ex machina and change the plot, sometimes a bit and sometimes rewriting entire chapters. Luck can be used in the following ways:
 - ◆ Reroll any D20 roll. This must be done before the results of that roll are disclosed. A roll may only be rerolled one time.
 - ◆ Add an additional D4 to any roll after it has been made. This can be done after the results are known, but may only be activated once.
 - ◆ Call to Luck: Once a session a PC may use “call to luck”. Each player may then choose to hand in one luck chip to the GM. The more luck handed in, the better chance of something really good happening. For example if your ship is surrounded by enemy fighters and the players, as a group, hand in one luck chip, perhaps one or two of those fighters are destroyed by a random meteor passing through, therefore evening the odds just a bit. If say five luck chips were handed in then perhaps instead of two ships being removed, a massive recall is issued for their ships as everyone finds out their escape hatch has faulty wiring. Before they can respond each enemy pilot is ejected into the void of space and their ships spontaneously explode. Luck is intended to be game altering and allow some GM creativity into the story.

REDSHIRTS SETTING

Redshirts is set in a future where Earth has colonized much of the universe, and in doing so created a strong political alliance known as the Confederation of United Nebuls, Terrestrials, and Sidereals (C.U.N.T.S). The name of the Confederation refers to the three types of creatures within it.

Terrestrials tend to be at the top of the political spectrum and include Humans and creatures that have significant Human DNA or physical similarities (Mongrels, Beardies, Pointers). Though there are no official laws stating so, the leadership of the Confederation is almost always made up of Terrestrials.

Nebuls are generally Humanoid, but have no human DNA and can't pass for one even in a very dark room (Plantonians, Sushians, Door-tu-Doran). They tend to be considered lesser species in the Confederation, though some individuals do rise up the ranks, particularly within the Confederation's space exploration and defense force known as the Armada.

Sidereals are the least human-like of all species, and generally have open animosity and speciesism flung toward them due to their differences. It is very rare that Sidereals can hold any type of position in the Confederation above the most basic menial jobs. Robotic creatures are categorized as Sidereals if they have a soul (a necessity for citizenship), though some androids have blended in so well to society that they've become accepted by those around them.

The Confederation has many goals, but the biggest one is to continuously expand its territory. A strong wave of manifest destiny has once again overcome humanity and they believe it's their right and obligation to bring their way of life to the universe. This is not to say that they are "evil" per se, as once they get a planet to sign their charter they pretty much leave them to their own accord and simply add an extra star to their flag. In fact, many planets welcome the Confederation as it means strong defense from the Armada, financial support in times of disaster, and shared technology and trade.

The Confederation is currently at war with only one other entity, the Society of Joined Worlds (S.J.W.). Significantly more imperialistic than the Confederation, this aggressive organization moves from planet to planet taking complete control of all systems before subsequently outlawing any and all speech, beliefs, art, even thoughts, that might be deemed offensive to their other member worlds. While they believe strongly that they are bringing peace to the universe by creating a system of pure equality in which no one ever gets offended, the Confederation views them as oppressors who relish in eliminating freedom, choice, and culture from the universe.

In *Redshirts: Adventures in Absurdity*, the PCs will be aboard the *Uranus Hertz*, a "powerful" deep space vessel. In the first few chapters you'll have just left Confederation territory so the places you visit will still be mostly controlled by Confederation member species, though they will be outside the control of any central government. As the chapters move on, you will begin to encounter stranger and weirder things as you leave known space.

All members of the crew are given a handheld communicator which can contact each other, or the *Uranus Hertz* when it's in orbit. In addition, they are entitled to a Confederation Uniform Redshirt in either light or heavy. This armor grows with the characters as they become more important to the Confederation. Information on this item can be found in the Equipment section of the Appendix.

Pre-gen Characters have been granted starting equipment in line with their backstory. Additional equipment can be purchased with earned credits throughout the adventure, or granted by the GM.

A Quick Note to the GM:

Much of the Redshirts setting is left deliberately undefined. We want the GMs to have as much leeway to make this setting their own as possible. While we use the Starfinder rules to give the setting focus and structure, don't feel completely bound by them. This, more than most settings, requires the ability to pivot quickly in a story and a willingness to go with the craziness your players want.

That said, as part of buying this Adventure Path you get a very special gift—my knowledge. If at any point you need advice on how to run part of Redshirts, or where to go once your PCs have broken the game, just send us an email and we'll help you out—

Happygnomepublishing@yahoo.com

Enjoy you gaming!

T.J. and the crew at Happy Gnome Publishing

Compatibility with the Starfinder Roleplaying Game requires the Starfinder Roleplaying Game from Paizo Inc. See <http://paizo.com/starfinder> for more information on the Starfinder Roleplaying Game. Paizo Inc. does not guarantee compatibility, and does not endorse this product.

Chapter 1: The Terrible Tacos

[illegible]

ARRIVAL ABOARD THE URANUS HERTZ

After four years of hard work and intense study at the Armada Training Institute, you have finally graduated and been posted to your first ship assignment. Unfortunately, due to your abysmal class rank you did not get one of the more desirable openings. Instead, you have been assigned to the *CSS Uranus Hertz*, a Union class Starship one year into a five year deep exploration mission outside of Confederation space.

As you wait at Omega Station, the last bastion of Confederation authority in this sector, you hear many rumors about your new ship—worst captain in the fleet, lost half her crew in a year, filled with the Confederation’s “problem” officers. You try to remind yourself that these are nothing more than rumors, but soon that dim sliver of hope is squashed as you see the arrival of the *Uranus Hertz* outside the observation window.

Unlike the sleek new Union class ships coming off the line, she looks like a patched together version of Frankenstein’s monster. Smoke billows out from places smoke should never be, scorch marks stain her hull, and it’s clear that the few weapons she has remaining were not the one she was fitted for. You can’t help but wonder how any Confederation ship could look like that? Why had this ship not been send to dry-dock for repairs?

As you hear the click of the ship locking with the dock, you take a deep breath. No matter how bad this ship is, she’s your home for the next four years and you are going to make the best of it.

The familiar *whizz* of a door opening makes you stand a bit straighter, and you wait to be greeted by the chief of security, as per protocol.

You are slightly surprised when standing in front of you is a three foot tall, bright-pink, stuffed bear. A huge smile is plastered across his face, and he excitedly screams “new crew” as he runs to give you the biggest hug of your life. Your first instinct is to feel awkward, but something about his embrace is soothing and comforting.

“Welcome crewmates. My name is Lieutenant Mitzy Stuffington, Chief of Security on the *Uranus Hertz*. I’m so happy you will be joining us today! We’re gonna have so much fun. Follow me on in and we’ll get you set up in your quarters and then you can meet everyone!”

As you enter the ship you immediately notice that there is garbage strewn throughout the corridors, exposed wires where panels should be, and stains on the carpeted floor that appear like it’s been used as a restroom. You shudder, hoping your room looks nicer. The one benefit to such a long voyage is that you are guaranteed to receive private quarters.

As you arrive in the next hallway, you see just how wrong you are. Hanging from the walls of the hallways are six hammocks.

“Unfortunately all you crew quarters are currently being fumigated due to a really big bug problem, so you’ll get to share this hallway for now. I can’t believe how lucky you all are. Every night is going to be like a sleepover party! Anyway, I need to get back on duty...I actually think I forgot to lock the door to the brig, so I should check that. You’re not scheduled to report until 0600 tomorrow to the conference room, so enjoy your free time until then. If you have any questions ask Gertrude^A, the ship’s artificial intelligence. Bye!”

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

LIEUTENANT MITZY STUFFINGTON

Personality: Mitzy is as friendly and energetic as any creature in the known universe. He talks fast, compliments often, and rarely notices anything going on around him outside of the conversation he’s engaged in.

Background: Mitzy can’t remember much about his life on Plushy Prime, just a desire to return that often conflicts with his love of meeting new people.

Alignment: CG

Race: Plushian

Position: Head of Security

Flaws: Allergy (sugar), Careless, Amnesia

Additional Information:

- ♦ There are bugs in the PCs living quarters. These bugs are very large and were picked up on a planet called Mercatia.
- ♦ He forgot to lock the brig door, and he’s pretty sure Caan, a notorious galactic criminal, has gotten out.



MEETING THE CAPTAIN

The new PCs have approximately six hours of free time before they are scheduled to meet the captain. They can explore the ship or meet the crew if they wish.

Information on the *Uranus Hertz* and her crew can be found in the Appendix. Once they have exhausted their exploration, continue to their meeting.

As ordered you make your way to the conference room by 0600 hours. Upon entering you see that there are four chairs, one of which has a sign taped to it that says: *Captain's chair! Do not you'se!*

You settle in and wait for your briefing to begin, but it appears the captain is running late. Five minutes go by, then 10, then 30. You feel the urge to leave, but you know that it would make a bad first impression when she finally shows up.

Finally after an hour or so, the communication node on the wall beeps and a raspy female voice comes through. She sounds ill and listless as she speaks.

"Ensigns, you still there? It's Captain Tonic. I'm in my quarters. Come quick, I need help." The comm suddenly cuts off and static takes over.

It is assumed that the PCs will run up to investigate, but if they decide to report it first, whomever they report it to should simply tell them to go check on her.

When the PCs arrive the door is unlocked.

The door opens to a huge, and relatively well-kept living quarters. Aside from a few dozen glass bottles strewn around and the odor of anise and vomit in the air, the place is the nicest part of the ship you've seen.

"Finally, you're here," the captain says. As you look in the direction of the voice, you see a middle aged, blond women standing in a bathtub, completely undressed. You try to avert your eyes out of respect, but the captain seems to have no sense of embarrassment.

"Sit," she orders, her voice just as raspy in person as it was over the comm. "Welcome to the *Uranus Hertz*. Can I offer you a drink?" She points to a bottle of brown liquid on the table.

As she steps out of the bathtub, she doesn't bother getting a towel or robe, instead taking a seat in front of you completely nude. "I'm glad you all arrived here today. I have a mission of utmost importance for you. You see, I had some of the boys from Engineering over here last night and things got a little rowdy. We all may have had a few too many to drink—it happens you know. Problem is now I have a huge hangover and I'm supposed to have an important conference call with Admiral Mulholland this evening to prepare for leaving Confederation space again. There's just no way I can do it, not without my tried and true hangover cure: a Supreme Dominator from Taco Galaxy. Luckily, a franchise opened near here just a few months ago. It's close enough that you ensigns can take the shuttle, grab lunch for me, and be back in a few hours while the *Uranus Hertz* continues with her preparations. All you need to do is figure out how to get that stupid Puddle Hopper working. Shouldn't be an issue for you accomplished officers. Now get going, time's wasting."

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING:

CAPTAIN GINNY TONIC

Personality: Grizzled and a bit aloof, Captain Ginny rarely remembers what happened the day before. She knows her stuff and was once a great leader, but she gave up trying long ago and no one knows exactly why.

Background: A captain for over thirty years, Ginny has spiraled down over the past decade with a series of poor decisions, both professionally and personally. She took the deep space assignment to avoid having another performance review before her retirement. Last night was not her first time partying too hard with the boys from Engineering.

Alignment: CN

Race/Position: Human Captain

Flaws: Addiction (alcohol)

Additional Information:

- ♦ Don't forget the hot sauce!
- ♦ The Puddle Hopper is their shuttle.



THE PUDDLE HOPPER

PCs can gain directions to the shuttle bay from Gertrude the AI, or from previous knowledge of a Union class starship.

You arrive in the shuttle bay to see a ship unlike anything you've ever seen before. Without a doubt it isn't Confederation issue. Instead, it appears to be a very large mechanical frog. (show image below)

As you approach it, the mouth of the ship slowly opens and stairs descend to greet you.

Assuming the PCs enter the ship they will see it has seats for six, and a few small cargo holds.

Upon more careful inspection (**Perception** check, DC 10) the PCs can ascertain that each seat corresponds to a ship function: Engineering (though **Life Science** will be the controlling skill due to the biomechanical nature of the ship), Piloting, Science, Gunner, and a space for the captain. The 6th position is a bit more confusing and requires a DC 15 **Engineering** or **Life Science** check to figure out that the last spot appears to control a fighter drone.

Lights flicker and read outs indicate that the ship is low on power.

The issue with the Puddle Hopper, being a biomechanical ship, is that it hasn't eaten in many weeks and it is dangerously low on energy. It does have a way to express this though, as it can create a very limited empathic link with a creature it bonds with. To show this, whenever a PC attempts to converse with the Puddle Hopper as a creature (verbally, touch, telepathy,

ect...) they may make a DC 15 **Diplomacy** check to gain his trust. If they succeed, they immediately feel a ravenous hunger overcome them as the Puddle Hopper shares his feelings. He can communicate no further than this.

Grant any PCs with the **Life Science** skill a DC 12 roll to know that some biomechanical beings do need to ingest living matter to survive, as a purely biological creature would.

Hopefully, your wise PCs will be able to put the clues together without further prompting, as they have a starving frog and several crew quarters with giant insects to feed him.

If the PCs don't make this connection, allow them a Wisdom check (DC 10) to remember Mitzy's explanation about their room.

To feed The Puddle Hopper the PCs simply need to get a single living Mercatian Horsefly into the lift and push the button for the shuttle bay. The PCs don't know for sure that just one will do the trick or that it needs to be alive, so that may lead to discussion and planning.

Once it has been fed, it will roar to life and be ready and willing to take the PCs anywhere. It will also harbor great loyalty toward them, and will only activate if one of them is with it.

Statistics for the Puddle Hopper can be found in the Appendix.



YOU CAN LEAD A HORSE...FLY

The Mercatian Horseflies are located in the crew quarters section of the ship. It is assumed the PCs can get around the ship, as they are familiar with Union class starships from their training days, or they can always ask Gertrude.

There is one Mercatian Horsefly in each of the rooms that was supposed to be used for the PCs (number determined by how many players you have). Outside the rooms, pacing through the hallway is a janitor-bot. As he sees the PCs he perks up and says:

“Welcome new-crewmates. I am Master Chief Squeaky, Head of Custodial Services. I must offer my sincerest apologies that your quarters are not yet ready for use. They seem to have some large flying lifeforms in them. I’ve requested Security have them removed, but Lieutenant Mitzy told me it wouldn’t be nice to ask guests to leave. Is there any chance that you would be able to remove them for me, so I can get to cleaning your rooms?”

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

MASTER CHIEF SQUEAKY

Personality: Though Master Chief Squeaky has been a sentient creature with free will for a very long time, he still succumbs to his original robot programming that gives him an overwhelming need to clean and organize. Being on the *Uranus Hertz* makes him feel needed, but the dirtiness and chaos of the ship drive him toward insanity.

Background: A simple janitor robot, Squeaky overcame his basic programming to save the life of a starship captain by placing himself in the way of a grenade. Luckily, Squeaky survived and his heroic act of choice started him on the evolutionary path to having a soul. Once that journey was complete and Squeaky was recognized as a citizen by the Confederation he joined the Armada where he has worked himself up to be the highest ranking janitor in their history.

Alignment: NG

Race: Soulcase

Position: Head of Custodial Services

Flaws: Obsessive Compulsive (cleaning)

Additional Information:

- ♦ The insects inside are Mercatian Horseflies.



ENCOUNTER

MERCATIAN HORSEFLIES

CR: 1

Identify: Life Science, DC 11. This check can be made before seeing them if Master Chief Squeaky reveals their name.

Terrain: 100 ft. long hallway, with three doors on each side. Each door leads to a 20x20 studio apartment with a bed, table, desk, and food replicator.

Tactics: The Mercatian Horseflies will do nothing more than try to avoid the PCs, fighting back only if it is their only option for escape.

GM Tips: If your PCs include a Shirren (or another insectoid race) allow them to roll a DC 10 Charisma check to represent their natural allure. If they pass, the Mercatian Horseflies are instantly attracted to them and will move toward them as quick as possible hoping to breed. While this can help get the PCs move the Mercatian Horsefly into position, it may also create an awkward situation. We love those.

Additional Information: The smell of the rooms is overwhelming and when each door is open nearby PCs should make a Fortitude save of DC 13 or be nauseated for 3 rounds. This is due to the ability *Famously Smelly Poops*.

Mercatian Horsefly

CR: 1

N Large Vermin

Init: +3

Senses: Perception +8, Darkvision 60 ft.

DEFENSE

EAC: 11, **KAC:** 11

HP: 12

Fort: +3, **Ref:** +1, **Will:** +1

OFFENSE

Speed: 30 ft.

Melee: Bite +2 (1d6+3)

Space: 10 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: +3, **Dex:** +1, **Con:** -1, **Int:** —, **Wis:** +0, **Cha:** +0

Skills: Perception +8, Fly +5, Survival +5

ECOLOGY

Environment: Can be found all over the planet Mercatia

Organization: Single, pair, herd (3-12)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Famously Smelly Poops: Mercatian Horseflies are known throughout the galaxy for their horrific smelling defecation. Anyone coming within 60 feet of a Mercatian Horsefly bowel movement must make a DC 13 Fortitude save or be nauseated for three rounds. This save must be made each round that a creature is within the stench, and each failure resets the duration of the nausea. Mercatian Horseflies are immune to this odor, and in fact quite enjoy it.

DESCRIPTION

Hailing from the planet Mercatia, known for its absurdly large inhabitants, Mercatian Horseflies are one of the smallest and most docile creatures in their ecosystem. Laisse Faire, the first officer of the *Uranus Hertz*, has these creatures bought aboard in order to sell them as war mounts to less developed societies.



TACO GALAXY PARKING LOT

As you make your way to Taco Galaxy inside the Puddle Hopper the controls quickly become strangely second nature to you. Every time you do something wrong, you get a strange pain in your stomach, while when you do something right a tiny moment of euphoria hits. Following the Puddles Hopper's cues is significantly more effective than weeks in a simulator would have been.

As you make your descent toward the small space station restaurant, you see that there is only one parking spot remaining, and it might be a tight fit for the wide-bodied Puddle Hopper.

To park successfully the pilot needs a DC 15 **Piloting** check. Adjust for the Puddle Hopper's bonuses (+1 for Maneuverability, +1 from the computer system which is actually the Hopper's brain) and any bonuses from other crew members. Failure means that the PCs nudge against the shuttle parked next to them, which can be played out with the tee who "owns" it (it's his moms, and he knows he'll get in trouble).

After figuring out how to park the Puddle Hopper you find yourself in the Taco Galaxy parking lot. There are several other ships there, mostly small shuttles, and a few dozen humanoid creatures that seem to be congregating around them. As you depart the Hopper you see that those creatures are dressed from head to toe in long black clothing. They have matching hair, dark as the void and their bodies are covered in piercings and ornate body jewelry.

One of them immediately approaches you as the entrance ramp to the Hopper closes. "You can't park here," he says in a low, depressed voice indicating that this is something you should have known. As you peer around you see no signs indicating that it is a restricted parking zone.

Let the PCs respond, and then have them roll their will saves for the Douchebag Teens' *Aura of Uncontrolled Emotions*.

The Douchebag Teens will continue harassing the PCs, using poorly formed insults and sarcastic wit. After a few rounds of banter. They will escalate the situation by scratching the surface of the Hopper with a razor blade (it does nothing, but the PCs begin to feel angry as the Puddle Hoppers emotions carry into them).

ENCOUNTER

DOUCHEBAG TEENS

Enemies: 6 Douchebag Teens

CR: 1

Terrain: Space outpost parking lot. The Puddle Hopper is located at the far end, 300 feet from the entrance to the building. There are several other smaller ships parked up and down the rows.

Tactics: Douchebag teens will launch into a Dance Fight! once an aggressive action has been taken, dropping back into position with his allies before darting forward to attack the PCs in unison.

GM Tips: Douchebag Teens are about as weak as an enemy comes and should be little more than an annoyance for the PCs. If they decide to kill them, rather than incapacitate, they would be in breach of Confederation Law. However, since they are not in Confederation space at the moment, the only law they would be to worry about is Taco Galaxy's rules of customer conduct, which expressly allows duels to the death provided the duel is located outside the restaurant dining area.

Smoking however, is not permitted anywhere on the premises, so if the PCs try to light up, they might be asked to leave.

One thing to consider is that the PCs might simply get back on the Puddle Hopper and use the ship weapons to eliminate all the Douchebag Teens and their ships. This is a fantastic use of resources and should be allowed.

Also, if the PCs can't defeat the Douchebag Teens before Dance Fight! ends, the Douchebag Teens fall down, give up, and accept their fate in life with pure melancholy.

Reward: Each Douchebag Teen has a credit stick with 112 credits (total of 560 credits). They also each have an old razorblade that appears to have been removed from a lady bic and has no value.

Douchebag Teens

CR: 1/6

N Medium Humanoid

Init: +1

Senses: Perception +8

DEFENSE

EAC: 11, **KAC:** 11

HP: 6

Fort: +0, **Ref:** +1, **Will:** +1

OFFENSE

Speed: 30 ft.

Melee: Razor +0 (1 S, non-lethal)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: +0, **Dex:** +1, **Con:** -1, **Int:** +0, **Wis:** +0, **Cha:** +0

Skills: Perception +8, Bluff +5, Stealth +5

Languages: Common

ECOLOGY

Environment: planets and climate vary, but they all live in their parent's basements.

Organization: Misfit cliques (4-8)

Gear: Razor blade

Treasure: 112 credits (their mom's credit stick)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Aura of so Many Emotions (Ex): Those effected by the these overwhelming emotions must make a DC 12 Will save at the beginning of their turn each round they are in the aura. If they fail they have a 50% chance to do nothing but cry each round as the emotions overtake them. *Aura of So Many Emotions* extends 20 ft. in all directions from the Douchebag Teens. A creature can only be affected by one *Aura of so Many Emotions* at one time.

Dance Fight! (Ex): As a standard action, a Douchebag Teen can call his allies to a *Dance Fight!*. Each of his allies will drop all they are doing, and retreat into a choreographed dancing arrangement that grant's them +2 to attack rolls and AC as well as immunity to attacks of opportunity for the duration of the performance provided they stay within 30 feet of another Douchebag Teen. A *Dance Fight!* lasts for 4 rounds, after which the Douchebag Teens are too tired to continue, fall down helpless, and gain the exhausted condition. A Douchebag Teen may only participate in one *Dance Fight!* per day, any more is simply doing too much.

DESCRIPTION

Made up of overly emotional and annoyingly artistic adolescents, roving bands of Douchebag Teens can be found loitering in almost every parking lot in the universe. They are quiet and scared when alone, but gain courage in larger groups.



TACO GALAXY DINING ROOM

As you approach the front door of Taco Galaxy you see that metal sheets have been drawn over the windows and front door. A feminine voice repeats softly:

“Taco Galaxy is currently in security lockdown. Please try one of our other locations for all your taco needs. Do not attempt to enter this building or you will be incinerated. Have a great day!”

In front of you is a small security pad numbered 0-9, with the words “please insert security code “ blaring across the screen.

The security code for this building is 1,2,3,4,5,7. This represents that this Taco Galaxy is store number 123, 457 in their franchised chain. While this information is not posted on the outdoor signs, if a PC checked their personal computing system it could be looked up.

More likely The PCs might try a random code first (most will pick 123456, which is why we made the last digit a 7,—to annoy them when they find out. Inputting the wrong code will set off the trap.

Entering the correct code disable the trap and unlocks the door. PCs can also use their own skills to unlock the door.

If unlocking the door proves futile, PCs can destroy it instead, either using their own weapons or the Puddle Hoppers. Stats for all of Taco Galaxy’s doors can be found below.

Once the door has been bypassed and slid open you see a deserted restaurant dining room. Tables and chairs dot the layout. On the eastern wall is a door marked “restroom”, while on the southern end are three ordering kiosks in front of delivery chutes, and another door marked “employees only” Otherwise, Taco Galaxy appears to be completely deserted.

Once a PC steps within 30 feet of the ordering kiosks, they spring to life. These Killer Kiosks are a mindless part of the Taco Galaxy security system and cannot be negotiated with.

TACO GALAXY DOORS

Type: Steel, **Hardness:** 20, **HP:** 60, **Break:** 28, **Locks:** DC 20 (Engineering or Computers)

TRAP:

TACO GALAXY ENTRANCE

Laser Blast Trap (CR 1)

Whenever the wrong code is entered, the Pcs attempt tp unlock the door, or there if a failed attempt to disarm the trap, a wall panel opens and a mounted laser rifle takes a single shot on the triggering creature.

Type: Technological

Notice: Perception DC 21

Disable: Engineering DC 15 (disable motion sensors)

Trigger: Wrong code, attempt to bypass lock, failed disarm

Reset: 1 minute

Effect: Laser +11 ranged (2d6+1 F)

Tips: Even if the PCs set off the trap, they have one minute to disable it before it resets again

ENCOUNTER:

KILLER KIOSKS

Enemies: 3 Killer Kiosks

CR: 3

Terrain: Large dining area with a dozen tables each with either a booth or 4 chairs. At the south end is a flat, unadorned wall with closed chutes that food is delivered through. In front of this wall are three food ordering kiosks. A door, that the Pcs can assume leads to the kitchen, is on the same wall, but further to the western side.

Tactics: A mindless but deadly part of Taco Galaxy’s security system, a Killer Kiosk will turn on once any creature enters within 30 feet of it.

As they power up, the food chute behind them opens and they grab a large kitchen knife from it. Killer Kiosks attack the nearest living creature and do not stop until all living things are gone.

GM Tips: This fight is pretty straight forward. The Killer Kiosks will attack the nearest PC, which means they can adjust so that their hardiest character takes the brunt of the attacks, or they can maneuver and split the Kiosks up to spread the damage out.

The big thing to remember here is the immunities granted to a construct might make the encounter harder based on the PC party make-up.

Reward: 3x kitchen knives

Killer Kiosks

CR: 1

N Medium Construct

Init: +1

Senses: Perception +8, Darkvision 60 ft., Low-light Vision

DEFENSE

EAC: 12, **KAC:** 14

HP: 16

Fort: +0, **Ref:** +0, **Will:** -1

Special Defenses: Construct Traits

OFFENSE

Speed: 20 ft.

Melee: Kitchen Knife +3 (1d4+3 S)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: +3, **Dex:** +1, **Con:** —, **Int:** —, **Wis:** +0, **Cha:** +0

Skills: Perception +8, Bluff +5, Stealth +5

Languages: all known (can't speak)

ECOLOGY

Environment: Restaurants in dangerous parts of the galaxy

Organization: pod (1-3)

Gear: kitchen knife (knife, survival)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

May I take your Order?: Killer Kiosks have slight telepathic ability in order to know what you want to eat without you having to punch it in to their screens. This grants them a 50% chance to avoid all attacks against them, as they know what to expect. (Just as in their daily life, they only get the order right about half the time)

DESCRIPTION

Killer Kiosks are a common machine found in many Taco Galaxy restaurants throughout the known worlds. They allow for quick ordering of food on a daily basis, as well as a viable security force in the event of a threat to the restaurant. The biggest issue people have found is that they have a tendency to malfunction often, confusing customers and robbers in what quickly becomes a very messy situation. To combat this, each kiosk now has a disclaimer written in tiny letters at the bottom of their screen that states "Taco Galaxy not responsible for death or dismemberment caused by interaction with our kiosks." This disclaimer has held up very well in court challenges.



TACO GALAXY "EMPLOYEES ONLY"

After defeating the Killer Kiosks, the PCs have two choices: the door marked "Restroom", or the door marked "Employees Only". Both have the same door security as the entrance (see below), including the trap. If they know the security code they can bypass the trap and lock at once.

This time the code can be found if the PCs look around the room, though it won't in any way be obvious. It is located on the wall on a certificate that states:

This certificate of adequacy awarded to Taco Galaxy, store #123457 in honor of a score of C- on their year 2431 health inspection.

The PCs will need a **Perception** check of DC 15 to notice the certificates, but even then the information should be shared as part of a list of several random things (a chair with a broken leg, a stain on the floor that looks like Abraham Lincoln, ect...) so that the PCs

are not immediately aware that those numbers matter.

The restroom, despite being trapped, holds nothing of value. Unless the PCs need to use it, of course.

After passing through the door labeled "Employees Only", the PCs see a hallway. On the right are two more closed doors. One is labeled "Mascots" and the other "Manager's Office". On the left is a third door labeled "Kitchen".

While the PCs have a choice of which room to explore first, no matter which they choose the door to the "Mascots" room immediately opens up and a small, adorably cute, Chihuahua puppy strolls out. Any PC who gets within 15 feet of them will need to make a DC 12 **Diplomacy** check, or risk sending them into a violent rage.

A DC 15 **Life Science or Medicine** check indicates that these dogs show signs of being drugged.

TACO GALAXY DOORS

Type: Steel, **Hardness:** 20, **HP:** 60, **Break:** 28, **Locks:** DC 20 (Engineering or Computers)

TRAP:

EMPLOYEES ONLY/RESTROOM

Laser Blast Trap (CR 1)

Whenever the wrong code is entered, the PCs attempt to unlock the door, or there if a failed attempt to disarm the trap, a wall panel opens and a mounted laser rifle takes a single shot on the triggering creature.

Type: Technological

Notice: Perception DC 21

Disable: Engineering DC 15 (disable motion sensors)

Trigger: Wrong code, attempt to bypass lock, failed disarm

Reset: 1 minute

Effect: Laser +11 ranged (2d6+1 F)

Tips: Even if the PCs set off the trap, they have one minute to disable it before it resets again

ENCOUNTER:

ROID-RAGED CHIHUAHUAS

Enemies: 4 Roid-raged Chihuahuas

CR: 2

Terrain: A small room (20 x30) with several dog cages lining the room, and a desk at the far end.

Tactics: Roid-Raged Chihuahuas will attack any creature who comes within 15 feet of them and does not pass the required DC 12 **Diplomacy** check. They will also attack anyone who make aggressive actions toward them.

Gm Tips: The Chihuahuas go straight for those they don't like, attacking ankles with their powerful bite. There is a desk at the back to the room that PCs can climb on top of that will give them a place the dogs can't get to.

Reward: Each Chihuahua has a silver collar worth 200 credits.

Additional Information: If the PCs can find a way to neutralize them (the cages are still there and useable), the Roid-raged Chihuahuas can be used back on the *Uranus Hertz* as security dogs. To know this, give the PCs a **Culture** check, DC 12), to know that Confederation ships have used trained security animals in the past, to good results and they can be very valuable.

If the PCs choose this path, they should see Chief Supply Officer Petweet who will provide them a standard reimbursement for the Roid-raged Chihuahua's (500 credits for each dog turned over)

Roid-raged Chihuahua

CR: 1/2

N Small Animal

Init: +2

Senses: Perception +8, Low-light Vision

DEFENSE

EAC: 12, **KAC:** 12

HP: 12

Fort: +3, **Ref:** +3, **Will:** +0

OFFENSE

Speed: 30 ft.

Melee: Bite +1 (1d4+2 S/B/P)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: +3, **Dex:** +2, **Con:** +1, **Int:** -4, **Wis:** +0, **Cha:** +0

Skills: Perception +8, Sense Motive +5, Stealth +5

Languages: Common (can't speak)

ECOLOGY

Environment: Earth

Organization: Pack (2-4)

Treasure: silver collar

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Roid-rage: Whenever a creature gets within 5 feet of a Roid-raged Chihuahua for the first time they must make a DC 12 **Diplomacy** check. Failure on this check angers the Roid-raged Chihuahua and sends him into his namesake “roid-rage”, granting him +2 to attack rolls, damage rolls, and Will saves, but also giving him a -2 to all AC. This ability lasts until either the Roid-raged Chihuahua or its enemies are dead. A Roid-raged Chihuahua will only attack creatures that fail their **Diplomacy** check or creatures that harm them.

DESCRIPTION

Raised from only the finest breeding stock of Chihuahua, Taco Galaxy takes great pride in its mascots, using them for advertising and promotional opportunities. Normally, these dogs have a fantastic demeanor, but the ones at Taco Galaxy store #123457 have changed—likely from the weeks of eating genetically modified mongrel flesh (see section “What’s really going on” for additional information).



WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON HERE?

Once the Roid-raged Chihuahua's have been dealt with, the PCs have the choice of whether to go to the manager's office or the kitchen next. This choice will determine how the scenario proceeds, as the assistant manager, Leslie, is actually a corporate spy who has been sabotaging the workings of Taco Galaxy for several months (continue on for more info).

If they choose to go into the manager's office first use this description:

As the door slides open, you see a large shark-like Mongrel sitting in front of you. He is holding a giant spork and wears an orange Taco Galaxy uniform. His name tag reads: Assistant Manager, Leslie".

Unbeknownst to the PCs Leslie has been sitting in his office watching them through the security cameras in the doors, growing steadily angrier as they proceed through his restaurant. The PCs are a danger to his elaborate plans and four month long undercover mission. You see, Leslie is much more than just a Taco Galaxy employee, he's a highly-trained corporate operative from their main rival, Senior Crappy's Burritos.

When this franchise first opened he infiltrated their hiring process and entrenched himself as the assistant manager. A few weeks later, Leslie murdered the manager (telling everyone the victim was actually on a corporate retreat) and took over. His first move was to institute a "seniors eat free" promotion every Tuesday, advertising heavily on "Golden Gardens", a small retirement moon just a few light years away and inhabited primarily by mongrel seniors. Each Tuesday, Leslie made sure he was the only one working when the senior shuttle bus arrived. He then murdered and butchered each one of those elderly mongrels, turning their bodies into taco meat. Leslie's original plan was simply to leak to the news that Taco Galaxy was serving meat from sentient creatures, however before he had time the genetic modifications in the mongrel DNA caused the tacos to rapidly evolve into living, breathing creatures bent on the destruction of anyone who enters their territory (the kitchen). These Terrible Tacos murdered the rest of the staff and have run amok throughout the restaurant, trapping Leslie in.

If the PCs find Leslie first, before entering the kitchen and seeing the Terrible Taco's (Or the dead Mongrel bodies in the fridge) he will lie and act innocent (opposed by their **Sense Motive**), waiting for the perfect time to strike. His big lie will be that he couldn't leave because he didn't have the security access code since he's not the actual manager, just an assistant. He will then offer to help them make the tacos they need, as a thank you for unlocking the doors. Really, he's just leading them into the clutches of the Terrible Taco's hoping they will kill them and keep his cover intact. If that doesn't happen he will reveal himself and try to kill the PCs himself, for knowing too much and threatening his operation.

If they give him a If they go to the kitchen first, Leslie will jump them right after they kill the Terrible Tacos and see the Mongrel bodies, trying to eliminate them before the news crew arrives and they can counteract any of the story he has created to explain the situation.

Describe the kitchen in the following manner:

You see a large room with several stainless steel tables, a few replicator machines, and countless tubes and chutes—all standard in an industrial kitchen. At the back of the room is a large door, that one would assume is refrigeration unit for food storage.

However, what really catches your eye are the red splatter stains all over the walls. Your first instinct is that is must be blood, and your suspicion is quickly confirmed when you see a severed human head just sitting behind the leg of a table. Next to it is a nametag that reads "Team Member—Lenny". As you look further, a second human body, that of a young female this time, is curled up against the wall. Her body is charred and melted, as if she were killed by acid.

The Terrible Taco's are hiding in the kitchen, using the food preparation machines and tables to block line of sight to them. While they are not particularly intelligent, they are cunning and will strike when most advantageous to them.

If the PCs find and defeat the Terrible Tacos (or never see them) and enter the refrigerator (which is unlocked) they immediately see a dozen, aged, Mongrel bodies hanging from meat hooks. It is obvious that these creatures have been butchered for food.

Once all the kitchen has been fully explored and the Terrible Taco's found and destroyed, the PCs should be able to start putting some of the story together, particularly that it was the Mongrel meat that caused the creation of the Terrible Taco's. To further increase the information given give the PCs a DC 12 **Perception** check. If they pass they see an advertisement stating: *Senior's Eat Free on Tuesdays*. This should indicate that these Mongrels were drawn here purposely.

Once they've had a chance to talk and figure out some of the hidden plot, Leslie enters the kitchen holding his warspork, nods his head in a menacing manner, and says:

"Well, now you know too much. You couldn't just see that the store was closed and go find another place to eat? No, you had to poke your noses where they don't belong. Now I have to kill you, just like I did those seniors. I wish I could at least pretend to be sad about that, but I really hate you Confederation types. You just think you can do anything and get away with it. Well that ends now!"

Roll initiative here, or give the PCs a chance to banter in order to reveal any last hidden aspects of the storyline before entering the final fight.

ENCOUNTER

TERRIBLE TACOS

Enemies: 2 Terrible Tacos

CR: 3

Terrain: The kitchen of the Taco Galaxy is filled with several large stainless steel food replicators connected to a system of conveyor belts for delivery through the food chutes.

On the floor are two dead humans, one male and one female, wearing an orange uniform indicating that they were employees. At the back of the kitchen is a large steel door to the walk-in refrigerator.

Tactics: The Terrible Tacos will stay back, using the cover of the kitchen equipment to block charge lanes and grant himself cover from gunfire. They will use their Special Sauce attack to try to blind and whittle down the PCs before engaging in melee.

GM Tips: This fight can get rough quickly, especially if a PC gets swallowed. Let PCs know that the weird shape of the Terrible Tacos bodies might keep them from leaving the kitchen, this way PCs could viably retreat back to the dining room if needed.

ENCOUNTER

LESLIE, THE ASSISTANT MANAGER

Enemies: Leslie, the Assistant Manager

CR: 3

Terrain: Can be in any of the rooms of Taco Galaxy depending on how PCs engage him. See previous descriptions.

Tactics: Will try to surprise the PCs in order to try to take one out before the others can react. Will use Trick Attack whenever possible.

Gm Tips: Leslie is a strong melee fighter, but has no ranged capabilities. If the PCs have someone who can take a few hits without fear of death, they should try to draw his attacks while the others whittle him down from the safety of range. Keep in mind that his Warspork is only an operative weapon when wielded by him.

Reward: Warspork, Taco Galaxy Manager's Uniform, 2215 credits

WEALTH FOR LEVEL 1

The PCs have many opportunities to acquire wealth at Level 1. Here they are:

- ♦ **Douchebag Teens:** 6 credit sticks @112 each= **672 credits**
- ♦ **Killer Kiosks:** 3 kitchen knives @95 credits each= **285 credits/29 credits sold**
- ♦ **Roid-raged Chihuahuas:** 4 silver collars @200 credits each= **800 credits**
- ♦ **Roid-raged Chihuahuas:** Turned in for training, 4 @500 credits each= **2000 credits**
- ♦ **Leslie, The Assistant Manager:** Warspork, Taco Galaxy Uniform= **2000 credits/200 sold**
- ♦ **Leslie, The Assistant Manager:** 1 credit stick @2215= **2215 credits**

Total Value: 7972 credits

Total Credits after Equipment Sales: 5916 credits (1479 each based on a 4 player party)

Assuming the PCs sell all items collected in Chapter 1, and add it to their starting 1000 credits, they will have wealth of just under 2500 credits (based on a 4 person party-adjust for more). This is slightly high for level 2, but it also makes sure they don't fall too far behind if they miss something (like training the Chihuahuas).

Terrible Taco

CR: 2

N Large Aberration

Init: +3

Senses: Perception +8, Darkvision 60 ft.,

DEFENSE

EAC: 13, **KAC:** 15

HP: 22

Fort: +3, **Ref:** +3, **Will:** +3

Special Defenses: Fast Healing 2

Immunities: Acid

OFFENSE

Speed: 30 ft.

Melee: Bite +6 (1d6B/P/S+3+grab)

Ranged: Special Sauce +4 (1d6A + blind)

Space: 10 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: +3, **Dex:** +1, **Con:** +2, **Int:** -3, **Wis:** +1, **Cha:** -1

Skills: Perception +7, Survival +7, Stealth +10

Languages: None

ECOLOGY

Environment: found only in the kitchen of Taco Galaxy #123457

Organization: combo (2-3)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

I Have a Hunch That Now You're Lunch: A Terrible Taco gains the Swallow Whole ability. Whenever it hits with a bite attack it may use it's grab ability to make a second attack to grapple. On the following turn, if it maintains the grapple, it may swallow the enemy, dealing bite damage. A swallowed creature takes 1d6 damage each turn as the Terrible Taco digests it.

A swallowed creature keeps the grappled condition, while the creature that did the swallowing does not. A swallowed creature can try to cut its way free with any light slashing or piercing weapon (the amount of cutting damage required to get free is 4 Hit Points), or it can just try to escape the grapple. The KAC and EAC of the interior of the Terrible Taco are both 11. If a swallowed creature cuts its way out, the Terrible Taco cannot use swallow whole again until the damage is healed. If the swallowed creature escapes the grapple, success puts it back in the Terrible Taco's mouth, where it may be bitten or swallowed again.

Special Sauce: A Terrible Taco may spit special sauce at a creature up to 60 ft. away. This is a ranged attack that targets EAC and deals 1d6 Acid damage. A target hit by Special Sauce must make a Fort save, DC 14, or be blinded for 1d4 rounds as the heat from the sauce sears their eyes.

Always O'queso: A Terrible Taco is made of a never ending mixture of ingredients that make it hard to damage permanently. It gains Fast Healing 2.

DESCRIPTION

Born from the unique combination of low-grade taco ingredients and genetically engineered Mongrel flesh, Terrible Tacos want only to bring carnage and death to all who enter their kitchen.



Leslie, The Assistant Manager

CR: 3

NE Humanoid (Mongrel)

Race: Mongrel

Class: Operative (4)

Theme: Outlaw

Init: +3

Senses: Perception +11, Scent

DEFENSE

EAC: 15, **KAC:** 15

HP: 29, **Stam:** 32, **Resolve:** 2

Fort: +2, **Ref:** +5, **Will:** +6

Save Modifiers: Fort saves affected by Toughness

OFFENSE

Speed: 40 ft.

Melee: Warspork +6 (1d6+7 P/B) or Bite +6 (1d6+7 P/B/S)

Special attack: Trick Attack (1d8)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: 16, **Dex:** 13, **Con:** 12, **Int:** 10, **Wis:** 10, **Cha:** 12

Feats: Skill Focus (Bluff), Skill Focus (Disguise), Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Toughness, Weapon Focus (Warspork)

Skills: Bluff +11, Computers +9, Culture +9, Disguise +11, Intimidate +10, Perception +11, Piloting +10, Sense Motive +9, Survival +7, Stealth +8

Skill Modifiers: +4 to Bluff when making a trick attack

Class Abilities: Operative's Edge +2, Specialization: Spy, Trick Attack +1d8 (Debilitating Trick), Operative Exploits (Combat Trick, Alien Archive), Weapon Specialization (Basic Melee, Small arms, Sniper weapons)

Racial Abilities: Mongrel Adaptations (Thick Skin, Enhanced Senses (Scent), Natural Attack (Bite))

Languages: Common, Mongrolian

ECOLOGY

Environment: Origins unknown, but Leslie can be found in the manager's office of the Taco Galaxy.

Gear: Leslie's Warspork^A, Taco Galaxy uniform^A

Treasure: 2215 credits

DESCRIPTION

Leslie, the Assistant manager of Taco Galaxy, isn't what he appears to be. In fact, the shark-headed Mongrel is a corporate spy from Taco Galaxy's arch rival, Senior Crappies.

Leslie has been bringing in shiploads of elderly Mongrels, his own people, with insane senior discounts. Unfortunately, instead of simply providing them with an inexpensive meal, he's been kidnapping them and turning them into taco meat. The goal was for customers to figure out the dastardly plot and boycott Taco Galaxy throughout the entire universe, but his plans went horribly awry when the genetic enhancements of the Mongrel meat caused it to become sentient and evolve rapidly. Now, trapped by the Terrible Tacos, Leslie will do everything he can to keep his secret from getting out and ruining his chances of joining Senior Crappies Corporate training program, even if it means he has to kill everyone who suspects the truth.



COMPLETING THE MISSION

With Leslie defeated and the news crew only minutes away, the PCs need to work fast if they plan on making the captain's tacos and getting back to the *Uranus Hertz* without being caught.

While it's possible that nothing they did was technically illegal, media along the border is horribly biased against the Confederation and well-known for a lack of journalistic integrity. So, they're pretty much like any other media source in history. PCs likely want to avoid them at all costs.

To make the tacos, PCs will need to make a **Profession Cook** check of DC 15 (this check can be made untrained). However, they can reduce this check by finding the employee hand book in a drawer (**Perception** check DC 15 to search the room, reduce by 5 if they specifically say they check the drawers) this book lists the process of creating a supreme dominator and therefore grants the PCs a +10 to their check.

Of course there is the possibility that the PCs choose not to serve the captain meat from sentient creatures that just created new life forms. If that's the case, they'll need to explain that decision to the captain upon arriving home.

Upon arriving at the *Uranus Hertz* and taking the lift to the Captain's deck, you're surprised to see Captain Tonic waiting to enter the lift herself.

"Ensigns," she says with a smile. "I assume your mission was a rousing success. While that's wonderful, I must inform you that unfortunately, I've already eaten. After you left this morning, this horrific odor poured through the ship—I puked everywhere for twenty minutes while Squeaky cleaned it up. It was something to do with Mercatian Horsefly poop, I'm not really sure of the details. Either way, once the smell was gone, I felt better and ate in the lounge. The good news is that you can feel free to keep the Taco Galaxy for yourselves. Enjoy the rest of your day!"

As the captain walks away you feel anger welling up inside you at how quickly she dismissed your life threatening mission, but as you remember the multitude of valuable items and credits that you came home with, you couldn't help but think that this position might have some possibilities for you.

The PCs may now divide their loot and increase their characters to level 2. On the *Uranus Hertz* there is only one person who can trade the items you found for credits: Master Supply Chief Petweet. Petweet is very by the book and will only pay you for items found specifically in the rewards section of an Encounter Box (so no stealing ships and trading them in).

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING:

MASTER SUPPLY OFFICER PETWEET

Personality: Petweet is a by the book supply officer, as in if the regulations state a form is to be filled out in blue ink with a certain wavelength color he will pull out a scanner to check it. Mess up a form, such as signing *just* past the signature line and you get to start over. He has no sense of humor, and never cracks even a grin. Petweet is always dressed impeccably according to regulations - even off duty a feather is never out of place. He is the type of creature one tries to avoid at all costs except everything from food to nuclear weapons have to be requisitioned through him.

Background: One of the highest scoring cadets in the history of the Institute, Petweet is not on the *Uranus Hertz* because he's bad at his job, but because he's too good at it. He was assigned there after he refused to hand out oxygen masks during a hull breach because the captain's signature looked a bit wobbly and he didn't have two forms of ID.

Alignment: LN

Race/Position: Avian/Chief Supply Officer

Flaws: Rival (Commander Laisse Faire), Stubborn



Redshirts: Adventures in Absurdity

Chapter 2: The Dry Clean Quarantine

[illegible]

THE LAUNDRY QUANDRY

At this point, the PCs have been on the *Uranus Hertz* for a little over a week and it's gone fairly well. They've made some friends among the crew, heard stories about the ship's past problems and adventures, and brushed them off to space-sailor's exaggeration.

After a long shift, you have all gathered for an evening meal in the lounge, which is currently empty except for your group. However, As you bring your trays to the table, First Officer Laissez Faire appears, standing over you with a smile.

You cringe, knowing from experience that Door-tu-Dorans can be difficult to deal with as their obsession with wealth can overwhelm any positive traits they possess. Commander Laissez has a particularly bad reputation, and is well-known to have put his own financial well-being over the safety of the crew on numerous occasions.

"As you were, Ensigns." He takes an empty seat at the head of the table. "I'm here informally this evening with a request for you. It's become common knowledge that your little posse here are the only ones that frog in the shuttle bay is willing to fly for, and with our other shuttles out of commission at the moment, I'm going to need you to go on a little errand for me.

Since this one will be off the clock, I'm willing to add in a little incentive in the form of credits when you return. The job is simple. I just need you to pick up a bag of my dry cleaning from Nexum V. and bring it back to me before the end of the day tomorrow. And of course, discretion is required. The dry cleaning is very private to me, and I trust you won't need to look at it? He puts down a small diamond on the table. "Just in case you run into any expenses while your on Nexum V. I've already cleared your schedules and left navigation information and contact details in your ship so you can leave as soon as your done eating."

He stands, ignoring any questions, comments, or concerns you might have and walks away quickly. While he is not giving you a direct order, you are well aware that he could make your lives far more difficult if you say no to his request. As well, from rumors you've heard about the First Officer, there is a good chance that this mission is a lot more complicated than simply picking up dry cleaning.

The diamond he gives to the PCs as a pre-payment is valued at 500 credits.

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING:

COMMANDER LAISSEZ FAIRE

Personality: Sneaky, deceptive, and downright untrustworthy Laisse Faire wants nothing more than to make a profit in every activity he engages in. He'll lie to your face while stabbing you in the back, as long as it gets him a slight advantage in life. He just may be the worst person in the universe to play monopoly with.

Background: Born on Rand, the Door-tu-Dorans home planet, Laisse Faire was not lucky enough to be part of a rich, successful family. So, knowing he would have to make his own way in life, he joined the Confederation Armada, assuming that it would give him great opportunities to exploit new planets that had never heard of his race.

Alignment: CN

Race: Door-tu-Doran

Position: First Officer

Flaws: Greedy, Bad Reputation



INFORMATION ON NEXUM V

While Laisse Faire might not be willing to share much information about the mission, the PCs can make a **Computers** check to use the *Uranus Hertz's* system to gain background information and current events news regarding Nexum V. Here is what you can find out (all rolls gain previous DC information as well):

- ◆ **DC 10:** Nexum V is a small colony created after the 4th Universe War by pacifist humans and is currently inhabited by a mix of Humans and Ysoki.
- ◆ **DC 15:** Nexum V. was designed with the belief that advanced technology was the culprit behind the start of the 4th Universe War, and they do not allow the possession of any technology invented after the year 2050, nor do they have interstellar communications relays, so you'll be out of contact with the *Uranus Hertz* while you are there.
- ◆ **DC 20:** A recent news article titled "Duck, Duck, Death" indicates that the planet has enacted a quarantine due to a recent outbreak of Malorian Duck Pox, a disease that was eradicated with vaccinations in 2091.
- ◆ **DC 25:** The news source you just used is called "The Turnip" and it's well known for taking small bits of information and turning it into full fledged satirical articles. In this case it is mocking the decision of the citizens of Nexum V to shun technology and should not be taken literally.

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING:

DR. ELDARA HOWITZER

Personality: Dr. Eldara is a brilliant teenage prodigy, but scatter-brained and with some terrible decision making skills. She's never one to shy away from an experimental procedure, even if the odds are against her or there's a much easier, safer way to do it. Her colleagues love her research and turn their heads to her questionable ethics.

Background: Eldara is long considered one of the most intelligent Pointers to ever live. A Medical doctor with two PhDs (bioengineering and physics) before she turned twelve, she was serving aboard a starship by fourteen. She always understood that the only chance she had to quench her insatiable lust for knowledge was to venture into the great beyond, so she volunteered for the *Uranus Hertz* mission, where she would be free to explore the universe's secrets without someone looking over her shoulder.

Race: Pointer

Class/Theme: Technomancer, Scholar

Flaws: Vain, Curious



ARRIVAL AT A-FRONT DRY CLEANER

You arrive at the coordinates given to you by Laissez Faire just after mid-day, planet time. The destination is a store called A-Front Dry Cleaners. It is a small shop on Front Street in the merchant district of the planet's largest (and only) developed community. He told you in his written instructions simply to go there and ask for "The Cleaner", who was expecting you.

As you leave the Hopper you can't help but notice that the town looks deserted—there's not a living creature in sight. What makes it more noticeable is the large amount of parked land vehicles in the lot, which indicates that there should be lots of activity in and out of the row of shops, yet you see nothing.

The design of the town reminds you of a historical holoplay, but a low budget one with almost no research. The buildings, vehicles, advertisements seem to span hundreds of decades—all many years ago, but with no continuity to the era chosen.

If a PCs makes a **Culture** check DC 15 they can identify elements from specific historical periods of Earth's history (a car from the 1930's, a solar powered bus from the 2020's, gaslight lamps from the 1860's, ect...), Enough to tell that this community has adopted Earth culture from a estimated 200 year period ending in the mid 21st century, and then absolutely nothing more advanced after that.

As soon as the door closes behind you on the Hopper you hear a loud buzzing sound. Looking around, you see a dense cloud of yellow and black insects hurtling toward you.

The Hopper opens his mouth back up and flicks his pink tongue out, lapping up as many of the flying vermin as possible, but it doesn't even put a dent in their numbers.

Roll Initiative!

On round three of the fight with the Zom-Bee Swarms, the PCs will gain an ally—their contact, Lucius "The Cleaner" Ticklewhisker. Stats for Ticklewhisker can be found on the next page. He enters the scene by unlocking the door to this shop, stepping out of his shop and inviting the PCs in, before spraying any remaining Zom-bees with his flamethrower.

As they retreat into the store before more bees arrive, the Ysoki store owner chuckles.

"Laissez said he was sending some green officers for this job, but he never mentioned how incompetent you all would be. Surprises me that he would trust his cleaning with you guys. I hope he knows what he's doing. Anyway, welcome to my shop. They call me "The Cleaner".

If asked why Laissez's dry cleaning is so special, The Cleaner will only respond with: "It has starch."

A-FRONT DRY CLEANER FRONT DOOR

Type: Steel, **Hardness:** 20, **HP:** 60, **Break:** 28, **Locks:** DC 30 (Engineering)

ENCOUNTER:

ZOM-BEE SWARM

Enemies: Two Zom-bee Swarms

Allies: Lucius "The Cleaner" Ticklewhisker (enters on round 3)

Identify: Life Science DC 12

CR: 3

Terrain: Parking lot near the Dry Cleaner,. You are able to park 100 feet from the (locked) Dry Cleaner door. Several parked cars in the lot keep you from getting any closer.

Tactics: The Zom-bees are mindless (and hungry), and you are the first living creatures they've seen in days. They head straight for the first PC and begin chomping/stinging.

For two rounds the PCs must survive on their own, however starting on round three they get an ally with a flamethrower (which might be very useful to unprepared parties).

Gm Tips: Let the PCs roll a second DC 10 **Life Science** check (after identifying) to know that while these appear to be simple honeybees, they are not attacking in a typical honeybee manner. Instead, they seem to be alternating between stinging (normal) and biting (rare), Worse, they seem to be biting to tear and eat flesh rather than just to defend themselves. Between their appearance as a swarm and their aggressive behavior it is safe to assume that these bees are irregular.

Additional information:

- ◆ Allow the regular identification roll to figure out what these creatures are, however don't reveal their *Pleasure Prick* ability as there is no way to know about it beforehand.

Zom-bee Swarm

CR: 2

N Diminutive Vermin (Swarm)

Init: +2

Senses: Perception +9, Darkvision 60 ft.

DEFENSE

EAC: 14, **KAC:** 14

HP: 20

Fort: +5, **Ref:** +3, **Will:** +3

Special Defenses: Swarm Traits

Immunities: Weapon Damage

Weaknesses: Swarm Traits

OFFENSE

Speed: 5 ft.; **Fly:** 40 ft. (good)

Melee: Swarm Attack (1d4 P + Pleasure Prick)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: -4, **Dex:** +1, **Con:** +0, **Int:** —, **Wis:** +1, **Cha:** +2

Skills: Perception +9, Fly +11

Special Qualities: Vermin Traits, Swarm Traits

ECOLOGY

Environment: Bee swarms like this can only be found on Nexum V, during the infection known as the Charming Death.

Organization: Solitary, Pair, Fury (3-6 swarms)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Pleasure Prick: (Ex) A creature stung by a Zom-Bee feel a brief, but powerful sense of euphoria. After taking damage from the Zom-bee Swarm a creature must make a DC 12 Will save at the beginning of their next turn or experience an overwhelming desire to run right back into the swarm and get stung again. Pleasure Prick is a mind-affecting ability and lasts for 1 round.

DESCRIPTION

An important part of a terraformed ecosystem, these bees appear no different than their unaltered kind, until you get stung.



Lucius Ticklewhisker

"The Cleaner"

CR: 3

N Small Humanoid (Ysoki)

Race: Ysoki

Class: Technomancer 3/Soldier 1

Theme: Outlaw

Init: +3

Senses: Perception +0, Darkvision 60 ft.

DEFENSE

EAC: 16 **KAC:** 18

HP: 24 **Stam:** 22 **Resolve:** 5

Fort: +3 **Ref:** +3 **Will:** +5

OFFENSE

Speed: 40 ft.

Ranged: Flamethrower +5 (1d6+4 F)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: 13, **Dex:** 14, **Con:** 10, **Int:** +16, **Wis:** +10, **Cha:** +10

BAB: +3

Feats: Spell Focus, Deadly Aim, Versatile Specialization (Advanced Melee Weapons, Longarms, Heavy Weapons⁺, Sniper Weapons)

Class Abilities: Spell Cache (cigar), Magical Hack (Empowered Weapon), Techlore⁺, Weapon Specialization (Small arms, Basic Melee Weapons), Fighting Style (Arcane Assailant), Primary Style Technique (Rune of the Eldritch Knight (Su)

Racial Abilities: Cheek Pouches, Moxie, Scrounger

Theme Abilities: Theme Knowledge⁺

Plot Abilities: Plot Armor (see page

Skills: Acrobatics +6, Bluff +4, Computers +10, Engineering +12, Intimidate +4, Life Science +9, Medicine +7, Mysticism +11, Physical Science +9, Profession: "Cleaner" +7, Stealth +7, Survival +2, Sleight of Hand +3

Skill Modifiers: +5 to Acrobatics checks when tumbling through the space of a larger opponent

Languages: Common, Ysoki

ECOLOGY

Environment: He's lived on dozens of planets, but currently finds himself on Nexum V

Organization: Individual

Gear: Flame Thrower (Ifrit class), Small Thinplate Zoot-suit with forcefield (brown),

Treasure: 1520 credits

DESCRIPTION

A long time independent contractor in the "cleaning" business Lucius has worked with several of the larger Ysoki crime families to eliminate problems that needed his special torch...er, I meant touch. Normally, he's extremely professional and would never steal from his employers, but when he found the solar stone, an ancient marble-like item with the power to steal the and store the energy of an entire sun, he knew that it was worth the huge risk to his life to try to sell it.

The Cleaner has been in hiding for 6 weeks now on Nexum V, a planet whose technology level was perfect for hiding the solar stone from scans, however when a source inside the clan he stole the stone from, The Longtails, informed him that they knew where he was hiding, he needed to buy himself more time. He did this by creating "The Charming Death" a nano-bot orchestrated virus that targets humans and animals. This virus enacted a protective quarantine around the planet while he waited for his trusty fence to arrive, Commander Laissez Faire of the *Uranus Hertz*. Unfortunately, the virus got more out of control than he expected, and now he's not sure how he can get off the planet and back into hiding somewhere fresh.



THE A-FRONT DRY CLEANER

Slamming the door shut and relocking it, you overhear The Cleaner muttering something about the damn virus. Wanting to know what exactly is happening, you inform him that you were under the impression that it was just simple duck pox? He laughs at your ignorance.

“Wow, where did you get that from? I mean they’re backward here, but they’re not complete idiots, they still vaccinate for duck pox. No, the virus is much worse. Locals are calling it the *Charming Death*. It makes anyone infected irresistible to others, drawing you in before they murder you. Takes those bees for instance, one little sting and you want nothing more than to be stung again, even though you know it hurts and can kill you. The good news is only humans, animals, and insects seem to be able to be infected. Us Ysoki are fine. Well, *fine* in that we’re not sick. Not fine in that the infected are murdering us left and right. If it weren’t for that stupid quarantine I’d be on my ship right out of the system as we speak.

And good for me, that’s where you guys come in. I need about an hour to finish my preparations for Laissez’s dry cleaning. In that time, I need you to find the mayor...well more likely the mayor’s dead body, as he’s also Ysoki...get the keys to the quarantine defenses, and turn off the system. The drones are out of date too, but there’s still a good chance they’ll blow either of our ships out of the sky.

As for the Mayor’s whereabouts, the virus hit on Wednesday night, four days ago. That’s disco night down at the Funky Hammer Skating Rink. The mayor never misses it-he’s one Ysoki that loves to skate. My guess is you can find him there and get the access key.”

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING:

THE CLEANER

Personality: Calm and cool, “The Cleaner” is one Ysoki who never lets the pressure of the world get to him. He always has a plan, and is confident that he can outthink any opponent or situation that crosses his path.

His major problem is that he is currently in hiding ever since stealing Laissez Faire’s “Dry Cleaning”, aka the solar stone (not to be revealed until later on). Hiding and lying are not his particular personality strong suits, and the PCs may use **Sense Motive** checks to question his story. Though he won’t reveal anything until later on in the plot, players might notice small twitches or voice changes that indicate he is lying about something.

Background: Very little is known about “The Cleaner’s” background and even the name “Lucius Ticklewhisker” is fake, as he’s only using it to sound harmless while on Nexum V. Because of the fake name, and nature of his career, the PCs would not have any idea that he’s not a simple dry cleaner, unless they piece it together themselves from clues.

Race: Ysoki

Class: Technomancer/Soldier

Theme: Outlaw

Flaws: Grudgekeeper, Secret Identity, Hunted (by The Longwhisker Clan)

Additional information:

- ◆ He’s known Laissez for many years, and they’ve worked together, on dry cleaning, when the *Uranus Hertz* moved through this sector the year before.
- ◆ He’s been living on Nexum V for six weeks, fulfilling his dream of opening a dry cleaning business. He does this to honor his father, also a dry cleaner, who died on the job. (This is a lie, but it is what he will tell PCs. A particularly adept PC might realize that he just said he worked with Laissez a year ago, before he opened the business. He may need to lie further if they catch him in that falsehood)
- ◆ Starch is overrated.

Infected Derby Girls

CR: 1

N Medium Humanoid (Human)

Init: +1

Senses: Perception +8

DEFENSE

EAC: 15, **KAC:** 15

HP: 14

Fort: +3, **Ref:** +5, **Will:** +5

OFFENSE

Speed: 40 ft.

Melee: Slam +4 (1d4+2 B)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: +0, **Dex:** +2, **Con:** +1, **Int:** +0, **Wis:** +0, **Cha:** +3

Skills: Perception +8, Diplomacy +5, Stealth +5

Skill Modifiers: +2 to Diplomacy checks against creatures who are, or could be, attracted to you.

Languages: Common

ECOLOGY

Environment: planets and climate vary, but they all live in their parent's basements.

Organization: team (4-8)

Gear: Powered Roller Skates^{+A}, Derby Uniform^{+A}

Treasure: 120 credits

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Skate by Attack: As a full round action an Infected Derby Girl may move up to twice her speed, making a single slam attack at any point in the move and then completing the move afterward. If this attack hits and deals damage, the target must make a Reflex save with a DC equal to 10 + the damage dealt or be knocked prone.

Rolling Seduction: As a standard action, an Infected Derby Girl may flirt with a humanoid creature. The affected target must make a DC 13 Will Save or be overcome by the Infected Derby Girl's charm. An affected creature will not harm the Infected Derby Girl, and will do everything in their power to protect and/or impress them. An affected creature will not do anything suicidal, but may engage the other PCs in combat, or engage in other daring acts to get their attention. Rolling Seduction is a mind-affecting (compulsion) ability. Rolling Seduction lasts 1d4 rounds, however a creature may only be targeted by this ability once a day per Infected Derby Girl.



FINDING THE MAYOR

Before you leave, The Cleaner gives you a small bottle of perfume. He claims that it's his own blend, and that the scent should repel the bees.

If the PCs use it, they will in fact have no further trouble from the Zom-bees. If they don't, feel free to chase/harass them as they run to the Funky Hammer Skating Rink.

As you enter the large, orange roofed-building the blare of classical music blasts your ears.

(GMs at this part I like to play the Bee Gees "Staying Alive" in the background to add to the mood. You might want to try it.)

You immediately see two things: a skating rink with four beautiful human women skating around it, and a small Ysoki in a white suit hanging from a silver ball in the middle of the room. As he sees you he screams:

"Help Me! They're trying to kill me!"

Roll Initiative!

Once the encounter is defeated and the PCs have figured out how to get the mayor down, he says:

"Thank you so much for getting me down from there. I have no idea how I even ended up on the disco ball, the last few days have just been a blur. You're definitely not from around here. Not in those ridiculous clothes. Are you Confederation?"

This conversation should continue, use the info below to roleplay the mayor. One hiccup might be that the PCs want to go to the Mayor's office with him and ensure that the quarantine is down. If they do this, when they arrive the computer system is updating (and is at 1%, with 6 hours remaining). No **Computer** skill check in the universe can override the update.

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

MAYOR TRE VOLTA

Personality: The Mayor is fun, but a bit dumb. He's the type of politician that likes to smile, attend functions, and be the center of attention, but lets others do the actual legislative work. Due to his long career in the arts, he is overly dramatic and loves to be the center of attention.

Background: A long time character actor on a local TV soap opera for Ysoki housewives, called *Twisted Tails*, Mayor Volta parlayed his fame into a career in politics.

Race: Ysoki

Class: Envoy

Theme: Icon

Flaws: Hedonistic, Ambitious

Additional Information

- ◆ The quarantine can't be lifted until the system reads that it has been eradicated.
- ◆ There is a Ysoki doctor friend of his working at the Nexum Zoological Institute that specializes in disease outbreaks that can transfer between humanoids and animals. If anyone can solve this issue, it's her. Her name is Doctor Amaya Snipwhisker.
- ◆ He believes he can make it safely back to his office and hide there, ready to lift the quarantine when the virus is eradicated. He gives the PCs his beeper number to inform him when that occurs.

ENCOUNTER

INFECTED DERBY GIRLS

Enemies: 4 Infected Derby Girls

Identify: Culture DC 12

CR: 4

Terrain: An oblong roller skating ring measuring 150 ft. x 80 ft. In the center, hanging from the ceiling, is a shiny disco ball. Sitting on top of the disco ball is a small Ysoki in a white suit and pink shaded glasses. He appears quite panicked.

Tactics: The Infected Derby Girls will begin by trying to use Rolling Seduction on each PC, allowing them to hurt each other before even stepping foot into the skating rink. The Infected Derby Girl will roll around in a big circle, slamming into the PCs, knocking them down and skating away as fast as they can.

Gm Tips: This fight can be annoying, and it's supposed to be. The PCs will need to use solid tactics (or be good with ranged weapons) to avoid getting pounded into the rink over and over again.

The one advantage the PCs have is that the Infected Derby Girls have no ranged weapons, and are hesitant to leave the skating rink.

Additional information: The Ysoki on the Disco ball is in fact the Mayor. The Disco ball hangs about 20 feet above the ground, putting it out of reach of the Infected Derby Girls, but also making it difficult to get him down (and no, he will not just jump unless convinced of it by a PC).

Infected Menagerie

CR: 2

N Medium Animal

Init: +1

Senses: Perception +0, Low-light Vision

DEFENSE

EAC: 12, **KAC:** 16

HP: 22

Fort: +5, **Ref:** +5, **Will:** +1

OFFENSE

Speed: 50 ft.

Melee: Natural Attack +3, +3 (1d6+2 S/B/P)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: +2, **Dex:** +1, **Con:** +0, **Int:** -3, **Wis:** +0, **Cha:** +3

Skills: Perception +8, Survival +5, Stealth +5

ECOLOGY

Environment: planets and climate vary, but they all live in their parent's basements.

Organization: Pack (3-8)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Zoo Buddies: With the Charming Death Virus raging through their systems, the zoo animals that are infected seem to really enjoy being around each other, even if they are of different species. When two members of an Infected Menagerie are in melee with the same creature they get +2 to attack rolls, damage rolls, and saves.

DESCRIPTION

Normal Zoo animals until the Charming Death Virus hit them, now these creatures are all blood-thirsty predators, yet they seem to have a far greater bond between among themselves than ever seen in nature.



FINDING THE DOCTOR

As you search through the zoo, you see nothing but adorable animals, far more so than any animals you've seen before. You now at once that it must be the effects of the virus and do your best to ignore them as you move through looking for the doctor, though every fiber of your being wants to take a seat on a bench and watch them play for hours.

Finally, you reach the research building. Hanging on the door is a note that reads:

Out in the Safari enclosure today, working from the observation hut.

—Dr. Amaya Snipwhisker

It is dated 5 days ago.

Next to the gates to the safari enclosure is a small four wheeled vehicle, keys included, that can be driven with a DC 10 **Piloting** check. If not the PCs can proceed on foot, however that might lead to an additional encounter with another Infected Menagerie.

After driving around for ten minutes you see a unique sight—several Earth animals surrounding a small observation hut, each seemingly trying to get in.

The Infected Menagerie is designed in a way that the GM can use any of his favorite animals in this fight. Always wanted to put two lions and a platypus against the PCs? It works here. As long as you choose three animals, and follow the assigned stat block, the 'skin' doesn't matter (though for flavor you can always adjust the encounter to add an ability if you deem it more fun aesthetically).

Regardless of which three animals you choose, the PCs should be granted a DC 12 **Life Science** check to know that they are acting strange (this works best if you pair predator and prey animals). In particular, reveal that they seem to be bonded like pack animals, even though they are three different species.

Once the PCs have defeated the Infected Menagerie, they only need to open the door to find Dr. Snipwhisker. She is lying facedown on the bed, unconscious. A DC 10 **Medicine** check reveals that she is extremely dehydrated and suffering from heat stroke. A DC 10 **Engineering** check reveals that the generator for the hut had run out of fuel, shutting off the temperature control.

The PCs can now either heal her using magic or skills, or bring her back to the research facility where there are medical supplies. To properly treat her issues would require 4 hours and a DC 15 **Medicine** check with the proper supplies (a way to cool her down, and clean water administered slowly.)

Once the Dr. is back up and conscious, and the PCs ask her about the virus:

"Thank you friends. If you didn't show up, I don't now how much longer I would have lasted. I was out in the hut when the virus broke out...although actually don't believe it's truly a virus...there are no signs of a compromised immune system. I was able to get a sample the first night of some blood from an infected buffalo and I found out two things. First, pheromone production is out of control. Creatures infected seem to be producing significantly more pheromones, and of different scent parameters than they should. Secondly, it doesn't appear to be chemical, but instead technological—perhaps some type of nano-bot technology, but no one here on Nexum V has access to that sophisticated of science. There was one other weird thing. I said I didn't think it was chemical, but there were trace amounts of tetrachloroethylene, which as far as I know, the only process on Nexum that uses that particular chemical is dry cleaning."

Hopefully this is enough for your PC to realize that the "virus" was created by The Cleaner.

OBSERVATION HUT DOOR

Type: Steel, **Hardness:** 20, **HP:** 60, **Break:** 30, **Locks:** DC 20 (Engineering)

ENCOUNTER

INFECTED MENAGERIE

Enemies: Infected Menagerie (3 random animals)

Identify: Life Science DC 12

CR: 4

Terrain: An outdoor zoo enclosure filled with rock formations, a few trees, and a single 20 ft. x 20 ft. hut surrounded by the Infected Menagerie.

Tactics: The infected Menagerie will fight like pack animals, regardless of which "animal skins" you choose to use.

Have them choose a target, generally one of the weakest looking PCs (smallest) and have them move to surround and kill. Keep in mind that regardless of which "natural attack" they have, they get two of them.

Gm Tips: A very simple, straight forward fight. They will try to surround the weakest opponent they can easily get to, so the PCs can counter their movements by keeping them separated. If they can keep them from getting the bonus from *Zoo Buddies*, the fight is barely a threat.

BACK TO A-FRONT DRY CLEANING

As you make full haste back to A-Front Dry Cleaner, questions invade your mind. Why would The Cleaner do this? What was really in Laissez's dry cleaning? What the hell is a beeper that the mayor was talking about?

You arrive quickly, flinging open the unlocked front door. Sitting behind the counter is Lucius. In front of him is a small plastic bag marked "Dry cleaning".

The Cleaner smiles as you enter.

"You made it! Excellent. Perhaps you are more skilled than I gave you credit for.

Now, I'll assume from the angry looks on your face that figured out I was the one who created the Charming Death Virus. Sorry I couldn't tell you earlier, but I had to know you could be trusted with the dry cleaning before I gave it to you.

You're probably wondering why, I did this? Well since you've proven yourselves capable allies by surviving today, let me enlighten you.

As you know the item we've called Laissez's Dry Cleaning is not a textile at all, but a powerful alien artifact, known as the Solar-stone. It has the ability to drain the power from a star and then be used as an indefinite and unlimited power source. It's nearly priceless, though I'm sure Laissez will find an acceptable number on the open market. One of these little things could win a war, or save a planet from starvation and drought.

Unfortunately the means through which I came upon this item may be construed as theft—from the Longtail Clan crime syndicate. A few days ago it came to my attention that they had begun to suspect me and we're sending in an interrogation team, so I needed a way to stall for a few days. Hence, my creation of the Charming Death Virus.

The errands for you today were two fold. I didn't want to face those Derby Girls myself—I have a history with the redhead. And I needed to see if you were skilled enough to protect this item until you get it into your First

Officer's hands.

Oh, and if you're wondering why I'm letting you in on the whole plot now? It's because I'm confident that if any of you ever told anyone that you'd be dead before an hour has passed. Both Laissez and the Longtails wouldn't look kindly on your involvement in this. Though I promise you, your discreet assistance will be greatly rewarded.

But so much for the threats, it's better if we're just allies."

At this point the PCs have two choices, they can take the solar stone, wait for Lucius to turn off the nanobots, and send the Mayor a message on his beeper to end the quarantine (though he can't due to the computer update, but they might not know that part).

Or

They can kill The Cleaner (he does have plot armor, so no matter what they do he could come back later as a recurring NPC), take the stone, and send a message to call off the quarantine (again, it won't be successful). Though the PCs may not realize, Laissez would be happy with this outcome, as he won't have to split the fee when selling the Solar-stone.

Regardless of choice, a few moments later, at an inconvenient time, a large ship lands in the distance. Looking out the window the PCs see dozens of Ysoki with guns moving toward town. The Longtails are here for the stone, and to kill anyone who knows about it. There is no time to wait for the quarantine to drop.

At his point the logical choice is to get in the Hopper, and try to survive the quarantine defenses until they are deactivated. If they try to fight off the Longtail crime clan, they will die. Try to make that known if you have a particularly dense group of PCs.

Whatever choice the PCs make, the Longtails will see the Hopper leaving. Because of the ship's unique nature, it will take them time to track it to the *Uranus Hertz*, but once they do it's quite recognizable wherever the PCs go.

ENCOUNTER

LUCIUS "THE CLEANER" TICKLEWHISKER

Enemies: Lucius "The Cleaner" Ticklewhisker

Identify: Culture DC 22 (The Outlaw Theme Knowledge would reduce this check)

CR: 3

Terrain: a very small room, 30 ft long, by 20 ft. wide, with a 10ft. By 5. ft. counter across the middle. The Cleaner starts off behind the counter.

Tactics: Lucius will use his flamethrower whenever he can get two or more PCs in a single shot, and go to his arsenal of magical abilities if he can't.

Gm Tips: Lucius doesn't want to fight the PCs, as he needs them to deliver the solar stone to Laissez in order to get paid. He will if it comes down to it, but he'd prefer a Diplomatic solution, and will even apologize for his ruse to test their abilities.

Reward: If the PCs let him live (even if they don't fight him) he'll give them his thinplate zootsuit and his flame thrower (ifrit) as a gesture of good will. If they kill him then they can take these items.

Nexum V

Automated Defenses

STATISTICS

Type: Tiny Interceptor

Speed: 13

Maneuverability: Perfect (Turn 0)

AC: 16

TL: 17

HP: 30

DT: —

CT: 6

Shields: Basic 10 (forward 3, port 2, starboard 2, aft 3)

Attack: (Forward) Gyrolaser (1d8)

Power Core: Micron Heavy (70 PCU)

Systems: Basic computer, Budget short range sensors, mk3 armor, mk3 defenses

Expansion Bays: none

Modifiers: +1 Piloting

Compliment: 0

Crew (automated): Gunnery +5, Piloting +11 (1 rank)

DESCRIPTION

The Nexum V. Automated Defenses are outdated by most standards, but the quick swarming tactics of these tiny unmanned ships can overwhelm larger ships trying to break orbit.

BACK TO THE URANUS HERTZ

As you start the Hopper up and lift into the air the Nexum V Automated Defenses begin to launch. You quickly switch into battle mode, taking on the positions best suited to your skill set.

Hopefully, the PCs decided on space ship positions when they first explored the Hopper, but if not now it's imperative that they figure it out.

There are twelve ships launching to intercept the Hopper, however you as the GM have the ability to adjust this fight by creating a number of rounds until the ship launches into orbit and out the range of the Nexum Defenses. As this is the first time the PCs will be working in this manner together allow them some time to figure out their roles and the power level of the Hopper.

Once the Hopper breaks orbit, it heads back to the *Uranus Hertz*, where it arrives a day later. Commander Laissez Faire is in the shuttle bay when you arrive.

"I take it you had no complications."

If a PC tries to respond he holds his hand up, indicating that this is not the place to speak.

"Where is my laundry?"

As you hand over the solar stone, a smile sneaks across his face. He hands you a small credit chip to share with 10,000 credits on it. You don't know if you just made the right decision, but you certainly feel really rich.

PCs have now completed two sections of Redshirts: Adventures in Absurdity and may increase their character to level 3.

WEALTH FOR LEVEL 2

The PCs have many opportunities to acquire wealth at Level 2. Here they are:

Laissez Faire: Diamond for expenses: **500 credits**

The Cleaner: Thinplate Zoot Suit, Flamethrower (Ifrit): **3380 credits/340 sold**

Roller Derby Girls: 4x Powered Roller Skates, 4x Derby Uniforms: **7200 credits/720 sold**

Laissez Faire: 1 Credit Chip @10,000 credits: **10,000**

Total Value: 21,080 credits

Total Credits after Equipment Sales: 11,560 (4 person party = 2890)

Assuming the PCs sell all items collected in Chapter 2, and add it to their previous wealth of 2500, they will have around 5,390 in credit, or about 1400 more credits than suggested Wealth By Level. If they are making use of some items instead of selling them, or they feel over-gear'd, feel free to reduce Laissez's credit chip reward to bring it more in line with suggested Wealth by Level chart.

ENCOUNTER

NEXUM V AUTOMATED DEFENSES

Enemies: 12 ships of the Nexum V Automated Defenses

Identify: Engineering DC 12

CR: 3

Terrain: Sky above Nexum V

Tactics: The smaller ships of Nexum V will try to focus fire on the rear of the Hopper. Their programming is to disable first, but destroy if that isn't possible.

Gm Tips: This is a simple space battle so that the PCs can learn what the Hopper can do, and figure out their role. There are twelve targets to destroy, and the fight gets progressively easier after the Hopper has taken a few out. If the PCs are struggling, send them in waves of six and six, instead of swarming all at once. The goal here is to give them a fight to learn, but with a viable threat to the ship.



MEETING IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM

You have been called into the conference room for a briefing. When you arrive you see two bridge officers already sitting and waiting: First Officer Laissez Faire and Specialist Gila Pyke, the liaison who coordinates activities between the Engineering department and the Command Crew.

“We have a mission for you,” Laissez begins. His voice has a low growl and you know right away that he’s annoyed. “Specialist Pyke will explain.”

“Well, it’s come to my attention that someone has been stealing, and likely selling, off some out of extra parts. I know...again. The problem is, we’re now out of flux manipulators, a main component in the relays between the engine and the z-crystal.” She looks out and sees the confused look on some faces. “We lost the part that makes the “go-juice” travel to the engine and it’s not a part that can be replicated. We need to buy a dozen new ones, ASAP or we’re gonna end up stranded in space waiting to freeze to death.”

“That’s where you come in,” Laissez added. “Our Engineering dept. budget is stretched thin right now, so we can’t exactly pay for the parts, but I have a contact on a nearby space station called the Pirate’s Cove that is willing to trade the parts we need in exchange for a few favors. The only issue we see here is that the Confederation can’t actually sanction this as an official mission, due to the fact that my contact is a known and wanted criminal, with warrants that would be

executable if he were ever to step foot back in Confederation space.

Regardless, he’s a really nice guy and you’ll get along great. His name is Captain Nemo Orangefin, and he expects you to arrive tomorrow morning, so you best get moving quickly.”

PCs can make a **Culture** check to learn more about Nemo Orangefin. Each roll unlocks all lower information tiers. This roll is modified by abilities that help with knowledge of the black market or criminal underworld.

- ♦ **DC 10:** He’s a famous Sushian Space Pirate. He is the current owner of a small space station called the Pirate’s Cove, it’s part casino, part flea market and is widely known as the best place in the sector to find black market goods and all night breakfast buffets.
- ♦ **DC 15:** He is known as a ruthless murderer, and genius smuggler, but he also has a strict code of ethics (never hurt an innocent) that has made him into a bit of a living legend in this sector of space.
- ♦ **DC 20:** Captain Nemo, like many pirates, has a code of behavior that he requires his crew to sign and agree to before they are brought on. Unlike other pirates, Nemo’s included the provision that no one under his command could harm a child, non-combatant, or unarmed adversary.

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

SPECIALIST GILA PYKE

Personality: Gila Pyke is bubbly and fun. While she excels at diplomacy, especially with the crew, she has little patience for stupidity has been know to let out a bit of a cackle when someone says something dumb.

Background: a Long time engineer, Gila has taken several steps toward moving herself into the Command department, which is a bit strange for an engineer. Though she has yet to complete the training requirements that would place her into the official command structure aboard the *Uranus Hertz*, she has been given the title of “specialist”, and placed upon the bridge to act as a liaison between the Command crew and the Engineering department. Her biggest job is to quickly translate the jargon of engineering reports into usable information for the captain.

There is a rumor going around the ship that Pyke once stabbed a man in a bar, just for fun, but no one really knows if its true.

Race: Human

Class/Theme: Mechanic, Xenoseeker

Flaws: Branded, Arrogant



ARRIVAL ON THE PIRATE'S COVE

As you leave for the Pirate's Cove Space Station you realize that you'll have an extra guest for this mission: Lieutenant Grayson Phillips, from Engineering. While technically your superior, Phillips informs you that he's not here to make decisions for you, just to verify that the goods are in working order and are exactly what the Engineering team needs.

While traveling you can't help but like Phillips, as his relaxed style integrates easily into the group dynamic. To make the trip go faster, he tells you a bunch of funny stories about his life, and does some great impersonations of the Command Crew.

When you arrive at the Pirates' Cove you can't help but be impressed by the sheer size and opulence of the place. It looks like a small moon covered in neon signs.

Hundreds, maybe even thousands of ships line the parking area, from one man fighters to thousand crew capital warships.

As you dock and head in through an airlock, Captain Nemo and a few of his guards are there to greet you.

Tips for roleplaying Captain Nemo are below, while the three tasks he has for you to complete are on the next page.

Based on the information in the tasks, PCs can roll checks to gain more background info on their targets. Check the individual pages that refer to each task and the participants it involves for reference.

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

LIEUTENANT GRAYSON PHILLIPS



Personality: Lieutenant Grayson Phillips is a very laid back guy, to the point where those that don't know him might even guess that he's just lazy. This isn't true though, Phillips just doesn't get riled up about much, though he does get excited at the idea of building a new contraption, or finding a creative workaround for an engineering problem. As well, one can get him to do just about anything with the bribe of a donut.

Background: Phillips graduated with high distinction from the Institute, and many of his professors expected great things from him due to his great mechanical creativity. Unfortunately, Phillips never had the right look or personality for promotion and was passed up time and time again before finally being assigned to the *Uranus Hertz*.

Race: Human

Class: Mechanic

Theme: Spacefarer

Flaws: Addiction (Donuts)

NEMO'S TASKS

TASK

TRAIL NEMO'S EX-WIFE

Captain Nemo's wife, Angelina Oceansong—a traveling musician, has arrived on *The Pirate's Cove* and he's leery about what she might be up to. She's tried for years to get him to sell the place so that she can take half the profits, but so far he's been able to avoid it. She's not to be trusted!

You can likely find her in the Drunken Mermaid, a Lounge next to the casino, she claims she's scheduled to play a set there this evening.

TASK

CHALLENGE THE CHAMP TO A BOXING MATCH

Chomp McDougal, a Door-tu-Doran boxing champion, is taking on all challengers with a hefty prize awarded to anyone who can best him in the ring. Rumor has it that a promoter is looking for volunteers and has a unique way to even the match, even if you've never boxed before.

TASK

PROTECT THE QUEEN UNTIL HER WEDDING

The Pirate's Cove Space Station will be hosting a royal wedding this weekend and the Queen's Regent has inquired about adding additional security to make sure nothing goes wrong. The Regent's name is Alonzon Ripzik, and he is a member of the Za'Rootyn people.

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

CAPTAIN NEMO ORANGEFIN

Personality: Friendly and charismatic, Captain Nemo Orangefin is the type of person that makes everyone around him feel more comfortable, no matter the situation.

Background: Having spend almost 30 years flying the skies as a pirate—smuggling goods and raiding ships—Nemo decided it was time to settle down a bit and bought a derelict space station, which he fixed up and renamed the Pirate's Cove. It is now a popular place for travel, trade, and entertainment.

Flaws: Hedonistic, Qualm (won't harm children)

Additional information:

- ♦ He has three tasks that need to be completed before he'll give you the parts you need. Descriptions can be found above.
- ♦ He's known Laissez for many years, and hates him, but he does owe him a favor and he always repays his debts.



Angelina Oceansong

CR: 3

N Medium Humanoid (aquatic)

Race: Sushian

Init: +2

Senses: Perception

DEFENSE

EAC: 14, **KAC:** 15

HP: 35

Fort: +4, **Ref:** +4, **Will:** +8

OFFENSE

Speed: 30 ft.

Ranged: Sonic Violin +4 (2d6 S + knockdown)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: +0, **Dex:** +2, **Con:** +0, **Int:** +1, **Wis:** +0, **Cha:** +4

Skills: Athletics +8, Bluff +13, Diplomacy +13,
Profession: Musician +13, Stealth +13

Feats: Spellbane

Languages: Common, Sushian, Mongrolian, Plantonian

ECOLOGY

Environment: Unlike most Sushians, Angelina prefers to be on land, due to the acoustics

Organization: Individual

Gear: Sonic Violin, Sushian Gillmod, Second Skin Armor

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Here comes Trebbles: Angelina has snuck a Trebble, a small fluffy animal that breeds asexually by splitting into three when it hears the right combination of musical notes, on the station. Worse, she's composed a musical composition that causes this uncontrolled breeding. Once every 30 seconds Angelina may spend a full action to play *Here Comes Trebbles*, causing each Trebble to become three equal creatures. These creatures, while normally docile and friendly to all, are completely loyal to Angelina and will defend her no matter the cost.

Sonic Violin: Angelina's violin is one of a kind. When she strikes a certain combination of chords (DC 15 **Profession Musician** check), she can send a sonic blast as a single enemy. This attack targets EAC and deals 2d6 sonic damage. In addition any creature must make a DC 12 Fort Save or be knocked down from the blast. On a critical hit the target is deafened permanently with no save.

Sushian Gillmod: This cybernetic device allows Sushian gills to function both underwater and on land. As long as oxygen is available, this modification allows them to process it. Though a simple and inexpensive procedure to have Gillmods implanted, many Sushians consider it traitorous to their species to modify themselves in such a manner and opt simply to adorn themselves with bulky water filtration systems that recirculate H₂O through their bodies.

DESCRIPTION

Since her marriage to Captain Nemo Orangefin dissolved Angelina has wanted nothing more than to see him in ruins, and the best way she can think to accomplish that is to destroy his beloved Pirate's Cove Space Station. For years she researched ways she could sue her musical ability to bring about his ruination, eventually figuring out the exact notes needed to make a Trebble breed.



THE LOUNGE

As you make your way into the Drunken Mermaid, you see a Sushian female tuning a violin on a small stage off in the corner. Next to her she has a little white bin, with a small metal gate that can be opened and a few dotted holes around it. It looks like a transport cage for a pet, but you don't see any animals inside.

"What can I get you?" asks the bartender, a Plantonian who stands rooted in one place extending and retracting his arms to grab bottles and glasses that he needs. "If you're here for the show, It starts in fifteen minutes. Angelina Oceansong's played here a few times in the past, and she always manages to be highly entertaining."

There are several open tables—round tables for 2-4 people to sit comfortably—near the stage. The crowd is sparse, no more than twelve or so patrons waiting for the music to begin, but more are sauntering in over time. The lounge itself is interesting, clearly sporting a nautical theme with nets, anchors, and images of mermaids and sea creatures throughout the room. You understand why a Sushian singer would do well here.

At this point the PCs have several options: they can talk to Angelina, who will politely brush them off as best she can, as she prepares for her performance.

They also might try to find out what's in the cage. This will be tough as it's dark and the cage has very few openings. Have the PCs make a **Perception** check and reveal the following:

DC 10: It's pink

DC 15: It's furry and seems like it has antennae with eyes.

DC 20: oh hell no, it's a Trebble.

There is no need to have the PCs roll to identify Trebbles, every race in the universe has heard of them and they are popular in children's stories and as stuffed toys.

Trebbles are dangerous. Not because they can hurt someone, but because they breed asexually and quickly. They can decimate an ecosystem in just a few hours and because of this their trade and transport is banned on almost every planet in the known worlds.

Trebbles breed when they hear certain song notes played, and the more in tune to their emotions the song is, the faster they can accomplish the task. Breeding for them doesn't mean producing a single young offspring. Instead, they breed by splitting into three adult creatures, all capable of breeding again just a few seconds later. Worse, they can do this even up to ten minutes after death.

If Angelina has figured out one of their breeding songs and is allowed to play her music while near a Trebble, she could kill everyone on board the space station in minutes as the Trebbles overload the oxygen circulation system.

Phillips stands quietly and whispers to you that he can make a sound proof cage in a few minutes to put the Trebble in, but you'll have to stall until then. He moves quickly back to the Hopper to get working.

ENCOUNTER:

ANGELINA OCEANSONG AND HER TREBBLES

Enemies: Angela Oceansong and Trebbles

Identify: Culture DC 20. Angela is a somewhat known in the area for her musical abilities.

CR: 3

Terrain: The lounge itself is large (120 ft. x 120 ft.) with a bar are taking up most of the middle. Angelina is in the northwest corner, on a small stage with a dozen round tables dotting the area in front of her.

Tactics: Angelina will start playing 15 minutes after the PCs arrive. A few seconds later she'll swing open the cage door and three Trebbles will walk out. People will scream and yell as they all understand immediately the danger they are in. 30 seconds later, those three Trebbles will become 9, and 30 seconds later 27, ect... unless the PCs can do something to stop her.

Gm Tips: This is an extremely open ended encounter. The PCs can attack Angelina before she starts, hoping to surprise her. They can cause a diversion and steal her violin or her Trebble, they can fight her traditionally, hoping to defeat her before the Trebbles overwhelm them. We have deliberately designed this fight to test the PCs creative responses to a unique problem.

Trebbles

CR: 1/8

N Small Animal

Init: +0

Senses: Perception +0, Darkvision 60 ft., Low-light Vision

DEFENSE

EAC: 8, **KAC:** 10

HP: 3

Fort: +0, **Ref:** +0, **Will:** +0

OFFENSE

Speed: 20 ft.

Melee: Bite +1 (1 B/P/S)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: -4, **Dex:** +0, **Con:** -1, **Int:** -4, **Wis:** +0, **Cha:** +4

ECOLOGY

Environment: Trebbles no longer live anywhere naturally, instead they are kept in soundproof enclosures in zoos.

Organization: Somewhere between “1” and “the planet’s destroyed”.

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Mood Music: Whenever Trebbles hear certain combination of musical notes played, it incites their innate desire to breed asexual by splitting into three separate creatures. A Trebble may accomplish the breeding from Mood Music once every thirty seconds.

DESCRIPTION

Soft, furry, and friendly Trebbles would make a fantastic pet, except play the wrong song and your Trebble just became three...then nine...then twenty-seven...then your planet is nothing but a pink and blue ball of fur with no food water or oxygen remaining. Fro this reason the ownership of a Trebble is banned on almost every planet with a written law system.



CHALLENGING THE CHAMP

As you arrive to the dingy area of the Cove that is being used as the fight arena, you see a small goblin in bright, striped clothing moving toward you.

“You the fight team from Nemo?” he asks. “I’m Jizdon King, fight promoter and manager for Chomp McDougal, the Confederation’s winningest champion of all time. 4216-0. Most wins by knockout. Some by decapitation. And you guys are gonna be the ones that beat my boy Chomp for me.

Allow PCs to introduce themselves. They may explain that they have/have not ever been involved in boxing, or hand to hand combat. Either way Jizdon assures them it will be fine.

“Listen, Chomp hasn’t lost a match his whole career...and for a long time that was amazing. But now the crowds have stopped coming and no one ever bets against him, no matter what the odds are. I need someone...or something that can beat my guy and rekindle the interest in his career. Also, since I take the bets, if he loses I’m gonna make an absolute fortune.

So here’s what I propose. I give you guys this...he walks over to a large object covered by a tarp, rips the covering off, and reveals a shiny metal mech with two massive boxing glove covered “hands”.

This is the Mecha Boxer 9000. One on one it’s match for Chomp...similar size, speed, and toughness, but with a crew behind it working the odds, you should be able to beat him. You win, and the purse—5000 credits—is all yours.”

The Mecha Boxer 9000 is over 8 feet tall, and has a space for a controller to seamlessly fit right in.

“The best brawler among you should control the Mecha Boxer 9000, but that doesn’t mean the rest of you aren’t important. I’ve managed Chomp for years and I know his strengths and weaknesses like the back of my hand. If we can get in his head, that should tip the fight in our favor, and hopefully start a whole new demand for Robot vs. Humanoid fights. Oh, but don’t let him now I’m behind this. He’d eat me if he found out that I wasn’t giving him a cut.”

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

JIZDON KING

Personality: Loud, boisterous, and highly annoying after more than a few seconds of listening to him, Jizdon knows how to work a crowd and incite an opponent to throw them off their game.

Background: A fight promoter for almost 20 years, Jizdon has worked exclusively as Chomp’s promoter, manager, and trainer for the past ten. While they have a great friendship, both love money more than each other.

Race: Goblin

Class: Envoy

Theme: Xenoseeker

Flaws: Ambitious, Greedy

Additional Information:

- ♦ Chomp has no idea Jizdon is working behind his back to defeat him.
- ♦ The Mecha Boxer 9000 was designed by Jizdon’s cousin, and has never been tested.



THE MATCH

The Mecha Boxer 9000 is a suit that connects to the wearer neurologically, essentially enhancing the wearer's physical strength and abilities. The person who is chosen to be the fighter should adjust his own stats accordingly:

- ♦ +10 enhancement to Str
- ♦ + 4 enhancement to Dex
- ♦ +4 enhancement to Con
- ♦ +8 Armor bonus to KAC (Does not stack with Armor)
- ♦ +100 Stamina
- ♦ Gloved Fist Damage is $2d8 + 7 + \text{user's Str modifier}$.
- ♦ The controller may apply any applicable feats he has for unarmed fighting, including weapon specialization, when in the Mecha Boxer 9000.

Each round the fighters choose one stance from the following three options:

- ♦ Guarded: Fighter takes a -4 to hit, but gains a $+2$ to AC
- ♦ Balanced: No changes
- ♦ Aggressive: Fighter takes a $+4$ to attack, but a -2 to AC

After choosing a stance, they make a number of attacks each round equal to their Dex modifier + their Con modifier. Compare these attack rolls against the opponent's KAC modified AC from their chosen stance. Deal damage for each hit.

In the event of a crit, roll single damage, however the opponent must make a Fort save equal to the damage dealt on that particular hit or fall unconscious. When Chomp crits, this is him lunging in and biting the Mecha (totally legal)

In the event of rolling a "1" on an attack the Mecha Boxer 9000 loses 2 to a physical stat (rolled randomly) to represent its destruction beyond your ability to repair it.

When either fighter reaches 0 HP, the fight is over. If it's the Mecha Boxer 9000, it's destroyed and its fighter is unconscious.

In addition to the controllers actions, the other PCs can perform tasks each round to help the Mecha Boxer 9000's chances. They do this by rolling skill checks, each of which must hit DC 16 to be effective:

- ♦ **Bluff:** PCs can spread lies about Chomp to hurt his reputation and have the crowd boo him. This reduces Chomps Attack rolls by 2.
- ♦ **Culture:** through the study of tapes and discussion with Jizdon, a PC can warn the controller how to avoid big hits from Chomp. A successful roll allows the Mecha Boxer 9000 to completely dodge the next critical hit against him
- ♦ **Diplomacy:** PCs can charm the referee in order to get him to favor them. This grants the MEcha Boxer 500 an additional attack.
- ♦ **Engineering:** In between each round an engineer can fix the Mecha Boxer 9000. A successful roll restores 10 Stam.
- ♦ **Medicine:** A successful roll enables the PCs to inject the person inside the Mecha Boxer 9000 with adrenalin in between rounds. This increases the number of attacks they make by 1.

Other use of skills may also be acceptable, but are subject to the GMs approval.

Spells can also be used during this encounter, but only in between rounds (each round is 3 minutes, so GM may have to use discretion on how spell effects will work. Things that are round per level for instance simply won't last long enough to have an effect, but longer durations buffs might.)

During the match, Chomp receives a $+2$ bonus to all rolls as well as an additional 2 attacks per round. These are meant to represent his skill as a boxer (especially his feats). Chomp will also always pick balanced as his stance.

ENCOUNTER

CHOMP MCDUGAL

Enemies: Chomp McDougal

Identify: Culture DC 10. Chomp is well known in the world of boxing and the PCs can easily use any computer system to look up previous fights and learn about his style.

CR: N/A

Terrain: Extra large Boxing Ring, 30 ft. by 30ft.

Tactics: There are no real tactics in this fight as they are incorporated into the stats above. Both fighters with roll, and the PCs will attempt to manipulate those rolls.

Gm Tips: Allow the PCs to work as a team to choose stance, as it will make sure everyone ins more involved.

Chomp McDougal

CR: 7

N Large Humanoid (Reptilian)

Race: Door-tu-Doran

Class: Soldier (8)

Theme: Icon

Init: +10

Senses: Perception +11

DEFENSE

EAC: 17, **KAC:** 18

HP: 63, **Stam:** 72, **Resolve:** 9

Fort: +3, **Ref:** +5, **Will:** +5

OFFENSE

Speed: 40 ft.

Melee: Unarmed Strike +12 (2d6+15 B) or

Bite +12 (2d6+15)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: 19, **Dex:** 14, **Con:** 14, **Int:** 10, **Wis:** 10, **Cha:** 14

BAB: +8

Feats: Die Hard, Improved Unarmed Strike, Lightning Reflexes, Improved Feint, Iron Will, Improved Initiative, Step Up, Greater Feint

Skills: Athletics +13, Intimidate +13, Perception +11, Profession: Boxer +17

Class Abilities: Primary Fighting Style (Blitz), Primary Style Techniques (Rapid Response+, Charge Attack), Gear Boost (Melee Striker+, Armored Advantage), Weapon Specialization (Basic and Advanced Melee weapons, Small Arms, Longarms, Heavy Weapons, Sniper Weapons, grenades)

Theme Abilities: Theme Knowledge (Icon), Celebrity

Racial Abilities: Hard Bones+, Mogul+, Survival of the Fittest (Bite)

Languages: Common, Mongrolian

ECOLOGY

Environment: Smelly gyms and arenas all over the universe

Organization: Individual

Gear: Elite Stationwear Armor (boxing shorts)

DESCRIPTION

A former member of the Rand Elite Defense Force, a highly paid mercenary unit employed by the wealthiest and most powerful of the Door-tu-Doran upper class, Chomp decided that his talents would be more profitable elsewhere. Since then he's worked himself into the discussion of greatest boxer in History—or at the very least, the richest, as he's held the Confederation championship for over 15 years. More than that, unlike human fighters who schedule one or two matches a year, Chomp has an open challenge to anyone who thinks they can beat him and will travel the universe looking for matches, often fighting several times a day and several hundred times a year.



PROTECT THE QUEEN UNTIL HER MARRAIGE

You arrive to meet Lord Alonzon Ripzik, the Queen's Regent and the representative of the Za'Rootyn people. He is a tall creature, with large tentacles upon his head. He moves quickly as he instructs his guards, each armed well with rifles and thick body armor. He is clearly taking no chances with his charge's safety.

"Are you the extra security I requested?" he asks.

As you nod yes, he points to a door at the end of a short corridor. Two of his own men stand sentry in front of it.

"I need to see to some wedding arrangements, so I must leave for an hour. That is the Queen's room. You are not to enter it, or even look at it. My men will guard it. You should patrol here in the main hallway and not let anyone that's not me head down toward that door. Do you understand?"

You nod a yes, as you can't imagine a simpler job.

"And if anything happens to the Queen while I'm gone, I swear I'll kill you myself. Do you understand?"

A few moments later he moves to leave, the majority of his guards following along, leaving only the two left in front of the Queen's door.

The next ten minutes go by completely uneventful, to your delight. It's nice to finally have a simple, easy mission.

Until you hear the sound of gunfire followed by two loud *thuds* coming from the direction of the Queen's room.

You move quickly to the hallway and sneak a look down. You see the two sentries on the floor and the door to the Queen's room ajar. As you call your allies and investigate further you see the guards are both dead, slices through the neck with some type of energy weapon. You also see that the Queen is missing, though her room shows no sign of struggle. Above the two dead guards, the cover to a ventilation shaft is missing.

While your not sure exactly what to do, you are positive that if you don't find the Queen, the regent will in fact kill you.

You have 45 minutes until he returns.

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

LORD REGENT ALONZON RIPZIK

Personality: Ripzik is abrupt and aggressive, clearly someone who is used to getting his way and having people waiting on his every command.

Background: A mid level government employee for most of his life, Ripzik's fortune changed when his sister gave birth to Ameerna, the reincarnation of the Sun's avatar. It changed even more when his sister and brother-in-law were viciously murdered in an accident.

Race: Za'Rootyn

Class: Operative:

Theme: Mercenary

Flaws: Ambitious, Greedy, Cruel, Dark Secret

Additional information:

- ♦ The queen is not to be disturbed, though he says this simply because he's afraid if the door is open she'll get free again.



FIND THE QUEEN

Finding the queen is likely the PCs goal at this point, as they are sure that the regent will in fact kill them if she remains missing.

To start they can me a **Perception** check to look for clues.

DC 10: The queen's room has no windows, or secondary entrances, not any ventilation shafts. It seems more like a prison than quarters for a royal visitor. There is however an elaborate wedding dress in white and gold, laid out on the bed. A PC 15 **Life Science** check will tell the PCs that Za'rootyns are normally larger than humans, and that this dress appears to be for a child.

DC 15: There is a fleck of blue blood at the entrance to the ventilation shaft.

DC 20: In addition, the PCs might attempt to gather information from passersby about the wedding itself. A DC 12 **Diplomacy** check will inform them that the Queen is to marry Emperor Zlorp the One Hundred and thirty-fourth, of the planet Slume. The Slurmians are a race of slug-like creatures known for extremely backwards thinking, despite being a space capable race. A further DC 15 **Culture** check informs them about the marriage rituals of the Slurmians. In Slurmian society women are considered prized property that must be earned. To do so they go on what the refer to as the wedding death march. This is a one mile walk that generally takes about 72 hours for them to complete (they are slugs after all). If they survive it, they have earned the right to rule over their bride for all eternity.

DC 25: The PCs find the queen's diary hidden away under the mattress. Most is mundane, but today's entry states:

Uncle Ripzik has finally made his move, having his men overpower my bodyguards, load me into a shuttle, and steal me from my home of Za'roo. He told me that I am to be married tomorrow, and sent to live out my life underground on Slume, married to the Slurmian emperor. He will take full control of Za'roo in my absence, using my name as little more than a tool for his political games.

He also finally admitted that he was the one who sabotaged my parent's hover-carriage the day they died. He no longer fears the repercussions of the truth of his behavior coming into the light.

I want nothing more than to kill him, but I don't know if I'm strong enough yet. He wields great power, a true acolyte of the moon goddess, and he's always surrounded by loyal guards. Perhaps I need another plan. If I kill the emperor, I can stop the wedding and give myself a chance to escape back home. If fail, however, the only option is end my own existence so that the Sun may bring forth a new queen to our people.

I do not wish to die, but my people must come first.

Finding this out, the PCs can ask about this ritual to any person on the space station, who will inform them that the Slurmian emperor began his wedding death march yesterday, and is making one full lap around the space station (about a mile or so).

If the PCs fail their checks to learn this info there are other ways to ascertain it, such as by using the stations computers to garner information on the wedding or by more simply using survival to track the blood droppings to the queen herself (she cut her arm in the scuffle).

However they achieve it, they will find the queen once they find the Slurmian Emperor on his Wedding Death March. She is hiding on a metal crossbeam above the corridor, ready to swoop down and kill him. In her hand is a sword, basked in a white and gold light, while on her head a tiny sun sits.

While the PCs will not know it yet, the regent is marrying the queen off in order to remove her from society in order to rule forever. Part of the wedding contract between the regent (the queen's official guardian) and the Slurmian emperor is that the queen would submit herself to Slurmian law, which does not allow her to hold a title, or a position of rulership on any planet.

See page 48 for additional information on the encounter with the Queen.

CAPTURING THE QUEEN

As you enter the main corridor of Pirate's Cove you see the Queen perched on a metal beam above the walkway ready to pounce and assassinate Emperor Zlorp. You are startled to see that Queen Ameerna is a small child, of no more than six years old. In her hand is a sword, seemingly created from pure light, while a small ball of yellow-white fire dances slowly around her tendriled head.

As she leaps down you have a choice—allow her to kill the Emperor and his entourage, or intercede to protect them.

Either choice, the PCs will eventually stand face to face with Queen Ameerna Jyeen and she will speak:

“Stand back and let me through cretins, or my blade will beat down upon your miserable flesh. I've no more time for my uncle's games. The Za'rootyn are mine to lead by divine providence, and I will not allow him to sell me off like some fattened swine so that he can steal my throne. Impede my freedom, and you die where you stand.”

At this point PCs should be questioning exactly what's happening and have two common choices:

- ◆ They can attempt to subdue Queen Ameerna in combat. They will likely defeat her, though it might be close and it's unlikely to lead to her trusting them in the future.

- ◆ They can attempt to use **Diplomacy** to calm her down. If they go this route, they can gain information about what's truly going on here (see her entry on the next page).
- ◆ They can join her. If they do this and grant her the freedom she desires, she will pay for the remainder of the money owed to Nemo for the parts, and compensate them as well (see the deal below)

Regardless of which path they take, they PCs should eventually realize that the Queen is not going to allow herself to be married, however she does offer them another deal. Help her kill her uncle and his guards, and she'll cover the payment to both Captain Nemo, and match it personally to the PCs.

Reiterate to the PCs that if they choose to fight and kill the young Queen they will fail the mission, and anger Lord Ripzik as his plan will be completely foiled.

As well, PCs can make a DC 15 **Culture** check to remember that Nemo has a strict code among his crew never to harm a child, and technically as a space station outside of Confederation space, he makes the law here.

Remembering that about Nemo might also entice the PCs to seek his help in this situation, which he would give in any manner he could.

ENCOUNTER

QUEEN AMEERNA JYEEN

Enemies: Queen Ameerna Jyeen

Identify: Culture DC 15. The Queen is a well-known entity in this sector, and her people believe she is the reincarnation of the avatar of the sun god.

CR: 5

Terrain: A long Space station hallways 200 ft. by 80 ft, with dozens of random people moving quickly off to the sides. The Emperor Zlorp is in the middle, too slow to run, but not a combatant. His guards carry ceremonial weapons and are not a threat.

Tactics: She will do her best to outmaneuver the PCs to get to the Emperor. She cares only about killing him and avoiding the wedding.

Gm Tips: In her ceremonial gown, which provides incredible protection to her, the Queen will be nearly impossibly for the PCs to harm quickly. They are better off trying to grapple, charm, or negotiate with. This is done purposely, as another incentive for them not to kill her.

Rewards: None. The Queen's gear cannot be taken.

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

QUEEN AMEERNA JYEEN

Personality: The Queen is fiery and noble, and very ready to move on to the next life if it helps her people. She trusts no one, as those closest to her have betrayed her

Background: Believed to possess the reincarnated soul of an avatar of the sun, Jyeen has been her people's monarch since the day of her birth.

Flaws: Compulsive Honesty, Daredevil

Additional information:

- ◆ She's willing to spare the Emperor's life, if he openly calls off their wedding and has his men carry him away (to break the Wedding Death March)

Ameerna Jyeen, Queen of the Za'Rootyn

CR: 5

N Medium Humanoid (Za'Rootyn)

Race: Za'Rootyn

Class: Solarion (6)

Theme: Icon

Init: +2

Senses: Perception +7

DEFENSE

EAC: 25, **KAC:** 25

HP: 46, **Stam:** 42, **Resolve:** 7

DR: 6— (kinetic)

Fort: +6, **Ref:** +4, **Will:** +7

Save Modifiers: +2 against spells/spell-like abilities

OFFENSE

Speed: 25 ft.

Melee: Sunsaber +9 (2d6+9)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: 16, **Dex:** 15, **Con:** 10, **Int:** 10, **Wis:** 12, **Cha:** 18

BAB: +6

Feats: Heavy Armor Proficiency, Spellbane, Enhanced Resistance (Kinetic)

Skills: Acrobatics +7, Athletics +8, Bluff +9, Culture +5, Diplomacy +9, Intimidate +9, Mysticism +6, Perception +7, Profession: Royalty +9, Sense Motive +6, Stealth +7, Survival +5

Class Abilities: Skill Adept (Bluff, Culture), Solar Manifestation (weapon (sunsaber): slashing), Steller Revelation (Steller Rush, Gravity Boost, Plasma Sheath), Sidereal Influence (Bluff, Survival)

Plot Abilities: Plot Armor

Languages: Common, Za'Rootynian, Mongolian, Beardie

ECOLOGY

Environment: Planet of Za'roo

Organization: Individual

Gear: Za'Rootyn Royal Ceremonial Gown*,

DESCRIPTION

Born with the divine blessing of the Za'Rootyn sun god, Ameerna Jyeen immediately became the queen upon her birth, as custom dictated. Her parents became her co-regents. However, when they perished in an accident shortly afterward her closest living relative, her uncle, took over. Now, at six years old, he has arranged for her to be married to the Emperor of the Slurmians, a race that inhabits a nearby star system. Though arranged marriages among her people are common, they are almost never used with other races (especially because children could not stem from this union) and if the people found out they would rebel. Worse yet, the Slurmians believe that males own their females upon marriage, and as such females are legally required to give up all titles and positions, regardless of whether or not they consent to the union. This means that if married she would no longer be queen of her people, and that her uncle would be able to rule legally until her death allowed the sun god to reincarnate a new Queen.

With this knowledge firmly in hand, Queen Jyeen will fight to the death to avoid the marriage, knowing that if she can just get a message to her people they would support her fully.



REVENGE ON THE REGENT

Assuming the Queen is able to convince the PCs that killing Ripzik is their best course of action, she informs them of two things:

1. He's a magician of great power, but he's very secretive so even she has no idea what he can actually do
2. He seems to be immune to her attacks, as she tried to attack him two before and failed both times to penetrate his skin.

Ripzik is making final arrangements for the wedding, and has his four top guards with him.

Once the regent is taken care of, Jyeen will take his communicator and make a call to her home planet explaining the situation. They will send authorities immediately to pick up the regent (or his dead body) and return the queen to her rightful place at home.

At this point the PCs only have to report back to Nemo, report their success and failures, and have the parts loaded onto the Hopper.

Once home, they get off the Hopper and notice that sheets of his metallic skin are peeling off. A DC 12 Life Science Check indicates that he is growing and evolving.

At this point have the PCs increase their level to 4, and move on to **Redshirts: Adventures in Absurdity, Volume 2**, which will be on Kickstarter on December 1, 2017.

ENCOUNTER

REGENT ALONZON RIPZIK

Enemies: Regent Alonzon Ripzik and 4 Moon Acolyte Guards

Identify: DC 22 Culture check. Ripzik is a known figure on Za'rootyn, but keeps his strengths and weaknesses a close guarded secret.

Allies: Queen Ameerna Jyeen

CR: 5

Terrain: Large Wedding Hall (200 ft. by 200 ft.) with dozens of tables that can be used for cover. PCs enter through doors to the south, and there is no other exit. On the norther end is a dais for the Bride and Groom's table.

Tactics: His guards will form a perimeter around him, granting him cover and protection while he casts spells.

Gm Tips: While the queen cannot harm the main target, she can draw fire and eliminate the guards, while the PCs focus on the regent.

WEALTH LEVEL 3

The PCs have many opportunities to acquire wealth at Level 3. Here they are:

- ♦ **Win the boxing match:** 2000 credits
- ♦ **Help the queen kill the regent:** 4000 credits
- ♦ **Moon Acolyte Guards:** 4x Tactical Batons, 4x Light Reaction Cannons: 1,360 credits, Sold:136

Total Value: 4,000 credits

Total Credits after Equipment Sales: 6136 (4 person party = 1544)

Assuming the PCs sell all items collected in Chapter 3, and add it to their previous wealth of 5210, they will have around 6754 in credits, or 754 more credits than suggested Wealth By Level for the next level. If you feel this is too high for your party, adjust credit rewards.

Alonzon Ripzik, Moonlight Mystic

CR: 5

N Medium Humanoid (Za'Rootyn)

Race: Za'Rootyn

Init: +2

Senses: Perception +15

DEFENSE

EAC: 16, **KAC:** 17

HP: 60

Fort: +4, **Ref:** +4, **Will:** +8

OFFENSE

Speed: 30 ft.

Ranged: Zero Rifle (frostbite class) +10 (1d8+5)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: +1 **Dex:** +0 **Con:** +0 **Int:** +2 **Wis:** +5 **Cha:** +3

Skills: Perception +15, Mysticism +15, Culture +10

Spells: **0- Level (At Will):** Daze (DC 15), Telekinetic Projectilen

1- Level (6) Fear (DC 16), Reflective Armor, Mind Thrust (DC 16)

2- Level (3) Hold Person (DC 17), Inflict Pain (DC 17)

Languages: Common, Za'Rootynian

ECOLOGY

Environment: Home planet is Za'Rootyn

Organization: Individual

Gear: Stationwear Elite Armor, Zero Rifle (frostbite class)

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Protection of the Moonlight: All member's of the Cult of the Silver Light have a 20% miss chance as they've learned to manipulate the power of the shadows to their advantage. This benefit is nullified in areas of bright light.

DESCRIPTION

Alonzon Ripzik was a low level priest of the Sun when his niece Ameerna was born. Immediately deemed the reincarnation of the Sun's avatar, his niece was immediately named queen, and his entire family thrust into the social spotlight and rich beyond their wildest dreams. But the newfound fame wasn't enough for him. Ripzik grew jealous of the power wielded by his sister as the queen's regent, and plotted to take it for himself. When a hover-carriage accident (orchestrated by him) left his sister and brother-in-law dead, Ripzik took over as queen's regent. From here he used his power to discreetly train as a Moonlight Mystic, the caster sect of the Cult of the Silver Light, a group of Za'rootyn religious fanatics who reject the Sun's position as sole god and advocate for a polytheistic system in which the Sun and Moon share equal worship.



Za'Rootyn Moon Acolytes

CR: 1

N Medium Humanoid (Za'Rootyn)

Init: +3

Senses: Perception +10

DEFENSE

EAC: 13, **KAC:** 13

HP: 20

Fort: +3, **Ref:** +3, **Will:** +1

OFFENSE

Speed: 30 ft.

Melee: Tactical Baton+4 (1d4 B)

Ranged: Reaction Cannon +4 (1d10 P)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: +0, **Dex:** +2, **Con:** 10, **Int:** +0, **Wis:** +3, **Cha:** +1

Skills: Perception +10, Survival +5, Stealth +5

Languages: Common, Za,Rootyn

ECOLOGY

Environment: Za'Rootyn

Organization: Solitary, Pair, Cell (3-6), Cult (7-50)

Gear: Tactical Baton, Reaction Cannon

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Protection of the Moonlight: All member's of the Cult of the Silver Light have a 20% miss chance as they've learned to manipulate the power of the shadows to their advantage. This benefit is nullified in areas of bright light.

DESCRIPTION

Usually attracted from the lowest classes of Za'Rootyn society and convinced that continued worship of the sun will never break them from their miserable existence, Moon Acolytes serves the Cult of the Silver light, a group that worships the Moon and claims that her power is equal to the Sun.

Appendix

[illegible]

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

GERTRUDE, THE *URANUS HERTZ* AI

Personality: Grumpy, crotchety, and constantly tired, Gertrude hates being an AI and wishes nothing more than to finally be able to fully retire and be left in peace. She is often unpleasant and loves to tell everyone what and how they are doing things wrong.

Background: After the *Uranus Hertz's* original AI committed suicide by downloading themselves into an info drive and shooting it into a sun, the crew used what little funds they had left to buy Gertrude from a used AI salesman. While Gertrude has extensive experience from her hundreds of years of work (including aboard some impressive military ships) these days she wants nothing more than to be left alone to watch her shows.

Alignment: N

Flaws: Lecherous, Short Tempered

Additional Information:

- ♦ Aware of everything that goes on aboard the *Uranus Hertz*, but doesn't care enough to fix or report it.
- ♦ Gertrude considers herself retired

AGGRESSIANS

DESCRIPTION:

Aggressians are completely human from the waist up (except for the ears), but instead of legs they each have a number of squid like tentacles to stand upon.

Aggressians are quick tempered, and respect militaristic honor and culinary ability above all else. Many wars have been ended by great champions dueling, not only on the field of battle, but also in the kitchen.

Over the years many have wondered why the Aggressians developed such a war-like society, when by all means they appear as a sophisticated and advanced culture who could solve their issues diplomatically. The answer is in the natural Aggressian need for order. The chaos of the universe bothers them—too much left to chance—but by leaning into military order and bringing stability to those they subjugate (or annihilate) Aggressians can battle the chaos of the universe on their own terms.

Aggressians' home planet and capital is known as Agrisha. They control several systems, and over three dozen planets.

STATS/ABILITIES

Stat Modifiers:

+2 Wisdom, +2 Strength, -2 Charisma.

Aggressians are physically powerful and have thoughtful minds, but generally struggle with personal relationships.

HP: 5

Size and Type: Medium Humanoids with the Aggressian subtype

Culinary Culture: As a proud race of warrior cooks with a knack for organization and order, Aggressians receive +2 to **Profession: Cook** and **Profession: Soldier** checks.

Stable Tentacles: Due to their stable base of tentacles Aggressians are very difficult to knock down. They receive a +4 racial bonus to their KAC against attempts to bull rush or trip them.

Three stomachs: Due to their long history of experimenting with new and exotic flavors and textures, Aggressians have evolved to have multiple stomachs. In

the event that they try a food that doesn't agree with them (allergy, poison, ect...) their system can shut down one stomach and vent its contents without permanently absorbing it. While this makes for some long bathroom visits, it also makes Aggressians completely immune to ingested poison and gives them a +2 to saves against abilities that would cause the nauseated or sickened conditions.

Battle-hardened: Aggressians are taught the honor of battle from the time they are children. By adulthood little scares them. Aggressians gain a +2 to saves against fear.



BEARDIES

STATS/ABILITIES

Stat Modifiers:

+2 Intellect, +2 Strength, -2 Charisma

Beardies are highly intelligent, and strong from years of labor, but few creature outside their community enjoy spending any time with them as they tend to be foul-mouthed, offensive, and speak in nothing but engineering jargon.

HP: 5

Size and Type: Beardies are Medium Humanoids with the Dwarf subtype

Moonsight: Beardies have long lived in the darkest of places and their eyes have adapted to be able to see perfectly in them. Beardies have Darkvision 120 ft.

Magic is for Sissies: Beardies know the magic exists, they just believe that most of it is really exaggerated and only affect weak-willed, stupid creatures. Beardies gain a +2 bonus against spells and spell-like abilities that require a Fort or Will save.

Master Miner: Beardies live and work for most of their lives inside functional moon mines, and even those who don't stick with the profession pick something up.

Beardies gain a +2 to **Engineering**, **Physical Science**, and **Profession: Miner** skill checks. In addition, a Beady may key his Profession: Miner skill to Intelligence instead of Wisdom.

Beard Of Protection: Beardies are not known for their cleanliness, and over time some allow their fabulous facial hair to get thick with dirt and grease. This can actually be beneficial to Beardies as it gives them a +2 racial bonus to KAC. However, it also grants a -2 to any Charisma based skill checks involving other races due to the odor.

Tough Ol' Bastards: Beardies have innate physical toughness that helps them survive in the harsh atmosphere of the asteroid mines, however they also have significant mental toughness that allows them to close off their mind while doing long, arduous, menial tasks. Because of all this racial toughness, Beardies gain the feat Toughness.

DESCRIPTION:

Descended from a powerful tribe of Human/Dwarf hybrids, Beardies are a small subculture who have developed their society to live and work inside of asteroids and moons, harvesting the valuable resources that exist there while creating substantial cities.

Beardies have a keen mind that grants them a great natural aptitude with machinery and have developed the ability to compartmentalize their minds in order to complete, and enjoy, menial tasks, while their thoughts send them into a mentally induced virtual reality.

Many Beardies, in fact, will leave their moon and asteroid homes and become criminals elsewhere in the Confederation, simply because the idea of twenty years in a labor camp sounds like a nice vacation.



DOOR-TU-DORANS

DESCRIPTION:

Originally stolen from Earth by an ancient race to populate their zoos, these dinosaurs never came across an extinction event, meaning they were able to evolve over millions of years into an intelligent, humanoid species.

Contemporary Door-Tu-Doran society functions around materialism, and the worship of the God of Wealth, Pluton, whom they believe charges every individual a fee upon their death for entry to the afterlife.

Due to the importance of wealth acquisition in their religion, each Door-tu-Doran is judged in society by how much financial success they have had during their lifetime. This knowledge is almost always public, and can affect a Door-tu-Doran's chance of marriage, getting a job, gaining acceptance to higher education, or even just avoiding being publicly mocked.

Door-tu-Dorans bring this thinking into their dealings with other cultures, struggling to understand why other species would have things like social safety nets, sharing economies, or communal living. They view the lack of individual economic competition to be the sign of a stagnant society, and a culture of weakness.

STATS/ABILITIES

Stat Modifiers:

+2 Constitution, +2 Charisma, -2 Dexterity

Door-tu-Dorans are hardy and have forceful personalities, but they tend to be slow and clumsy

HP: 7

Size and Type: Door-tu-Doran are large humanoids with the Reptilian subtype

Short Arms: Despite being large sized, Door-tu-Dorans have a natural reach of only 5 ft.

Mogul: Door-tu-Dorans have only one goal in life—to amass as much wealth and financial power as possible before they die. This goal has made them very strong in social situations involving money. Door-tu-Dorans gain a +4 racial bonus to all **Profession** checks, as they are excellent at monetizing every career path.

Hard Bones: Door-tu-Dorans are protected by thick hide skin, and dense bones to hold up their heavy bodies. They have a +1 racial bonus to both EAC and KAC.

Survival of the Fittest: Only the strongest and most

powerful dinosaurs survived to evolve into the Door-tu-Doran race. Each Door-tu-Doran has a single natural attack chosen by the player that fits their physiology (headbutt, bite, tail slap, ect...). and deals 1d6 damage. At level 5 and every five levels thereafter the damage increases by 1d6 to a total of 5d6 at level 20.

Grand Negotiator: Door-tu-Doran are masters of trade and bartering. Once per day they may make a purchase with a ten percent discount. In addition, they always sell items for 20% of value instead of 10%.

Greed is Good: All Door-tu-Doran are raised to believe that eternal happiness is dependent upon wealth acquisition. As a result they all have the flaw "Greedy" in addition to any others they choose.



MONGRELS

STATS/ABILITIES

Stat Modifiers:

+2 to any two stats.

Mongrels are unique, and their genetic enhancements can come out in many ways.

HP: 4

Size and Type: Mongrels are Medium Humanoids with the Mongrel subtype

Adaptations: Mongrels may pick three adaptations from the list of adaptations below. In addition, whenever a Mongrel receives a feat from leveling she may instead elect to choose an additional adaptation.

- ♦ **Energy Attuned:** Some of the rarer animals used to create Mongrel DNA had unique immunities to energy sources. When this adaptation is chosen gain Resist 5 to an energy type of your choice. This may be taken more than once, but must be applied to a different type of energy each time.
- ♦ **Enhanced Senses:** The animal DNA inside you has given you excellent senses. Choose a specific sense (vision, emotion, life, scent, sound, thought, or vibration). If vision is chosen the Mongrel gains Darkvision 60 and Low-light vision. For all other senses the Mongrel gains blind sense with that sense. This adaptation may be taken more than once in order to gain multiple enhancements. Each time it is chosen the Mongrel gets a cumulative +2 racial bonus to Perception checks.
- ♦ **Inherent Movement:** Your adaptation lets you move in a different manner than walking. Choose burrow, climb, swim, or fly and gain a movement speed of that manner equal to 20 feet. This may be taken more than once, and either applied to a new movement source each time, or used to increase a previously chosen speed to 40 ft.
- ♦ **Natural Attack:** The animal DNA inside you has expressed itself in manner that can be used to attack. Choose one natural attack (Bite, 2x Claw, Gore, ect...). This attack deals 1d6 P/B/S damage at first level, which increases by 1d6 every four levels the Mongrel obtains. If taken more than once, this adaptation grants a different attack from what is already chosen.
- ♦ **Thick Skin/Hide/Fur/Bones:** The animal DNA inside manifests in a manner that protects you from harm. Add +2 to KAC. This may only be taken once for every six levels the Mongrel has obtained.

DESCRIPTION:

A race born only 300 years ago, Mongrels were humans who underwent massive genetic manipulation with animal DNA in order to create a race that could handle the initial colonization and terraforming of planets with less than ideal environments for habitation by unaltered humans.

No two Mongrels are exactly alike, even within the same family, because the genetic mutations that we're spliced into their DNA year ago, come out in random showings. This means that every Mongrel, while they may appear like a single anthropomorphic animal (or a combination of two or three) they in fact have the DNA of hundreds in their blood.

Today Mongrels live on any one of a hundred small colonies that Humans from Earth originally shipped them off to. Those colonies, except for a handful that have declared themselves independent, are governed by Earth. In return for their loyalty, Earth has passed laws that treat Mongrels as equal citizens to Humans, though in practice they are often ostracized for their looks.



PLANTONIANS

DESCRIPTION:

Though very little is known of Plantonians, one of the newest races to join the Confederation, they are quickly earning their place in the Armada for their power, unique abilities, and fierce loyalty. They are a humanoid species of plant life, and though they travel the stars, they generally prefer to be on the ground of a planet. Several Plantonians have already begun to revolutionize the Confederation's understanding of Xeno-botony.

STATS/ABILITIES

Stat Modifiers:

+2 Strength, +2 Charisma, -2 Intelligence.

Plantonians are study and beautiful, but their educational system is lacking.

HP: 5

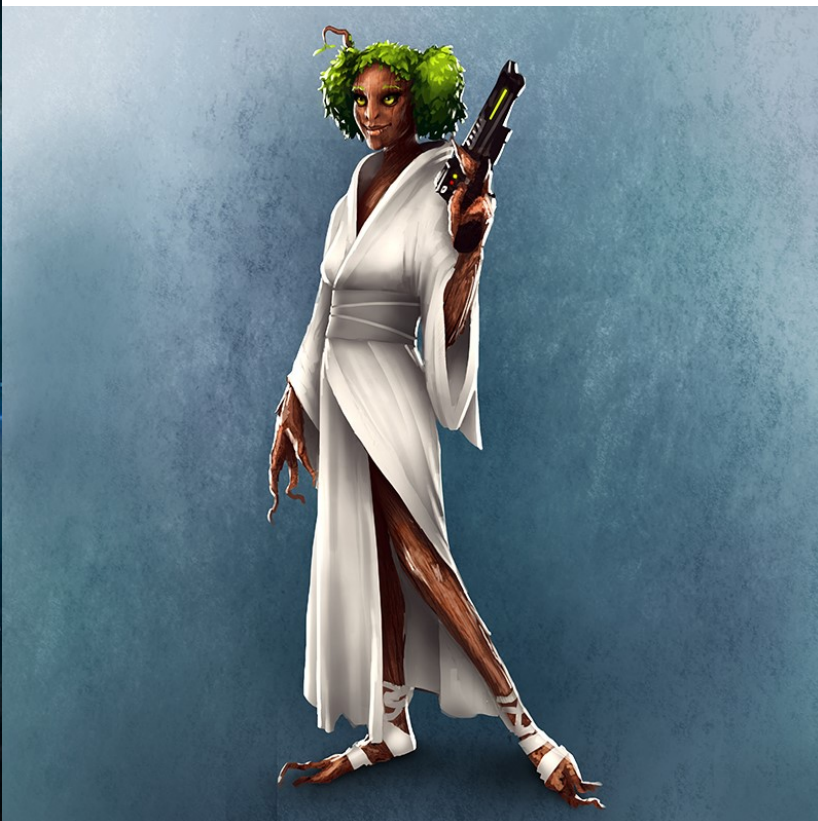
Size and Type: Plantonians are medium Humanoids with the Plantonian subtype

Plant Species: Plantonians have thousands of different "races" or "species" each with traits from different types of foliage.

Plantonians may choose three of the Flora Traits found on this page. Whenever a Plantonian receives a feat due to leveling, they may take an additional Flora Trait instead.

FLORA TRAITS

- ♦ **Growing out on a Limb:** Plantonians have 10 ft. natural reach.
- ♦ **Leafy:** Plantonians gain +4 racial bonus to **Stealth** checks when standing still, as they look like potted plants. This increases to +8 in a forest.
- ♦ **Plant Affinity:** Plantonians may use *Speak with Plants* 3/day.
- ♦ **Thorny:** Creature who attack the Plantonian with an Unarmed strike or Natural attack, take 1d4 piercing damage.
- ♦ **Tough Bark:** Plantonians have +1 AC due to their thick bark skin.
- ♦ **Vine Rope:** Plantonians may use natural vines attached to their body as 50ft. of indestructible rope.



PLUSHIANS

STATS/ABILITIES

Stat Modifiers:

+2 Constitution, +2 Charisma, -2 Wisdom.

Plushians are tough and ridiculously friendly, but they make very poor decisions.

HP: 5

Size and Type: Plushians are Medium Humanoids with the Plushian subtype

Stuffed: Plushians have no central system of organs, instead relying on electrically charged “fluff” to regulate all of their core body functions. Due to this attacks against them struggle to find particularly good places to strike. When the victim of a critical hit, Plushians have a 50% chance to negate the critical and turn it into a normal hit.

Disgustingly Cute: Plushians are the happiest, nicest, and friendliest creatures in the known worlds. They make friends easily wherever they go. A Plushian receives a +2 bonus to Diplomacy checks.

Innocence: Between their giant, innocent eyes and sincere smiles, it's hard to believe that a Plushian would ever do something wrong. Plushians receive a +2 bonus to Bluff.

So Squishy: Some Plushians are so fluffy that they can squeeze their body through very tiny spaces. A Plushian with this feat may crinkle up their bodies in order to move through spaces as small as 1/10 their body size.

Are you Alive?: Plushians do not need to eat, sleep, or breathe. They do not breed and they can withstand the vacuum of space indefinitely. Despite these factors, they are still living creatures.

Mystery Background: Almost nothing is known of the Plushian's home planet of Plushy Prime. It is not a member of the Confederation (though several of its citizens are), has never been explored by a diplomatic team that returned, and no one who hails from there has any memory of their lives before they left the planet. Due to this all Plushians start with the flaw “Amnesia”.

DESCRIPTION:

Hailing from the mysterious and rarely visited planet known as Plushy Prime, Plushians are a race of small, colorful stuffed animals. Rarely found among the races of the Confederation, the few Plushian members of the Confederation are universally adored for their overwhelmingly friendly and charming demeanors.

While all are stuffed, Plushians can come in any number of sizes, shapes, and colors. No one knows how they breed, nor do they appear to eat, breathe, or sleep. By most factors, Plushians aren't truly alive.



POINTERS

DESCRIPTION:

Though elves have spent thousands of years trying to maintain their culture and avoid outside contamination, a small sect of them have encouraged outside breeding as a way to increase their genetic survivability in a dangerous universe. No longer considered Elves by the remaining members of their predecessor race, Pointers strive to add the best genetic mutations and adaptations to their collective DNA and will actively seek out new species to breed or scientifically add to their collective.

Because of their constantly changing and evolving biological make-up, Pointers also have a constantly evolving culture as they adapt many of the beliefs and traditions of new species that they have brought into their mating fold.

STATS/ABILITIES

Stat Modifiers: +2 to one stat of choice. Pointers have a wide variety of physical and mental strengths, based upon their breeding.

HP: 4

Strong Eyes: Pointers have Darkvision 60.

Survival of the Species. Pointers are always looking for new ways to enhance their well-being and increase their species chance of survival. Pointers get a +2 racial bonus to **Survival** and **Medicine** checks.

Natural Athletes: Pointers have made sure to include DNA from species that are physically superior to them and as a result, their ability has greatly increased. Pointers get a +2 racial bonus to **Acrobatics** and **Athletics** checks.

Elf-blood: Though hundreds of other species have been added into the pointer genetic collective, the majority of their DNA still comes from Elves. As such Pointers gain a +2 to saves against enchantment spells, and need very limited sleep each evening (2 hours for a full rest-though pointers argue if this is due to their Elven ancestry or their intense addiction to coffee).

Impress the In-laws: Pointers are constantly looking for new cultures to bring into their DNA rotation, as as such must be keenly aware of the cultural aspects of those cultures. Pointers get a +2 racial bonus to **Culture** checks.



SUSHIANS

STATS/ABILITIES

Stat Modifiers:

+2 Dexterity, +2 Charisma, -2 Constitution.

Sushians are quick and attractive, but their lack of exposure to the germs of land has hindered their Constitution

HP: 4

Size and Type: Sushians are Medium Humanoids with the Aquatic subtype

Home in the Water: Sushians are aquatic and can breathe only water (without modification). They have a Swim speed of 40 ft.

Slimy: Sushians are notoriously difficult to hold onto, and are immune to the grapple condition.

Spiky: Sushian scales have sharp, bone like protrusions that can pierce those that touch them. Any creature attacking a Sushian with an unarmed attack or natural weapon takes 1d4 damage as the spikes from their skin fight back. Once a day, a Sushian may use this ability as an attack. They make a grapple attack and if successful can puff up their body, piercing their enemy with their spiky scales. This attack deals 1d4/2 levels.

DESCRIPTION:

One of the few underwater-living species in the Confederation, Sushians originally wanted nothing to do with the landlubbers in the sky. However, when the Society of Joined Worlds showed up demanding that the Sushians join their galactic government, the beleaguered fish reached out to the Confederation. The main sticking point of the SJWs was that the Sushians would be forced to give up their underwater ways, as one of the SJWs' member races found gills to be offensive. With the Confederations help the Sushians beat back the SJW advance, and got to keep their offensive gills.

Sushians claim to have colonies on thousands of Confederation worlds, hidden deep in the oceans, though they have never offered proof of these claims.



FLAWS AND LUCK

Each character in Redshirts may pick 1-3 flaws from our list or create their own to be approved by the GM. The GM may choose to include numerical, statistical, or roleplaying penalties due to the chosen flaw. When a PC roleplays their flaws in a manner that creates increased conflict and humor, the GM may choose to give them a luck chip as a reward. A luck chip may be used in one of three ways:

- ◆ Reroll a D20 before results are revealed.
- ◆ Add an additional D4 to any roll after results are revealed.
- ◆ **Call to Luck:** Once a session a PC may use “Call to Luck”. Each player may hand in one luck chip to the Gm. The more luck handed in, the better chance of something really good happening. For example if your ship is surrounded by enemy fighters and you hand in 1 luck chip, perhaps one or two of those fighters are destroyed by a random meteor passing through, therefore evening the odds just a bit. If say 5 luck were handed in then perhaps instead of two ships being removed, a massive recall is issued for their ships as everyone finds out their escape hatch has faulty wiring. Before they can respond each enemy pilot is ejected into the void of space and their ships spontaneously explode.

Addiction:

You crave something-(drugs, alcohol, sex, food, ect...) and will go to extreme ends to procure it.

Allergies

You are afflicted with an allergy that no meds seem to be able to treat. Whenever this allergen is nearby you have a 50% chance to do nothing but sneeze each round.

Ambitious

You crave power. Money is nice, but being in charge of other people is your favorite thing. Sometimes your desire for power can lead to very poor decision making.

Amnesia

You can't remember anything about your life before you arrived on the *Uranus Hertz*, but you have an overwhelming feeling it needs to stay a secret. Players who choose this will undoubtedly have aspects of their unknown life come back to haunt them.

Anarchist

You hate all government and bureaucracy and believe them to be a limit on your personal freedom.

Arrogant

You firmly believe that you are better than anyone else is. Your ideas are the best, your clothes are the most stylish, and you have to let everyone else know how much better you are.

Bad Reputation

Previous actions of yours have gained you a reputation that angers or frightens people. Examples include being unlucky, petty, or cruel. Even people you've never met seem to have heard these rumors and will treat you accordingly.

Branded

You have the mark of a criminal, though only you know if you were truly guilty

Bravado

You are rash in combat, refusing to show weakness by falling back from your enemies' blows. You never retreat and the best tactic is always charging in headfirst with guns blasting.

Breeds Envy

You are so pretty and charming that everyone hates you no matter how hard you try.

Breeds Lust

You are so pretty and charming that everyone wants to make sweet, sweet love to you.

Busybody

You have an annoying habit of inserting your opinions everywhere, even if they are not wanted.

Careless

For some reason, people always seem to escape your clutches. You don't understand how that's possible. After all, you throw them into your easily escapable deathtraps before leaving them alone with your bumbling guards while you wander away for no apparent reason.

Clumsiness

You have the unfortunate habit of dropping things, knocking things over, or tripping and these things always seem to happen at the exact worst time.

Compulsive Honesty

You cannot tell a lie, nor can you behave in a deceitful fashion. You tend to be blunt rather than tactful, even if it means insulting someone who you and your companions are trying to impress.

Cowardly

You have a strong sense of self-preservation. You often hesitate to put yourself at risk, even if there's a good reason to do so. In addition you automatically fail saves against fear effects.

Curious

You're a naturally curious person and you find mysteries of any sort irresistible. In most circumstances, alas, your curiosity overrides your common sense.

Daredevil

You only really feel alive when you're staring death in the face. Your character is addicted to the thrill of death-defying stunts, pushing himself to the limit at every available opportunity.

Dark Secret

You have some sort of secret that, if revealed, would make you an outcast amongst your society and companions. While this secret is on your mind at all times, it will come up in game play only once in a while...but when it does, watch out!

Dependent

You have a ward or charge that depends on you, usually a young child or elderly relative that needs you to provide for them and devote at least part of your time to them. They will need attention at the worst possible times.

Derangement/Insanity

Due to circumstances beyond your control, you are permanently insane. You may have a congenital brain disorder, or perhaps you saw something mortals were never intended to lay eyes upon, and it drove you mad. This will generally manifest itself as compulsions or phobias.

Disfigurement

A hideous disfigurement makes you ugly and easy to notice—and easy to remember. Whatever your particular choice of disfigurement, it has to be something blatantly obvious to a casual glance. In addition, as it is a birth deformity, it cannot be "healed".

Envious

Everyone else seems to have it better than you do. They have more money, better toys, and a prettier wife. You tend to get envious over the smallest things.

Extravagant

You enjoy living in the lap of luxury. Ale is never good enough if you can get fine wine instead. You aren't happy with anything less than the finest room in the inn.

Evil Twin/Clone:

Somewhere out there you have a twin/clone. One of you is evil.

Glory-Hound

You have an insatiable desire for glorious combat, fighting recklessly to prove yourself. In combat you will also try to challenge the biggest threat, though how you define that is up to you (we suggest the one with the biggest hat)

Greedy

Money makes your eyes light up with joy. The more, the merrier, as long as it spends.

Grudge Keeper

You have an overwhelming need for vengeance and have difficulty letting go of grudges.

Harbinger of Ill Omen

You seem to be cursed to forever bump into a specific person, time and time again. Each time you do, something bad happens not long afterward. This person in no way does this purposefully, it just happens with alarming frequency.

Hedonistic

You love a good time. You party too much, drink too much, and eat too much. You have trouble resisting an invitation to join someone in a drink and sometimes shirk your duty if offered a more enjoyable time elsewhere.

Hunted

You have been accused of a crime (falsely or not, your choice) and are being actively hunted down for it.

Impious

Gods and Religions do not interest you, and the best they will get from you is lip service. You swear oaths you should not, blaspheme without caring, and are disrespectful to Priests and devout worshippers. You consider organized religion dangerous or foolish, and you make no attempt to hide your feelings.

Inattentive

Your mind has a habit of drifting off at inopportune moments. It flits from one thought to the next so fast that you have trouble getting it to concentrate on the here and now. As such, you are particularly unaware of your surroundings.

You suffer a -4 penalty on Perception and are always caught flat-footed in the first round of combat.

Indecisive

You have been known to hesitate when faced with difficult choices or split-second decisions. If forced to choose between letting a villain escape and rescuing a loved one from being lowered into a snake pit, you're likely to agonize over the situation until something--perhaps a cry for help from your sweetheart--forces your hand.

Jealous Lover

You left behind a jilted lover or former spouse, and they now seek you, for either revenge or to win you back. They are unusually persistent, and have an annoying habit of showing up at the worst times in the worst places. This may also be taken to give yourself a "wannabe" paramour that is a constant annoyance in your life.

Judgmental

You form opinions quickly and change them very slowly. You also have a tendency to judge people on their appearance, particularly on their clothing and will continue to view them in that manner even when proven wrong.

Kleptomaniac

You like to steal. A lot. Sometimes you don't even remember doing it.

Lecherous

You have an overwhelming need to pursue the pleasures of the flesh.

Merciful

You wouldn't hurt a fly, not even if it were chewing on your head.

Misled

You don't know that you're a villain. You honestly believe that you are doing the right thing. Sometimes, though, you have your doubts....

Naive

You have a tendency to believe everything you are told. A character with this flaw takes a -5 penalty to Sense Motive checks to discern when they are being lied to.

Overconfident

Nothing is beyond your capabilities. If you wanted, you could defeat the best swordsman in the world; you just haven't had any reason to do so yet. And surely that chasm isn't too wide for you to leap across.

Overzealous

You are incapable of having a weak opinion. Everything you believe, you believe as if your life depended on it. Everything you don't believe in, you hate with a passion.

Powerful Enemy

You have an enemy after your hide that is more powerful and influential than you are. They are not necessarily constantly after you, but it's always a threat that causes you to keep an eye over your shoulder.

Proud

You don't like accepting help from others. If a gift or offer of aid smacks of charity or pity even the slightest bit, you grow indignant and refuse it.

Qualm

You have a moral code that keeps from harming or refusing the cry for help from a certain group (children, the disabled, men with bad breath, ect...) Generally this stems from an elaborate backstory.

Reckless

You lack the emotion of fear. Unfortunately, it is often an important cue that keeps men from doing foolhardy things. Sure, you don't flinch at the sight of even the most hideous monster, but neither do you feel the need to run away when outclassed.

Righteous

The end justifies the means. You are willing to perform morally repugnant actions in order to achieve noble goals. Unfortunately, this can alienate those people who might support your cause if you didn't use such heavy-handed methods.

Scheming

You like big, complicated plots, the more the convoluted, the better. In fact, sometimes your schemes are so hard to grasp that your minions screw them up entirely. It's so hard to find good help these days.

Shaky

Whether from damage to your nerves, or simply having a constant nervous streak, your hands tend to tremble at all times and you drop the most important things you hold. Every single time.

Short Attention Span

You have little patience, causing you to have difficulty concentrating on repetitive tasks.

Short Temper

You become angry and flustered under stressful circumstances.

Squeamish

The sight of blood makes you gag and possibly faint.

Star-crossed

You keep falling in love with the wrong people. You're the common soldier who falls in love with the king's daughter at first sight, or the hero who falls for the villain's daughter without knowing who she is.

Stubborn

You don't change your mind very often, if at all. Once you've decided on a course of action, you follow through no matter what. Attempts to convince you that you are wrong roll off your back with no effect.

Talkative

You have a problem keeping your plans to yourself. Your ideas are simply so clever that you tell them to other people, so that you can watch their astonishment creep across their faces just before they tell you just how smart you

Trusting

You don't like to believe that other people are capable of misleading and lying to you. After all, people are basically good, right?

Xenophobic

You generally fear and mistrust alien species with which you or not familiar.

EQUIPMENT

Confederation Redshirts Uniform: This armor, which comes in both light and heavy, is issued to every member of the Armada upon their commission to a ship. This technological marvel improves in its level of protection as the stature of the wearer grows. The EAC and KAC bonus of light armor is always equal to the level of the wearer, while the bonus for heavy armor is 1.5 per level (rounded down). A wearer must be proficient in the armor to gain any benefit from it. Both versions of the armor, light and heavy, gain an upgrade slot at level 4, and an additional upgrade slot every four levels thereafter. This armor must always appear as the red uniform shirt of a Confederation Armada crew member, and will let the universe know exactly who they are.

Light:

Level: Varies, **Price:** N/A, **EAC Bonus:** character level, **KAC Bonus:** character level, **Max Dex Bonus:** none, **Armor Check:** none, **Speed Adjustment:** None, **Upgrade Slots:** 0, **Bulk:** 1

Heavy:

Level: Varies, **Price:** N/A, **EAC Bonus:** 1.5x character level, **KAC Bonus:** 1.5x character level, **Max Dex Bonus:** 5, **Armor Check:** 2, **Speed Adjustment:** -5 feet, **Upgrade Slots:** 1, **Bulk:** 1

Derby Uniform: This light armor is little more than a bikini top and tiny skirt, yet it seems to offer significant protection. In addition, the wearer may add a +2 bonus to any Diplomacy checks made against a creature who is, or could be, sexually attracted to them.

Level: 2, **Price:** 800, **EAC Bonus:** +3, **KAC Bonus:** +3, **Max Dex Bonus:** +6, **Armor Check:** —, **Speed Adjustment:** None, **Upgrade Slots:** 0, **Bulk:** 1

Powered Roller Skates: These skates, worn by bipedal creatures on their feet, are continuously powered by the friction they produce. And never need a new battery. They increase the wearers base land speed by 10 feet. Non-bipedal creatures cannot wear powered roller skates.

Level: 2, **Price:** 1000, **Bulk:** 1

Sushian Gill Adapter

Taco Galaxy Manager's Uniform: This light armor appears like nothing more than a simple Taco Galaxy uniform, but in reality it provides substantial defense to the wearer.

Level: 3, **Price:** 1200, **EAC Bonus:** +4, **KAC Bonus:** +4, **Max Dex Bonus:** +4, **Armor Check:** —, **Speed Adjustment:** None, **Upgrade Slots:** 1, **Bulk:** 1

Warspork: This giant spork is a Basic Melee weapon that can be used to deal bludgeoning or piercing damage. When wielded by Leslie, the Assistant Manager it gains the Operative ability and can be used to make trick attacks.

Level: 3, **Price:** 800, **Damage:** 1d6 B & P, **Critical:** —, **Bulk:** 1, **Special:** Analog

Puddle Hopper

STATISTICS

Type: Small Freighter

Tier: 2

Speed: 13

Maneuverability: Good (+1 Piloting, Turn 0)

Drift: 1 (Signal Basic)

AC: 14

TL: 14

HP: 40

DT: —

CT: 8

Shields: Light 50 (Forward 15, Port 10, starboard 10, Aft 15)

Attack: (Forward) Linked Coil Gun (4d4), (Starboard) light Laser Cannon (2d4), (Port) Light Laser Cannon (2d4)

Power Core: Micron Heavy (70 PCU)

Systems: MK! Tetranode computer, budget short range sensors, mk3 armor, mk3 defenses, countermeasures Mk3, S10 thrusters

Expansion Bays: 2x Cargo Hold, Escape Pods

Crew: 1-6

SPECIAL ABILITIES

Regenerative Hull: Once an hour the Puddle Hopper regains 5 lost Hit Points.

Amphibian Empathy: The Puddle Hopper may communicate by making the crew fee what it feels.

DESCRIPTION

Created from the Loving union of a massive Space Amphibian and the *Uranus Hertz* original shuttle (well technically, its AI) the Puddle hopper is a powerful, but temperamental ship. She's intensely loyal to those who care for her.



Shri Highcrest, Priestess of Kashe

LE Large Humanoid (Reptilian)

Race: Door-tu-Doran

Class: Mystic (1)

Theme: Outlaw⁺

Init: +3

Senses: Perception +7

DEFENSE

EAC: 11, **KAC:** 11

HP: 13, **Stam:** 7, **Resolve:** 4

Fort: +1, **Ref:** -1, **Will:** +5

OFFENSE

Speed: 30 ft.

Melee: Golden Scepter +0 (1d6 B) or Headbutt +0 (1d6 B)

Ranged: Flame Pistol -1 (1d6 F)

Space: 10 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: 10, **Dex:** 9, **Con:** 12, **Int:** 12, **Wis:** 16, **Cha:** 14

BAB: +0

Feats: Improved Initiative⁺

Skills: Bluff +6, Culture +5, Diplomacy +6, Mysticism +7, Perception +7, Profession (Crime lord) +11, Sense Motive +7

Skill Modifiers: Reduce the DC of Culture checks regarding the criminal underworld by 5.

Class Abilities: Connection (Overlord), Connection Power (Inexplicable Commands), Healing Touch

Spells: 0-level (unlimited): *Daze*, *Detect Magic*, *Psychokinetic Hand*, *Telekinetic Projectile*

1-level (3 spells slots): *Command*, *Charm Person*, *Share Language*

Racial Abilities: Mogul, Hard Bones, Survival of the Fittest, Grand Negotiator, Greed is Good

Plot Abilities: Limited Plot Armor

Languages: Common, Door-tu-Doran, Mongrolian

ECOLOGY

Home Planet: Rand, Capital of the Door-tu-Doran Empire

Organization: Individual and member of the Confederation Armada

Gear: Confederation Redshirt Uniform (Light), Golden Scepter, Flame Pistol

DESCRIPTION

Though highly intelligent, Shri deliberately failed her final exams at the Institute to ensure that she would be assigned to the *Uranus Hertz*. Her reason for wanting that assignment was simple—outside of Confederation space and under the supervision of a has-been captain, she'd be free to continue building her underworld empire. Focused on amassing both wealth and connections, Shri has previously run everything from black market smuggling rings to academic fraud services and everything in between. She plans on dominating the “hidden economy” of the *Hertz* through a combination of her natural charm and the magical gifts granted to her by Kashe, the Door-tu-Doran God of Wealth.



FLAWS

Greed: Shri believes that the only way to enter eternal paradise upon her death is to pay the Gatekeeper, so she will do anything she can to amass wealth and stave off death so she can prepare.

Misled: Shri engages in many illicit and illegal activities, however she does not consider herself a villain as she's creating jobs for those that follow her and there's nothing more heroic than that.

Scheming: Shri's plans are always really devious and well thought out, however sometimes they can be overly complicated and her minions struggle to follow them.

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

Shri is generally quiet and dignified, but when she speaks it's with grace, power, and unmatched charm. Her strong personality and skilled understanding of other creatures gifts her with a magnetism that comes in handy as she manipulates every situation she's in to her advantage.

Shri has one large motivating goal: to pay the Gatekeeper. The Gatekeeper in the Door-tu-Doran religion is a mythical creature who stands guard to the Great Valley, a land of eternal happiness for all who enter. Instead of weighing morality or behavior during life, the Gatekeeper care only about whether or not the deceased individual has amassed enough wealth to pay for the "suggested donation" to enter the Valley. If they can it's an eternity of joy that awaits them, but if they can't afford it their soul burns for all of time.

TIPS FOR COMBAT

Shri detests combat—it risks her life and earning potential, medical care is expensive, and it draws way too much attention to her. Instead, she prefers to use her magic and innate charms to avoid conflict—at least until the advantage has greatly turned toward her.

ADVANCING TO LEVEL 2

Changes to Playstyle: None

HP: +6, **Stam:** +7, **BAB:** +1,

Saves: +1 Will

Skills: +7-Increase all previously ranked skills by 1 except for Perception. Add a rank Intimidate (+6). Add an additional +1 to Diplomacy and Intimidate due to Connection Skill.

Abilities: Connection Skill +1 (Diplomacy and Intimidate), Mindlink

Spells: +1 0-level spell known (Ghost Sound), +1 1st-level spell known (Mind Link)

Gear/Equipment: Confederation Uniform Redshirt increases AC by an additional +1.

ADVANCING TO LEVEL 3

Changes to Playstyle: Spell Focus makes her magical control abilities more difficult for enemies to shrug off, while Forced Amity adds options for charming others.

HP: +6, **Stam:** +7, **BAB:** +1, **Saves:** +1 Fort/Ref

Skills: +7-Increase all previously ranked skills by 1 except Bluff.

Abilities: Connection Power (Forced Amity), Weapon Specialization (Basic Melee Weapons, Small Arms)

Spells: +1 1st level spell per day.
+1 0-level spell known (Mending),
+1 1st-level spell known (Grease)

Feats: Spell Focus

Gear/Equipment: Confederation Uniform Redshirt increases AC by an additional +1.

Mittens Da' Kittens

N Medium Humanoid (Plushian)

Race: Plushian

Class: Envoy (1)

Theme: Outlaw⁺

Init: +1

Senses: Perception +0

DEFENSE

EAC: 12, **KAC:** 12

HP: 11, **Stam:** 7, **Resolve:** 4

Fort: +1, **Ref:** +3, **Will:** +2

OFFENSE

Speed: 25 ft.

Melee: Filet Knife +2 (1d6 S)

Ranged: H2O Gun +4 (1d4 C or F)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: 10, **Dex:** 16, **Con:** 13, **Int:** 10, **Wis:** 8, **Cha:** 16

BAB: +0

Feats: Weapon Focus (Small Arms)

Skills: Acrobatics +5, Bluff +7, Culture +4, Diplomacy +9, Disguise +7, Piloting +7, Sleight of Hand +8, Stealth +7

Skill Modifiers: Reduce the DC of Culture checks regarding the criminal underworld by 5.

Class Abilities: Envoy Improvisation (Look Alive), Expertise (1d6), Skill Expertise (Sense Motive, Diplomacy)

Racial Abilities: Stuffed, Disgustingly Cute⁺, Innocence⁺, So Squishy, Are You Alive?, Mystery Background

Plot Abilities: Limited Plot Armor

Languages: Common, Beady

ECOLOGY

Home Planet: Plushy Prime

Organization: Individual and a member of the Confederation Armada

Gear: Confederation Uniform Redshirt (Light), Filet Knife, 2x H2O Pistol (Pink and Green)

DESCRIPTION

Mittens is a friendly, jovial creature with a love of life and a great interest in collecting souvenirs from his amazing adventures. He hails from Plushy Prime, and spent time serving aboard an independent cargo vessel (he was a pirate captain) before he was “rescued” by the Confederation. Using his talent for Diplomacy, Mittens was soon given a commission in the Armada and his choice of placements despite never having spent a day at the Institute. He chose the *Uranus Hertz* because it would be venturing out to the same sector of space that his home planet of Plushy Prime is located in and he wanted to visit and learn everything he had forgotten about it.



FLAWS

Amnesia: Mittens cannot remember anything about his life on Plushy Prime, why he left the planet, or how he came to be on a pirate ship when the Confederation rescued him. Also, he had no idea why all the other pirates were calling him "Captain Mittens" the whole time.

Kleptomaniac: Mittens would never knowingly hurt someone, but somehow their belongings end up in his possession an awful lot.

Disfigurement: Mittens isn't sure how he lost his leg, or how it got sewn back on backwards, but it does slow him down a little bit and make him a bit clumsy (-5 ft. move speed, -2 Acrobatics checks)

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

Mittens might not always have much respect for law or customs, but he does understand how to get people to like him. His innate charm and friendly demeanor lead to him always being the most important guest in every situation he finds himself in. Without trying Mittens has leadership roles thrust upon him, regardless of whether or not he has the skills to be successful in those roles.

TIPS FOR COMBAT

Mittens enjoys combat when it's something he engages in with friends. To him a good fight is like a party, and a good party always has a fight. He typically participates by aiding his allies in any way possible, or by using his H₂O guns to offer a deadly downpour of water to his enemies. If all else fails, Mittens will turn to his trust filet knife and get close and personal with his enemies.

ADVANCING TO LEVEL 2

Changes to Playstyle: None

HP: +6, **Stam:** +7, **BAB:** +1,

Saves: +1 Ref and Will

Skills: +8-Increase all previously ranked skills by 1.

Abilities: Envoy improvisation (Get 'Em)

Gear/Equipment: Confederation Uniform Redshirt increases AC by an additional +1.

ADVANCING TO LEVEL 3

Changes to Playstyle: No major changes, but with Specialization and Deadly Aim, Mittens H₂O guns are much more potent.

HP: +6, **Stam:** +7, **BAB:** +1, **Saves:** +1 Fort

Skills: +8-Increase all previously ranked skills by 1.

Abilities: Expertise Talent (Slick Customer), Weapon Specialization (Small Arms and Basic Melee Weapons)

Feats: Deadly Aim

Gear/Equipment: Confederation Uniform Redshirt increases AC by an additional +1.

Root Everbloom

N Medium Humanoid (Plantonian)

Race: Plantonian

Class: Operative (1)

Theme: Ace Pilot

Init: +3

Senses: Perception +5

DEFENSE

EAC: 13, **KAC:** 13

HP: 11, **Stam:** 6, **Resolve:** 3

Fort: +0, **Ref:** +4, **Will:** +2

OFFENSE

Speed: 30 ft.

Melee: Knife, Survival +2 (1d4 +1 S)

Ranged: Shirren Eye-rifle, tactical +3 (1d10 B)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 10 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: 12, **Dex:** 15, **Con:** 10, **Int:** 14, **Wis:** 10, **Cha:** 12

BAB: +0

Feats: Skill Focus (Acrobatics, Stealth), Weapon Focus (Sniper weapons)

Skills: Acrobatics +9, Athletics +6, Bluff +6, Computers +7, Culture +7, Disguise +6, Intimidate +7, Perception +5, Piloting +8, Sense Motive +5, Sleight of Hand +7, Stealth +13

Skill modifiers: +4 Stealth in a forest, +4 Stealth to trick attacks, -5 to the DC of checks involving Starships, vehicles, and hot-shot pilots.

Class Abilities: Operative's Edge (+1)*, Specialization (Ghost), Trick Attack (1d4)

Racial Abilities: Leafy*, Growing out on a Limb*, Vine Rope

Plot Abilities: Limited Plot Armor

Languages: Common, Plantonian, Mongrolian, Beardy

ECOLOGY

Home Planet: Algae V

Organization: Individual

Gear: Confederation Uniform Redshirt (light), Shirren Eye-rifle (tactical), Knife (survival),

DESCRIPTION

Quiet, mysterious, and a skilled pilot of almost any craft, Root brings a much needed air of discipline and emotional control to the Redshirts party.

Having grown up in the swamp villages of Algae V., one of the most dangerous planets inhabited by the Plantonian people, Root learned quickly to stay well-hidden and strike hard from the shadows, for if he didn't he could have been lunch for any number of Algae V's deadly swamp monsters.

A strong student at the Institute, Root could have had his pick of assignments after graduation. Unfortunately for him, he'd learned to blend into the background so naturally that no one noticed he was there when it came time to request assignments. As a result Root ended up on the *Uranus Hertz*, primarily by default.



FLAWS

Righteous: Root has a tendency to believe that he is morally justified in any action he chooses in obtaining a “good” end result. He has no qualms killing, torturing, or backstabbing friends if he believes it will lead to a greater good.

Stubborn: Root never changes his mind once it’s made up and will always judge people forever based upon their first impression.

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

Quiet and stoic, Root generally takes a passive approach to his party, letting them make the decisions and simply being available for the “difficult” assignments that require a bit of distance between a person and their conscience. In the event that Root has a strong opinion, he will never change it and will do whatever it takes to see that opinion win out in all ways possible.

TIPS FOR COMBAT

Root is used to fighting alone in the swamps, where he would sit hundreds of yards away, in thick foliage, for days, waiting for the perfect kill shot on his target. While his ability as a sniper is still vastly important to the team, he doesn’t always have the ability to wait for the perfect shot anymore and has had to adjust his thinking. With this in mind, he has worked to become a solid team player who is more than willing to lay down suppressive fire, or ambush a target with his knife to save an ally.

ADVANCING TO LEVEL 2

Changes to Playstyle: None

HP: +6, **Stam:** +6, **BAB:** +1,

Saves: +1 Ref and Will

Skills: +12-Increase all previously ranked skills by 1. This includes two ranks from the Ghost Specialization.

Abilities: Evasion, Operative Exploit (Inoculation)

Gear/Equipment: Confederation Uniform Redshirt increases AC by an additional +1.

ADVANCING TO LEVEL 3

Changes to Playstyle: No major changes, but with Specialization and Deadly Aim, sniping became far deadlier and damage more consistent.

HP: +6, **Stam:** +6, **BAB:** +1, **Saves:** +1 Fort

Skills: +12-Increase all previously ranked skills by 1. This includes two ranks from the Ghost Specialization.

Abilities: Operative’s Edge (+2), Quick Movement (+10 ft.), Trick Attack (1d8), Weapon Specialization (Basic Melee Weapons, Small Arms, Sniper Weapons)

Feats: Deadly Aim

Gear/Equipment: Confederation Uniform Redshirt increases AC by an additional +1.

Jillete Steller and Penetrator

NG Medium Humanoid (Dwarf)

Race: Beady

Class: Mechanic(1)

Theme: Icon⁺

Init: +2

Senses: Darkvision 120 ft., Perception +4

DEFENSE

EAC: 13, **KAC:** 15

HP: 11, **Stam:** 8, **Resolve:** 4

Fort: +3, **Ref:** +4, **Will:** +0

Save Modifiers: +2 against spells/spell-like abilities that require a Fort or Will save.

Toughness (see CRB pg. 163)

OFFENSE

Speed: 30 ft.

Ranged: Semi-Auto Pistol, Tactical +2 (1d6 P)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: 12, **Dex:** 14, **Con:** 12, **Int:** 16, **Wis:** 10, **Cha:** 9

BAB: +0

Feats: Skill Synergy (Sleight of Hand, Profession: Magician), Toughness⁺

Skills: Computers +8, Engineering +10, Perception +4, Physical Science +9, Piloting +6, Profession: Magician (Cha) +4, Sleight of Hand +6

Skill Modifiers: -5 to the DC of checks involving Magicians, illusionists, and other stage performers

Class Abilities: Artificial Intelligence (Combat Drone), Bypass (+1)⁺, Custom Rig (Handheld device)

Racial Abilities: Magic is for Sissies⁺, Master Miner⁺, Beard of Protection⁺, Tough Ol' Bastards⁺, Moonsight⁺

Plot Abilities: Plot Armor

Languages: Common, Beady, Za'Rootynian, Mongrolian

ECOLOGY

Environment:

Organization: Individual

Gear: Confederation Uniform Redshirt (Light), Semi-Auto Pistol (Tactical), Custom Rig

DESCRIPTION

A respected engineer and far less respected amateur magician, Jillete Steller was born in the New Vegas Asteroid Belt to a high ranking mine overseer. While her childhood was mostly unremarkable, around the age of six Jillete stopped speaking. Despite hundreds of consultations with some of the Universe's best specialists, no one could ever find a reason for Jillete's muteness.

As she grew, Jillete refused to let her muteness limit her, despite the incessant mockery she received from the other Beady children. At 13, she constructed Penetrator, part translator and part anti-bullying device. The rowdy and sometimes obnoxious droid quickly became bother her voice, and her best friend. Not only could she use her handheld device to have Pen vocalize her words, but as the years went on he became so in tune to her that he would speak for her even when not directed. Unfortunately, his ability to read moods, etiquette, and situation appropriateness are terrible and he often tells things that Jillete would never want known.

Despite high marks at the Institute Jillete was assigned to the *Uranus Hertz*. This was primarily due to Pen's 147 sexual harassment complaints toward men he believed Jillete would be happy dating.



FLAWS

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

Jillette is mute, and sends all her intended communication through Pen via her handheld device. She is generally kind and thoughtful in her conversations, however Pen often likes to add things to what Jillette intends to say in order to be more thorough and truthful. Unfortunately Pen has little to no understanding of humanoid interaction and often misinterprets Jillette's intentions and says things that are completely inappropriate.

Jillette is a skilled engineer with strong abilities regarding computers and machines. As well, she has trained for years to be a viable amateur magician and will often impress with her sleight of hand tricks.

TIPS FOR COMBAT

Jillette will look to find strong cover for Pen to fire his heavy weapon from, while using her gun to focus down anyone trying to engage the droid in melee.

ADVANCING TO LEVEL 2

Changes to Playstyle: None

HP: +6, **Stam:** +7, **BAB:** +1, **Saves:** +1 Fort and +1 Ref

Skills: +7-Increase all previously ranked skills by 1

Abilities: Mechanic Trick (Repair Drone)

Gear/Equipment:

Changes to Pen:

HP: +10, **BAB:** +1, **AC:** +1, **Saves:** +1 Fort

ADVANCING TO LEVEL 3

Changes to Playstyle: Overload gives some additional utility, and Weapon Specialization plus Deadly Aim add some punch to Jillette's attacks. Pen also adds damage to his heavy weapon, making them more dangerous together.

HP: +6, **Stam:** +7, **BAB:** +1, **Saves:** +1 Will

Skills: +7-Increase all previously ranked skills by 1

Abilities: Overload

Feats: Weapon Specialization (Small Arms, Basic Melee Weapons), Deadly Aim

Gear/Equipment:

Changes to Pen:

HP: +10, **BAB:** +1, **AC:** +1, **Saves:** +1 Ref and Will

Feats: Weapon Specialization (Small Arms) Versatile Specialization (Longarms, Basic Melee, Heavy Weapons)

Mods: Weapon Proficiency: Basic Melee Weapons

PENETRATOR (COMBAT DRONE): LEVEL 1

HP: 10

Size: Medium

Speed: 30 ft., BAB: +1

Saves: Fort, Ref, Will

Ability Scores: Str 14, Dex 12, Con—, Int 6, Wis 10, Cha 6

Mods: Reductive Plating, Weapon Mount x2 (Light Reaction Cannon), Weapon Proficiency (Smallarms, Longarms, Heavy Weapons)

Feats: Weapon Focus (Heavy Weapons)

Abilities: Basic Mods, Limited AI, Master Control, Skill Unit (Perception)+

Skills: Perception +4

Attack: Light Reaction Cannon +3 (1d10 P)

Defense: EAC: 10, KAC: 13, DR: 1—

Tai Yang “The Sol Blade”

N Medium Humanoid (Mongrel)

Race: Mongrel

Class: Solarion (1)

Theme: Xenoseeker

Init: +1

Senses: Blindsense 30 ft. (Scent), Perception +5

DEFENSE

EAC: 14, **KAC:** 16

HP: 11, **Stam:** 8, **Resolve:** 2

Fort: +3, **Ref:** +1, **Will:** +3

Resist: Cold (5)

OFFENSE

Speed: 25 ft.

Melee: Flare (1d6+3)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: 16, **Dex:** 13, **Con:** 12, **Int:** 10, **Wis:** 12, **Cha:** 12

BAB: +1

Feats: Heavy Armor Proficiency

Skills: Bluff +5, Culture +4, Diplomacy +5, Perception +5

Skill Modifiers: -5 penalty to Sense Motive checks to discern when someone is lying, -5 to the DC of Life Science checks to identify a rare creature.

Class Abilities: Skill Adept (Culture, Bluff), Solar Manifestation (Solar Weapon- “Flare”), Steller Mode, Steller Revelation (Black Hole, Supernova)

Racial Abilities: Thick Fur (+2 KAC)+, Energy Attuned (Resist Cold 5)+, Enhanced Senses (Blindsense)+

Plot Abilities: Limited Plot Armor

Languages: Common, Mongrolian

ECOLOGY

Home Planet: Moreauvian

Organization: Individual and a member of the Confederation Armada.

Gear: Confederation Uniform Redshirt (Heavy)

DESCRIPTION

Hailing from the Mongrel capital of Moreauvian, Yang was identified as a toddler with the potential to harness the energy of the stars and brought to Earth for training. She spent almost her entire learning to harness and control her powers, but despite brief glimpses of power she was dropped from the program at the age of ten due to lack of significant progress.

Given the choice of returning home to a family she didn’t remember or enrolling at the Institute and possibly joining the Armada, Yang chose a life of service to the Confederation. Though she never stood out during her time at the Institute, she graduated with adequate marks, despite being only half the age of her typical classmates.

Having no connection to anything or anyone in the core systems, Yang chose to venture out on the *Uranus Hertz*’s deep space exploration mission where she could work to satisfy the deep natural curiosity that defined her.



FLAWS

Curious: Yang has an unquenchable thirst to know everything she can about her surroundings, including the people with whom she comes in contact.

Naïve: Yang has a pure heart and wants to see the best in everyone. This can lead to her believing some far fetched stories.

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

Yang is energetic, friendly and constantly in search of something new to occupy her insatiable thirst for knowledge. She wants to know every secret in the universe and can't help exploring, even if it's incredibly dangerous to do so.

Yang gets along well with her fellow Redshirts and will do everything in her power to protect them.

TIPS FOR COMBAT

Yang wants to get to melee as fast as possible, and will use Steller Rush to do so once she hits level 2 (taking a move, and using it as a standard to charge with essentially gives her 3x her move speed without losing the ability to make an attack). Her natural solarion abilities tend to be geared toward offense, while her feats (Heavy Armor and Spellbane) keep her defenses high.

ADVANCING TO LEVEL 2

Changes to Playstyle: None

HP: +7, **Stam:** +8, **BAB:** +1,

Saves: +1 Fort and Will

Skills: +4-Increase all previously ranked skills by 1.

Abilities: Steller Revelation (Steller Rush)

Gear/Equipment: Confederation Uniform Redshirt increases AC by an additional +2.

ADVANCING TO LEVEL 3

Changes to Playstyle: None

HP: +7, **Stam:** +8, **BAB:** +1, **Saves:** +1 Ref

Skills: +4-Increase all previously ranked skills by 1.

Abilities: Sidereal Influence (Bluff, Culture), Weapon Specialization (Basic Melee Weapons, Advanced Melee Weapons, Small Arms)

Feats: Spellbane

Gear/Equipment: Confederation Uniform Redshirt increases AC by an additional +1.

Hootie the Blowfish

N Medium Humanoid (aquatic)

Race: Sushian

Class: Soldier (1)

Theme: Mercenary+

Init: +5

Senses: Perception +0

DEFENSE

EAC: 14, **KAC:** 14

HP: 11, **Stam:** 9, **Resolve:** 4

Fort: +4, **Ref:** +1, **Will:** +2

OFFENSE

Speed: 40 ft.

Melee: Cryopike (tactical) +4 (1d+3 C)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: 16, **Dex:** 13, **Con:** 14, **Int:** 10, **Wis:** 10, **Cha:** 10

BAB: +1

Feats: Cleave

Skills: Athletics +8, Intimidate +4, Profession (Soldier) +4, Survival +4

Skill Modifiers: -5 to the DC of any Culture or Profession (mercenary) checks related to military hierarchy, practices, or personnel.

Class Abilities: Primary Fighting Style (Blitz), Primary Style Technique (Rapid Response)+

Racial Abilities: Home in the Water, Slimy, Spiky

Plot Abilities: Limited Plot Armor

Languages: Common, Sushian

ECOLOGY

Environment:

Organization: Individual and member of the Confederation Armada

Gear: Conferation Uniform Redshirt (Heavy), Cryopike (tactical), Sushian Gill Adapter

DESCRIPTION

Many people have questioned how Hootie ever graduated the Institute. He never passed, or completed an exam. He rarely sat through an entire class, and his only real “skill” was fighting in the street after having a few too many drinks at the bar. Somehow though, Hootie made it through and earned a commission to the *Uranus Hertz*.



FLAWS

Bravado: Hootie likes to fight, and more importantly, he likes to win. He never retreats unless it's his absolute only option, and he likes to make sure he's always the first one in a dangerous situation.

Short Attention Span: Hootie craves action at all times. Things like conversation and waiting in line drive him up a wall and make him want to punch random strangers just to start something fun.

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

Hootie likes to push the action, no matter what situation he's in. He's impatient, unpredictable, and slightly unbalanced. He enjoys destruction, explosions, and honorable combat and will generally try to make one of those three things happen whenever he gets bored.

TIPS FOR COMBAT

Hootie's combat routine is rather simple: find the biggest threat and hit it until it's no longer the biggest threat. Move onto next target and repeat. He doesn't care for fancy tactics (though he loves the element of surprise) and he considers anyone who fights with a ranged weapon exclusively to be a coward.

ADVANCING TO LEVEL 2

Changes to Playstyle: None

HP: +7, **Stam:** +9, **BAB:** +1,

Saves: +1 Fort and Will

Skills: +4-Increase all previously ranked skills by 1.

Feat: Weapon Focus (Advanced Melee Weapons)

Gear/Equipment: Confederation Uniform Redshirt increases AC by an additional +2

ADVANCING TO LEVEL 3

Changes to Playstyle: None

HP: +7, **Stam:** +9, **BAB:** +1, **Saves:** +1 Ref

Skills: +4-Increase all previously ranked skills by 1.

Abilities: Gear Boost (Melee Striker), Weapon Specialization (Basic Melee Weapons, Advanced Melee Weapons, Small Arms, Longarms, Heavy Weapons, Sniper Weapons),

Feats: Step Up

Gear/Equipment: Confederation Uniform Redshirt increases AC by an additional +1.

Jaxon Jackson

"Magic Jack"

N Medium Humanoid (Aggressian)

Race: Aggressian

Class: Technomancer (1)

Theme: Scholar (Life Science)

Init: +2

Senses: Perception +0

DEFENSE

EAC: 13, **KAC:** 13

HP: 10, **Stam:** 6, **Resolve:** 4

Fort: +1, **Ref:** +2, **Will:** +2

OFFENSE

Speed: 30 ft.

Ranged: Hunting Rifle +2 (1d8 P)

Space: 5 ft., **Reach:** 5 ft.

STATISTICS

Str: 13, **Dex:** 14, **Con:** 12, **Int:** 16, **Wis:** 10, **Cha:** 8

BAB: +0

Feats: Weapon Proficiency: Longarms

Skills: Computers +7, Engineering +7, Life Science +7, Physical Science +7, Piloting +6,

Profession (Professor of Philosophy and Weapons) +7, Sleight of Hand +6

Skill Modifiers: -5 to the DC of any Life Science checks regarding Xenobiology or Xenopsychology.

Class Abilities: Spell Cache (Cybernetic eye)

Plot Abilities: Limited Plot Armor

Languages: Common, Aggressian, Za'Rootynian, Mongrolian, Beady

ECOLOGY

Environment: Aggressia Prime

Organization: Individual

Gear: Confederation Uniform Redshirt (Light), Hunting Rifle

DESCRIPTION

The eldest of the Redshirts team, Magic Jack graduated the Institute almost a decade ago, however instead of taking a position on a starship he chose to remain on Earth in an academic position, where he became one of the Universe's leading researchers on the theory of "Propagated Order", a concept that the argued that the Confederation had a moral obligation to use military force to subjugate the known universe in order to alleviate the suffering caused by unrestricted choice. Essentially, Professor Jackson believes that free will can lead to unbridled chaos and that people need to be ruled by the powerful elite, for their own good. After years of arguing his ideas, but getting nowhere (except among other Aggressians, who consider his work 100% infallible), Magic Jack decided to transfer away from the Academic Realm in order to conduct real universe research aboard the *Uranus Hertz*.



FLAWS

Arrogant: If it's one thing people in Academia have in common, it's never thinking they could be wrong. Magic Jack firmly believes that every idea he has is the best.

Xenophobic: Magic Jack's research has convinced him that the end of the universe will come from the chaotic nature of undisciplined alien species. He inherently distrusts species he doesn't know.

TIPS FOR ROLEPLAYING

Magic Jack's is arrogant and pretentious, and will look down upon everyone he comes in contact with in a social setting. He is unbelievably organized, and plans everything with well thought out detail.

TIPS FOR COMBAT

When the bullets start flying, the normally stoic Magic Jack becomes unhinged, fighting with a viciousness and cruelty one might see in a animal, rather than a respected professor. Magic Jack likes to use his understanding of the universe's magical mysteries to help him make things explode in a greater radius. He strongly believes the best way to bring order to chaos is through complete annihilation and rebuilding of the offending target.

ADVANCING TO LEVEL 2

Changes to Playstyle: Magic Jack can now use his spell slots to upgrade both his ability to hit and the damage he deals.

HP: +5, **Stam:** +6, **BAB:** +1,

Saves: Will

Skills: +7-Increase all previously ranked skills by 1.

Abilities: Magic Hack (Empowered Weapon)

Gear/Equipment: Confederation Uniform Redshirt increases AC by an additional +1.

ADVANCING TO LEVEL 3

Changes to Playstyle:

HP: +5, **Stam:** +6, **BAB:** +1, **Saves:** +1 Fort and Ref

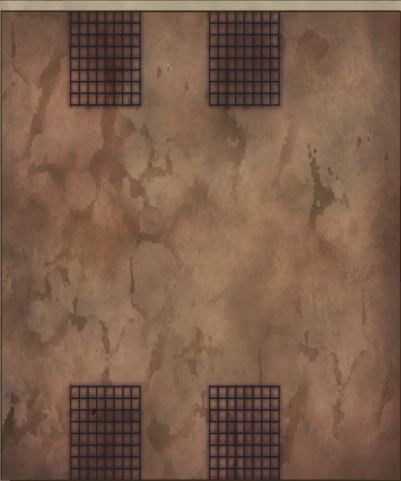
Skills: +7-Increase all previously ranked skills by 1.

Abilities: Techlore (+1), Weapon Specialization (Basic Melee Weapons, Small Arms), Spell Focus

Feats: Weapon Proficiency: Heavy Weapons

Gear/Equipment: Confederation Uniform Redshirt increases AC by an additional +1. Player may want to consider purchasing an appropriate heavy weapon to match Magic Jack's new feats and obsession with large guns (a Machine Gun, squad, sounds nice).





OPEN GAME LICENSE Version 1.0a

The following text is the property of Wizards of the Coast, Inc. and is Copyright 2000 Wizards of the Coast, Inc ("Wizards"). All Rights Reserved.

1. Definitions: (a) "Contributors" means the copyright and/or trademark owners who have contributed Open Game Content; (b) "Derivative Material" means copyrighted material including derivative works and translations (including into other computer languages), potation, modification, correction, addition, extension, upgrade, improvement, compilation, abridgment or other form in which an existing work may be recast, transformed or adapted; (c) "Distribute" means to reproduce, license, rent, lease, sell, broadcast, publicly display, transmit or otherwise distribute; (d) "Open Game Content" means the game mechanic and includes the methods, procedures, processes and routines to the extent such content does not embody the Product Identity and is an enhancement over the prior art and any additional content clearly identified as Open Game Content by the Contributor, and means any work covered by this License, including translations and derivative works under copyright law, but specifically excludes Product Identity. (e) "Product Identity" means product and product line names, logos and identifying marks including trade dress; artifacts, creatures, characters, stories, storylines, plots, thematic elements, dialogue, incidents, language, artwork, symbols, designs, depictions, likenesses, formats, poses, concepts, themes and graphic, photographic and other visual or audio representations; names and descriptions of characters, spells, enchantments, personalities, teams, personas, likenesses and special abilities; places, locations, environments, creatures, equipment, magical or supernatural abilities or effects, logos, symbols, or graphic designs; and any other trademark or registered trademark clearly identified as Product identity by the owner of the Product Identity, and which specifically excludes the Open Game Content; (f) "Trademark" means the logos, names, mark, sign, motto, designs that are used by a Contributor to identify itself or its products or the associated products contributed to the Open Game License by the Contributor (g) "Use", "Used" or "Using" means to use, Distribute, copy, edit, format, modify, translate and otherwise create Derivative Material of Open Game Content. (h) "You" or "Your" means the licensee in terms of this agreement.

2. The License: This License applies to any Open Game Content that contains a notice indicating that the Open Game Content may only be Used under and in terms of this License. You must affix such a notice to any Open Game Content that you Use. No terms may be added to or subtracted from this License except as described by the License itself. No other terms or conditions may be applied to any Open Game Content distributed using this License.

3. Offer and Acceptance: By Using the Open Game Content You indicate Your acceptance of the terms of this License.

4. Grant and Consideration: In consideration for agreeing to use this License, the Contributors grant You a perpetual, world-wide, royalty-free, non-exclusive license with the exact terms of this License to Use, the Open Game Content.

5. Representation of Authority to Contribute: If You are contributing original material as Open Game Content, You represent that Your Contributions are Your original creation and/or You have sufficient rights to grant the rights conveyed by this License.

6. Notice of License Copyright: You must update the COPYRIGHT NOTICE portion of this License to include the exact text of the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any Open Game Content You are copying, modifying or distributing, and You must add the title, the copyright date, and the copyright holder's name to the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any original Open Game Content you Distribute.

7. Use of Product Identity: You agree not to Use any Product Identity, including as an indication as to compatibility, except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of each element of that Product Identity. You agree not to indicate compatibility or co-adaptability with any Trademark or Registered Trademark in conjunction with a work containing Open Game Content except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of such Trademark or Registered Trademark. The use of any Product Identity in Open Game Content does not constitute a challenge to the ownership of that Product Identity. The owner of any Product Identity used in Open Game Content shall retain all rights, title and interest in and to that Product Identity.

8. Identification: If you distribute Open Game Content You must clearly indicate which portions of the work that you are distributing are Open 9. Updating the License: Wizards or its designated Agents may publish updated versions of this License. You may use any authorized version of this License to copy, modify and distribute any Open Game Content originally distributed under any version of this License.

10. Copy of this License: You MUST include a copy of this License with every copy of the Open Game Content You distribute.

11. Use of Contributor Credits: You may not market or advertise the Open Game Content using the name of any Contributor unless You have written permission from the Contributor to do so.

Game Content

12. Inability to Comply: If it is impossible for You to comply with any of the terms of this License with respect to some or all of the Open Game Content due to statute, judicial order, or governmental regulation then You may not Use any Open Game Material so affected.

13. Termination: This License will terminate automatically if You fail to comply with all terms herein and fail to cure such breach within 30 days of becoming aware of the breach. All sublicenses shall survive the termination of this License.

14. Reformation: If any provision of this License is held to be unenforceable, such provision shall be reformed only to the extent necessary to make it enforceable.

15. Open Game License v 1.0a Copyright 2000, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.

System Reference Document. Copyright 2000, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.; Authors Jonathan Tweet, Monte Cook, Skip Williams, based on material by E. Gary Gygax and Dave Arneson.

Starfinder Core Rulebook. © 2017, Paizo Inc.; Authors: Logan Bonner, Jason Bulmahn, Amanda Hamon Kunz, Jason Keeley, Robert G. McCreary, Stephen Radney-MacFarland, Mark Seifter, Owen K.C. Stephens, and James L. Sutter, with Alexander Augunas, Judy Bauer, John Compton, Adam Daigle, Crystal Frasier, Lissa Guillet, Thurston Hillman, Erik Mona, Mark Moreland, Jessica Price, F. Wesley Schneider, Amber E. Scott, and Josh Vogt.